

The Juniata Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
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Juniata Sentinel.



B. F. SCHWEIER, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
VOLUME XXVII, NO. 17 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., APRIL 23, 1873. WHOLE NUMBER 1363.

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, Excise and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$5.00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer- chants advertising by the year at special rates.
3 months 6 months 1 year.
One inch..... \$ 3.50 \$ 5.00 \$ 8.00
Two inches..... 5.00 8.00 11.00
Three inches..... 6.00 10.00 15.00
One-fourth column, 10.00 17.00 25.00
Half column..... 13.00 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 B. Parler, Esq.

AUCTIONEER.
J. F. G. LAZAR, residing in Spruce Hill
township, offers his services to the citi-
zens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and
Vendue Clerk. Charges moderate. Satis-
faction warranted. [Jan 29-3m]

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Clerk.
Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
tion warranted. nov 2, '69

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perrysville, Pa.
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata 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, 1869-1f.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Belford's building, two doors above the Sen-
tinel's office, Bridge street. [aug 18-1f]

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Thompson-
town, offers his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Office—in the room recently occupied by
Dr. Swig. [June 12, '72-1f]

D. C. 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 Beidler's Drug
Store. [aug 18 1869-1f]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool
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, Confection-
eries (first-class), 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, 1870-1y

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,
Chemicals, Dye Stuff, Perfumery,
Oils, Paints, Glass, Stationery,
Varnishes, Putty, Coal Oil,
Lamps, Burners, Chimneys,
Brushes, Infants Brushes, Soaps,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs, Tobacco,
Hair Oil, Cigars, and Notions.

Boots and Shoes.
Boot and Shoe Shop.
THE undersigned, fashionable Boot
and Shoemaker, hereby respectfully
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.
Also, mending done in the neatest man-
ner 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 Fa-
sick & 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. Lutzfeld'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 sol-
icited, and satisfaction guaranteed.
A. B. FASICK.
May 29, 1872-1f

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

Poetry.
The Road to Heaven.
The road to Heaven by Christ was made,
In heavenly truth the rails were laid;
From Earth to Heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.
Repentance is the station then,
Where passengers are taken in,
And where there is no fee to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way the Heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.
Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any station on the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.
The car is ready now to go—
Say, will you go to Heaven, or no?
The engineer is very kind,
May none of us be left behind.

If you would like to take a ride,
The engineer will all provide,
You'll draw your rations on the way,
And at the end the best of pay.
We have on board a holy band,
They are all bound for Canaan's land,
To see the saints who've gone before,
To shout and sing for ever more.
The cars run through with great delight,
While all the crew in here unite,
Till Canaan's land appears in view,
Where all the saints are dressed anew.
The first, the second and third class—
Repentance faith and holiness;
You must the way to glory gain,
If you with Christ would ever reign.

This Heaven-bound car runs night and day,
Nor will she tarry on the way,
Until she lands in Heaven above,
Where all the saints do feast on love.
Select Story.
Old Kilborne's Will.
Old Walter Kilborne died and left a
fortune that aggregated nearly a million.
The gloomy old house which had been
the family residence for many a year,
stood in one of the down town streets
that had once been the site of the fash-
ionable residence of New York city.—
But the wealthy had long ago removed
to the avenues, leaving the perverse old
millionaire to hold his own among the
growing business of the once aristocratic
thoroughfare. A bunch of black crabs
still hung on the bell knob, four days
after the funeral, when a being, wily look-
ing man pulled it. Being admitted, he
was shown into the dingy room which
Mr. Kilborne had in his life used as an
office. This bent and wily looking man
was Lawyer Whittemore.
"Good morning," said the lawyer, as
Robert, a grandchild of the dead million-
aire, a young man who showed plainly
enough the marks of rough social usage,
entered and extended his hand rather
listlessly.
"Good morning," was the reply.—
"Well."
"Well?" echoed the lawyer.
"You got my note?"
"Asking me to meet you here? Yes;
what do you want?"
"You drew my grandfather's will?"
"I did, two days before he died."
"What were its contents?"
"I have no right to tell you," and Mr.
Whittemore tried to look severe. "It is
in the Surrogate now, and you will
know its contents on Thursday, when it
will be officially opened. I couldn't
think of violating my official—"
"Not unless you are paid for it," in-
terrupted the young man. "I understand
that perfectly well, and will be plain-
driff with you. As you are aware, my-
self and my cousin Myra are the only
living relatives of my grandfather. We
have been brought up here in this house
together, and each hates the other as
much as possible. Now, I've no idea
how the property is left, and I want to
know. I am willing to pay for the
knowledge in advance of the opening of
the will, and you have it to sell."
"The lawyer assented with a cool nod
of his head.
"Then name your price," continued
Robert.
"One thousand dollars."
"I haven't so much."
"A note for a month will do."
The document was quickly written
out, signed by the young man, and trans-
posed to the lawyer's pocket.
"The will," then said Mr. Whittemore
"is a strange one—as strange as the man
who made it—but he would listen to no
advice, and I had nothing to do but carry
out his wishes. He leaves all his prop-
erty to Myra Kilborne."
"D—n him!" hissed Robert.
"Hold," said the lawyer, "until you
hear the conditions. He leaves all his
property to Myra, as I said before, on
condition that she shall immediately sign
an agreement to within a year, become
your wife. If she shall decline to fulfill
this condition, the property belongs to
you. The only other point is, that in
case Myra is married to anybody before

