

The Juniata Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
Bridge Street, opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
promptly in advance. No subscriptions dis-
continued until all arrearages are paid, unless
at the option of the publisher.

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. Parber, Esq.

AUCTIONEER.
J. F. G. LONG, residing in Spruce Hill
township, offers his services to the citi-
zens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and
Vendue Crier. Charges moderate. Satis-
faction warranted. [Jan 29-31]

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendue Crier.
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Dutchman a chance. P. O. address, Port
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-1y]

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 5 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Belford's building, two doors above the
Central office, Bridge street. [Aug 18-4]

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 Bellier's Drug
Store. [Aug 18 1869-4]

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,
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.
dec 7

GREAT REDUCTION
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.
Toothache 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 1868.
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 Val-
ley.
Third week—Millerstown and Bacon
Valley.
Fourth week at his office in McAlisterville.
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 DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,
Oils, Paints, Glass,
Varnishes, Putty,
Lamps, Coal Oil,
Chimneys, Brushes,
Infants Brushes, Soaps,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Hair Oil, Tobacco, Notions,
Cigars, 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. [Jan 16 72-1y]

Meat! Meat!
The undersigned hereby respectfully in-
forms 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 he
will be supplied with
Choice Beef,
Veal, Mutton,
Lard, &c.,
and SAUSAGE in season. I purpose fur-
nishing Beef every Tuesday and Saturday
morning, and Veal and Mutton every Thurs-
day 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.

Dissolution of Partnership.
NOTICE is hereby given that the partner-
ship between J. W. & S. A. Hoffman
was dissolved by mutual consent on the first
day of March, 1873. The business will be
continued, and conducted at the old stand in
Spruce Hill township, by J. W. Hoffman.
J. W. HOFFMAN,
S. A. HOFFMAN.
Jan 25, 1873-4

Go to Laird & Bell's for Groceries.

Juniata Sentinel.

VOLUME XXVII, NO. 33 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., AUGUST 13, 1873. WHOLE NUMBER 1379.

Poetry.

Mother's Growing Old.
Her step is slow and weary,
Her hands unsteady now,
And paler still, and deeper
The lines upon her brow.
Her meek blue eye has faded,
Her hair has lost its gold,
Her once firm voice now falters,
My Mother's growing old.
Her days of strength are over,
Her earthly joys depart,
But peace and holy beauty
Are shining in her heart;
The links that bind her spirit
Relax their trembling hold,
Soon she will be an angel,
Sweet Mother's growing old.

My thoughts run back to childhood,
When fondled on her knee,
I poured out all my sorrows,
Or clasped my arms of glee;
But now upon me leaning
So weakly and so cold,
With trembling lips she murmurs,
"Dear child, I'm growing old."
I think of all her counsels,
So precious to my youth,
How faithfully she taught me
God's sacred words of truth;
How tenderly she led me
To Jesus' blessed fold,
Where she will soon be welcomed,
No longer bowed and old.

The path of daily duty
Was ever her delight,
She walked by Faith and Patience,
And trusted God for sight,
Her hands with useful labor,
Each day their mission told,
Still bloom, though she is old.
Alas! those hands so skillful,
Which toiled with loving grace,
To make me blessed with comforts,
And home a happy place;
Those dear hands pale and wrinkled,
Are now by time controuled,
They rest prayerful quiet,
Dear Mother's growing old.

Yet, though her earthly temple
Fast faileth day by day,
Her soul, with faith increasing,
Pursues its Heavenly way;
And when the mist of Jordan
Shall from her sight be rolled,
She'll shine in youth and beauty,
Where spirits ne'er grow old.
O Mother, fond and faithful,
Thou truest earthly friend,
May I be near to soothe thee,
Till all thy struggles end,
And while with sad heart and yearning,
I pray in peace to meet thee,
Where saints no more grow old.

Select Story.

In and Out of Love.
How did you know she was a widow?
Don't you give me credit for any com-
mon sense or discrimination at all?
How do you know that a rose is red?
How do you know lobster salad from
sardines?

