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Juniata Sentinel.

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

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

J. F. G. GONG, residing in Spruce Hill
Township, offers his services to the citi-
zens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and
Vendue Officer. Charges moderate. Satis-
faction warranted. [Jan 23-2m]

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Officer.
Charges from two to ten dollars. Satis-
faction warranted. nov. 3, '99

H. H. SNYDER, Perryville, Pa.
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer.
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Duchess a chance. P. O. address, Fort
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-ly]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-17.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Bishop's building, two doors above the Spa
and office, Bridge street. [aug 18-47]

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Thomps-
on, offers his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Office—in the room recently occupied by
Dr. Surg. [June 12, '72-47]

D. S. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC 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 Bell's Drug
Store. [aug 18 1869-47]

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

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPLEBAUGH has established
a Drug and Prescription Store in the
above-named place, and keeps a general as-
ortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal pur-
poses, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Con-
fections (fruit-cakes), Notions, etc., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free.

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, any-
thing 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-ly

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, 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.

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 pre-
pared to furnish to builders bills of lumber
just as wanted and on short notice, of either
oak or yellow pine lumber.
NOAH HERTZLER,
Jan 1 Port Royal, Juniata Co., Pa.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND SOUND,
REFRESHING SLEEP
Guaranteed by using my
Instant Relief for the Asthma.
It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm
immediately, and enabling the patient to lie
down and sleep. I suffered from this dis-
ease twelve years, but suffer no more, and
work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted
to relieve in the worst cases. Sent by
mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box;
ask your Druggist for it.
CHAS. B. HURST,
ROCKFORD, BEAVER CO., PA.
Feb 19-ly
Groceries at Tilton & Eschenbach's.

Miscellaneous.

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.
April 16, 1873.

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
Chemicals, Dye Stuff,
Oils, Paints,
Varnishes, Glass,
Putty, Coal Oil,
Lamps, Burners,
Chinneys, Brushes,
Infants Brushes, Soaps,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Hair Oil, Tobacco,
Cigars, and Notions,
and Stationery.

**LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,**
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with
great care. [ma 6 72-ly]

Boots and Shoes.
Boot and Shoe Shop.
THE undersigned, fashionable Boot
and Shoemaker, hereby respect-
fully informs the public that he has located
in the borough of Patterson, where he is pre-
pared to accommodate the most fastidious in
LADIES' WEAR.
**Gent's Fine and Coarse Boots,
Brogans,**
CHILDREN'S WEAR, &c., &c.
Also, mending done in the neatest manner
and upon the shortest notice. A liberal
share of public patronage is respectfully
solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop located on the east side of Tus-
carora street, one door south of Main street,
nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.
J. W. DEAN,
March 8, 1872.

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP
In Nevin's New Building on
BRIDGE STREET, MIFFLINTOWN.
THE undersigned, late of the firm of Fas-
tick & North, would respectfully an-
nounce to the public that he has opened a
Boot and Shoe Shop in Major Nevin's New
Building, on Bridge street, Mifflintown, and
is prepared to manufacture, of the best ma-
terial, all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS.
FOR
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.
He also keeps on hand a large and well-
selected stock of
Ready-made Work,
of all kinds, for men, women and children.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Give me a call, for I feel confident that I
can furnish you with any kind of work you
may desire.
Repairing done neatly and at reason-
able rates.
J. L. NORTH,
May 31, 1872.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
New Shop in Mifflintown.
THE subscriber begs leave to inform the
citizens of Mifflintown, Patterson and
vicinity that he has opened a Boot and Shoe
Shop, for the present, in the room occupied
by N. E. Littlefield's Tin Shop, on Bridge
street, Mifflintown, where he is prepared to
manufacture all kinds of
**LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S
and
CHILDREN'S WEAR,**
in the most substantial manner, and at the
lowest prices. Repairing promptly at-
tended to.
TERMS—CASH.
A liberal share of public patronage is soli-
cited, and a satisfaction guaranteed.
A. E. FASICK,
May 29, 1872-47

PLAIN and Fancy Job Printing neatly ex-
ecuted at this Office.

Poetry.

When We Meet Again.
BY DR. E. N. COOK.
Will you know me, will you love me,
In the fair immortal land?
Will you kiss my lips in welcome
And extend your little hand?
Will you know when I am coming,
And know me when I come?
Will you always be "my darling,"
In our "blest eternal home?"

