

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 \$4.00 per month in advance. Single copies are sold at the rate of five cents. No paper is sent out of the State unless accompanied by a receipt for the subscription. Advertisements will be inserted at THREE 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:

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

The Muses' Bower.

By Request.

Waiting.

I have two little angels waiting for me On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea, Not impatiently waiting for my songs there, For smiles light up their brows so fair, And their little harps ring out so clear, So sweetly every note fills the listening air, And they live in the gentle of the Saviour's love, Who so early called my darlings above.

I have two little angels waiting for me On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea; For ever free from sorrow and pain, Spotless and pure from all earthly stain; Never in ering paths to roam, Safe in the bosom of infinite love, Evermore, evermore waiting in light, Those beautiful angels robed in white.

I have two little angels waiting for me On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea; When my weary heart is throbbing with pain, And I find myself clasp my darlings again, Look away from this earthly strand To the beautiful fields of the "Better Land"; I will think of the angels waiting there, And offer to God a thankful prayer.

The Story-Teller.

SAVED FROM DISGRACE.

As I was standing behind my store counter, on a dark January afternoon, a boy entered and handed me a note addressed to Madame R., which asked me to go to a certain street, where some one would like to see me on a matter of pressing necessity. Though the note was in no sense anonymous, there seemed to grow in my mind a desire to answer it in person. I took a coupe, and in fifteen minutes was driven to the spot.

I had no sooner stepped upon the walk than a small door in front of me opened, and a young maid desired me to enter.

Entered into a luxurious apartment, a graceful young lady hastily seized my hand and said:

"Oh, madam, how glad I am that you have come! I am in great trouble, and only you can assist me. I must persuade you to buy some of my dresses and jewels. Look! I have made quite a collection for you to choose from."

She noted my earnest look, but did not say a word for some minutes. Her eyes rested on a necklace in a substance that her brother had done wrong as an under-treasurer of a trust and deposit company. The president, she said, had called upon her, and told her that her brother had converted eighteen thousand dollars in his own use, and the money must be returned in a day or two or an exposure could not be avoided.

I inquired if she was sure it was the president, and she spoke of his fine appearance and agreeable manner, which alone led her to believe he was that official. Then she told me of her possessing stocks and bonds to within about two thousand dollars of the required amount. She spoke of her great anxiety to save her brother, and the dress she presented for my examination, as well as jewelry. I estimated that about twelve hundred dollars could be raised upon the same.

The poor girl said with a faltering voice: "I have nothing left but a diamond cross. I must not sell that, but I can pledge it."

"It will lend you the necessary sum for this security," I said.

She threw her arms about my neck, and the tears upon her cheeks left a moisture upon my face. I ascertained from her that she had promised to pay the money to the president the next day in the parlor of the Albion hotel; then, he assured her, no proceedings against her brother would be taken. She acknowledged that she had stripped herself well nigh to subject poverty.

There was a knock at the door. A message came that some one wished to borrow the diamond cross for that night, as her's (the would be borrower's) was being repaired. I was told it was her brother's affianced, and I allowed her to lend it, telling her she could bring it to me early in the morning. This was hardly business like, but I felt a sympathy for the poor young maiden. Then I took my departure, after ascertaining that her name was Kingsford, and that her parents were wealthy, and she and her brother were the only children.

The next morning a young man entered my shop, and asked to purchase a diamond cross. On his unrolling it from his paper, I recognized it at once, and taking a close scrutiny of the person, I detected enough in his features to convince me that he was Miss Kingsford's brother. I suddenly rang a bell and summoned my own brother from the rear room. I then asked the young man to step to the end of the counter, when I told him briefly that I knew him and of his defalcation. He was for a moment paralyzed. He partially rallied, but he trembled from head to foot, and his knees shook as if he were shuddering with cold. I asked him the name of his confederate, and to describe him. He replied it was Marshall, and that he was a pretty tall, had white hair and beard, and a broad forehead.