the will is opened, she gets the property
the same as if she marries you. But
that provision, of course is of no conse-
quence, as she is not likely to marry be-
fore day after to-morrow, which will be
the Thursday on which the document is
to be opened.
Here the lawyer stopped and looked
into his companion's face as if expecting
an expression of displeasure. He was
disappointed, however, for Robert seem-
ed rather satisfied than otherwise.
"It pleases me well enough," he said,
"for I half expected to be cut off uncondi-
tionally. You see, I've been rather
fast, and the old man disliked it, while
Myra's gentle ways and attention to his
wants won his regard. She is complet-
ly bound up in her lover, Harry Perton,
who is hundreds of miles away just now,
and I don't believe she would give him
up for the fortune a dozen times over—
Even if she should consent to marry me,
I wouldn't be so badly off with the prop-
erty almost under my control."

The lawyer here arose, bade his un-
scrupulous patron good day and went
out. But as he did so, had his ears been
younger he might have caught the sound
of rustling skirts fleeing up the stairway
—those same skirts enveloping the pretty
form of Myra Kilborne, who had heard
every word of the interview by listening at
the door.
"So, so," she mused, when she had
reached her own room and thrown her-
self into the chair, "I am to buy the for-
tune by selling myself. I won't do it. I
would not give up Harry for fifty times
a million. Robert can take the money,
and much good may it do him."
Yet, notwithstanding her conclusive
decision, Myra could not relinquish with-
out a pang the fortune to which she had
always looked forward as her certain
portion. Her grandfather had always
seemed to regard her with affection, and
she had not dreamed that in his will he
could impose such a distasteful restric-
tion.

"If Harry was only here," she thought
"there would not be any trouble, because
we could get married before Thursday—
What shall I do? I wish I had some-
body to advise me. And I can have—
a lawyer is what I want. They are up to
all sorts of tricks, so they say."
Without a moment's delay she dressed
herself for the street and went out. She
knew no lawyer, but walked until she
came to a building upon which she had
often noticed an array of legal signs—
Passing up stairs, and selecting a name
from the list that chance to strike her
most favorably, she entered a well fur-
nished office. A middle aged man sat
alone writing at a desk.
"Is Mr. Temple in?" asked Myra.
"Yes," said the man, looking up at his
pretty visitor, and motioning her to a
seat, "that is my name."
"I have come for some legal advice—
some advice on a matter of the greatest
importance to me, and—"
"If I am to aid you," said the lawyer
kindly, "you must speak frankly and
unreservedly, which you may do in the
utmost confidence."
Thus encouraged, Myra told him the
whole story of the will, the manner in
which she had obtained information, and
her feelings in the matter.
"Of course," she concluded, "I want
to retain the fortune, but not at the price
stipulated in the will. Can you help
me?"
"I have no right to tell you," and Mr.
Whittemore tried to look severe. "It is
in the Surrogate now, and you will
know its contents on Thursday, when it
will be officially opened. I couldn't
think of violating my official—"
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that perfectly well, and will be plain-
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living relatives of my grandfather. We
have been brought up here in this house
together, and each hates the other as
much as possible. Now, I've no idea
how the property is left, and I want to
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property to Myra, as I said before, on
condition that she shall immediately sign
an agreement to within a year, become
your wife. If she shall decline to fulfill
this condition, the property belongs to
you. The only other point is, that in
case Myra is married to anybody before

