The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. A. NASH, at $2.00 per annum IN ADVANCE, or $2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

	3m	6m	9m	1 yr		3m	6m	9m	1yr
1 in	$3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ col	18 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ col	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	18 00	20 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,'71

DR. HYSKILL has permanently located in Alexandria to practice his profession. [jan.4 '78-1y.

E. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. J Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap28, '76.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,'75

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12.'71

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. —, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,'71

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [jan4,'71

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Penn Street. [jan4,'71

LORAINE ASHMAN, Attorney-at Law. Office: No. 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. July 18, 1879.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [feb5,'71

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office in *Monitor* building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [aug5,'74-6mos

WM. P. & R. A. ORBISON, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Sept.12,'78.

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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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Orders may be left at the JOURNAL Book Store.

JOHN L. ROHLAND.

March 14th, 1879-tf.

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Buy your Blank Books,

AT THE JOURNAL BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

Fine Stationery, Books for Children, Elegant Fluids, School Stationery, Games for Children, 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. June 6, 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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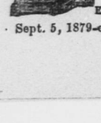
If you want sale bills,
If you want bill heads,
If you want letter heads,
If you want visiting cards,
If you want business cards,
If you want blanks of any kind,
If you want envelopes neatly printed,
If you want anything printed in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, leave your orders at the above named office.

$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. June 6, 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,

—:o:—

TERMS:

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

—:o:—

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.

—:o:—

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. 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 dab* 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. —

—:o:—

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

The Muses' Bower.

The Things in the Bottom Drawer.

There are whips and tops and pieces of strings,
There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair.
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships,
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
And marked by the fingered tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away.
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night
For the slow return of faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindle the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babes that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me,
In the city with the streets of gold,
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow, and sin, and war.
And I thank my God with falling tears
For the things in the bottom drawer.

The Story-Teller.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

Riding quietly along a pleasant highway, on a lovely day in the Spring of the year, I came upon a man lying apparently dead by the roadside, while his horse, a noble looking animal, was feeding close by.

Hastily dismounting, I turned the body over, and, feeling his pulse, found that life was not yet extinct, and that he had probably been stunned by being thrown from his horse.

Pouring down his throat some spirits I had with me, I brought some water in the little cup that fitted on to my flask, and with it bathed his head and face.

In a short time he recovered, and, sitting up, he looked at me, and asked, abruptly.

"Where am I?"

I told him how I had found him, and inquired if he was much hurt.

"No—yes, I believe I am badly hurt, for I cannot rise, and suffer here," placing his hand upon his heart.

"Do you think you could ride to the neighboring village, if I aided you upon your horse?" I asked.

"No. I feel that I must die, and yet I have much to do, much to say before I yield to death."

"Permit me to leave you while I ride to the village for aid," I said to him.

"No! oh, no; do not leave me. I feel faint, and must make you my father confessor. You would not refuse a dying man?"

"I think you exaggerate your condition, and that rest and a doctor's care will soon bring you right again."

"You are mistaken sir. Look at me."

I gazed into his pale, intellectual face, and was struck with the refined beauty resting there, tinged, however, with lines of deep dissipation.

His eyes seemed almost on fire, and were never quiet.

Apparently, he was about thirty years of age, though a few silver threads in his dark hair, and a cynical smile that rested upon his mouth, gave me an impression that he was older.

He looked me intently in the face, and said, quietly:

"Circumstances, not choice, have caused you to listen to what I have to say. I will not detain you very long, however. Let me lean back against this tree, and please give me some more water."

I arranged him as comfortably as possible, gave him the water, and sat beside him to hear his confession.

"I am," he began, "the only son of an opulent family, whose name I will not mention now, for I have already disgraced it.

"I imagined myself a man when I was fifteen, and, being unaware of the extent of my own ignorance, believed I was a great genius, and in wickedness I certainly was.

"To complete my education, my parents sent me to college when I was sixteen years of age, and the institution being situated in a large city, and I having plenty of money, I soon ran into all kinds of dissipation.

"I lost my station in society, and those aspiring hopes and ambitions that should animate a young man to reach at things above instead of below him.