I gave Kingsford to understand that the cross would not be returned to him, and that he must appear in the Albion hotel parlor just before noon the next day, ready to be called for, and be sure not to attempt to run away in the meantime. I assured him he must not attempt flight, and he promised humbly that he would obey me, being fairly terrified.

He had not been gone ten minutes when Miss Kingsford herself entered heavily veiled, and when uncovered I noticed how extremely pale and weary looking she was. She stammered: "I have not brought the cross."

"Do not feel troubled about it," I replied. "Perhaps you will not need it. I will go with you, as a matter of form, to the Albion. Perhaps something can be done to prevent too great a sacrifice on your part."

I begged her to go into my private office and to rest there until the time should come to visit the "president," and she complied with my request.

We repaired to the Albion and were shown into the parlor when Miss Kingsford sent to inquire if any one was waiting for her arrival. Soon the "president" was ushered in and he bore the appearance Miss Kingsford's brother had given of him. To guard against apprehensions on his part, Miss Kingsford followed my instructions,

Local Matters.

The Mt. Union Times is engaged in publishing a series of articles relating to things of the long ago, furnished it by a correspondent, and from a recent article we clip the following notice of two persons who were well known in this vicinity in their day. The majority of our older readers will remember Jake Yost and Reuben Ireland, and the younger portion of them are no doubt familiar with these names from having heard the "old folks" talk of their actions and conduct during their brief sojourn in the different localities which they regularly visited. We can remember Jake and Reuben quite distinctly, and we almost imagine that we see and hear Jake imploring some one to "put a drop on this," as he held up before them a small bunch of tansy, over which he desired some whisky to be poured for biters. The correspondent says:

Jake Yost was a fearful looking man. His hair and beard were black and had probably not been cut for twenty years. He wore a heavy matted beard almost covering his face, and as he wore no hat, that portion of his face which could be seen was as black as a negro's, and when he spoke or laughed he showed his large white teeth, giving him a frightful appearance. He looked quite as much like a goulia as a man. If such a man would suddenly appear on your street to day you would doubt whether he were really a man, or whether he would make his pants lapped with straw. He never spoke to any one, and if he was spoken to the only reply he made was a little chuckle or a laugh, ha, ha, ha. When he came into a house he took his seat down on the hearth stone in the chimney corner—and if the fire was not lit, but he would lean his back against the back wall and if he did so, his clothes were so filthy that this would not add any to their filthy appearance. And he would hold this position day and night so long as he remained a guest at that house. There were no cooking stoves then. The cooking had to be done in the fireplace, or chimney. Now I would ask my lady readers to imagine how they would like to cook a meal about a cook stove, in the fireplace, with a customer like this looking on, with his feet all tied up with rags and straw, and perhaps placed between you and the fire, and more than you dare to ask him to move them. I remember well my aunt once, having been bothered with Jake's feet in her bed for a long time in cooking, said to him "Jake, I wish you would kick your feet out of my room." Jake looked up in her face showing his large white teeth and sickly said "go long to Jolliwigway with your ordering here, and at the same time jumped to his feet adding a number of curses, that frightened my aunt almost to death. It is needless to say that she never bothered Jake to move his feet out of her room again. This man never went to bed, and would keep up a fire all night. He seldom slept, and if he did it was on the hearth. He spent most of his nights printing letters on the wall with coal, and it was astonishing what well formed letters he could make in the dark. If he had a white plastered wall to work on he would never let it go until he had written a whole sheet of paper. And when he was not making letters he spent his time lapping straw around sticks. No one ever knew anything of his origin or where he came from. If he had friends in this country no one knew anything of them, and he had so little sense he could not tell any one his name was "Jake." And while he had a frightful appearance he was not considered dangerous.