"That will provide," said Mr. Temple,
"that she shall take the fortune if mar-
ried at the time of its opening. She is
married to me, and here is the certificate.
The ceremony was performed an hour
ago."
On the same day proceedings were in-
stituted by Mr. Temple on behalf of
Myra to obtain for her a divorce from
himself. "Abandonment" was the
ground. A few days later Harry re-
turned, and before the day appointed for
his marriage to Myra she had obtained
her divorce from Mr. Temple. The lat-
ter was one of the jolliest of the guests.
"If it hadn't been for you—" began
the grateful bride.
"Stop!" interrupt Mr. Temple. "I
am to put it all in my bill. For the will
suits, so many dollars; for the divorce
suit, so many more dollars—you see I
am the one to be grateful for all."
But no bill for legal services was ever
paid with a better grace.

A Thrilling Incident.
The Detroit Free Press chronicles one
of those heroic incidents with which the
lives of most railroad engineers abound,
as happening recently to Frank Dolan,
an engineer on the Lansing road. He
was coming in on a wet track with a
heavy train, and soon after leaving a
station, put on more steam to make up
for lost time. The train was running at
the rate of about twenty five miles an
hour, when Dolan caught sight of a man
on the track, about half a mile ahead.—
He was certain that the man was dead
from the way he walked, but he opened
the whistle and rang the bell. The man
paid no attention to the sounds, and Dol-
an whistled for brakes. They did not
take well, and although the engine was
reversed, it was plain that the pedestrian
would be run down unless something was
done promptly. Dolan ran forward over
the engine and down on the cow-catcher.
By this time the pedestrian was not more
than three hundred feet away, and was
trying to walk on one of the rails, and was
trying this way and that, but apparently
not feeling the rumble of the train, as it
naturally would be expected he would
Dolan, leaning forward, reached a foot
beyond the cow-catcher, and as the train
came close upon the man's heels, struck
him in the back with both fists. The
victim was not on the rail at that moment
and he caught it with his feet as he went
over, so that he was whirled around
lengthwise of the track, and was cut in
the scalp by some portion of the first
pair of trucks. He was floundering in
the ditch when the train stopped, and
when he found out what the fuss was
about, he squared off and wanted to whip
somebody. He was so deaf that the
railroad employes had to scream in his
ears to make themselves heard, and so
mad that he would not let them examine
his wound or do anything for him. He
was recognized as a farmer living near
there, but would not even accept a free
ride home.

A Father's Advice to a Bride.
Said a young husband, whose busi-
ness speculations were unsuccessful:
"My wife's silver tea set, the bridal
gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to fi-
nancial ruin. It involved a hundred
unexpected expenses, which, in trying
to meet, have made me the bankrupt
man that I am." His is the experience
of many others, who less wise do not
know what is the goblin of the house
Working its destruction. A sagacious
father of great wealth, exceedingly
mortified his daughter by ordering it to
be printed on her wedding cards. "No
presents, except those adapted to an in-
come of \$1,000." Said he, "you must
not expect to begin life in the style I
am able by many years of labor to in-
dulge, and I know of nothing that will
tempt you to try, more than well in-
tended but pernicious gifts of rich
friends." Such advice is timely. If
other parents would follow the same
plan many young men would be spared
years of incessant toil and anxiety,
they would not find themselves on the
downward road because their wives had
worn all their salary or expended it on
the appointments of the house. The fate
of the poor man who found a leechpin
and felt obliged to make a carriage to
fit it, is the fate of the husband who
finds his bride in possession of gold
and silver ware and no large income to
support the owner's gold and silver
style.

A Louisville practical joker succeeded
in imitating a canine growl so perfectly
the other night that one of his intimate
friends was "April fooled" into perforat-
ing him with a charge of buckshot.
Elihu A. Merchant, of San Francisco,
was shot and killed on the 9th, by John
Samuel for the alleged seduction of one
of Samuel's daughters. Samuels gave
himself up.