"Notwithstanding the life I led, I was not altogether debased, for it is not all at once that the soul is stripped of its regalia.

"I still preserved the manners of a gentleman, and still cherished a liking for books.

"When I became of age, and in possession of a handsome estate, I could then have left all my evil ways, and resumed my former position in society; but I became connected with a club of gamblers, and in less than a year lost all of my property, except a miserable pittance that came to me monthly.

"My father, when dying, had left me the guardian of my sister, and the executor of her handsome estate, so I determined, as I had full power over her property, to mortgage it, and with the money thus obtained, attempt to redeem my fallen fortunes.

"For a time all went well, and I won large sums of money, and bought back again my own estate, which adjoined that of a gentleman of great wealth, who resided there with his only daughter, a lovely, interesting girl of seventeen.

"I formed her acquaintance, and found that she was attractive to me, though the wild, dissolute life I had led rendered me incapable of loving a pure and virtuous woman as she ought to be loved.

"I looked upon her as an advantageous speculation, and after a few months' acquaintance, addressed her and was accepted.

"She trusted me with her destiny, her love, and her happiness, and we were married.

"For a short time after my marriage I led a most unexceptionable life, giving up drinking and gaming, and thereby astonishing the numerous scandal mongers of the neighborhood, who had deemed it their duty to warn my wife that she was marrying a drunkard and a gambler; but to all their assertions she paid no attention, and wholly trusted me.

"My sister married about this time, and having neglected to raise the mortgage upon her estate, when I should have done so instead of buying back my own, I saw I must rob my wife to pay her, and the control of her property being in my hands, I soon returned to my sister the estate I had held in keeping for her.

"Thus my downward tendency began, and again going to the gaming table, I drew large drafts from my wife's property to meet my heavy losses.

"My wife had borne to us two children, a girl and a boy, but even their innocent young faces were not sufficient to turn me from my path of crime, and ere long my evil ways became known to her who had trusted me through all.

She never complained, and silently bore her sufferings.

"At last the crash came, and I was a begger, and my wife and children cast upon the charity of their friends.

"Stung to madness, I drank deeply, and passing an old friend who refused to recognize me, I insulted him so grossly that he sent me a challenge, ignoring the fact that I was no longer a gentleman, as he expressed it in his letter.

We met, fought with swords, and my antagonist fell.

"I had widowed a wife, rendered three children fatherless, and broken the heart of an aged mother.

"My wife still refused to give me up entirely, and though urged to do so by her friends, said that she would not as long as there was one hope to redeem me.

"I laughed at her for her love, and told her I had never loved her, that I wished her to leave me, but she bore all, and her uncomplaining, quiet manner proved to me how irretrievably lost I was in this world.

"My sister's husband came to me to remonstrate upon my evil course, and, infuriated by drink, I shot him through the heart.

"I was tried, and the jury acquitted me on the plea of insanity, so I was sent to the lunatic asylum.

"Twelve years have passed since then, and I have never, until recently, heard one word from those I so sadly injured.

"A few weeks since, while looking over my trunk, I came across a deed of some land that I then considered of little value.

"Now the city of C—— stand there, and my property is worth millions.

"I tried all in my power to prove my sanity, and be released from the asylum, that I might claim my property and leave my children wealthy.

"I had some few hundred pounds in money, and I bribed one of the keepers of the asylum to buy me a suit of clothes, and a hat and a small wardrobe, and purchase for me a good horse.

"These being procured, I last night with his assistance, made my escape from the asylum, and have been riding ever since.

"My horse was tired, stumbled and fell, and I was thrown and stunned by the fall.

"Thanks to you, I am yet able to aid my children, and my poor wife, if she is still alive."

He ceased speaking, and lay back against the tree as if dead.

I gave him some more water, that so revived him as to enable him to remount his horse and ride to the village, that was distant about two miles.

I procured for him a comfortable room at the inn, sent for a physician, and obtaining from the poor man his former address, sent a dispatch to a gentleman whom I knew living near the town and asked him to hunt up the wife and tell her of the condition of her husband.

The night passed without any change coming over the dying man, and while sleeping gently next morning, he was aroused by a carriage driving up to the door.

I left the room and met my friend to whom I had telegraphed, accompanied by a woman with a lovely, though saddened face.