Another crazy person I will name was Reuben Ireland, and as many of my young readers have heard his name without knowing much of the man, a little history of him may not be without interest. Reuben Ireland was more widely known perhaps than any other named above, and he was frequently traveled from Huntington to Harrisburg, and from there to Washington on foot. In many respects he was like that man we read of in the New Testament Scriptures whom our Saviour met coming out of the tomb. "Who had his dwelling among the tombs, and no man could bind him, no, not with chains. Because that he had the keys of hell, and whatsoever he bound on earth should be bound in heaven, and whatsoever he loosed on earth should be loosed in heaven." Reuben Ireland was rather tall and slender. When he walked, he leaned a little forward with his head to one side, and if his feet at each step had rested on a spiral spring his step could have been more elastic. Thus he would glide along at the rate of 40 or 50 miles per day.

I hurried to the window and saw Reuben Ireland standing at our gate, with a large can in his hand, threatening you and me on some one. He remained there for some time and then went away without attempting to come into the house, as I feared he would.

When Ireland travelled he hallooed all the time. Some times he would preach and sing, and at other times he would sing a hymn. It was said that he was educated for a Methodist preacher, and when a young man, had taught school. Poor man, he had a hard life, and died (at Millin, Pa.) as he had lived, a poor mania. The family with whom he was during his last illness said that he suffered very much before he died. He imagined he was that great red dragon mentioned in the book of Revelations; and the only way they could quiet him was to read to him from that book. I believe he was a good man and that he is heaven to day.

A CLEVELAND woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail cut off, saying in explanation, "Too much damn yank."

Colored Camp Meeting Poetry.

"What kind er collar d'ez angels wear?"
Pieciddilly collar!
Pieciddilly collar I'm gwine to wear,
Gwine to wear,
Pieciddilly collar I'm gwine to wear,
Gwine to wear to see de Lord!

"Long white tie de angels wear?"
Gwine to wear,
Gwine to wear,
Long white tie I'm gwine to wear,
Gwine to wear to see de Lord!

"Away ober der in de gospel lan!"
Hey, brudder! I'll jine yer!
Der's milk and honey on ev'ry han';
Aw! Sister! Siss! Siss!
Sister Siss and Brudder Jim!
Fo' God! Fetch de children;
Fo' Lord Almighty! I'll tote yer in,
Oy, sinners, is yer willin'?"

"O, de debil he sit in a simoon tree,
O, blees de lam', glory hallelujah!
Aw! he hock his line for to catch me,
O, blees de lam', glory hallelujah!
But de lam' rise from de 'thobill' see he,
O, blees de lam', glory hallelujah!
Gwine to dee now, he 'longs to me,
Fo' God blees de lam'!"

Damascus.

The oil eastern cities the interior is disappearing. The streets are dusty and narrow, and the effect of the shabby houses and dilapidated walls is rather that of a collection of villages huddled together than of an important city. One first note made in the city is an excellent hotel kept by a Greek. In courtyards, with fountains playing, and with large orange trees shadowing the whole place, looked so clean and comfortable, that we felt quite surprised it had not been arranged that we should stay here, instead of the four tents in one of the far famed gardens of Damascus. From the hotel we made a progress through the picturesque bazaars. Here there are covered in buildings, swarming with people in every variety of Oriental costume. Turks, Syrians, Maronites and Druses of the town, jostle each other—

Now a Bedouin of the desert tribe rides by on a beautiful Arab horse, with his long pointed lance at rest, followed by other Bedouins on foot and in rags; unsuccessful robbers, possibly. We wandered about for some time, greatly amused by looking at a crowd assembled to await the prince of Prussia's arrival. At last we sauntered on to our tents, but a great disappointment awaited us in the appearance of the garden in front of us. The tents were pitched on a level, the grass looked parched and dusty, and the Albans flowed low and sluggishly in its bed. But it was too late to alter now, so there was nothing for it except to dress and go and dine at the hotel. We made a droll cavalcade on horseback, the gentlemen with loaded pistols, and the attendants carried lanterns, bristling with bayonets. The table d'hôte was rather bare of guests tonight, for the diligence which piles between here and Bayrut, and brings the travelers in time for dinner, did not arrive at all, having been required for the use of the prince of Prussia, as it is his only carriage in all Syria.