While a circus was passing through
the streets of Toledo, Ohio, last Friday
week, burglars robbed a bank and a
store while the clerks were looking at
the show.

The Story of Two Lovers.
The following is taken from the Con-
cord, New Hampshire, Patriot: Twen-
ty six years ago James Sanderson, a re-
spectable person residing in the Scotch
Hebriides, then verging on forty years,
made a court to a girl some sixteen years
of age and was accepted; but a rival
much younger interfered and bore off the
prize. This made Sanderson feel re-
vengeful, and the girl's new lover having
been engaged in smuggling, Sanderson
informed upon him, and he had to leave
the island, to which he never came back.
The people were so violent against San-
derson that he, too, was forced to leave,
but he married before doing so, his wife
being taken to spite his old mistress, who
had not married.

Arriving on the American Pacific
coast in safety, he bought a large tract of
land a few miles north of Fort Langley,
and devoted himself to its agricultural
development with so much energy and
skill that a few years made him compar-
atively wealthy. Better than this, how-
ever, the new life brought with it such
endeavour of the woman whom he had
wedded without other love than he had
been able to simulate for her deception,
that the increase of their children was his
conversion into the fondest of husbands;
and when, in 1861, he became a widower,
he remained so ten years, when he sent
home to a sister in the Hebriides to se-
lect a wife for him. His old flame was
selected, and said she was willing to go
to him whom she had jilted twenty five
years before.

From the time of her second lover's
hasty flight under the denunciation of his
enemy, the smuggler's sweetheart had
never heard of that individual again;
and the lapse of time and the increasing
burdens of her lowly estate made her
much less imperious at forty than she was
at sixteen. The wealthy farmer of Brit-
ish Columbia sent her ample means for
her outfit and voyage, and the long voy-
age was accomplished without incident as
far as San Francisco. From the latter
city she was to proceed up the coast to
her destination on a steamer in which a
passage was specially secured for her and
while awaiting this vessel she was seen
and recognized at a hotel by the accepted
lover of her youth, who had been in Cal-
ifornia ever since his untimely departure
from Hebriides. There was a dramatic
meeting, a long story on either side, and
—alas, for the waiting widower—a full
revel of the old love.

Both lovers, however, were much so-
bered by the discipline of maturer years;
and the lady, having explained by whose
wish and means she was in America, de-
clared that she must go onward as she
had promised, and fulfill her engage-
ments as if it was still exacted. She
would faithfully tell all to him who was
awaiting her at the end of her journey,
confess that she could never love him
in now as she had lately thought possible,
and abide by his own decision. If he
yet claimed her he must be obeyed; if
not, she would return to San Francisco.
As the story ends with her reappearance
in the Californian city a few days ago,
and quiet marriage there to the former
smuggler, it may be inferred that the
Columbian widower was at once sensible
and magnanimous under his last disap-
pointment, and finally proved himself the
friend of the woman with whom fate had
twice denied him a nearer, dearer rela-
tionship.

One of our exchanges gives the
following conundrum, "Why is it that
a young fellow and his girl can sit in
the parlor until after midnight without
making noise enough for the old folks to
hear them through the partition, but
can't sit in a public place five minutes
without annoying the whole house with
their giggling and talk."

The following sentence was dictated
by the late Lord Palmerston to eleven
British Cabinet ministers, not one of
whom, it is said, spelled it correctly.
"It is disagreeable to witness the embar-
rassment of a narnassed peddler gauging
the symmetry of a peeled potato."

The pastor of a church in Newark, N.
J., refused to proceed with the services
at a funeral until the Old Fellow's regalia
was removed from the coffin. The
lodges feeling insulted, took away the
regalia and retired from the church.

A Colorado hunter has just bagged a
white buffalo, the first one of that color
ever shot by a white man. The Indians
find them occasionally.

A lady asked a physician if snuff
was injurious to the brain. "No said
he, "for nobody who has any brains
ever takes snuff."
"Keep 'em alive, boy; keep 'em alive,"
said an old physician to his young broth-
er practitioner. "Dead men pay no
bills."