Hastily extending her hand to me, she said:

"Oh, thank you so much. Is he yet living?"

"Yes, madame, and anxious to see you; but let me tell him of your arrival," I answered, and, entering the room, I informed him that his wife had come.

"I knew it; I knew she was faithful, though greatly sinned against," was all he said.

It would be almost a sacrilege to dwell upon the meeting of husband and wife, of the arrival of his two children, and of that death bed scene, so I leave it the imagination of the reader, and will only add that the poor, unhappy man died, consoled in his last moments by his loving wife and children, and that after his death a lawsuit was commenced and gained for the property, that raised the family from poverty to immense wealth.

Select Miscellany.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice:

"Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go!"

John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

"Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and a manly front, and you have no fear of those you meet. You can look any man in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the highway to avoid a dun, or look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty honest one. It seems to us, sometimes, that we can almost tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." When he does succeed in getting out an abortion—he appears frightened, and looks as though he expected he would be bounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked children—a contented wife—cheerful hearth stone.

John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

WHEN a widow in any neighborhood sets her cap for a young man, there isn't one chance in a million for any young woman to win, even if she holds the four aces.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

PEN PORTRAIT OF A LEADING CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY—BLAINE'S EARLY LIFE—HIS EXPERIENCE AS A SCHOOL TEACHER AND EDITOR, AND HIS CAREER IN CONGRESS.

In writing even a two-column sketch of a great man I suppose it is essential that one should begin at the birth of the individual celebrated, although in a life so active as Mr. Blaine's has been to do this is to record commonplace information, while important occurrences may be displaced. I did not happen to be in Washington county, Pa., on January 31, 1830, when Mr. Blaine was born, and it was not my fortune to be a playmate, schoolmate or collegemate of his, but from "reliable sources," as the newspaper men say, I am enabled to state that Mr. Blaine's boyhood was much like other men's. He had the same troubles, the same quarrels, the same successes, the same youthful sorrows, the same disappointments. It is only phenomenal who have no childhood with the stone bruises, the chapped hands and the bloody noses of the country boy. I believe Mr. Blaine (although it makes not the slightest difference with the man) comes from the fine old Revolutionary stock; that his great grandfather was a colonel in the Pennsylvania Line in the Revolutionary war; that he lived in that grand Cumberland Valley, whose golden fields of grain and bright green meadows charm all beholders to the present day; that the Blaine family is still well remembered in the lovely village of Carlisle; that Colonel Blaine was the intimate friend of General Washington (or at least as intimate as that old aristocrat ever allowed a friend to be); that he was Commissary General of the Northern Department of Washington's army; that he advanced from his own means and from contributions obtained by him from his friends, large sums of money toward purchasing supplies for the army during that terrible winter at Valley Forge; that Washington attributed the preservation of his troops from absolute starvation to the heroic and self-sacrificing efforts of Colonel Blaine—these are facts, I believe, susceptible of proof. But Colonel Blaine is not a candidate for the Presidency and his great-grandson is. Mr. Blaine gets his middle name (Gillespie) from his maternal grandfather, a pioneer of distinction in Western Pennsylvania. Fortunately or unfortunately there is no record of young Blaine, except that contained in the family Bible, before he arrived at the age of thirteen, but I have no doubt that he was as bright as his schoolfellows and fully as mischievous. I forgot to say that his father lived in the borough of Washington and was Prothonotary of the county. At the age of thirteen, in the year 1843, the young boy entered Washington College, from which he was graduated at the head of a large and distinguished class in 1847, when he was only seventeen years old.

BLAINE'S YOUTHFUL DAYS.

From an old collegemate of Mr. Blaine's, an officer of rank and character in the rebel army, I have obtained some interesting points regarding the youthful days of this distinguished man. At the college, with two or three hundred students from all sections of the country, Blaine was from his first entrance a leader. Endowed with a splendid physique, he was foremost in all athletic sports. He is not remembered as a hard student, who burned the midnight oil. It was not necessary for him to do this, as he learned everything quickly and easily, and his standing in his classes was always among the very first. In the annual commencements and the frequent contests of the rival literary societies of the college he was never conspicuous as a debater or wrangler, but he was known and acknowledged as the power that managed and controlled all these things. Goethe has said: "One builds his talents in the stillnesses and builds his character in the storms of the world."