I knew she was a widow from the
very moment she took the corner seat in
the cars.
"Don't tell me of your Venuses, your
Madonnas and your Marys Queen of
Scots—they couldn't have held a candle
to the delicious little widow."
I never did believe in grand beauties!
A woman has no business over awing
and impressing you against your will.
And she was one of your dimpled dai-
sy faced creatures, with soft brown eyes,
long lashed and limped, and a red mouth
which looked as if just made to be kiss-
ed.
And then there was a tangle of golden
spirals of hair hanging over her forehead
and braids upon braids pinned under her
bonnet, until a hair dresser would have
gone frantic over the sight.
Just as I was taking an inventory of
these things, in that sort of unobervant
way that I flatter myself belongs to a
man of the world, she dropped her muff,
and of course it rolled under the car seat.
Wasn't I down on my knee at once
after it? I rather think so.
"Thank you sir," said the delicious
little widow.
"Not at all," I replied. "Can I do any
thing more for you?"
"No thank you—unless you can tell
me at what time we get to Glendale."
"Glendale," I cried. "Why, I am go-
ing to Glendale."
Of course we were friends at once,
and the daisy faced enchantress made
room for me beside her, "lest," as she
said, "some horrid disagreeable crea-
ture should crowd in and bore her to
death," and I stepped right out of the
rusty, ill-ventilated world of the rail-
way carriage into an atmosphere of Eden.

When a bachelor of forty falls in love
at first sight—oh what a fall is there,
my countrymen. No half measures, I
tell you.
Before we had been speeding through
the wintry landscape an hour, I had
already in my mind wooed and won her.
I saw my bachelor rooms brightened
with her presence
I fancied myself walking to church
with her hand on my arm.
I heard her dulcet voice saying, "My
dear Thomas, what would you like for
your supper to-night?" I beheld my-
self a respectable member of society—
the head of a family.
What would Bob Carter say now—I
meant then?
Bob who was always railing me on
my state of hopeless old bachelorhood,
who supposed, forthwith, because he
happened to be a trifle younger and better

looking than myself that I had no chance
whatever.
I'd show Bob!
"What did we talk about?"
The weather, of course, the scenery,
the prospects—all the available topics,
one after another, and the more we talk-
ed the deeper my admiration grew.
She was so sensible, and so original,
and so everything else, that she ought
to be!

I discovered that she preferred a town
life to the seclusion of a country resi-
dence—so did I.
She loved the opera—so did I. She
thought this woman's suffrage movement
all ridiculous—with a bewitching little
lip on the last syllable—I agreed with
her.
She thought a woman's true sphere
was home, my feelings surged up too
strongly for utterance. I merely bowed
my assent.

Here was a delicious unanimity of soul
—a mute concord of sympathy.
What would Bob Carter say when he
saw this beautiful little robin lured
into my cage. How I would load it
over him, how I would invite him to
"happen" in anytime." How I would
figuratively, of course—hold up Mrs.
Thomas Smith over his envious eyes,
I uttered an audible chuckle as I thought
of these things which I had some diffi-
culty in changing into cough.

"You have got a cold," said the wid-
ow, sympathetically. "Do, please, have
one of my troches; they are very soothing
to the throat."
I took the troche, but I did not swal-
low it. I would as soon have eaten a
piece of bread. I put it into my left
hand breast pocket as near my heart as
practicable.
Her first gift.

"A bachelor like me is used to such
things," I said in an off hand manner.
"A bachelor!" echoed my traveling
companion. "Bless me, then you are
not married!"
"Unfortunately, no!"
"It's never too late to mend," hazarded
the widow, roguishly.
"That is my sole consolation," I an-
swered gallantly.
"There is nothing like married life,"
sighed the widow, with a momentary
eclipse of the limped brown orb, beneath
the whitest of drooping lips. "But
what's the use of my talking about it to
you? You can't understand."
"You can imagine," I replied modestly.
"You must find a wife as soon as pos-
sible," said the widow, looking intently
at the hem of her pocket handkerchief.
"You are living only half a life now—
Ah, you cannot think how much happier
you would be with some gentle, clinging
being at your side—some congenial soul
to mirror your own."
Instinctively I laid my hand on my
heart.

