

The Juniata Sentinel.
 ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
 Bridge Street, opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
 Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
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RALES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertising for less than three months for one square of eight lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$2.25 and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Administrator, Executor and Auctioneers Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and facing single copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. Musicians advertising by the year at special rates.

One square.....	3 months.....	6 months.....	1 year.....
Two squares.....	6.00	9.00	12.00
Three squares.....	8.00	12.00	16.00
Four squares.....	10.00	15.00	20.00
Half column.....	18.00	25.00	35.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00	60.00

Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Collecting and Conveyancing promptly attended to.
 Office, second story of Court House, above Probationary's office.

ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly occupied by Ezra D. Parker, Esq.

ALEX. K. McCLURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
 PHILADELPHIA.

S. B. LOUDEN,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of Cider. Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in Bedford's building, two doors above the Sentinel office, Bridge street. [aug 18-17]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
 PATTERSON, PENNA.
 August 18, 1869-17.

D. S. SMITH, M. D.,
 HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 Having permanently located in the borough of Mifflintown, offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.
 Office on Main street, over Beidler's Drug Store. [aug 18 1869-17]

G. W. McPHERRAN,
Attorney at Law,
 601 Sanson Street,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 aug 18 1869-17

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
 144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
 PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM WISE,
 Mifflintown, Pa.
 Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN ORGANS for Juniata county. These are the best ORGANS now made. Suited to all circumstances. Prices ranging from \$100 to \$1000.
 Also, Agent for FIRST CLASS PIANOS. All instruments sold warranted for five years. aug 2 1870-17.

LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Jonestown, Pa.
 POLICIES Perpetual, at low rates. No steam risks taken. This is one of the best conducted and most reliable Companies in the State. The undersigned, agent, will visit Mifflintown and Patterson on the second Wednesday of each month.
 JOHN SWAN,
 Agent for Mifflin and Juniata counties. Lewisburg Aug 17, 1870-17.

CLARK & FRANK,
HARDWARE DEALERS,
 OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PENNA.
 Iron, Steel, Nails, Nail Rods, Horse Shoes, Carpenters, Builders, Carriage Makers, Cabinet Makers and House furnishing HARDWARE.
 Call before purchasing elsewhere, at CLARK & FRANKS, [aug 18, 1869-17] Mifflintown, Pa.


BEST CIGARS IN TOWN AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
 Two for 5 cents. Also, the Freshest Lager, the Largest Oyster, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wine, and, in short, anything you may wish in the EATING OR DRINKING LINE, at the most reasonable prices. He has also refitted his BILLIARD HALL, so that it will now compare favorably with any Hall in the interior of the State.
 June 1, 1870-17

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.—The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large Stock of Coal and Lumber. His stock embraces in part, Rose Coal, Smith Coal and Lime-burned Coal, at the lowest cash rates.
 Lumber of all kinds and quality, such as White Pine Plank, two inches, do 14 White Pine Boards, 1 inch, do one-half inch, White Pine worked Flooring, Hemlock Boards, Scantling, Joist, Roofing Lath, Plastering Lath, Shingles, Striping, Sash and Doors.
 Coal and Lumber delivered at short notice Persons on the East side of the River can be furnished with Limeburners Coal, &c., from the coal yard at Tysons Lock.
 GEORGE GOSHEN
 aug 15-17.

J. M. KEPHEART
 WITH
BARNES BROTHER & HERRON,
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
HATS AND CAPS,
 503 Market Street, Philadelphia.
 aug 18, 1869-17.
 Handbills for public sales printed on short notice at the SENTINEL OFFICE.

Stoving Machines.

THE CELEBRATED SINGER SEWING MACHINE



THE superior merits of the "Singer" Machines over all others, for either family use or manufacturing purposes, are so well established and so generally admitted, that an enumeration of their relative excellencies is no longer considered necessary.

OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE, which has been years in preparation and which has been brought to perfection and is now offered to the public as a complete and perfect sewing machine in existence.

The Machine in question is simple, compact, durable and beautiful. It is quiet, high running, and capable of performing a range and variety of work to be done before attempted upon a single Machine,—using either Silk-Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing with equal facility the very finest and coarsest materials, and anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attachments for hemming, braiding, cording, tucking, quilting, felling, trimming, binding, etc., are novel and practical, and have been invented and adjusted especially for this Machine.