Will your spirit arms enfold me,
When I lay me down to die?
When the shadows gather o'er me,
And the angel draweth nigh?
Will you be the first to greet me,
When I reach the other shore?
Will you sing a song of gladness,
When my journeying is o'er?

Will your eye grow soft and brighter—
Your voice take a sweeter tone,
When you see me kneeling by you,
"Round the Father's great white throne?"
Will you know how I have loved you,
As we at the portals wait,
If I linger to caress you,
Ere we enter in the gate?

Will this love not purify me,
In its sacredness so sweet?
Can I take you up and bless you
When I find you at my feet?
Then that blessed meeting will assuage
Many days of grief and pain
Up in heaven, face to face,
Reunited once again.

Select Story.
A Kiss in the Dark.
BY W. W. T.

"Will you be at home to night Annie?
The person who asked this question
was leaning upon Squire Moore's
front gate talking to the Squire's pretty
daughter, who stood inside of it. As the
simple words passed his lips he reddened
suddenly to the very roots of his fair
hair, as if he had just been guilty of
some great impropriety.

He was bashful—extremely bashful
was David Winthrop—at least in the
presence of young ladies, most of all in
the presence of the girl he loved. No
young man in all Wilkes county owned
a better farm, or talked with more confi-
dence among his cronies of stock and
crops and such like. But this sight of a
pretty foot or face coming his way af-
fected him queerly. On such occasions he
never knew what to do with his hands
and eyes and seemed always to feel like
screwing himself into the nearest mouse
hole until the danger—that is to say the
young lady—was past.

This state of things being considered,
no one ever understood how he contrived
to master up courage enough to enlighten
Annie Moore on the subject of his prefer-
ence for himself. The matter prob-
ably remains to this day as much a
mystery to him as it is to others.

Miss Annie, however, had a fair share
of tact and womanly cleverness stored
safely away somewhere in the recesses
of her pretty little head, although it was
carried jauntily upon the inexperienced
and rounded shoulders of fresh eighteen.
She did not need to be reminded that
David was worth, in a worldly way,
much more than any of her other suitors
and that he was good 'king, good-hearted
and intelligent enough to satisfy any
but an over fastidious person of her class.
He was unexceptionable, in short, bar-
ring his uncomprehending and excessive
bashfulness, which indeed was a never
failing source of merriment to the young
people of their little circle.

And so, when David in his awkward,
blundering, half frightened manner be-
gan shyly to exhibit his preference for
her in various little ways, such as wait-
ing on her to and from singing school,
constituting himself her escort when she
went Sundays on horseback to the lone-
ly little church in the woods, and sing-
ing her out as the recipient of whatever
attentions he could find the nerve to pay
at the frequent quilting parties in the
neighborhood, Annie did not frighten
him out of his budding passion by any
show, either by surprise or marked pre-
ference, but took it all in the easiest,
pleasantest, unconscious manner possible.
The girls giggled and nudged each other
and the young men cracked furtive
jokes at the expense of her timid
suitor, but she stood up for him like a
real kind hearted, independent Western
lass, as she was, and tried to encour-
age him out of his shyness as far as she
sensibly could.

She never seemed to notice any of his
unfortunate blunders, and very likely
helped him along considerably when his
feelings reached the culminating point,
one moon lighted August evening, as
they were walking home together from a
corn-lusking party.

That had been just one week ago—
Annie had said "yes," and had agreed
to take the responsibility of bringing
father and mother "around" on the sub-
ject. David had not been to the house
since. Probably he felt very much like
a dog who fears to venture upon the
premises of a person whose sheenfold he
has just plundered. Thus it happened
that as yet the powers that were, knew

nothing of the momentous secret, which
they kept between themselves, fearing to
divulge. And now, Annie, who wished
to put off the ordeal of an approval as long
as possible—at any rate to gain time for
one more confidential talk with David on
the subject, said hastily in reply to that
stammered query of his with which he
have prefaced this narration:

"Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's
with father to spend the evening and she
wants me to go, but I guess I won't. I've
been working on father's new shirts all
day, besides doing the dairy work yes-
terday, and I'm about tired out."

Then she added before he could re-
ply:

"Don't come until 8 o'clock. I shall
be about through putting things to rights
by that time."

Of course David was not too obtuse
to understand that he was specially fa-
vored by this arrangement, and he so far
forgot his bashfulness as to petition awk-
wardly for a parting kiss, which was at
once refused in the most inexorable man-
ner possible.