"Do not fancy that I shall lose an in-
stant in the search," I said. "I have
already pictured to myself the pleasure
of a newer existence."
"Have you?" The brown eyes shot
an arch, challenging sparkle toward me.
"Tell me all about her."
"Do you really wish to know?"
"Of course, I do."
I congratulated myself mentally on
the fine progress I was making, consid-
ering the small practice in love making
that I had. Bob Carter himself, with all
his ready tongue and good looking face,
could not have carried on a flirtation
more neatly.

"Is she fair or dark?" questioned the
widow with the prettiest of interest.
"Neither, about your complexion."
"Oh!" laughed my interlocutor, with
a charming pink suffusion over her dim-
ples.
"Is she young?"
"Yes, about your age."
"Pretty?"
"More than pretty—beautiful."
The widow arched her perfectly pen-
ciled eyebrows. "What a devoted hus-
band you will make! and when are you
to be married?"
"Are you acquainted with Mr. Carter,
Mrs. Alverin's brother?" asked the
widow, presently.
"Yes," I answered, with a little grim-
ace. "A self-conceited, disagreeable
puppy."
"Do you think so?" asked the widow,
doubtfully.
"Of course, as everybody else. So
will you, when you meet him."
"Shall I?"
"A man who thinks because he's got a
handsome face and a smooth tongue,
that nobody else has any business in
creation."
"Dear, dear!" twittered my compan-
ion; "that's very bad, indeed."
"Of course, he will pay a good deal of
attention to you, if you are to be his sis-
ter's guest," I pursued; "but it won't do
to encourage him."
"No!"
"By no means. He is a professional
flirt."
"Is it possible?" lisped the widow.
And I mentally shook hands with my-
self for having thus deftly put a spoke
in Bob's wheel.

A Startling Narrative.

From a tale given first in the Piqua
Democrat, and afterwards reproduced in
the Bellefontaine (Ohio) Examiner, we
clip the following story:
Without occupying much of your valu-
able space, I beg leave to detail an inci-
dent connected with the terrible hurri-
cane that passed over the Miami Valley
on the evening of the 'Glorious Fourth'.
On the well known 'old Anderson farm',
whose fertile acres extend to the banks
of the historic Miami, stands, or rather
stood, a fine oak grove. A fortnight
since the majestic trees stood erect and
intact, but now two-thirds of them are
lying on the ground, hurled down by the
relentless fury of the last great storm.
Little did the storm dream when he
set out upon his mission of destruction
that he was destined to rob a tree of a
secret which it was scrupulously kept
for eighty-two years. I have the facts
of this incident from the own lips
of Mr. Rogers, the present occupant
of the farm referred to, and a man of
proverbial veracity.

Upon the morning subsequent to the
storm, (Saturday) Mr Rogers, in com-
pany with a "hired man," proceeded to
inquire into the extent of the damage
inflicted upon his premises, and the first
objective point was the ruined grove—
The centre tree of the plot was a noble
oak, the king over its fellows, and a tree
which had stood the ravages of time,
seemingly unscathed for several centuries.
This tree had been snapped and felled by
the storm. Upon examining the fallen
giant for the purpose of ascertaining its
worth as raw timber, Mr. R. made a
startling discovery. This was nothing
less than the fact that the tree in falling
had disgorged a skeleton!

The bones were disconnected, yellow
as gold with age, and scattered promi-
nently over several square feet of pas-
turage. The skull was almost intact; all
the teeth save two—molars—were
still in their places, and there was a scar
on the left parietal bone which looked
like the memento of some fierce cavalry
charge. The humerus of the right arm
was shattered, and save the three defects
just mentioned, the skeleton when put
together was without blemish.

The tree in falling, I should have men-
tioned was rent asunder—a task not dif-
cult of accomplishment when I refer to
the fact that an examination found that
at some remote date the very heart of
the oak had been cleft by lightning—
From a spot twenty feet from the ground
upward to the first great fork—a distance
of ten feet—a hollow extended, and from
this cavity the skeleton had been hurled.
"If we but knew how it was?" thought
my informant, Mr. B., and strange to say
a few minutes later the twain discovered
that the tree had also disgorged a thrill-
ing history.

An old-fashioned leather or memoran-
dum book lay in a remarkable state of
preservation—which no doubt had been
dropped into the rent made by the light-
ning, and thus been preserved while its
master decayed. A few brass buttons of
old and unique pattern were found near
the memorandum, but it is with the lat-
ter we have to deal. This old leather
purse, entirely moneyless, contained sev-
eral papers covered with rude pencillings,
quite difficult to trace, as they were writ-
ten on the backs of army passes and
military consignments which dated as far
back as 1776.

