Juniata Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.] EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVI, NO. 43 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., OCTOBER 23, 1872. WHOLE NUMBER 1337.

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 advance; or $2,00 in all cases if not paid promptly in advance. No subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertising for less than three months for one square of nine lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three $1.50, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Administrator's, Executor's and Auditor's Notices, $2,00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, $8,00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. Merchants advertising by the year at special rates

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
One square.....	$ 3,50	$ 5,00	$ 8,00
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Three squares....	6,00	10,00	15,00
One-fourth col'n.	10,00	17,00	25,00
Half column.....	18,00	25,00	45,00
One column.....	30,00	45,00	80,00

Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
☞ Collecting and Conveyancing promptly attended to.
Office on Bridge street, opposite the Court House Square.

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

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.,
Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Crier. Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted. nov3, '69

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perrysville, Pa.,
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juniata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer.—Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the *Dutchman* a chance. P. O. address, Port Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-1y

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-tf.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A M to 2 P. M. Office in Belford's building, two doors above the *Sentinel* office, Bridge street. [aug 18-tf

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Thompsontown, offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity.
OFFICE—In the room recently occupied by Dr. Serg. [June 12, '72-tf

D. C. 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-tf

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be consulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—appointments can be made for other days.
☞ Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
dec 7 Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

ATTENTION!
DAVID WATTS most respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to furnish
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
at reduced prices. Hereafter give him a call at his OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MIFFLIN.
Oct 25-tf

New Drug Store
IN PERRYSVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPLEBAUGH has established a Drug and Prescription Store in the above-named place, and keeps a general assortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Also all other articles usually kept in establishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confections (first-class), Notions, etc., etc.
☞ The Doctor gives advice free

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND
Literary and Commercial Institute.
The Faculty of this Institution aim to be very thorough in their instruction, and to look carefully after the manners, health and morals of the students.
☞ Apply for catalogues to
HENRY CARVER, A. M.,
Sept 28, 1871-6m] Principal.

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has just received at his residence on Third Street, Mifflintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere in the county. All persons in need of the above article, and wishing to save money, are invited to call and examine his stock and hear his prices before going elsewhere.
☞ Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM.
Mifflintown, April 5, 1872-tf

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Freshest Lager, the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wines, 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, 1870-1y

COAL, Lumber, Fish, Salt, and all kinds of Merchandise for sale. Chestnut Oak Bark, Railroad Ties, all kinds of Grain and Seeds bought at the highest market prices in cash or exchanged for merchandise, coal, lumber, &c., to suit customers. I am prepared to furnish to builders bills of lumber just as wanted and on short notice, of either oak or yellow pine lumber.
NOAH HERTZLER,
Jan4 Port Royal, Juniata Co., Pa.

SHELLY & STAMBAUGH always keep up their stock of GROCERIES, and will not be excelled either in the quality or price of their goods in this line. Give them a call before going elsewhere.

MIFFLINTOWN WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE STORE,
D. P. PAISTE,
SUCCESSOR TO
JOHN S. GRAYBILL & CO.,
CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING.
RELIAZLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Having purchased the entire mammoth stock and fixtures of John S. Graybill & Co., I would respectfully inform the public that I have on hand at all times a
FULL ASSORTMENT OF
Hardware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Leather,
And all Kinds of Goods kept in a First-Class Hardware Store.
Hay Cutters, Cider Mills, Meat Cutters and Stuffers for Sale.
Having had a full experience in the Wholesale and Manufacturing Hardware Business, I can afford to sell the same quality of Goods as cheap as any store in city or country.
Merchants are especially invited to buy, as they can save freight, and at the same time buy at Philadelphia prices. All persons are invited to inspect the stock throughout the house.
COME ONE! COME MANY! COME ALL!
Sept. 18, 1872-1y] D. P. PAISTE.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK
OF
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.
JOSEPH POMEROY, President.
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
Joseph Pomeroy, John J. Patterson, Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs, John Balsbach.
Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest on time deposits, buy and sell coin and United States Bonds, cash coupons and checks. Remit money to any part of the United States and also to England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps.
In sums of $200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of $500 at 2½ per cent. discount.
In sums of $1000 at 3 per cent. discount.