"No, you shan't! There, now! Do
take yourself off, will you? D'ye think
I didn't see you fidgeting around Em-
Smith at Iveson Anderson's sociable last
night! I've not forgotten that sir!"

"Oh, now, Annie! just one!"

But further appeal was broken off by
a tantalizing little laugh, and when ren-
dered desperate by this, he tried to
revenge himself, and at the very moment
when he thought he was secure of the
coveted bliss and stooped his head trem-
blingly over his struggling prisoner, the
rosy, laughing face vanished suddenly
from under his arm and was off and
away up the garden path leading to the
house almost before he could realize what
had happened.

For one moment David, who stood gaz-
ing ruefully after her, thought of pursuit
and a recapture. But before he had time
to put his plan in execution, his torment-
ress, after stooping to give one mocking
farewell wave of her hand from the porch
vanished inside of the door. So there
was nothing to be done but to turn re-
luctantly from the gate and taking the
road homeward.

If you could have looked into the
family sitting room at Squire Moore's
shortly before eight o'clock on that same
evening, you would have had a cheery
picture before you. The after-supper
clearing away was over, for the sitting
was also the room where the daily meals
of the family were eaten. The leaves
of the old fashioned dinner table had
been laid down, and the table itself cov-
ered with bright oil cloth, set against the
wall. The crumbs had been carefully
brushed with a turkey wing from the
seat home made carpet, and Annie's
workstand was drawn up in front of the
ample and blazing fire of hickory logs
which crackled cheerily in the old fash-
ioned fire-place.

A beautifully piled tray of red-check-
ed apples and a plate full of cracked
walnuts were on it, in close proximity to
Annie's coquettish work basket, made of
pine cones by her own deft little hands,
and daintily lined with blue silk.

On one side of the fire place sat Mrs.
Moore, fat, fair, more than forty, and, at
peace with all the world. She sat away
back backwards and forwards at intervals
in her low rocking chair, knitting as she
rocked, and refreshing herself now and
then with a mouthful from a half eaten
apple which lay within easy reach, just
upon the corner of the table; or touch-
ing in a caressing manner with the tip of
her foot a sleek, lazy-looking gray cat
that lay purring and blinking on the
hearth rug before her.

Annie sat on the other side of the ta-
ble deftly drawing her needle in and out
of a long piece of white cambric, and
with her head as busy as her hands; with
trying to conceive some clever way of
incidentally mentioning the visit, which
she was now momentarily expecting, to
her mother, without exciting the suspi-
cion of its being a prearranged affair.—
She would have given a good deal that
have been able to say in an off-hand
manner that she wouldn't wonder if Mr.
Winthrop were to drop in, as he was in
the habit of calling occasionally on Sat-
urday evening at about this time. But
she recollected, with a twinge of con-
science, how hard she had tried the old
lady to accompany her husband on the
promised visit to Aunt Ruth's in spite of
her forewarnings of a coming spell of
neuralgia, which had intimidated her from
venturing out into the damp night air;
and also how she pleaded headache as
an excuse for not going herself. She
knew that her mother was quite sharp
enough to draw her own inference from
these two facts, and the additional one of
her being dressed with more than usual
care to spend an evening at home.

"I shall not dare to tell her now," she
said to herself "She'd be sure to think
that I wanted to get her out of the way,
so that I might have David all to my-
self." So like a wise little puss she was
silent.

I'll venture my word on it, you would
not have wondered at our bashful young
farmer's desperate entreatment if you

could have seen Annie Moore as she sat
sewing by the fire that frosty night in
November. She had, just before supper,
indulged in what a Western girl would
call a "fixing up." A neat fitting dark
chintz dress, looking as fresh as when it
had first come out of the village store, a
dainty white linen collar and cuffs, and a
coquettish flannel apron of white muslin,
and a blue neck ribbon tied in a cunning
bow, were the chief items of Annie's
toilette. But she looked as sweet and
pretty as if hours had been spent in
darning satin, lace and jewels. Her
rich, wavy, gold brown hair was carried
in shining folds away from her warm red
check, and caught up in the meshes of a
silken net at the back.