The man's name, as gathered from the
papers, was Roger Vanderburg, a native
of Lancaster, Pa., and a captain in the
Revolutionary army. He was an aid to
Washington during the retreat across the
Jerseys, and served a time in Arnold's
headquarters at West Point. In 1791 he
marched with St. Clair against the
northwestern Indians, and in the famous
outbreak of that General on the Wabash
November 3, of the year just written, he
was wounded and captured. But while
being conveyed to the Indian town at
Upper Piqua—a historical place well
known to your readers—he effected his
escape, but found himself hard pressed
by his savage foes.

He saw the hollow in the oak, and
despite the mangled arm, and with the
aid of a beech that grew beside the giant
tree, he gained the heaven and dropped
therein. Then came a fearful discovery.
He had miscalculated the depth of the
hollow, and there was no escape. O,
the story told by the diary of the oak's de-
spairing prisoner. How, rather than sur-
render to the torture of the stake, he
chose death by starvation; how he wrote
his diary in the uncertain light and the
snow.

Here is one entry in the diary: 'Nov
10. Five days without food! when I
sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flow-
ing streams. The stars laugh at my
misery. It is snowing now. I freeze
while I starve. God pity me!'
The italicized words were supplied by
Mr. Rogers, as the trembling hand of-
fenses refused to indite plainly. Never
was such a record of suffering traced by
human hand before. The entries cover
a period of eleven days, and in disjointed
sentences is told the story of St. Clair's

A soft headed fellow wrote his name
with diamond on a Saratoga window. A
miss wrote under:
When I see a looney's name
Written upon a glass,
I know he owns a diamond
And his father owns an ass.
As charity covers, so modesty pre-
vents, a multitude of sins.

An American Palace.

Near the centre of a magnificent park,
on one of the highest points of Chelton
Hills, stands a huge pile of marble,
which strikes the eye of the beholder
with wonder and admiration. This is
'Ogontz', the country seat of Jay Cooke,
the noted banker. The magnificent
structure is 490x157 feet, and is built of
native stone, taken from a quarry on the
place, except those used for the corners,
which were brought from another part of
the country. There are two towers con-
nected with the house, the larger of
which is 90 feet in height. The top of
this is surrounded with an iron railing,
and is used as an observatory. Under
the roof are two tanks, capable of hold-
ing 3,000 gallons of water, from which
the house is supplied. On the smaller
tower is a flagstaff, from which the na-
tional colors are displayed on state days.
The house is five stories high, includ-
ing the mansard roof. A large porch
extends on three of its sides, and on the
fourth side, between the kitchen and the
tower, is a grand conservatory, or rather
a crystal palace, the workmanship of
which is very fine. The interior is in-
describably grand. The floor is black
and white marble. In the centre, raised
upon a mound of stones, is a revolving
fountain. Around the basin are a large
number of aquatic plants of rare beauty,
and near by is a large aquarium, contain-
ing a number of Chinese fish. Suspend-
ed from the dome is a large chandelier,
composed of glass figures of every shape
which is illuminated with gas, as are also
the house, stables, and park. In every
available space are tropical plants among
which we noticed the banana and india-
rubber trees. The mansion contains
fifty two rooms, finished in walnut and
other hard woods, and the walls and ceil-
ings are frescoed in a most beautiful
style.

The furniture is all of heavy walnut,
elegantly carved. The floors are cov-
ered with costly carpets, and lace curtains
of the finest texture adorn the windows.
Oil paintings in the highest style of art,
many of them of the largest size, line
the sides of every room. French plate
looking-glasses, which reach from floor
to ceiling, are in the parlors. On the
third floor is a billiard-room, in which
are billiard and baguette tables. On the
fourth floor is a play room, containing
all the paraphernalia of a theatre. On
the first floor of the main tower is the
private office of Mr. Cooke. Here is a
battery by which he can telegraph to all
parts of the civilized world. On the wall
is a large dial having all the points of
the compass, which is connected with a
weather-vane on top of the tower—
Space will not permit us to give all the
particulars of this wonderful building.—
The whole tract belonging to the place is
a beautiful rolling stretch of 200 acres,
150 of which is cultivated.