We returned to the tents in the same melodramatic procession, and who is studying to be a poet, but I am not at all intent on buying sweetmeats from some of the many vendors. There were no Franks except ourselves.

A Lawful Marriage.

"To have and to hold from this time forth," said Augustus, who is studying law, as he took Matilda Jane on his lap the evening they became engaged. And Augustus placed upon her finger a ring, and clasped about her snowy arm a bracelet, and murmured "Know all men by these presents," etc., and that he might show that he was in lawful possession of the chattels, he did then and there produce what purported to be a bill of sale, wherein it was stated that "In consideration of one dollar to me paid, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, I do bargain, sell and convey one plated ring, the value whereof is twenty-five cents, and one pinbeck bracelet of value seventy-five cents." To which Matilda, realizing that she had become "articled to an attorney," replied, "I am lawfully seized in fee simple," and "I do hold and firmly bound unto Richard Roe, which Augustus regarded not, knowing him to be a fabulous character, incessantly in litigation with John Doe, and whose name Matilda took upon her lips only from adhering too literally to the text. And Matilda, having vested in Augustus "power of attorney," as a form, "I do appoint Augustus to be my true and lawful attorney, in token of which I have pledged my hand, and now cause the seal of our lips to be affixed." And Matilda observing that it was now the end of the term for which this court was sitting, did this court adjourn; but Augustus, as a petitioner, did humbly pray that the court might not adjourn sine die. And so she fixed the day and the attorney turned away.—Boston Advertiser.

When the crescent of the young moon rose brightly, the horns in the sign of a dry weather; because in this position it holds all the water, thus preventing its fall to the earth. This is only a sign of wet weather, the explanation in the case being that a watery moon is emblematic of a water soaked earth. Don't forget this sign of the new moon. It is rarely you will find one so impartially accommodating.

When the crescent of the young moon is generally a liar. It is so much easier to detach one leaf from a five leaved stalk than to hunt for one with four that the temptation to mendacity is too much for average aly.

When a mouse gnaws a hole in a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. The misfortune has already happened to the gown, and may be apprehended to happen to the mouse.

An old sign is that a child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror less than twelve months old. But what the average infant can see in the mirror to make it proud it is difficult for any but the parents to understand.

A red sky in the west at evening indicates that the rain will be pleasant, barring accidents of rain, snow and hail.

If you take down your shingle, preparatory to putting it up in a new location, it is a sign you are moving.

If a hen runs across the street directly in front of you, it is a sign that a hen will soon be on the other side. If she crosses over just behind you—Phaw! who ever heard of that? The woman's right in her tracks rather than cross one's pathway in his rear?

When you see a cat running around furiously, it is a sign that the crockery or glass ware is in danger.

When you drop a knife and it sticks in the floor, it is a sign that some one is coming. If you are a small boy, that some one may be your mother, your coming is to remunerate with you with her slipper.

To dream of a wedding is a sign of insatiation.

To dream of a funeral betokens too much pork and cabbage.

To dream of finding money betokens that it is easier to dream of finding money than to work for it.

To dream that it is Sunday morning is heaven.

To be suddenly awakened from your sweetest sleep to find that it is not Sunday is—that is to say, very disagreeable. It is a sign that you will be unhappy.

A great many more equally infallible signs might be given, but the reader has probably had enough for one day. The man who believes in signs is sufficiently credulous to believe that our knowledge in that line, as well as in every other line, is inexhaustible.

If "Rome was not built in a day," the inference is that it sprung up in the night, and thus became a moon-rummy city.

There's a woman who couldn't tell a lie!"

