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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 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.

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN AT Hollibaugh's Saloon.

Two for 5 cents. Also, the Freestock Lager, the Largest Oysters, 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

BILLARD HALL, so that it will now compare favorably with any Hall in the interior of the State.

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.

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.

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 disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box; ask your Druggist for it.

CHAS. B. HURST, ROCHSTER, BEAVER CO., PA. Feb 18-ly

All kinds of Job Work neatly executed.

Juniata



Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

(THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.)

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVII, NO. 22

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., MAY 23, 1873.

WHOLE NUMBER 1365.

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, Oils, Varnishes, Putty, Lamps, Chimneys, Infants Brushes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Cigars, and Stationery.

LARGE VARIETY OF PATENT MEDICINES, selected with great care, and warranted for all authorities.

PUREST OF WINES AND LIQUORS for Medical Purposes. PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with great care.

Boots and Shoes. NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP.

In Nevins' New Building on BRIDGE STREET, MIFFLINTOWN.

THE undersigned, late of the firm of Faisick & North, would respectfully announce to the public that he has opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in Major Nevins' New Building, on Bridge street, Mifflintown, and is prepared to manufacture, of the best material, 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.

Boots and Shoes. 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. Litt-Field'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.

TERMS—CASH. A liberal share of public patronage is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Boot and Shoe Shop. THE undersigned, fashionable Boot and Shoe maker, and respectfully respectful, informs the public that he has located in the borough of Patterson, where he is prepared to accommodate the most fastidious in

LADIES' WEAR, Gents' 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 Tuscarora street, one door south of Main street, nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store. J. W. DEAN. March 8, 1872.

LARGE stock of Ready-made Clothing for sale by HARLEY & CO.

Poetry.

Our Forefathers' Days. BY R. C. SOULE.

Let us write of the days when our townships Lay exposed to the wolf and the bear; When our roads were made upon the hillsides, And dwellings, not many, were there, As rivers and brooks were then flowing, Forest shades where the broad sunlight plays,

O, let us remember our fathers, And sing of our forefather's days. They handled the sword and the musket 'Gainst Briton or Indian, in fight, And Liberty gave them her blessing, For they trusted in God, and "the right."

Thought a handful, the colonies boasted, Yet the "lion" "by eagles" was torn, Till, howling, it fled from our wild-woods, The morning that Freedom was born.

They felled down the trees in the forest, Till a garden the wilderness grew; They turned up the soil with the plowshare, And cottages sprang up anew. Woman's hands were at work in the farm-house.

There was humming of wheels and of looms Their music—the songs of the daughters, Busy working in unfinished rooms. Oh! there was not time to be idle, For life's busy work must be done; No time for display and for fashion, No time to sit down in the sun.

Oh! it was by most earnest endeavor, They tried man's iron freedom untried; Oh, then, let us always remember And bless them by whom it was gained. We're the children of children of labor,— They were sovereigns, too, of the soil; Though we may wield the pen for the plowshare,

And in broad fields of science may toil, Then, for aye, we'll remember our mothers, And write in our grandmothers' praise; And while we remember our fathers, The sile of our forefathers' days.

Select Story. The Wonderful Dream.

"Yes, yes, sartin! Yes, yes—I believe in dreams," said old Silas Tafton. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then added: "One of the greatest speculations I ever went into came of a wonderful dream. I'll tell you about it."

You remember, some of you, about the great land speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men—a very few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men were made suddenly poor. I was living then in Greew.

One day old Sam Whitney, of Oxford, stopped at our place, and showed us a map of a new town which had been laid out in Sagadahoc. On the map it looked beautiful. There were brooks and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, and streets all laid out, and spots for churches and schoolhouses marked out in proper array. I had a cousin living down that way, and I concluded to go down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had shown me on his map, to be a wild, worthless tract, all rocks and swamp; but on the edge of this tract, in another township, my cousin owned a piece of good land, and I bought a hundred and fifty acres of it, and made an excellent farm; and for that purchase I was never sorry.

Meantime Ellenville was nearly all sold in hundred acre lots. The excitement was at fever heat, and people bought without once coming to look at the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new owners began to look up their property, and you can rest assured that they were a blue set, when they were reassembled on that territory.—Within all the limits of the mapped-out township there was not an acre that could be cultivated. On the side that bordered my farm it was a craggy ledge of rocks; and beyond that to the eastward the land settled under the mud and the water of a sunken slough. Some of these lots had been sold as high as one pound an acre, and a few of them even higher than that. One poor fellow, named John Twist, from Vermont, had paid one pound an acre for a lot that bordered on my farm. On the map it had been set down as a magnificent pine forest, with a river upon its border, upon which was a superb water-power. John Twist thought it and paid for it, and when he came to look it up, he found it to be a mass of barren rocks, with here and there a clump of shrub oak and a few Norway pines, and for a river he found a water course which tumbled melted snow over the crags in the spring, and which was dry most of the year. I did not see the poor fellow when he came to survey his property, but I can imagine how he felt.