If you begin by apologizing for what
cannot be defended, you will end by de-
fending what you cannot apologize for.
A lawyer is not like an apothecary
because he does not deal in scorpions.

Tobacco—Its Effects on the Human
Constitution, Physical, Intellectual
and Moral.
BY JAMES COLLIER LAYARD, M. D.
[CONTINUED.]
THE EXPENSES.

These are but a few of the largest fires
originating in the causes under consid-
eration, accounts of which have come un-
der our own immediate notice within
three or four years only. We think it
unnecessary for our present purpose to
make mention of more, though we have
a considerable list of such occurring since
we commenced to collect statistics on
this head; and we do not presume our
list contains nearly all, accounts of which
have been published—perhaps not the
half of them. How many other great
fires occurring within the same period,
the causes of which are chronicled as
unknown, had the same origin, who can
tell? It is even surmised by some that
the late great fire in Boston was kindled
by a match which had been used by
some laborer to light his pipe; and this
is not improbable.

To the above might be added the
amount spent for pipes, and tobacco and
snuff boxes. This, it might be perhaps
said, is not much. It is still, in the ag-
gregate, a large sum; especially that
spent for pipes. A large proportion of
these are of foreign importation. There
are large establishments in Europe, some-
times whole towns, devoted almost en-
tirely to their manufacture; which turn
them out by thousands, costing from one
cent to some hundreds of dollars each.—
Much of the money spent for pipes goes
out of the country, and is just so much
abstracted from the permanent wealth of
the nation.

We have not yet taken into the ac-
count the value of the time spent in us-
ing tobacco. To be sure there is not
much time lost in chewing. A Yankee
is a man who must do two or more things
at a time, consequently he chews tobacco
and attends to his business at the same
time. But with smoking it is somewhat
different. A man most usually suspends
all other business to attend to that. And
so too of snuffing. In order to give our
readers some idea of the amount of time
spent in this snuffing operation by a
moderate snuff-taker in the course of a
lifetime, we offer a single example: Mr.
Edward C. Delavan says: "I once crossed
the Atlantic with a venerable sea
captain who had been a snuffer of tobacco
for about fifty years. One of the
passengers had the curiosity to ascertain
the time he had consumed in the opera-
tion of taking the pulverized poison.—
Much to the amusement of the passen-
gers and the mortification of the captain,
it appeared that more than one year of
the time allotted to him by his Maker
had been occupied in plying his thumb
and finger in supplying his nasal cavity
with this odoriferous powder, and in
taking care of the disgusting droppings
it expelled from his nose—which had
grown to the size of a kauri, pink-eyed
potato, from the lengthened abuse of that
organ."

The Earl of Stanhope once made the
following curious calculation: "Every
invertebrate and innumerable snuff-taker, at a
moderate computation, takes one pinch
every ten minutes. Every pinch, with
their agreeable concomitants and their
incidental circumstances, consumed a
minute and a half. Deduct a minute and
a half out of every ten and allow sixteen
hours to every snuff-taker's day, and
it amounts to two hours and twenty four
minutes out of every day, or one day out
of ten, and thirty six and a half days in
a year—more than one twelfth of a per-
son's whole lifetime. Then there is the
time spent in making purchases, and in
going to make purchases. When all
these items are footed up they make not
a trifling sum."

It would be impossible to tell in dol-
lars and cents just how much our tobacco
does cost us. But if we add to the di-
rect expense to consumers the indirect
loss which results from so much land,
capital and labor diverted from other
branches of productive industry, the loss
in deterioration of land, losses by fire
and loss of time, it would amount to an
immense sum. We hardly dare to even
guess at it. If, however, we should ven-
ture on a guess we should say that the
expense to the people of these United
States, directly and indirectly, of the
tobacco they consume is not short of
\$100,000,000 annually! What an im-
mense sum to be spent yearly by a pro-
fessedly Christian people on a vice, for it
is nothing else.

And yet the greatest element in the
calculation has as yet been left out alto-
gether. That is, the damage to life,
health, and morals. If this could be
turned into figures, it would amount an-
nually to a sum greater than our national
debt!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
If you would render your children
helpless all their lives, never compel or
permit them to help themselves.
Smoking will kill lice on plants, but
for boys a comb is the best.