Snow Two Hundred Feet Deep.

The following remarkable account of enormous snow falls in north-western India, shows what a world of vapor is carried inland on the monsoons from the Indian ocean, to strike against the loftiest mountains in the world, and be precipitated as such snows and rains as occur on the middle slopes and foot hills of the Himaya. About the sources of some of the great rivers of India occur the heaviest rains ever known; and farther east, in Cashmere, it seems the snows are some times terrific. Some interesting details of the extraordinary snowfall in Cashmere in 1877-78 are given in a paper in the just-issued number of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, by Mr. Lydekker. Early in the month of October, 1877, snow commenced to fall in the valley and mountains of Cashmere, and from that time up to May, 1878, there seems to have been an almost incessant snowfall in the higher mountains and valleys; indeed, in places it frequently snowed without intermission for upwards of ten days at a time. At Dras, which has an elevation of ten thousand feet, Mr. Lydekker estimated the snowfall, from the native account, as having been from thirty to forty feet thick. The effect of this enormous snowfall were to be seen throughout the country. At Dras, the well built traveler's bungalow, which stood some thirty years, was entirely crushed down by the weight of snow which fell upon it. In almost every village of the neighboring mountains, and more or less, the log houses had fallen, while at Gulmarg and Sonmarg, where no attempt was made to remove the snow, almost all the huts of the European visitors were utterly broken down. In places at least, the higher mountain hillsides have been denuded of vegetation and soil by the enormous avalanches which swept down them, leaving vast gaps in the primeval forests, and closing the valleys below with the debris of rocks and trees. As an instance of the amount of snow which must have fallen in the higher levels, Mr. Lydekker mentions the Zogt Pass, leading from Cashmere to Bess, which has an elevation of 11,300 feet. He crossed this early in August last, and then found that the whole of the ravine leading up to the pass from the Cashmere side was still filled with snow, which he estimated in places to be at least one hundred and fifty feet thick. In ordinary seasons this road in the Zogt pass is clear from snow sometimes during the month of June. As another instance of the great snowfall, Mr. Lydekker takes the valley leading from the town of Dras up to the pass separating that place from the valley of the Kisheengara river. About the middle of August almost the whole of the first mentioned valley, at an elevation of twelve thousand feet, was completely choked with snow, which in places at least was a hundred feet deep. In the same districts all passes over thirteen thousand feet were still deep in snow at the same season of the year. Mr. Lydekker gives other instances of snow lying in places in September, where no snow had ever before been observed in June. As to the destruction of animal life in the upper Wardwan valley, large numbers of ibex were seen imbedded in snow; in one place upward of thirty heads were counted, and in another not less than one hundred. The most convincing proofs, however, of the havoc caused among the wild animals by the great snowfall is the fact that scarcely any ibex were seen during last summer in these portions of the Wardwan and Tiall valleys which are ordinarily considered as sure finds. So, also, the red bear and the marmot were far less numerous than usual. Mr. Lydekker estimates that the destruction to animal life caused by snow has far exceeded any slaughter which could be inflicted by sportsmen during a period of at least five or six years.

What We Smoke.