The Place for Good Grape-vines
IS AT THE
Juniata Valley Vineyards,
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has started a Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northeast of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a large number of the different varieties of Grapes; and having been in the business for seven years, he is now prepared to furnish
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES, AND OF THE MOST PROMISING KINDS, AT
LOW RATES.
by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thousand. All persons wishing good and thrifty vines will do well to call and see for themselves.
☞ Good and responsible Agents wanted. Address,
JONAS OBERHOLTZER,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

GREAT REDUCTION
—IN THE—
PRICES OF TEETH!
Full Upper or Lower Sets as Low as $5.00.
No teeth allowed to leave the office unless the patient is satisfied.
Teeth remodeled and repaired.
Teeth filled to last for life.
Teethache stopped in five minutes without extracting the tooth.
Dental work done for persons without them leaving their homes, if desired.
Electricity used in the extraction of teeth, rendering it almost a painless operation, (no extra charge) at the Dental Office of G. L. Derr, established in Mifflintown in 1860.
G. L. DERR,
Jan 24, 1872-1y] Practical Dentist.

C. ROTHROCK,
DENTIST,
McAlisterville, Penna.,
OFFERS his professional services to the public in general, in both branches of his profession—operative and mechanical.
First week of every month at Richfield, Fremont and Turkey Valley.
Second week—Liverpool and Wild Cat Valley.
Third week—Millerstown and Raccoon Valley.
Fourth week at his office in M'Alisterville.
Will visit Mifflin when called on.
Teeth put up on any of the bases, and as liberal as anywhere else.
Address by letter or otherwise.

New Lumber Yard.
Patterson, Pa.
BEYER, GUYER & CO.
Have opened a Lumber Yard in the borough of Patterson, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber, such as
Siding, Flooring, Studding, Paling, Shingles, Lath, Sash, &c.,
in large or small quantities, to suit customers.
☞ Persons wanting Lumber by the carload can be supplied at reduced rates.
BEYER, GUYER & CO.
George Goshen, Agent.
Pattarson, May 15, '72-tf

A Large assortment of Queensware, China ware, Glassware, Crockeryware, Cedar ware, &c., for sale cheap by
TILTEN & ESPENSCHADE'S.

Crystal Palace. Crystal Palace.
Shelley & Stambaugh.
The First,
The Best,
The Cheapest,
The Largest
Stock of Goods
IN THE COUNTY,
To Offer to the Public
AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.
Just Received from Eastern Markets.
Seeing Them will Guarantee You Satisfaction.
SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH.
NEW CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Oct. 8, 1872.

New Store and New Goods.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &C.
Main Street, Mifflintown.
HAVING opened out a GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE in the old stand on Main Street, Mifflintown, I would respectfully ask the attention of the public to the following articles, which I will keep on hand at all times:
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES, RICE,
FISH, SALT,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT.
HAM, SHOULDER, DRIED BEEF,
Confectioneries, Nuts, &c.,
Tobacco, Cigars,
GLASSWARE,
Flour, Feed, &c.
All of which will be sold cheap for Cash or Country Produce. Give me a call and hear my prices.
J. W. KIRK.
Mifflintown, May 2, 1872.

Meat! Meat!
THE undersigned hereby respectfully informs the citizens of Mifflintown and Patterson that his wagon will visit each of these towns on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings of each week, when they can be supplied with
Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lard, &c.,
during the summer season, and also PORK and SAUSAGE in season. I purpose furnishing Beef every Tuesday and Saturday morning, and Veal and Mutton every Thursday morning. Give me your patronage, and will guarantee to sell as good meat as the country can produce, and as cheap as any other butcher in the county.
SOLOMON SIEBER.
June 14, 1872.