To the new boys and young freshmen Blaine was always a hero. To them he was uniformly kind, every ready to assist and advise them and to make smooth and pleasant their initiation into college life. His handsome person and neat attire; his ready sympathy and prompt assistance; his frank, generous nature, and his brave, manly bearing, made him the best known, the best loved, and the most popular boy at college. He was the arbiter among younger boys in all their disputes, and the authority with those of his own age on all questions. He was always for the "under dog in the fight." Like most college boys, he had his sobriquet. Owing to the fact that he was possessed of a somewhat prominent, though shapely, proboscis, he received the appellation of "Nosey Blaine," which clung to him all through his college life. His was one of those noses that would have been the pride and admiration of Napoleon I., and would doubtless have ranked high and gained great glory among the other prominent noses, whose owners were selected by Napoleon to form the shining ranks of his favorite generals, as a prominent nose was considered by him as a true indication of genius and courage.—After the usual term at college he graduated with distinguished honor and carried with him into the world the enduring affection of all those who knew him and with whom he was associated in his alma mater.

CARVING HIS OWN FUTURE.

From this point in life Mr. Blaine began to carve out his own future. In those days the young college graduate did not loaf about home, a village beau, smoking cigarettes and devoting most of his time to his hair—at least Blaine didn't. He struck out at once to seek his fortune. It was a very lucky strike for him, for if he had not struck out as he did and had not gone to Kentucky and had not located near Millersburg he might never have met Miss Harriet Stanwood, a woman who will "do him good and not evil all the days of his life." But of this again.

Mr. Blaine, after he left college, went to Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, and became one of the professors in the Western Military Institute. In this school there were about 450 boys. A gentleman now living in Washington (who was also, by the way, an officer in the rebel service) was a student in this school. He well remembers Blaine, and describes him as a thin, handsome, earnest young man, with the same fascinating manners he has now. He was very popular with the boys, who trusted him and made friends with him from the first. He knew the given names of every one, and he knew their short comings and their strong points, and to this day he asks about this boy and that who went to school at the Blue Lick Springs, then a very popular watering place. My friend says that Blaine was a man of great personal courage, and that during a bloody fight between the faculty of the school and the owners of the springs, involving some questions about the removal of the school, he behaved in the bravest manner, fighting hard, but keeping cool. Revolvers and knives were freely used, but Blaine used only his well disciplined muscle. Colonel Thornton F. Johnson was the principal of the school, and his wife (both most excellent, well bred and highly cultured persons) had a young ladies' school at Millersburg, 20 miles distant.—It was at this place that Blaine met Miss Stanwood, who belonged to an excellent family in Massachusetts, and she afterwards became his wife. Blaine, after an experience of a year or two, discovered that he was not born to be a school teacher, and he returned to Pennsylvania and studied law, but never practiced it. In 1853 he removed to Maine and there began a career that has made him to day the most talked of and the most popular man in the country.

BLAINE AS AN EDITOR.

It was in Portland that Mr. Blaine first became an editor. I have often thought that a great editor, as great perhaps as Mr. Greeley, was lost when Mr. Blaine went into politics. He possesses all the qualities of a great journalist, and I have heard him say a dozen times that he never will be entirely happy until he is at the head of a great newspaper. He has a phenomenal memory, and there is no quality more valuable in journalism than this, as you very well know, Mr. Editor. He remembers circumstances, dates, names and places more readily than any man I ever met, and it is this wonderfully available memory that makes him such a ready speaker and such a charming companion. He has also great quickness and accuracy of judgment, another excellent and indispensable quality in journalism. He writes as readily and as strongly as he speaks, and very rapidly. In many respects he resembles Mr. Greeley as a writer—he goes straight to the point and wastes no time in painting with pretty words a background for his thoughts. His other qualities for journalism are, he is courageous, he is fair-minded; he grasps and weighs the events of the day, and finally, like all good journalists, he is a good husband and father and a good fellow.