After a while, however, the excitement passed on, and the sufferers of Ellenville turned their backs upon the graves of their speculative hopes. On my farm I prospered. My land was of the very best quality; my wife was a true help-mate; my crops were abundant; my stock thrived, and I found myself with a goodly pile of money tied up in my stock.

One evening, after our crops had been garnered, a man, riding a sorry-looking nag, pulled up before our door. He was a well-looking man, with a sedate and solemn face, and dressed in black. It

was safe enough to conclude that the man was a minister, and so he announced himself. He said he was the Rev. Paul Meekmore; he was a missionary, on a home circuit, and asked shelter for himself and beast for the night. Of course we welcomed them cheerfully, and were pleased with him. He had traveled extensively, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. Before he went to bed he read a chapter in the Bible and made a prayer; and Betsey said to me after he had retired that she never heard such a beautiful prayer in her life.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Meekmore was very sedate. He asked a blessing, and then only answered such questions as we asked him. Finally my wife told him she was afraid he had not slept well. He smiled and said he had slept very well, saving the spell of a very curious dream which had visited him three separate times during the night. Betsey asked him if he would tell what it was about.

"It was the old dream of hidden wealth," he said, with a solemn look. "I haven't dreamed such a dream before, since by a wonderful dream in South Africa I led to the discovery of a diamond mine worth millions of dollars, and it never profited me a cent. But such wealth is not for me. I need it not. My calling hath higher and holier aims. And yet this poor flesh is sometimes weak enough to lust after the dross of gold and silver."

By degrees we got from him that he had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. This mine seemed to his vision to be utterly exhaustless in the precious metal; but he could not locate it. Betsey, whose curiosity was aroused, would have pushed the matter, but Mr. Meekmore finally shook his head more solemnly than ever, and said that he would rather forget the dream if he could.

When the missionary's horse was at the door, and the owner was prepared to start off, he informed us that he was bound toward the Canada line, and that he might return that way. Of course we told him that our door would be always open to him; and he promised that he would abide with us again if he had the opportunity.

In two weeks Mr. Meekmore came back. He had received a summons, he said, from the Home Board to return to Boston and make immediate preparation for a winter campaign in the West.

The second evening in the society of the reverend gentleman we enjoyed more than we enjoyed the first. His fund of anecdote and adventure was literally exhaustless, and yet an odor of sanctity and delicacy pervaded all his speech. We urged that he should spend a few days with us, but he could not. He said it would give him great pleasure to do so, but his call to the new field of labor in the West was pressing and imperative.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion, and when questioned on the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same dream again.

"This time," he said, "the vision came with wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the overlying territory. It was a wild, desolate spot, by a deep ravine, through which the snows of winter seem to find release in spring, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark, wide-stretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality."

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a pencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the spot he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where, beneath the roots of an old stumpy pine tree, he had seen out-cropping of the precious metal.

He had drawn the picture, he told us, to show us how vivid his dream had been; but he advised us to think no more of it. Even if it were possible that the dream had substance, the body of the mine was far below the surface; and, moreover, the Lord only knew where the spot was located, even allowing that such a spot existed.

For once in my life I allowed cupidity to get the better of my outspoken honesty. I allowed the reverend gentleman to depart, and did not tell him that I knew where there was a spot exactly the original of that which he had pictured, even to every rock, shrub, tree and ravine. And that spot was upon the wild lot which had been purchased by John Twist, and which John Twist owned still.

That very afternoon, armed with an old axe and pick, I sallied forth to the rough outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured lot was to be found, and when I had reached it I was more than ever struck with the faithfulness of Mr. Meekmore's draft. The accuracy in detail was wonderful. And when I reflected that this draft was

made by one who was an utter and absolute stranger to the place—made from the simple impression of a dream—is it a marvel that I was strangely influenced? I found the old tree which the reverend dreamer had particularly designated and went to work at its roots. And ere long my labors were rewarded. Beneath one of the main roots I found a lump of pure white metal as large as a hen's egg; and upon further chopping and digging I found several more smaller pieces. They had evidently been taken from a molten mass, and upon rubbing off the dirt I found them all pure and bright.