Machines always kept on hand at our Clothing Store on Bridge street, Mifflintown, Pa., for the inspection of the public, and for sale at the most reasonable prices.

Machine Cotton, Sewing, Thread, Oil, &c., and everything pertaining to this Machine constantly kept on hand for sale.

D. W. HARLEY & CO., Agents.
 Mifflintown, July 13, 1870-17

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINE.

The following are selected from thousands of testimonials of similar character, as expressing the reasons for the preference for the GROVER & BAKER Machines over all others.

"I like the Grover & Baker Machine, the first place, because, if I had any other, I should still want a Grover & Baker, and, having a Grover & Baker, it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a greater variety of work, and it is more durable than any other."
 —Mrs. J. C. Greig (Living)

"I have had several years' experience with a Grover & Baker Machine, which has given me great satisfaction. I think the Grover & Baker Machine is more easily managed, and less liable to get out of order. I prefer the Grover & Baker, decidedly."
 —Mrs. Dr. Watts, New York.

"I have had one in my family for some two years, and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how anything could be more complete or give better satisfaction."
 —Mrs. General Grant.

"I believe it to be the best, all things considered, of any that I have known. It is very simple and easily learned; the sewing from the ordinary spools is a great advantage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does ornamental work beautifully; it is not liable to get out of order."
 —Mrs. A. M. Spooner, 30 Bond Street, Brooklyn.

"I am acquainted with the work of the principal machines; and I prefer the Grover & Baker to them all, because I consider the stitch more elastic. I have work now in the house which was done nine years ago, which is still good."
 —Mrs. Dr. McCready, No. 43 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

"More than two-thirds of all the sewing done in my family for the last two years has been done by Grover & Baker's Machine, and I never had a garment rip or need mending, except those rents which frolicsome boys will make in whole cloth. It is in my opinion by far the most valuable of any I have tried."
 —Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

POET'S CORNER.

Twenty Years Ago.
 BY CATHERINE ANNIE MATTHEW.

At her window,
 At her window looking o'er the bay,
 Siteth Nellie,
 Sitteth Nellie, sewing all the day:
 Such a merry girl was she,
 Full of beauty, full of glee,
 Twenty years ago.

Bright-eyed Nellie,
 At her window looking o'er the bay,
 Saw approaching
 Stalwart Owen, on a sunny day,
 When the bloom was on the tree,
 When the breeze was blowing free,
 Twenty years ago.

Sweet-voiced Nellie
 Gave him welcome in her winning way,
 And brave Owen
 Stole fair Nellie's heart away:
 That sweet face was all a glow
 When he said beloved her so,
 Twenty years ago.

Dark-haired Nellie
 Looked at day-break o'er the tossing sea,
 Prayed in whispers,
 "Father! send my Owen safely back to me!"

Round the dang'rous rocky head,
 Northward bound, a chequer sped,
 Twenty years ago.

Silent, lonesome,
 Sitteth Nellie, sewing all the day:
 Wind and billows
 Bear her Owen far, so far away:
 Other waters came to ask for Nellie's hand,
 Nellie whispered "No," and pointed to the strand,
 Twenty years ago.

Then came winter,
 And the waves rose mountain high;
 And poor Nellie,
 Sitting there, could only gaze and cry:
 Every sail returning did she see,
 Every time she murmured, "Tis not he!"
 Twenty years ago.

Twenty summers
 Shed their fragrance o'er Nellie's head;
 Twenty winters
 Heaped their snows upon the violet's bed:
 Still with dim-eyes, now that hope is o'er,
 Sitteth Nellie sewing, as she sat before,
 Twenty years ago.

Last May morning,
 Nellie at her window sat no more,
 And the neighbors
 Came and knocked at Nellie's cottage door:
 No one answered, in they went in haste,
 Nellie welcomed not, her grief was past:
 Peacefully and lonely Nellie breathed her last.
 Twenty years ago.

Select Story.

THE DEAD SHOT—A STORY OF PIONEER LIFE.