Caution.
ALL persons are hereby cautioned against Hunting, Fishing, or in any way trespassing on the farm occupied by the undersigned, in Milford township. All persons so offending will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.
JOSEPH FUNK.

Poetry.

"Are There Few That be Saved?"

LUKE XIII: 23.

So questioned one of old, as we
Do often anxious ask;
And from our work we look around,
Forgetting our own task.

We see the busy multitudes,
That throng the world's highway;
We see the multitudes that meet
To worship and to pray.

Shall few, or shall all men be saved?
We question, too, the Lord;
But the same answer we receive,
As he who heard his word.

Strive earnestly to enter in
God's kingdom, given to all;
And while thou hear'st the Gospel preached
Obey its gracious call.

Look not around, nor curious be
To learn another's fate;
But rather strive thyself to gain
An entrance, ere too late.

When once the Master of the House
Has risen and shut the door,
In vain they seek to enter in
Who welcomed were before.

For many then shall stand without,
And wait and knock in vain;
Who, if they strove to enter now,
Might easy entrance gain.

Select Story.

My Visit to the City.

BY PAUL PLUME.

My mother had a brother named Abijah Lines. He was a seafaring man, and had for years commanded a ship out of the port of Boston, where he was very popular in the commercial community. He was unmarried, and I was named after him. Several times in my life I remember to have seen him when he paid my mother a short visit, and brought pretty presents from abroad. He appeared to take a great interest in and always left me a small sum of money at his departure, and hinted that he would do better by me in case I turned out a good boy and smart.

I was sixteen year old, but I was often taken to be much older, as I was large for my age, when my mother received a letter from Uncle Bigh as we called him telling her that he would arrive in Boston on or about a certain date and expressing a wish that she would send me to something preparing to return with me and make her a visit. He gave explicit directions where I would find the hotel at which I was to stop, and said he had written to the proprietor, who was a friend of his, requesting him to make me comfortable and have an eye to me until his arrival.

I havn't been in Boston since I was a lad, said my father; faith I wish Captain Bigh had invited me too. It's a great city, he continued, addressing me, and there's lots to be seen there, and you, my son are of an age when the mind is generally inquisitive, be careful that you don't fall into any mischief.

I'm not afraid of that, interposed my mother. Bigh has been to carefully brought up to go astray in the few days he will be awaiting his uncle's arrival. Besides, you see my brother has written to the gentleman who keeps the hotel where he is to stop to have a care over him. No doubt this worthy will never let him out of his sight, but will take him about and show him all that is worth seeing. Oh! Bigh, you'll have plenty to tell me when you return.

What are you counting your fingers for? inquired my father' looking up from the book he was reading.

I was reconing, replied my mother, how long my brother has been following the sea. It's thirty-five years. In this time he must have saved a good deal of money. Shouldn't wonder if he was rich. Our son is his namesake, and she smiled significantly.

My father nodded his head and his eyes twinkled merrily as my mother and himself exchanged places.

I wasn't such a fool that I didn't understand the thoughts that were passing through their minds. I was to be the heir of Captain Abijah Lines, was to inherit his money and be a gentleman. It wasn't a bad reflection.

The day of my departure came and found me ready to start away on my trip. My mother had stored my mind with good advice and as a talisman had placed in my trunk a book, entitled "The Puritan's Breastplate; or, the Way to Get Along." It was a work of four hundred pages, small type, and I can't imagine when and how she expected me to read it.

Everything went well, and I arrived in Boston safely. At once proceeding to the Sculpin House, I registerd my name Abijah Lines Thompson, Nettletown, and was shown to my room. The clerk informed me that the proprietor was absent from the city, but that he had opened my uncle's letter and would try and render me contented until Captain Lines' arrival.

After I had washed off some of the dust from my face, I dressed myself in my best suit and came down stairs.