That night I slept but little. I could only lay awake and think of the vast wealth that lay buried in that bleak hillside. But what could I do? The lot was not mine, and I should run great risk if I troubled another man's property. And, moreover, if I made further explorations while the land was not mine, the secret might be divulged and the vast wealth snatched from me. I must purchase the Twist lot, and I had no doubt that I could purchase it for a mere song.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and when I had spoken of the Twist lot, he informed me that not only that lot, but a number of others were for sale. They had been advertised, and would be sold at auction in two weeks. He called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot; but I told him I had looked it over and made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of grazing there throughout the summer months. He asked me if I hadn't already got all the sheep-pasture I needed; but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to become known. On the appointed day I went over to the settlement where the land was to be sold. It was to be put up in hundred acre lots, and sold by the original plans of the Whitney purchase. Lot number one was put up first, and sold for one-quarter of a cent an acre.

The next lot was the "Twist lot," so called, and I heard it whispered that iron and copper had been discovered upon it. A stranger in jockey clothes started it at fifty cents an acre. Another stranger, who wore a blue frock and top boots, bid seventy-five.

There was more talk about iron and ore. The man in the jockey suit said that he had positive assurance that pure iron ore had been found in some of the gulches, and he bid one dollar an acre. At this point I entered the contest and bid one dollar and twenty-five. Up—up—up—twenty-five cents at a time, until at length I had bid ten dollars an acre. People called me crazy. Ten dollars an acre was more than the very best land in the whole country was worth. But I held my bid, and kept my own content.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just one thousand dollars. The terms were cash. I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver, and found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I borrowed the other fifty without trouble at the settlement, and straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and when the Squire has assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe, I banded over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simpkins if Mr. Twist was present.

"He was present a few minutes ago," said Simpkins, "and will be back again for his money. He's feeling pretty good I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was worth."

Half an hour afterwards I called at the Squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

"There he is now said Simpkins, just bound off!"

I looked out the window, and saw at the door of the inn, on the opposite side of the way, a tall man, in a bottle green coat, with bright, glaring buttons, just mounting a horse, I recognized the horse and I recognized the man!

"Who is that man?" I asked: "he with the green coat and brass buttons?"

"That," said Simpkins "is Mr. John Twist."

In a moment more the man in the bottle-green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle-bags behind him, and buttoned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It rushed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meekmore and John Twist were one and the same person! And this was not all that flashed upon me!

A few days afterward I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him

what they were. He took the largest lump and tested it, and said:

"Pewter!" I asked him if pewter was ever dug out of the earth in that shape.

"Well," said he, "seeing that pewter is an alloy of lead and tin, it couldn't be very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it before hand."

Touching further explorations on my "Twist lot," I will not speak. I will only add that I have an old stocking with a half a dozen lumps of pewter in it; and I never look upon it, but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things.

Tobacco—Its Effects on the Human Constitution, Physical, Intellectual and Moral.

BY JAMES COULTER LAYARD, M. D. [CONCLUDED.]

Some men there are who can quit the use of tobacco at once, without the intervention of any such tapering off process as that described above. When this can be done without suffering or other inconvenience, we say, by all means do it. Such, however, is not the case with the majority. But most persons, at least those who have not made an immediate use of the weed, may give it up by following the plan we have recommended, without much difficulty, and while still following their ordinary business; thus losing no time. There are some persons, though, who have used tobacco to excess, and for a long period at that, who cannot by either of the methods suggested above, or by any method that we know of relinquish the habit without experiencing such a reaction of the nervous system as to unfit them for the time being for business pursuits.

Such should choose for the experiment a time when their presence can, with the least inconvenience, be spared from their business, and take a furlough for this purpose. Had we hospitals for the reception and treatment of patients of this character, they would meet a great public want. We have inebriate asylums for the cure of the intemperate, in which also opium eaters are sometimes received for treatment, but we have nothing of the kind specially adapted to the cure of users of tobacco. Such usually resort, when it is a case demanding treatment, to some water cure. And upon the whole we think they could not do much better than this; for the water treatment is well calculated to allay the nervous irritation they will experience.

There is one symptom which is very likely to appear early in the process of quitting the use of tobacco, that is, insomnia—sleeplessness. For this the best remedy is hydrate of chloral, from 15 to 30 grains, dissolved in water; one drachm by weight of the chloral to 16 fluid drachms of water, or to 12 drachms of water with 4 drachms of syrup of orange peel, or lemon syrup, to flavor it.