Mr. Blaine held his first public office in 1858 when he was elected to the Maine Legislature. He had already achieved distinction as a public speaker in the Fremont campaign of 1856. He was five times elected to the Legislature, and in 1861 and again in 1862 he was chosen Speaker of the House, in which position he exhibited the same peculiar fitness for a presiding officer that he showed as Speaker of the National House of Representatives, though it must be confessed that in the latter office he was a little too oppressive and autocratic.

HIS FIRST TERM IN CONGRESS.

In 1863 Mr. Blaine was first elected to Congress. During his first term he gave himself up mostly to study and observation, but in the Thirty ninth Congress he began to be felt, and from that time to the present he has been foremost in all legislation. He has an aptitude for legislative business that few possess. He sees the weak and the strong points in a bill and his judgment is so quick and accurate that he is as ready to take his position in a minute as most Congressmen are after a day's reflection. No doubt Mr. Blaine has made, like every other man ever in Congress, a good many speechs for home consumption, but in the last ten years he has done none of this. He has rather avoided this sort of public service and has taken instead an active practical participation in the business of Congress. It is hardly worth while to follow Mr. Blaine through his fourteen years' service in the House. He always commanded the attention of the House, and before he had been three years a member he ranked with the highest as a debater. With him in the House were Thad. Stevens, Ben. Butler, Schenck, Allison, Colfax, Banks, John A. Bingham, Boutwell, James Brooks, Conkling, Dawes, Delano, R. B. Hayes, George W. Julian, Scofield, and other well known names. Before the close of his second term he had that angry controversy with Conkling, since become so famous, in which, for the first time in his life, Conkling got a dressing which did him good. All your readers will remember that of the Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty third Congresses, Mr. Blaine was Speaker. His quickness, his thorough knowledge of parliamentary law and of the rules, his firmness, his clear voice, his impressive manner, his ready comprehension of subjects and situations and his dash and brilliancy made him a great presiding officer. He managed that most turbulent of all bodies with an iron hand. His management of his own case when the Mulligan letters came out was worthy of any general who ever set a squadron in the field. For nearly fifteen years I have looked down from the galleries of the House and Senate, and I never saw and never expect to see and never have read of such a scene, where the grandeur of human effort was better illustrated than when this great orator rushed down the aisle and, in the very face of Proctor Knott, charged him with suppressing a telegram favorable to Blaine. The whole floor and all the galleries were wild with excitement. Men yelled and cheered, women waved their handkerchiefs and went off into hysterics and the floor was little less than a mob. The later life of Mr. Blaine is familiar to all. His transfer to the Senate, his prominence as a Presidential candidate in 1876, the sunstroke on that unlucky July day, his defeat at Cincinnati, his prominence in the public eye in the Senate, his admirable political management in Maine recently and his present distinction in the hearts of the American people—your readers know all these things as well as I.

Mr. Blaine, with those who know him, is the most popular of men. The charm of his manner is beyond expression, and nobody comes within the circle of his presence that is not overcome with his fascinations. With his brilliancy he has that exquisite show of deference to his companions, a sort of appeal to them to verify or deny his words that is very taking. He is also a good listener, and he has a familiar way of speaking one's name and of placing his hand on one's knee that is an agreeable salve to one's vanity. There is no acting in the heartiness of his manner. He is an impulsive man, with a very warm heart, kindly instincts and generous nature. He is open, frank and manly.

BLAINE'S COOLNESS.

One element in his nature impresses itself upon mind in a very emphatic manner, and that is his coolness and self-possession at the most exciting periods. I happened to be in his library at Washington when the balloting was going on in Cincinnati on that hot July day in 1876. A telegraph instrument was on his library table, and Mr. Sherman, his private secretary, a deft operator, was manipulating its key. Dispatches came from dozens of friend, giving the last votes, which only lacked a few of a nomination, and everybody predicted the success of Blaine on the next ballot. Only four persons besides Mr. Sherman were in the room. It was a moment of great excitement. The next vote was quietly ticked over the wire, and then the next announced the nomination of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Blaine was the only cool person in the department. It was such a reversal of all anticipations and assurances that self posession was out of the question except with Mr Blaine. He had just left his bed after two days of unconsciousness from sunstroke, but he was as self possessed as the portraits upon the walls. He merely gave a murmer of surprise, and before anybody had recovered from the shock he had written, in his firm, plain, fluent hand, three dispatches, now in my possession—one to Mr. Hayes, of congratulation; one to the Maine delegates, thanking them for their devotion, and another to Eugene Hale and Mr. Frye, asking them to go personally to Columbus and present his good will to Mr. Hayes, with promises of hearty aid in the campaign. The occasion affected him no more than the news of a servant quitting his employ would have done. Half an hour afterward he was out with Secretary Fish in an open carriage, receiving the cheers of the thousands of people who gathered about the telegraphic bulletins.