The park, a grove containing 50 acres,
situated on the north and west sides,
forms a handsome background. This
park is laid out in the most beautiful
manner—young evergreens and other
ornamental trees are planted profusely
over the ground, flower beds are laid out
in every conceivable shape, broad drives,
grand promenades, grass lawns here and
there, with other ornamental devices cal-
culated to beautify a place. At the en-
trance is a porter's lodge, to the left as
you enter. At the head of a broad walk
bordered with orange and fig trees stands
a building which represents an ancient
castle in ruins. The counterpart is com-
plete. It looks as if it would fall at any
moment, but is really very strong. This
is the natatorium. Near the top of the
tower is a reservoir holding 800 gallons.
This supplies a bath below in the same
building which is 20 feet square and 10
feet deep, holding 40,000 gallons. Near
this building is a large fountain; another
still larger, stands near the mansion close
to the woods and both are nearly always
playing.

On the west of the park is a large
water course, which drives the water
works. On the north, about five hun-
dreds yards from the house, in a gorge
in the woods, are the stables. Here is
room for twenty horses. The upper
story is laid out into nice rooms to ac-
commodate the stable men. Below are
the gas works and near by are the green-
houses. They cover one acre of ground.
At the foot of the park, near Rockliffe,
is a beautiful marble vault, in which re-
pose a number of Mr. Cooke's family.
Near the tomb, in a large pond, is a
fountain of many jets. In another part
of the woods is a large deer park, which
did contain a number of those animals,
but the epidemic last fall destroyed all
but one. A large force of men is con-
stantly engaged in improving the park,
everything being done in the best man-
ner.—Doylestown Intelligencer

A country postmaster in Virginia
wishes that people who use post-offices
wouldn't write so fine, as he consumes
twenty minutes reading some of them.

Vienna has a law by which the out-
side doors of all houses must be locked
at 10 o'clock at night.

The Priest and His Dinner.

A priest was standing at the corner of
a square about the hour of dinner, when
one of his countrymen, observing the
worthy father in perplexity, addressed
him:
"O, Father O'Leary, how is your riv-
erence?"
"Mighty put out, Pat."
"Put out! Who'd put out, your riv-
erence?"
"Ah, you don't understand. I am in-
vited to dine at one of the houses in this
square, and I have forgotten the name."
"Oh, is that all? Just now be aisy,
your riverence; I'll settle that for you."
Away flew the good-natured Irishman
around the square, glancing at the kitch-
ens, and when he discovered a fire that
denoted hospitality, he thundered at the
door and inquired:
"Is Father O'Leary here?"
As might be expected, again and again
he was repulsed. At length an angry
footman exclaimed:
"No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is
not here, but he was to dine here to-day,
and the cook is in a rage, and says the
dinner will be spoiled. All is wasting
for Father O'Leary."
Paddy, leaping from the door as if the
steps were on fire, rushed up to the as-
tonished priest, saying:
"All is right, your riverence; you dine
at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner
you'll get."
"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, the
blessings of a hungry man be upon you.
"If we but knew how it was?" thought
my informant, Mr. B., and strange to say
a few minutes later the twain discovered
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human hand before. The entries cover
a period of eleven days, and in disjointed
sentences is told the story of St. Clair's

A soft headed fellow wrote his name
with diamond on a Saratoga window. A
miss wrote under:
When I see a looney's name
Written upon a glass,
I know he owns a diamond
And his father owns an ass.
As charity covers, so modesty pre-
vents, a multitude of sins.

A country postmaster in Virginia
wishes that people who use post-offices
wouldn't write so fine, as he consumes
twenty minutes reading some of them.

Vienna has a law by which the out-
side doors of all houses must be locked
at 10 o'clock at night.

A young man who rose in the Cairo
police court and called out, "Three cheers
for Billy Patterson," sat down under a
fine of one hundred dollars.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
All advertising for less than three months
for one inch 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 includ-
ing copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Notices
in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer-
chants advertising by the year at special rates.