Eight o'clock and past! Worthy Mrs.
Moore was dozing over her knitting.
Her shadow on the opposite wall
bobbed about in grotesque mimicry as she
nodded to and fro—now crushing the
volubrious white satin bows on her
spruce cap against the back of her chair,
now almost falling forward, while her
fat hands at length dropped listlessly in-
her lap, and the ball of yarn rolled
down upon the hearth. Puss copying it
was soon busy in unwinding and
converting it into all sorts of Gordian
knots. All at once a double rap at the
door—an audacious double rap—which
"Let me in!" so loudly and impatiently
and in such a self-assured manner, that
Annie, rendered nervous by suspense,
started up with a little scream, and set
her foot on Madam Puss' tail, who in
turn gave vent still more loudly to her
amazement and displeasure.

All these things combined, or rapidly
successive noises, aroused Mrs. Moore,
she started wildly into an erect posture
rubbing her eyes, setting her cap border,
and exclaiming: "A Bless my soul Annie!
What was all that that? Somebody at
the door? What time is it, anyhow, and
who can it be? So late as this, too?"

"It is not very late, mother. Only
a little after eight. I'll go and see who
it is," said Annie, demurely, at the same
time taking the one candle from the
table.

"No! Here, Annie, you wind up
my ball, and brush up the hearth, while
I go to the door. Don't that!"

For the old lady's feet were all this
while struggling in the perplexing
of the ravelled yarn.

In her hurry, Mrs. Moore forgot to take
the candle with her, and as she stepped
out into the small unlighted front entry,
she unwittingly closed behind her the
door of the room she had just left.
Almost at the same moment she put her
hand on the latch of the outer door,
and opening it she suddenly found
herself in the ardent embraces of a pair
of stout arms. A whiskered face was
brought into close proximity with her
own, and before she could fully realize
her position, she received a prolonged
kiss—a hearty smack, given with a sig-
nificant gusto which indicated that the
unknown was taking his revenge for
some past slight—paying off some old
score, for it said as plainly as words
could have done: "There—take that!"
And all this fell upon her unoffending,
virtuous, matronly lips!

"Oh, murder! murder! 'Taint Josh-
ua neither!"

For she had by this time divested
herself of the impression that it was her
usually sober spouse returned home in a
strangely exalted condition, thus to in-
dulge in such unwonted demonstrations
of conjugal affection. "Gid out git out!
I say! murder! fire! thieves! Annie!
Annie do come here! here's a man kissin
me like mad!"

But the intruder had by this time
discovered his mistake, and it did not
need the indignant pummeling and
pounding of the old lady's respectable
fists to make him relinquish his hold
and race off as if pursued by some aven-
ging fury.

Annie, nearly choked with smothered
laughter, in spite of trepidation, now
came to the rescue.

"Oh, I never was so took aback in all
my born day. The mean scamp! Who
could it have been? Annie, have you
any idea?"

But that dutiful daughter was to all
appearance as innocent and ignorant as
an infantine dove. She tried to soothe
the indignant matron by representing
that it might have been (?) one of the
neighbors who under the potent influence
of a wee drop too much, had mistaken
the house and—the housewife! She
searched the entry for the missing "spee-
tacles, arranged the ruffled cap rib-
bons, wound up the tangled yarn, stir-
red the fire—all in the most amiable
manner possible—and at last had the
satisfaction of seeing her mother subside
into her rocking chair and her usual
tranquility of spirit.

But Mrs. Moore was fully awake now.
She had gotten a new idea into her
head; and instead of setting herself for
another nap, she pursued her train of
thought and knitting, both together
with wonderful rapidity. At length
stopping and looking very keenly at
Annie over her spectacles, she said:

"It may be a queer notion of mine
Annie, but I've a fancy that man was
David Winthrop."

"Oh! but if Annie's face didn't catch
fire then! You might have lit a number
of candles by it.

These suspicious symptoms did not
escape the eye of the skillful inquisitive,
who calmly continued:

"Pears so to me; cause them big
whiskers put me in mind of his'n and
then the awkward way he gripped me
with his big paws!"

No answer. But Annie was wonder-
fully busy. She bent over her work and
drew her needle through so quickly that
the thread snapped, and then she didn't
have time to talk, she was so taken up
with trying to coax the thread through
the eye again!

Indefatigable Mrs. Moore went on:
"I don't believe that kiss was intended
for me after all. Do you, Annie! Well
of course, we know it wasn't. But then
I do wonder who it was intended for!
And I wonder if you don't know more
about it than you seem fit to tell!"

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, 'me mother,' you was mighty
anxious to get me an' Pap off to Aunt
Ruth's to night; but I noticed you was
sneaking extraordinary for all you weren't
going."

Here Annie lost her needle and went
down on the floor to hunt it.

