



H. H. WILSON.

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

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Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Merchants advertising (changeable quarterly) \$15 per year, including paper at their Store.

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WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Deeds and other scrieving done on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

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Best Navy Cigars, \$1.00 per lb. 2nd " " " " .50c " " 3rd " " " " .30c " " Cases Gold Bar, 1.40 " " Oranoke, 1.40 " " The best brands of Fine Cut Loose and in foil.

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DR. S. G. McLAUGHLIN, OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Juniata and adjoining counties.

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Teeth inserted upon an entirely new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and English Rubber, (vulcanite.) Also American Rubber, (vulcanite), which for beauty, durability, cleanliness, and the restoration of the natural color of the face, cannot be surpassed.

WARRANTED, FOR TEN YEARS. Temporary sets inserted gratis.

Special attention will be made to diseased gums, and a cure warranted, or no charge made. Teeth filled to last for life.

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We are constantly manufacturing and make to order, every description of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sulkeys, Wagons, &c., also Family and Work cutter sleighs.

Having been working at the business for a number of years ourselves, and employing none but the best of workmen, we matter ourselves that our work cannot be surpassed for neatness and durability; in this or adjoining counties.

We always keep on hand from twenty to thirty sets, of best second growth, Jersey Hickory Spokes, in order to make durable wheels. And will warrant our work for any reasonable time.

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Coal and Lumber delivered at short notice. Persons on the East side of the River can be furnished with Lumber and Coal, &c., from the coal yard at Tysons Look.

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BUY THE BEST.—Samuel Strayer, of Patterson, is the authorized Agent for the sale of the EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE.

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Select Poetry.

MY LOVE AND I.

And we sat in the quiet evening, All alone, my love and I, And she played on her organ softly, And I listened silently.

For she sang me a gay song sweetly, Like a chorus of wedding chimes, And oh! in the music ringing Came the thoughts of other times.

In a dream I was still beside her, In the summer wood and dells, And I led her on in the sunlight To the sound of village bells.

And she sang me a grave song sadly, That was soft, and sweet, and low, Of the good book's golden promise, That wine and oil should flow.

In a dream I was still beside her, And I saw her, yet; the same, Though the promise was for others, And those good things never came.

And she played on her organ softly, Like a sigh from a dying breath, And 'twas only the world's old story Of love, and life, and death.

And I thought as I sat beside her, As I heard her gently sing, That with such sweet, thrilling voices, The choir of angels ring.

So we sat in the quiet evening, All alone, my love and I, And she played on her organ softly, And I listened silently.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A GOOD STORY.

In one of the small interior towns of New England where the superstitious of our ancestors still possess a hold on the people, the facts occurred a few years since, of which the following is a true narrative:

An honest farmer and his family preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety.

The house was to be "baked up," and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbage, turnips, and so forth, put in the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed up for the season.

Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were dispatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage with, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house.

An old ram, the horned patriarch of the flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of the scattered cabbage leaves, unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast.

The avenue through which he entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary works and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girl set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them.

Soon after, the parents and their little ones, having put out the fires and fastened the doors and windows to keep out thieves, started for the same destination.

On the afternoon of the day following the festival, the family returned home accompanied by some young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys who had been sent into the cellar with a little two-wick candle, which gave just enough light to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room, with eyes glaring wildly, uttering the half-suffocating exclamation:

"The devil is in the cellar." "Pooh," said the father, "you have only been frightened by your own shadow; give me the light."

Saying this, he seized the candle—leaving the candlestick fast in the hands of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but before he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the ram caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son, exclaiming:

"Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar!" The good man seized the great bible, attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burned blue, and threw such a feeble light on the sacred pages, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to the mother, the girls

nestled close to their favorite beaux, and the whole house was shaken with the agitation of its half-demented inhabitants.

One bright thought, however, occurred, and as a message was sent for the minister to come and "lay the devil."

The parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talent and heroism, slipped a small bibbie into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, so he should appear as formidable as possible to his great antagonist, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house the reverend was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen persons at the same moment to drive the devil away.

But few moments were lost in asking that which no one knew, before the parson pushed forward as a leader, with the same pious light, into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him.

He reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire, and the shadowy outline of the enormous horns, magnified tenfold, at least, by the terror of those who beheld them, removed all doubt if any had existed in his mind as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend.

The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, began to pray in his most fervent manner.

The ram notwithstanding the pious man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary, but, deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of the surplice and pulled the priest with him into the cellar.

While thus in the power of his victorious foe, he lost hope so far as it regarded himself, and the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation:

"Brethren, take care of yourselves—the devil has got me." This exhortation was better obeyed than any he had ever delivered from the pulpit—his friends all fled and left him to his fate.

A friend of the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had, from the first, supposed the fiend to be some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, kept his thoughts to himself and pretended to sympathize with others in their fears.

He thought it time to interfere, and, snatching a pitch pine knot from the blazing fire, expressed his determination to rescue the preacher or perish in the attempt.

"Don't! don't!" shouted several. "What does the devil care for fire?" said another.

"Take along the bible if you will go," suggested another.

But, unheeding the suggestion, and the manifestations of concern for his safety, he pushed into the cellar, seizing the animal by one of his horns, and dragged the struggling ram up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "follow me!"

The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and haagging down of heads ensued, but the past scene was too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson abscenting himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

LOVE ON THE BRAIN. This disease is confined to no particular age or station. We had an attack of it when about fifteen. We had it so severely that our mother wanted to give us parogoric. We recovered in course of time.

Once it broke out fully in the shape of a certain question to a certain lady. She answered in a monosyllable of two letters. It brought us to our senses. It swept the mist from our eyes like a fog before a hurricane. We looked for the cloud and saw a large white bird sailing on a pond.