One inch.....	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Two inches.....	5.00	8.00	11.00
Three inches.....	6.00	10.00	15.00
One-fourth col'n.	10.00	17.00	23.00
Half column.....	18.00	25.00	40.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00	80.00

Near the centre of a magnificent park,
on one of the highest points of Chelton
Hills, stands a huge pile of marble,
which strikes the eye of the beholder
with wonder and admiration. This is
'Ogontz', the country seat of Jay Cooke,
the noted banker. The magnificent
structure is 490x157 feet, and is built of
native stone, taken from a quarry on the
place, except those used for the corners,
which were brought from another part of
the country. There are two towers con-
nected with the house, the larger of
which is 90 feet in height. The top of
this is surrounded with an iron railing,
and is used as an observatory. Under
the roof are two tanks, capable of hold-
ing 3,000 gallons of water, from which
the house is supplied. On the smaller
tower is a flagstaff, from which the na-
tional colors are displayed on state days.
The house is five stories high, includ-
ing the mansard roof. A large porch
extends on three of its sides, and on the
fourth side, between the kitchen and the
tower, is a grand conservatory, or rather
a crystal palace, the workmanship of
which is very fine. The interior is in-
describably grand. The floor is black
and white marble. In the centre, raised
upon a mound of stones, is a revolving
fountain. Around the basin are a large
number of aquatic plants of rare beauty,
and near by is a large aquarium, contain-
ing a number of Chinese fish. Suspend-
ed from the dome is a large chandelier,
composed of glass figures of every shape
which is illuminated with gas, as are also
the house, stables, and park. In every
available space are tropical plants among
which we noticed the banana and india-
rubber trees. The mansion contains
fifty two rooms, finished in walnut and
other hard woods, and the walls and ceil-
ings are frescoed in a most beautiful
style.

The furniture is all of heavy walnut,
elegantly carved. The floors are cov-
ered with costly carpets, and lace curtains
of the finest texture adorn the windows.
Oil paintings in the highest style of art,
many of them of the largest size, line
the sides of every room. French plate
looking-glasses, which reach from floor
to ceiling, are in the parlors. On the
third floor is a billiard-room, in which
are billiard and baguette tables. On the
fourth floor is a play room, containing
all the paraphernalia of a theatre. On
the first floor of the main tower is the
private office of Mr. Cooke. Here is a
battery by which he can telegraph to all
parts of the civilized world. On the wall
is a large dial having all the points of
the compass, which is connected with a
weather-vane on top of the tower—
Space will not permit us to give all the
particulars of this wonderful building.—
The whole tract belonging to the place is
a beautiful rolling stretch of 200 acres,
150 of which is cultivated.

The park, a grove containing 50 acres,
situated on the north and west sides,
forms a handsome background. This
park is laid out in the most beautiful
manner—young evergreens and other
ornamental trees are planted profusely
over the ground, flower beds are laid out
in every conceivable shape, broad drives,
grand promenades, grass lawns here and
there, with other ornamental devices cal-
culated to beautify a place. At the en-
trance is a porter's lodge, to the left as
you enter. At the head of a broad walk
bordered with orange and fig trees stands
a building which represents an ancient
castle in ruins. The counterpart is com-
plete. It looks as if it would fall at any
moment, but is really very strong. This
is the natatorium. Near the top of the
tower is a reservoir holding 800 gallons.
This supplies a bath below in the same
building which is 20 feet square and 10
feet deep, holding 40,000 gallons. Near
this building is a large fountain; another
still larger, stands near the mansion close
to the woods and both are nearly always
playing.

On the west of the park is a large
water course, which drives the water
works. On the north, about five hun-
dreds yards from the house, in a gorge
in the woods, are the stables. Here is
room for twenty horses. The upper
story is laid out into nice rooms to ac-
commodate the stable men. Below are
the gas works and near by are the green-
houses. They cover one acre of ground.
At the foot of the park, near Rockliffe,
is a beautiful marble vault, in which re-
pose a number of Mr. Cooke's family.
Near the tomb, in a large pond, is a
fountain of many jets. In another part
of the woods is a large deer park, which
did contain a number of those animals,
but the epidemic last fall destroyed all
but one. A large force of men is con-
stantly engaged in improving the park,
everything being done in the best man-
ner.—Doylestown Intelligencer

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