Charming as Mr. Blaine is in ordinary social intercourse, it is in the family circle that he is at his best. No man in public life is more fortunate in his domestic relations. He is the companion and confidant of every one of his six children. He is of the same age and they fear him no more than they fear one of their number. Mrs Blaine is the model wife and mother, and more is due to her strong judgment, quick perception and heroic courage than the world will ever know. Mr. Blaine, as already stated, has six children. The eldest, Walker, is a graduate of Yale College and of Columbia Law School, in New York. He is a member of the bar in New York, Maine and Minnesota. He is now in St. Paul, in the office of Governor Davis. The second son, Emmons, is at the Cambridge Law School, having graduated at Harvard two years ago. Both sons show a wonderful aptitude for politics and their political knowledge is rather remarkable. The youngest son is James G., Jr., a noble, generous, manly boy of eleven, who is the picture of his father. The three daughters are named Alice, Margaret and Harriet.

BLAINE'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

Mr. Blaine's house in this city is large and handsome. It is one of a block of four—the three others being occupied by Fernando Wood, Governor Swann, of Maryland, and General Van Vleit, of the army. General Sherman lives two doors off. Mr. Blaine's house is of brick and brown stone and is four stories high. It is furnished with great good taste, elegance and comfort. The walls are covered with pictures, mostly rare engravings. Mr. Blaine's taste runs to engravings, and he is constantly picking up portraits of distinguished characters. In his house on Fifteenth street you can see the portraits of the great actors on the world's stage in all ages. The walls of his dining room are ornamented with crossed muskets and sabres and old pistols grouped upon a shield. These are souvenirs presented by friends and no doubt each weapon has a history. Mr. Blaine's work room is at the top of the house, where letters and papers come in by the bushel every day. The billiard table is packed full of letters answered and unanswered, and busy clerks are hard at work trying to keep up with the vast accumulation. Probably Mr. Blaine receives more letters than any six Senators in Congress. It is his custom to spend as much time as possible in this work room. He is a tremendous worker and can write more letters in a given time than anybody I saw. He has a shorthand writer always at his elbow and he dictates every day a large amount of work.

I have scarcely room enough left to say that physically Mr. Blaine is the perfect man. You may see him almost any day striding along the avenue, going to or coming from the Capitol, with the strength of a giant. He is a strong man and a good walker who can keep up with him. He bounds up the steps two at at a time, talking with his companion. He is wonderfully preserved and is just in the height of full physical strength. He does not know what fatigue is, and a session of fifty hours without a break turns him out as fresh as a lark, while nearly all his colleages are badly used up. He is in appearance a very striking man. Large, full, straight and erect, an immense head, gray beard cut close and hair fast whitening, and indeed nearly white and somewhat thin on the top of his head, and a fresh, eager, zealous face. This is as near as I can come in describing a man who is the first to attract attention wherever he goes.

H. J. RAMSDELL.

A Drunkard's Wife.