The crispy autumn air had begun to color the foliage; but the forest, and the green leaves were but sparsely scattered upon the boughs of the trees. A myriad of gray leaves decked the woods, but the atmosphere was raw and chilly, except at noon-day, and yet a lover of nature, who chanced to be abroad, might readily find enough of the beautiful to while away an hour in raptures in gazing at the fading but still gorgeous loveliness of the scene where our sketch opens.

It was in the year 1810, before any settlement of consequence had been made in Ohio, that a family went from New York State to reside upon a branch of the Great Miami. It consisted of the parents and two children, a son and a daughter—the eldest fifteen, the other less than ten years of age. The land they selected was a wild but lovely spot in the valley and but a few weeks elapsed after their arrival ere a small but comfortable log hut had been erected beneath the shadow of the forest's edge, and Roger Grey very soon cleared a respectable patch about him, which he had sown with spring grain.

The region was a romantic vale, and far down to the southward the river flowed by in majestic silence. The spot had been well chosen by Roger for agricultural purposes, but the new-comers had been there scarcely a week ere they found that the neighborhood was only visited by wild beasts—for several sheep had been destroyed in the night, and the howl of the wolf had been repeatedly heard at a distance in the lonely evenings. The nearest neighbor of the emigrants was one farmer, Holland, an "Eastern man," also, where Grey's family had remained during the erection of their cabin, and his house was full a mile distant to the westward.

Mr. Holland had but one child—a son, some 20 years of age, who had been brought up literally "in the woods," but a braver heart or a kinder disposition than that of young Wallace, could not be found in the State. His father was one of the original "Buckeye" pioneers, and Wallace had seen and encountered all the rude treatment and every-day hardships incident to a 20 years residence in the backwoods.

But his arm was a practised one—he had met the wild red man in hostility and conquered him—he had grappled with the fiery wolf and the huge bear of that region, and destroyed them—he had

been accustomed to danger and toil

from his infancy—and he was well acquainted with the turmoils and troubles of a life in the west. His old rifle and his dog were his constant companions, and Wallace never ventured into the forest without one or both of them. The stay of Fanny Grey at the cabin of his father, through brief, had a queer effect upon Wallace. He had very rarely met with women in that lonely country, and though he could not account for it after she left the humble dwelling which had sheltered them temporarily, he had a strange and longing desire to visit her father's cabin.

There was daily something he could do for old Mr. Grey, some advice he could give, some handiwork he could perform, some help, he could render to the novice in the woods, which he deemed would prove acceptable to her father, and at almost any time for weeks you might have found Wallace at Mr. Grey's settlement. He met Fanny there; he showed her a thousand novelties which she never dreamed of in the vicinity. He played with her brother Frank, whom she dearly loved; in short he found occasion to pass a great deal of the time at Mr. Grey's where he performed many a good office for the father, while he enjoyed a rapturous pleasure in the society of his pretty and affectionate daughter.

On a bright afternoon, it had been their custom oftentimes to wander away together in the woods, or to the margin of the river. Fanny was a dear lover of the picturesque, and in the towering, massive forests—by the rim of the gentle stream—abroad upon the hillsides—she constantly met with some new feature, some brighter spot in nature, than she had hitherto seen, to reward her search and gratify her fondness for the sublime and beautiful; until, at last familiar with the neighborhood, she would saunter away alone, or in company only with her little brother—though she had often been cautioned never to leave the cabin out of sight in her roamings.

But autumn came. Eight months had elapsed since Roger Grey came to reside in the spot where he had now located himself; and, as the day was fine, Fanny ventured forth rather later in the afternoon than was her wont, and with her brother clinging on her arm, she tottered away toward a small hill some quarter of a mile distant—a favorite haunt of hers lately, and quite within the bound of her parent's restriction, for from its summit, which she frequently climbed, she could always see the smoke which curled from the chimney of her father's hut. With a light step and a merry heart, she hastened to the wood close by, and in a few minutes the children were out of sight.

Scarcely had they disappeared when Wallace made his appearance ride in hand before the entrance to Grey's dwelling.

"Come in," said Rogers kindly.

"Not now, thank you."

"Why not?"

"Nothing. Where's Miss Fanny?"