A period of illness from acute disease affords a good opportunity to break off the habit of using tobacco. A man may be taken down and confined to bed with an attack of fever, or some other disease, of three or four week duration, and will not use, nor wish to use, tobacco in any form during the whole time he is ill. It is doubtless true that when convalescent, when the patient is becoming himself again, and his old feelings and appetites begin to return, the appetite for tobacco will doubtless, to some extent, return with the rest. But we can not believe that after having been without the weed for, say a month, the craving will come back with anything like its former power. In this length of time the nervous system must have undergone a complete revolution with respect to the drug, but any perturbation caused by its absence has been lost sight of in the prevailing malady, and in the effects of other drugs administered for its cure. We would say then to any user of tobacco to whom such an incident may occur, seize the golden opportunity; such may never happen again. And if you do thus take advantage of it you will be richly repaid for all you may have suffered otherwise by your illness, and may thank Heaven for it. Do not, though, wait for a period of illness to reform, for that may be a long time in coming—may never come in season to do you any good. Reform now. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

In entering upon an undertaking of this kind much assistance is sometimes to be derived from association. This was a power in the days of the temperance reformation. Many a poor sot was enabled, by the moral support he obtained in this way, to resist and finally to conquer his craving for strong drink, who could never have done so otherwise. We have no anti-tobacco societies in this country, but if you can associate yourself with a circle of acquaintances each of whom is equally anxious with yourself to be freed from the tobacco plague, and each pledge the other to "touch not taste nor handle" the vile thing, or if you can find but a single friend willing to join you in declaring yourself free

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for advertising rates per square foot for different durations (1 month, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year) and different ad sizes (One inch, Two inches, Three inches, One-fourth column, Half column, One column).

From this unusually long article you will perhaps, be much more assisted in so doing.

Another element enters into the play now of that love of approbation. No man likes to fall in an undertaking where another succeeds. No one of a party; and neither one of two likes to be the first to give over the battle. The consequence then, may be that all, or both, hold out till the victory is won.

We have now suggested all the expedients to aid you in overcoming the habit of using tobacco of which we have a knowledge at present. You can try some one or other of these methods, of each and all of them in turn; and if you are really in earnest, and are persevering enough, you will surely find some way out of the difficulty. What is required is pluck and persistence, in other words courage and constancy. With these qualities in moderate development, all that is now wanted is the will. And so we will conclude this paper, and the series, by repeating what we said not long back: "Where there's a will there's a way."

ADDENDUM. Just as we were about finishing the last paper in this series, we happened to open a late newspaper when our eye fell upon an item which had we had it in time might have found a fitting place in the section which treats of the poisonous properties of tobacco. But that was impossible; the incident herein detailed having occurred since that section was published. It is, however, so striking an illustration of what we have therein attempted to teach that we cannot refrain from introducing it here though somewhat out of place. Verily the victims of the tobacco plague seem to be increasing in number, notwithstanding our efforts. If, in addition to what has been said already, the perusal of this item will have no effect in restraining young men in the excessive use of the weed, then nothing will that we can say. But here is the item. It is a case of DEATH FROM SMOKING.

The New York correspondent of The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser writes: "A case in my own intimate acquaintance has this very week appalled a very large circle of friends in this city. The victim was exactly of my own years, and a companion from early boyhood. For thirty years at least he has been a daily smoker of the choicest cigars, but in all his other habits temperate and regular, and of excellent constitution; one who, of all men, would have laughed at the suggestion that tobacco was killing him. A week ago last Sunday night he was stricken with the progressive paralysis characteristic of nicotine, and on Sunday night he died. His death was most pitiful. First, sight was lost, then speech then motion of the neck, then motion of the arms and so on throughout the body; and he lay for a fortnight unable to move or make a sign, save a pitiful, tongueless, inarticulate sound, which sometimes rose to almost frantic effort, all in vain, to make known what he wished to say to his family or friends; for his consciousness and mental faculties were left unimpaired till within two hours of the last, to aggravate to the uttermost the horror of his situation—a living soul in a dead body. The sense of hearing was left unimpaired, so that he was conscious of all around him, while as incapable of communication with them as if dead, save by a slight sign of assent or dissent to a question. The doctors were fully agreed that tobacco was the sole cause of the stroke."

A malicious Terre Hautean substituted a paper full of white beans for the package of gum drops which another young man was going to carry to his Angelina, and the poor fellow was kept busy till three o'clock in the morning trying to explain matters.

A Buffalo girl, pretty and eighteen, has sold over five hundred sewing machines in the last two years. She travels with a horse and wagon, smiling when she leaves a machine and shedding tears if anybody afterwards refuses to keep it. This does the business.

AMONG the women's rights women in Greeley, Col., is Mrs. Wilber, a slight person, and formerly a school teacher, who, this season, has rigged up a gang plow, and prepared and sowed eighteen acres in wheat.

WHAT a pity the Bender family, of Kansas, had not located their hotel near Captain Jack's lava beds. The Modoc tribe would now have been buried.

True greatness does not consist in doing extraordinary things, but in doing common things, but in doing common things from a right motive.

A wool grower in the United States lost \$15,000 last year because of his not reading the papers; he did not sell his wool at the right time.

Two prisoners escaped from the Norristown, Pa., jail, on Saturday a week.

A man in Ohio has spent \$20,000 to color his nose pink.