We can hardly imagine woman placed in a more trying or humiliating condition than the wife of a habitual drunkard. See her as she weeps in solitude over the erring one who vowed at the altar to be true to her, to cherish and protect her, and to whom she, in innocent faith, looked upon as being all that was noble, generous and good. Little did she think, perhaps, as she sat at the side of her lover in the bright days of her girlhood, listening to the sweet words of love that fell from his lips, that in the future she would be a drunkard's wife. Little did she dream of the dark, dismal future that lay before her, as with a light heart she heard the voice of her dear old pastor pronounce the marriage benediction which made her the happy bride of the man she loved, or that the bonds of hymen were to be to her the galling chains of abject slavery. None but those who have experienced it can have any adequate conception of the misery, wretchedness and woe of the drunkard's wife. Her life, robbed by the demon of strong drink of all that is calculated to render it sweet and pleasant, what has she to look forward to but an untimely death and an early grave. Ye happy wives and mothers whose husbands love and care for with loving tenderness, and shield from the adverse storms of life, nor permit them to blow roughly upon you, lest like delicate flowers you droop and die, imagine if you can, how you would feel were your husbands drunkards. You shudder at the thought; and well you may; but let it cause you to endeavor to do something to render the life of one more endurable and pleasant whose misfortune it is to be a drunkard's wife.

TALK about the poetry of motion and sylph like grace, but did you ever stand by and see a woman use a one tined fork to flop a stove cover off?"

"Hope for the Drunkard."

A Chicago letter in the New York *Sun* says the temperance men and physicians of that city are much excited over a new remedy discovered by a certain Dr. Robert D'Unger, which cures intemperance and leaves the victim with an absolute aversion to spirituos liquors. The writer asserts that Joseph Medill, the well known editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, strongly indorses the new remedy, and in the course of a conversation with the writer of the letter, asserted that Dr. D'Unger has actually cured 2,800 cases of the worst forms of intemperance. He takes men debauched by liquor for years—takes a used up, demented, loathsome sot, and in ten days makes a well man of him, with a positive aversion to liquor. Mr. Medill, in continuation, gave instances of persons within his own knowledge, who has been thus cured.

Dr. D'Unger, he says, is a regular medical practionier of many years' standing, and now residing in Chicago. Provided with a letter of introduction from Mr. Medill, the correspondent then called on the doctor himself, who related to him a number of surprising instances, among them some of the very worst cases of drunkenness that could be imagined, that he had completely cured, not only of the present effects of their debauchery but of all desire for liquor thereafter, no matter how long the time. The doctor averred that none of his patients ever returned to drink again, as "they hate the sight of liquor."

The doctor being about to start out to see a patient when the correspondent called, invited the latter to accompany him. The patient is described as "a rich man who had been a debauched drunkard for fifteen years.' For six weeks before this visit he had been in bed as helpless as a child, and only had been under the doctor's treatment for days. To their surprise they found him in the parlor reading the paper—still weak, but mentally cured. When asked by the doctor if he had any longing for liquor, he answer: "No, none whatever. I have eaten the best meal this morning that I have eaten in fifteen years. I am not mentally depressed. I am strong, and I wouldn't take a drink of liquor for the world." His wife here interrupted him by taking both the doctor's hands and exclaiming, "Oh, doctor, you have saved George and we are happy!"

In answer to further questions by the correspondent, Dr. D'Unger freely explained what the remedy is and the manner of preparing and administering it, viz:

"My medicine," said the doctor, "can be bought at any first-class drug store. It is red peruvian bark (*Cinchona rubra*). Quinine is from the yellow bark (*Calisaya*). Now there are eight varieties of this bark. I used the bark from the small limbs of the red variety. Druggists call it the quill bark, because it comes from twigs about about the size of a quill."

"How do you mix it?"

"I take a pound of the best fresh quill red Peruvian bark (*Cinchona rubra*), powder it and soak it in a pint of diluted alcohal. Then I strain it and evaporate it down to a half pint. Any one can prepare it."

"How do you give this medicine?"

"I give the drunken man a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days. It acts like quinine. The patient can tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to a half teaspoonful, then to a quarter spoonful, then down to fifteen, ten and five drops."

"How long do you continue the medicine?"

"From five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases to thirty days. Seven is about the average."

The doctor then proceeded to give the philosophy of the remarkable effect of the medicine, the manner of its action, how he made the discovery, etc., all of which are not without plausibility, and will be matter of much interest if the statement of facts he gives shall be substantiated and undeniably established. All may be true as related, though we confess that were it not for the authority of a man so well known for his great intelligence, philanthropy and honest as Mr. Medill (albeit he is somewhat visionary perhaps) we would incline to look upon the whole story as the concoction of a reporter who was badly in want of something to create a