"She has just gone flower hunting."

"I only wanted to say that she had better avoid the mound yonder, where she loves to sit so often."

"What's the matter, Wallace?"

"Not much," continued the Youth.

"I passed there yesterday evening, and at the east side of the hill, you remember there is a narrow cleft between the two rocks which form the bluff."

"Yes I recollect—a sort of a cave."

"So it seems, though I never knew it before."

"Well what of the cleft, Wallace?"

"Nothing sir, particular. That is, you see, I have been through these grounds a good many years, and I know a panther when I see him."

"A what?" exclaimed Grey, starting to his feet.

"A panther; sir, I can tell him, even though I see nothing but his tail."

"Well, Wallace!" continued Grey anxiously.

"Well, then, coming home last evening, I saw a panther's tail—the pointed end of it—projecting from the crevice of that cleft, and I've come to caution Miss Fanny to stay at home this afternoon, while I go and get a shot at him, if I can—quit Belch!" continued Wallace, turning to the fine dog that had accompanied his master along, but whose quick ear had detected a noise in the distance, which neither Roger Grey nor Wallace had heard.

"Down I say, Belch!" continued Wallace, as the dog set forth a sharp growl.

"My God! what's that!" exclaimed Roger Grey, an instant afterwards, turning deadly pale and springing to the doorway. But Wallace had heard it too, and, without uttering a syllable, he dashed madly to the forest, followed by Belch close at his heels. The terror-stricken father was instantly upon his trail, for the wild shriek they heard had come from his daughter's lips.

"Help, father! help, father!" screamed the girl at the top of her voice; and "Sister Fanny, help!" cried the boy, as he clung in desperate fright to her dress, for, as they approached the favorite spot

on which the gentle girl had delighted

to rest, there emerged from the crevice of the rock a huge animal of the panther species, within 30 yards of the wanderers, and, crouching upon his belly, lay prepared to spring from the ascent upon the defenceless children.

The monster lashed the sod with its tail, and growled as it gazed upon the horror-struck girl, who dared not turn to flee, well knowing that such a course would be fatal; and, in her mad despair she could only shriek for succor, which she had not thought, however, was near her. But there was a quick rustling in the undergrowth behind her, though she heard it not, and an instant after, old Belch passed them in hot haste.

"Down Fanny, down!" shouted the brave Wallace, who had come up at the same moment, and saw her peril, but could not fire to advantage. Belch bounded up the side of the bluff and sprang upon the beast, but in a moment was disabled by the fierce clutches of the now enraged and disappointed panther, who for an instant, stood over the prostrated dog in triumph.

"Down!" shouted the young marksman again, and Fanny Grey, exhausted with the fright and excitement, sank upon the ground. A sharp ring echoed through the forest, and the savage beast reeled forward and plunged headlong to the base of the bluff, pierced through the brain by the bullet from young Holland's unerring rifle.

The father heard the report. He sprang wildly to the spot, and, in another moment, pressed his children frantically to his heart. They were safe—unharm.

Three years subsequently to this adventure, I chanced to be travelling down the Ohio river. On its brink there stood a neat little dwelling—a humble spot, tenanted by a youthful couple who had been but recently married; and from their lips I gathered the above facts—The occupants of that pretty dwelling were Wallace and Fanny—now Mr. and Mrs. Holland.

KEEPING A THOUSAND HENS.

With a flock of 1,000 fowls, at least six acres are requisite. Some have given this rule, an acre to each hundred.—This area should be fenced in with boards or pickets, and houses erected, large enough to accommodate 100 fowls for roosting, shelter from storms, and laying. It is not essential that these houses should be expensive, but they should face the South, and the fronts should be partially or entirely glazed. The glazing should be by sashes, which may be opened easily by hinges above, and may be left open through the Summer, to permit a free circulation of air. The care of these houses should be entrusted to a capable person, as on their proper management the success of the poultry largely depends. In addition to the poultry house, there should be provided numbers of low sheds, beneath which the fowls may take shelter from the heat of the sun or from storms.