The first thing that struck my eyes were several long sofas arranged against the wall of the hall, on which a dozen or more nicely dressed gentlemen were sitting. One of them had a small broom in his hand, which he kept whisking about in an artistic way. As I passed along he winked at me. Thinking he was inclined to be sociable—and I felt lonely—I walked up and took a seat by his side and began telling him my history. Pretty soon I heard a bell ring, when up jumps one of the gentlemen and runs to the office.

"What's that for?" I asked.

Why, ye see, said one of them with a strong foreign accent, we're all waitin' to see distinguished gists who have arrived. Now if ye'll watch, every little while ye'll observe one of us gintleman admitted to the ground parlor up stairs, where our friends are waitin' us.

Are there many distinguished persons at present in the hotel? I innocently inquired.

Ah! replied my informant, laughing, don't you know there is? Let me see, he said, reflecting, there's the Dook of Derry, and Dr O'Kane, that's related to Daniel O'Connell; there's siveral mimbers of Parliament, besides a number of our own Sinators and such like."

"Indeed," I replied, "I had no idea of the fact."

"Is your name Mr. Thompson?" said a boy.

I replied in the affirmative.

"The clerk would like to see you at the office."

I walked to the place indicated, where I was handed a note which, on opening, I found to read thus:

No. 45 MALLORY TERRACE.

Mr. Bristow's compliments to Mr. Thomson, and would be glad to have him call around this evening without any ceremony, and take a sociable cup of tea.

A slight mistake had occurred in writing my name, but I didn't suppose the omission of a single letter made any difference.

Behold me, then, at five P. M. the same evening, on the steps of a stately mansion, awaiting admission.

A small bald-headed gentleman soon came down into the parlor and warmly shook me by the hand.

"I got a letter from your uncle," he said, "and I shall be very glad to show you all the attention in my power, but you have arrived just as I am leaving the city on business, so I pray you will excuse me. My wife and daughter will entertain you in my absence."

Mrs. Bristow and daughter soon entered, and I was introduced. The mother looked as young as the daughter. This occasioned me some surprise, but I found out afterwards that she was Mr Bristow's third wife.

As the Bristow family seemed sociable, I quickly got on easy terms with them, particularly the daughter, who was a sprightly young lady and full of fun.

Sallie Bristow was what uncle Bigh would, I suppose, call a smart girl. She played the piano, wrote verses and taught school. As the family appeared wealthy, I couldn't understand why she should be a school teacher, but she confidently told me one day that most girls in Boston like to be independent, whether their parents were rich or not, so they preferred making some money themselves. Mr. Bristow was gone from home a week, and during this time I called every day upon his wife and daughter. Uncle Bigh had not arrived, but was expected momentarily. I was having a good time in Boston. I wrote home every night before going to bed, giving an account of my doings. The Bristow family came in for a large share of my remarks.

At length Mr. Bristow returned; in the meantime I had become highly pleased with his family. It was the first evening of his return, and up to this moment I had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with him.

We were sitting in the parlor, and Mr Bristow had just entered and shook hands with me when there came a pull at the door-bell. A card was handed in. I saw Mr Bristow change color and glance at me with some confusion, and the next moment a tall gentlemanly young man entered the room and extended his hand. Mr. Bristow whispered a few words to his wife, who beckoned me into the library and requested me to wait there a few moments until she or her husband returned.

Full of amazement and wondering what it all could mean, I awaited the solution. In a little while Mr Bristow entered with his face half grave and half smiling.

"I fear, my dear sir," he said, "there has been some mistake. Mr. Thompson who has just arrived, is the gentleman I expected and not yourself. The mistake is one of easy explanation. My friend Mr Livingston wrote me that his nephew would arrive at the Sculpin House about the time you got there. An accident caused him some delay, so you see my note was handed to you by mistake. As I had never seen Mr. Thompson or yourself, and moreover, was then leaving home and had no opportunity to converse with you, the mistake was not apparent. The arrival of Mr. Thompson explains the whole proceeding. I wish you good evening, Mr. Thompson."