Thought we were very much the same kind of bird with our wings clipped. A few days after we told our chum we didn't see anything in that flouting Dorothy Diddle to admire. And we didn't. The disease develops itself most singularly in those who are advanced in years.

Any one who has seen an old man in love has seen nature's harlequin. The old dame gets up nothing more ludicrous or more inconsistent. Every one feels like laughing at the poor old fellow's infirmity.

We once saw an old man who was suffering from an attack of it. He was well enough advanced in life to have a dozen grandchildren. We know him well. He was the playmate of our illustrious grand-sire, who wasn't a quartermaster in the Revolutionary war.

If he had been we would have been better off than we are now. We had noticed for some time a singularity in his conduct. We saw him several times with roses stuck in his button-hole. We caught him once reading "Burns' Highland Mary." We were out with him once looking at his stock, and we asked him which was his favorite heifer. He said, "Widow Wilkins." The cat was out. We knew what was the matter; but when, several months after, we saw him washing the dishes while the widow—that was—nursed the baby, we thought he was cured permanently.

There is no preventative for this disease. Like the whooping-cough and the mumps, it comes to all mankind. But it seldom kills. We have heard of persons dying of it, but as we have never seen a case of the kind, we are not willing to record it as a fact.

All the cases that ever came under our observation, including our own promiscuous cases, recovered in one way or another. Most of the cures have been the result of a wife and a few children. Most any preacher will help a person to the former, while the latter comes—in time. The more of them, the sounder the cure.

WHY HE DID NOT DO IT. It has long been known of Queen Victoria that on all her excursions and ordinary appearances she so regulates her dress as, as not to discourage habits of economy among her people. All such examples are noble and christian.

Mr. Samuel Slater's habits of living were often the topic of remark among townsmen. On a certain occasion this subject was made the staple of quite an interesting conversation between himself and a few of his intimate friends.

When he was a little more than fifty years of age, and estimated to be worth half a million of dollars. It was in the front of the bank, where they were accustomed to meet and discuss all sorts of things of interest.

At that time he lived in an old wooden house which might have cost two or three thousand dollars—decent and comfortable, it is true, and much like the better sort of houses in the village, excepting, perhaps, half a dozen.

He also owned a good horse and chaise, the common pleasure vehicle at that period in many parts of New England.

His friends told him it was not right for a man of his property to live in that style—that he ought to build a better house and keep a coach.

Mr. Slater replied much in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I admit that I am able to have a large and costly house, rich furniture, and servants to take care of it; that I am able to have a coach with a driver and a footman to attend me.

And it is not that I am miserly that I do not have them. But is a duty in me to set an example of economy to others, and especially to my children. The world is too inclined to extravagance.

If the style you recommend is to be considered an evidence of wealth, and I were on that account to adopt it, others not able might follow my example, in order to be thought rich. In the end it might prove their ruin, while prudent and honest people would have to suffer for it.

And you know I have six boys. If they live and have families, each will want to live in as much style as his father. Now, if I am unable to live as you recommend, my property, when divided into six parts, might not be sufficient to support six such establishments; besides, business may not continue as good as it is at present. I wish to set as a good example for my children.

If they do not follow it the fault is not mine." A drunken fellow sitting on the steps of a church in Boston, the cold wind blowing chillingly round the corner, exclaimed, "If heaven (hic) tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I wish the lamb (hic) was on this corner."

When is an infatig like a cannibal? When it eats its "pap."

AN OPPORTUNE ARRIVAL.

In the year 1849 I was engaged in collecting outstanding debts due the Apalachian, a paper published in Blairsville, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and my business led me to the Cherry Tree, at the headwaters of the Susquehanna river.

It was in May, and the flowers were out in all their pristine beauty. The water in the river was still pretty high, and I had ridden some distance along the bank when my path diverged from the river side some distance, and then suddenly came back to the margin, just where the river took a turn and the water deepened.

As I approached I heard some one sobbing; as it in the greatest distress, and on looking down the river I discovered a young girl, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and remarkably good looking, wringing her hands and moaning in the most deplorable manner.

I asked her what was the matter, and between her sobs I made out the following: "I was playing on this log—and—my baby fell in the water, and—there it goes down the—water."

And upon looking down the stream about four or five yards from the shore there floated a child, its ere little hand raised above the rippling waves, while its little head and face bobbed up and down with every curve of the water.

Without a moment's thought I sprang from my horse and into the stream; a few strokes brought me up to the little 'innocent.' Carefully putting my left hand under it, and holding it almost completely out of the water with my right, I made my way to shore and carefully gathering it in my arms, I laid it gently in the arms of its little nurse, but judge of my surprise when I beheld —for I had not time to look at it before—that it was a doll baby, with a china head!

On looking around for my horse, I saw him just disappearing over the hill. I gave chase, but my clothes were wet, and I didn't overtake him until I had tooted it for more than seven miles. I can't bear the sight of a doll baby since. If I ever come across that girl again—well, I suppose she is a girl no longer, and has found but the difference ere this between real and doll babies; but I wonder if she remembers the stranger who rescued her darling?

AMERICAN WONDERS. The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great Upper Lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 170 feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,100 miles in length. The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 530 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width and 250 feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The largest number of whale-ships in the world is sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest single volume ever published is Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, an American work—the best of the language—containing as much matter as six family Bibles.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct in New York. Its length is forty miles and a half, and it cost twelve and a half millions of dollars. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania—the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

All these, it may be observed, are American "institutions." In contemplation of them, who will not acknowledge that ours is a "great country?"