Care should be taken to prevent the ingress of vermin, skunks, weasels, &c., to the grounds, and one or more good dogs should be confined within the enclosure, care being taken to secure dogs which will not trouble the fowls, but which are good watch-dogs, and vigilant. An abundance of pure water is also absolutely necessary, and unless a brook runs through or a pond is located on the land, water should be brought by a ram or pumped by a windmill from a well. Fowls drink a great quantity of water, and it should be of as pure quality as can be obtained. The preparation of the grounds, and building of the houses and sheds having been completed, the stock may be procured.

For all practical purposes the common dunghill fowl is as good as any, as we have proved completely to our satisfaction. In selecting a stock, take hens from one to two years old, bright-eyed, red combed, clean legged fowls, as large and well formed as can be obtained.—There is no need of a crower with the large flocks, the breeders being selected and kept separate from the others; for laying purposes, hens do better away from a cock than with one, and if a number of male birds are together, the fights and troubles will be incessant. The care of the poultry is not great after they are placed in the park. The fowls selected for breeding purposes should be kept in flocks of 20, in yards separate from the others, and a male bird. These birds should be the very best to be obtained, strong, well-formed, and hardy, and the cock should be two years old, healthy, strong, and courageous. We believe that a Brahma cock, such as we have described, crossed with the dunghill fowls, would get better and more marketable chickens than would and other breed. This however, is for the poultryer, to decide.—Mass. Ploverman.

A hunter, on the Crawfish river, Wisconsin, has succeeded in killing 2000 canvas backs this season.

All railroad tickets are good until used, according to judicial decisions.

SLEEPING WITH THE LANDLORD'S WIFE.

We give the annexed incident in regard to Rev. Zeb. Twitchel, a Methodist minister, in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Legislature:

At one time he represented Stockbridge in the Legislature. Zeb, says our informant, is a man of fair talent, both as a minister and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified, and a thorough, systematic sermonizer, but out of it there is no man living more fond of fun and drollery. On one occasion, he was wending his way towards the seat of the annual conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, Zeb, remarked to the other:

"The last time that I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," said Zeb, and on went the two travellers in unbroken silence, until they reached the conference.

In the early part of the session the conference sat with closed doors for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially for the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year.

For this purpose the clerk called Zeb's name.

"Does any one know aught against the character of brother Twitchel during the past year?" asked the bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's traveling companion arose with a heavy heart and a grave countenance; he said he had a duty to perform—one he owed to God, the church and himself; he must therefore proceed to the discharge of it fearless, though trembling. He then related that Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, that he had slept with the landlord's wife, etc.

The grave body of men were struck as with a thunderbolt, although a few smiled and looked at Zeb, and then at the presiding officer knowingly, for they knew better than the others the character of the accused.

The bishop called upon brother T., and asked what he had to say in relation to such a serious charge. Zeb, rose and said:

"I did the deed. I never lie!"

Then pausing with awful seriousness, he proceeded with a slow and solemn deliberation:

"There is one little circumstance, which I think made the act justifiable, I did not mention to the brother. It may not have much weight with the conference, but although it may be of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself."

The Canadian telegraphs are entitled to the credit of having discovered how fast an earthquake travels. At Mimonaki, when the late earthquake was made known to the operator there, he at once asked the Quebec man how he felt. The shock having arrived just as the latter was about to answer, it caused him to change his mind, and ask the Montreal man two hundred miles further on, whether he had felt it. The latter had just time to say "No" when the office was shaken to its foundation.

John Smith's Serenade.

John Smith fell in love with maid,
 Each night 'neath the window he stood,
 And there, with his soft serenade,
 He awakened the whole neighborhood.
 But vainly he tried to arouse,
 Her from sleep with his strains so bewitching;
 While he played in front of the house,
 She slept in the little back kitchen.

Five young ladies took the veil at the German Catholic church, in Erie, a few days ago. The ceremonies, which were conducted with great pomp, included cutting the hair close to the head and putting on the black robe and head-dress worn by the nuns.

PENNSYLVANIA'S quota of breech-loading muskets has been received from the United States with the necessary accoutrements. Organizations that have no arms will be required, in order to receive the new arms, to give security in \$2000.

It is said that the largest room in the world is in a cotton mill down in little Rhode Island. It is 750 feet long by 76 wide. The building, which is not completed, is 2100 feet long, 75 feet wide, and four stories high.