Abashed and mortified, I left Mallory Terrace in no very pleasant state of mind. Neither Mrs Bristow or Sallie vouchsafed me a good-bye.

Why should they? They didn't know me. I might have been the son of a scavinger; what evidence had they of my respectability, and if they did have, what difference would it make?

I was glad when Uncle Bigh arrived. I told him the story, but he only laughed and said that it was a thing that might any time occur.

A couple of weeks later and I was ready to return home with Uncle Bigh and I was not sorry to have a prospect of seeing my quiet birth-place again, for I was becoming sick of city experiences.

The morning we were to start my Uncle took me down town, intending to go to bank and draw some money. We had about an hour only to take the stage before its starting. Just as we were near the bank we met the merchant in whose employ Uncle sailed.

"Capt. Lines," he said, "one moment, if you please," and took my Uncle by the arm.

"Here Bigh," said the latter, "you run into the bank there and get the money while I speak to Mr. Coxton."

I took the check and went into the bank without noticing an individual who was by my side.

The check was cashed and I was on the point of emerging into the street, when the man who had entered the bank with me came running after.

"The teller," he said, "would be glad if you counted your money, he thinks he has given you too little."

I took the roll of notes from my packet and was about to count them, when the stranger said, "Let me assist you," and before I could interpose he snatched the money from my hands and commenced counting it on his knee.

"It's all correct," he said, "but you shouldn't carry money that way," and he forthwith slid it dexterously into an envelope which he sealed and handed to me.

"I was only going to take it across the street to my Uncle," I replied.

"Oh, is that all?" he responded, "well, there's no harm in having it safe even for that short distance."

When I reached Uncle Bigh's side he was still talking to Mr. Coxton. I handed him the envelope, which he opened and then looked at me with an inquiring air.

"What does this mean?" he said, holding between his fingers a roll of waste paper.

"Indeed, I don't know, sir," I replied, and at once explained how the teller had sent a messenger requesting me to count the money, and how he had assisted me and sealed up the amount to prevent my losing it.

Mr Coxton and my uncle exchanged glances, while the latter merely ejaculated, country ass, and then darted off to the police office.

Somebody had five hundred dollars that didn't belong to him.

As for myself, Uncle Abijah Lines, the following day, saw me seated in the stage for my home.

He had changed his mind and wouldn't make the visit.

He placed in my hand an envelope containing some ragged newspaper. Give that to your mother, my nephew, and tell her it represents five hundred dollars.

I'll pass over my reception at home when the true state of things came to be explained. My mother thought if I had read the "Puritan's Breastplate" I might have been preserved from mishap.

I never went to Boston again on an invitation from Uncle Bigh.

There is a musical box at Geneva that plays thirty six tunes with flute, bell, drum, and castanent accompaniments. The cost of it complete was seven thousand francs, or about fourteen hundred dollars, the purchaser to have the privilege of naming twelve airs to be arranged on two of the cylinders that were blank. The instruments made in Geneva range in price from five francs to seven thousand. The high-priced ones are in elegant rosewood cases, but most of them are surprisingly low when we consider the prices at which the smaller boxes are sold in the United States.

The latest thing in the explosion line is a suit of clothes, which went off on a man in Portland the other day. We mean no joke about these clothes traveling off on the man, but they actually exploded as he stood near a stove. The man, however, worked in a powder mill, and got his garments filled with the 'villainous saltpetre' and stuff.

A Wisconsin genius created the most fun at the State Fair, if he did not secure the first premium, by a bedstead, with a partition extending from the headboard about half way down the bed.—The inventor said that the object was to prevent bedfellows from inhaling each other's breath.

How to Live Cheaply.