"Now, Annie," her mother went on—
"I'm gettin' old, I know that, but I hav-
n't quite lost my eyesight yet, nor my
hearin' neither. I've surmised a little
somethin' about these gins' on between
you an' David afore now. What are you
playin' possum fur? Out with it, I say.
'Taint fair to be tryin' to come it over
your old mother."

Thus affronted, our small feminine
Machivell made a clean breast of it,
made a clean breast of it, and she
nervously tried to find that mother-havin'
nothin' agin' him, and 'would give father
a talkin' to about it bring him round."

"But, Annie," said Mrs. Moore, dryly,
in conclusion, "I want you to tell David
I'd rather he'd not make such a mistake
again. I don't like the feel of his big
whiskers about my face, and, moreover,
I don't approve of promiscuous kissin'!"

David never heard the last of that kiss
in the dark. Old Squire Moore of course
heard of it, and used to take great de-
light in slyly alluding to the circumstan-
ces when all the parties concerned hap-
pened to be present. He would shake
his burly sides with laughter at David's
discomfiture and his wife's tart replies,
while Annie would side with her father
and poke sly fun at her sweet heart, and
then both of them would laugh again at
the other two until the tears ran down
their cheeks.

"Never mind, David," Mrs. Moore
would say consolingly to the abashed
lover, "let them laugh. 'He'd have been
only too glad to have been in your place
thirty two years ago. He had hard work
to get a kiss from me then. I hope the oc-
currence will be a lesson to you an' An-
nie agin the wapoily of undehand
doin' of all sorts, sech'n' as how they're
liable to end, in sich cases, in kissin' the
wrong one in the dark."

The daughter of a doctor in Crawfords-
ville, Ind., had her fortune told by one
of her father's patients, who predicted
that she would be married on a certain
day. The young woman had her wed-
ding garments all ready, but the bride-
groom appeared not. The patient did not
pay his bill, the doctor sued for his
money, the patient entered a counter
claim for services in predicting the fu-
ture, the doctor pleaded the great ex-
pense that he had incurred on behalf of
his daughter, and they had a good time
in Crawfordsville, and the doctor got
judgment for five dollars and costs.

A well known Methodist brother who
lives in the "sluaburbs" of Northampton,
recently drove to the village, hitched his
horse, transacted his business, and for-
getting all about the team, walked a mile
and a half, home. Some of the younger
members of the family were in the vil-
lage in the evening, and recognized the
horse, which was still standing there,
loose and disconsolate, and after a vain
search for the owner, drove home to
find him comfortably abed and asleep.—
But he probably won't hear the last of
that misadventure right away.

Captain Dummit, owner of the finest
orange grove in the United States, if not
in the world, lives with his daughter in a
board shanty of one room, with two or
three wooden chairs in the line of luxu-
rious furniture, and a well-bound copy
of Byron and numbers of the Gentlemen's
Magazine, ranging from 1790 to 1861,
by way of literature. There's a query
for you, "chunks of it."

A good deal is said, or rather used to
be, about the "roast beef of old Eng-
land." It appears now that the total
net supply of Great Britain last year
was seventy-eight pounds for each per-
son, or a pound and a half each week.
This is a tolerable average, and one that
seems to show that the traditional rep-
utation of the land for good living is not
lost.

**Tobacco—Its Effects on the Human
Constitution, Physical, Intellectual
and Moral.**
BY JAMES COULTER LAYARD, M. D.

[CONTINUED.]
THE EXPENSE.

Then there is the deterioration of the
land devoted to its production, which, as
we already remarked, is greater beyond
comparison than that resulting from any
other crop. Any one who smokes a cigar
will notice the large amount of ash
which is left. More ashes are left from
the combustion of tobacco than from
that of any other vegetable sub-
stance. 1,000 pounds of tobacco leave
on an average 200 pounds of ash. The
oil, resin, and acids which tobacco con-
tains are derived from the atmosphere,
and hence cost nothing; but the ash is
composed of mineral matters, and is
hence made up from the available plant
food of the soil. A crop of tobacco—
2,000 pounds to the acre—withdraws
from every acre of land on which it
grows 400 pounds of this constituent.—
A crop of wheat—30 bushels to the
acre—withdraws from the soil 36 pounds.

Thus we see that one crop of tobacco
does as much damage to the land on
which it grows as would 11 crops of
wheat! One year's farming of your
land in tobacco injures it as much as 11
years farming of it in wheat! You can
take but two or three crops of tobacco
from your land before it is well n