To the world in general a cigar is merely a tightly-roled packet having little fragments of dry leaves within, and a smooth, silky leaf for its outer wrapper. When it is burnt and the pleasant smoked smoke is inhaled, the habitual smoker salutes it as a soothing luxury that quiets the irritable nervous organism, relieves weariness, and entices repose. Science, scouting so superficial a description, examines first the smoke, second the leaf, third the ash. In the smoke is dissolved water in vaporous state, root (free carbon), carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, and a vaporous substance condensable into oily nicotine. These are the general divisions, which chemists have further split up, and in so doing have found acetate, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, piceoline, lutidine, collidine, parvoline, coridine and rubidine. These last are a series of oily bases belonging to the homologues of aniline, first discovered in coal tar. Applying chemical tests to the leaves, other chemists have found nicotia, tobacco camphor or nicotiana (about which not much is known), a bitter extractive matter, gum, chlorophyll, mastic of lime, sundry albuminoids, malic acid, woody fibre, and various salts. The feathery white ash, which in its cohesion and whiteness is indicative of the good cigar, yields potash, soda, magnesia, lime, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, silica and chlorine. The ingredients extractable from a poor and cheap cigar would be fearful and wonderful to contemplate. Here is a list from a parliamentary report on adulterations in tobacco. Sugar, alum, lime, flour or meal, starch, shubarb, turpentine, fuller's earth, starch, malt, cumming, chromate of lead, pest, molasses, burdock leaves, common salt, endive leaves, lamplack, gun, red dye, a black dye composed of vegetable red and licorice, scraps of newspaper, cinnamon stick, cabbage leaves, and straw brown paper.

Benefits of Sunlight.

In all houses with a north front it is the positive duty of families occupying them to transfer their living rooms to the south side of the house during the winter months. The sun rises and sets during the six cold months of the year to the south east of west, so that south rooms are warmed by rays of the sun more or less during the entire day. To those who have never experienced with the difference will probably be surprised to learn that there is a difference of from five to twenty-five degrees in the thermometer between the north and south exposures, five to ten degrees difference in the morning and afternoon, and from twenty to twenty-five degrees in the middle of the day. The glass in windows is a non-conductor of atmospheric cold, while it is an assistance to the active transmissions of the sun's rays of light and heat. Wherever the sun's rays can be enjoyed longest during a winter's day is the desirable part of the house for living purposes. Due attention to this fact will contribute enormously not merely to the comfort, but to the health of the women and children, who spend the greater part of their time within doors in the winter season. There is a vast amount of talk about ventilation and change of air as necessary to good health; but the suppression of the light and mephitic sewer gases by affording proper avenues of escape, and an admission of all the available sunlight, are the two chief conditions of good health in household life. In France, Italy and Germany, though the winter climates are not nearly so severe as our own, the benefits of sunlight are understood better and cultivated more generally than among us. The comparative scarcity and costliness of fuel in those countries have led the people to take advantage of the sun's heat to the largest possible extent. The natural warmth of the sun's rays should be cultivated in a cold climate like this, and any change in a house necessary to the better enjoyment thereof will save more in the reduced consumption of fuel than it can possibly cost. The south exposure is not only warmer, but less damp, and in every way more conducive of good health than any other.

The Coldest Town.

This is Jakutsk or Yakotsk, chief town of the province of that name in Eastern Siberia, on the left bank of the river Lena, 44 deg. 1 min. north, longitude 119 deg. 26 min. east, and distant from St. Petersburg 5,951 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws 3 feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 55 degrees, but from November to February it ranges from 12 to 68 degrees below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of the twelve. The entire industry of the place—population about 5,000—is comprised in candleworks, and yet it is the principal seat of the fur trade, and the traffic with hunting tribes of the Burias. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of horses and cattle, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsk. The Burias, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sable foxes, martens, hares, squirrels, and the like, and many of them are sold at the principal mart in Yakutsk, which is the active period of the year. In May collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, when they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth tusks, sold at the fair amount in value 400,000 roubles (\$300,000).

How Maggie Fell.

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the new minister, "I'd just got on the skates and made a start, when I came down on my—"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What? Oh, it was too funny! One skate went one way, and the other 'n' 'ther way, and down I came on my—"

"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father.

"Well, what? They scooted from under me, and down I came on my—"

"Margaret!" yelled both of her parents.

"O my little brother, who had me by the hand, and liked to have smashed him. Now, what's the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from behind the coffee pot, a sigh of relief escaped from the minister, and the old gentleman very adroitly turned the conversation into a political channel.

A YOUNG gentleman at Kansas City sent seventy-five cents to New York recently for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription on a card: "Write with a pencil."

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