A doctor who was tarred and feathered in Indiana some time since received \$5000 damages for his injuries last week from an Indianapolis jury.

WHAT is ours, even to life, is hers we love; but the secrets of our friends, imparted in confidence are not ours.

THE oldest husbandry we know of is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

NEWS ITEMS.

Wild boars chase people in Huntingdon county, Indiana.

It is rumored that Napoleon is making preparation to visit the United States.

Hon. John Cessna will contest the election of Myers, Democrat, in the Sixteenth Pennsylvania District.

General Butler has been requested by the President to visit him on business, the nature of which has not transpired.

There are 61 factories in Richmond, Va., for the manufacture of plug and 21 for the manufacture of smoking tobacco.

A practical farmer in Wisconsin advertises for a healthy young woman to take his name and bring up his five children.

In New York the other night, a woman was found dead in bed whilst her husband was stretched on a sofa in the same room dead drunk.

Scientific men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from continued smoking of tobacco will cause death in 167 years.

The linkers of Fall River, Mass., excite the cupidity of the pedestrians by displaying in their windows nine silver bricks from Nevada, worth \$8000.

Clunder Sen, the famous Hindoo, came from India to see Christian Europe, and could not do so by reason of the ravages of war among Christian people.

A Western paper describes a letter of Horace Greeley's as a looking "as if somebody had smashed a bottle of ink on it and tried to wipe it off with a curry comb."

A young man in Indiana county, while out hunting the other day, fired into the bushes and brought down his mother-in-law, who was seeking a stray chicken. That was making game of the old lady.

A Boston paper tells how two very fashionable wedding receptions occurred there recently at the same time, in neighboring houses, and how many of the guests got into the wrong house and were presented to the wrong "happy pair."

A few days ago a young man died at a boarding house on Common street, New Orleans. Two of his friends went to the house to attend to the body. What was their astonishment when they were confronted by the landlady, who told them that they would not be permitted to touch the body unless \$100 were paid. They inquired for what service the money was demanded and were informed that the deceased owed \$18 for board, and that the balance was required for "damages done to my boarding house."

The Western Reserve (Ohio) Chronicle says: We were shown a few days since, a letter in the handwriting of Rev. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism.—This letter is not a copy or lithographed imitation, but the original. It is dated February 13th, 1773, having been penned nearly 100 years ago. The chirography is smooth and uniform, although bearing evidence of having been written somewhat hurriedly. The letter came from England, and is now the property of Mrs. Dr. Gray, at present on a visit to this place.

The anora borealis was recently visible in England and excited great astonishment. A traveller who happened to be in Leicestershire at the time found the inhabitants of a certain village gazing intently at the phenomenon. One of these observers said "There is France for you!" The traveller was rather taken aback, but found, upon inquiry, that the villagers all believed the red light in the sky to be the reflection of Paris on fire. One of the villagers said "Gad, how it burns," and another exclaimed, "They're getting thunder now."

The Tonetta Republican says: "We believe we have in this section the champion old couple of the State, if not of the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Allio, living about nine miles southeast of this place, are aged respectively 106 and 104 years. Each is the other's first companion. They are natives of France. Have two sons, and one daughter living. The oldest son, is living on the farm with his parents. Our informant, Wm. Thomas, Esq. says they have lived here for thirty-five years. Both are hale and hearty, and bid fair to be the 'oldest couple' for several years to come. If anybody knows of an older couple than this we would like to hear from them.

On Saturday evening, at Selma, Alabama, a quarrel, which had been pending all day between Jack Baxter, white, and Alf Granger, negro, both brick masons, culminated in the latter being shot and killed. Baxter surrendered himself to Marshal Waite, from whom he was taken by a mob of negroes, stripped, beaten, and dragged through the streets, and left for dead. Through the influence of Gen. Pettus and others the whites gathered and armed on hearing the affair, but were restrained from attacking the negroes. A strong posse under Gen. Pettus was summoned by the sheriff, by whom the body of Baxter was taken from the negroes and the mob dispersed without any further violence. The city was quiet that night.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1870.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NUMBER 1237