A puzzling problem, particularly in cities, and with Americans, who are a dyspeptic and often impecunious race, is how to live cheaply and according to the laws of health. This problem has been discussed ever since the oldest of us can remember, but recently with much more interest and intelligence. The health journals, the newspapers, and the doctors have all shared in the discussion, and as a result, if a news paragraph floating across the great sea of journalism is trustworthy information, this people is gradually growing wiser, healthier and happier, and consequently much longer lived. But Mr. Dio Lewis has discoverod a diet so cheap as to astonish even John Chinaman, who subsists on three cents per diem, and which he asserts is conducive to the highest state of beatitude and the extremest limit of longevity.

We venture to lay before our readers Doctor Lewis' formula for subsisting an entire week on fifty-four and a quarter cents: He began on Sunday by a breakfast of hulled corn, with a little milk; cost, three cents. The same for dinner, and no supper, the entire food for the day costing six cents. Monday breakfast, two cents' worth of oatmeal, in the form of porridge, with one cent's worth of milk. Food for Monday, six cents. Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar; for dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge, worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents. Wednesday breakfast, hominy made of Southern cost, two cents' worth, with one cent's worth of syrup. For dinner, beef stew, the meat of which cost two cents, a quarter of a cent's worth of sauce, and a cent's worth of hominy. The cheapness of the meat for the stew is explained by Mr. Lewis with the remark that "from an ox weighing 800 pounds net you can purchase certain parts weighing about 100 pounds for three cents per pound." Wednesday's meal cost him eight and a quarter cents. Thursday's breakfast, oatmeal porridge and milk, costing two and a half cents; dinner, cracked wheat and baked beans, two cents' worth of each; milk, one cent's worth. Food for Thursday cost seven and a half cents. Friday's breakfast, Southern hulled corn and milk, costing three cents. For dinner, see Wednesday's bill of fare. On Saturday he grew luxurious, and indulged in such extravagances that only his own language can describe the feast to which he sat down:

This morning when I went to the table, I said to myself, "What's the use of this economy?" And I made up my mind that for this day at least I would sink all moral restraints and give up the reins to appetite. I have no apology or defence for what followed. Saturday's breakfast I began with one cent's worth of oatmeal porridge, with a teaspoonful of sugar, worth a quarter of a cent; then followed a cent's worth of cracked wheat, with half a cent's worth of milk, then the breakfast closed with two cents' worth of milk and one cent's worth of rye and Indian bread. For dinner I have eat half of a small lobster, which cost three cents, and one cent's worth of coarse bread, and one cent's worth of hominy salad, and closed with two cents' worth of cracked wheat and milk. Cost of the day's food, twelve and three quarter cents.

We submit Dr. Lewis' statement without any comment, and refrain from any advice based upon it. If any of our young friends are desirous of imitating him they can do so. If rigidly adhered to, the system would doubtless be profitable. He has grown healthy from following it himself, and wealthy from teaching it to others.—*Press.*

Palmyra, Missouri, is troubled with burglars. In one desperate case, recently, they stole all the cake prepared for a wedding. One night last week $470 was stolen out of a bureau drawer of a widow lady named Mrs. Taylor. She had put the money by to pay for a house the next day, and when she went for it it was gone.

There is a perpendicular ledge one hundred and fity feet high on the shore of a pond in Barrington, from the brink of which it is difficult to throw stones into the pond on account of of a powerful attraction drawing the stones to the base of the ledge. So says a correspondent of the Wolfeborough *News.*

Fashionable hats and bonnets for ladies differ only in name. The same article, when worn well forward on the head, and the strings tied behind, becomes a hat; and if pushed far enough back to show the coronet braid and the infantile curls brushed over the forehead, with the strings, and tied under the chin, it becomes a bonnet.

A young man named Alfred Young, who made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide at Virginia City recently, left on his table a note to a friend, as follows: "Jim, if I die, lay me away quietly and say nothing about it. I have killed five men."

Forgiveness is the odor flowers breathe when trampled on.