

# The Alleghanlian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. S. T. SHOW, Pastor in charge. Rev. J. G. GOOLLEY, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
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Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, noon.  
Western, " at 12 o'clock, noon.  
**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.  
The mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.  
Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

## RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9.44 A. M.
" Fast Line "	10.00 P. M.
" Mail Train "	4.45 P. M.
East—Express Train "	8.25 P. M.
" Fast Line "	6.30 A. M.
" Mail Train "	10.34 A. M.

  

CRESSON STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9.22 A. M.
" Mail Train "	4.16 P. M.
East—Express Train "	8.53 P. M.
" Mail Train "	11.04 A. M.

[The Fast Lines do not stop.]

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahn.  
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Coroner—James S. Todd.  
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## EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkead.  
Burgess—David J. Evans.  
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Weigh Master—William Davis.  
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Treasurer of School Board—Evan Morgan.  
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Tax Collector—George Gurley.  
Judge of Election—Meshac Thomas.  
Inspectors—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams, George—Richard T. Davis.

## Select Poetry.

### To My Wife.

Come to me, dearest—I'm lonely without thee—  
Day time and night time I'm thinking about thee;  
Night time and day time in dreams I behold thee—  
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee;  
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,  
Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten,  
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,  
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy!  
Swallows will fit round the desolate ruin,  
Telling of Spring, and its joys renewing;  
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,  
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom!  
Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom;  
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,  
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.  
Figure that moves like a song thro' the even,  
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—  
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,  
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple—  
O, thanks to the Savior, that even by seeming  
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.  
You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;  
Dear, are you sad now, to hear I am saddened?  
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time,  
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme,  
I cannot but weep but your tears will be flowing,  
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing—  
I would not die without you at my side, love,  
You will not linger when I will have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow;  
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow,  
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,  
With a song on your lip, and a smile on your cheek, love;  
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—  
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;  
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,  
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

## THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

Mrs. Tompkins' parlors were in apple-pie order—not a speck of dust on the shining piano—not a stray shred on the velvet carpet, not an atom of ashes under the well-filled grate. For Mrs. Tompkins was one of those thrifty souls who keep up appearances in spite of everything, and delight in handsomely furnished parlors, while the kitchen is stunted to the very closest degree of parsimony.

She was flying about, shaking out chair covers, and arranging the little china ornaments on the mantel, was Mrs. Tompkins, in a manner that betokened a considerable amount of inward disturbances. There was a jerk to her elbow and a toss of her head, which foreboded woe to somebody or other.

"I am clear out of patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Tompkins at last. "I don't believe there ever was a poor mortal half so badgered as I am, with poor relations! Why couldn't Harry have married a rich wife, while he was about it, instead of Mary Glenn, who wasn't worth a red cent—only a governess at that? And now the poor dear boy is dead and gone, and left his doll-baby of a wife on my hands. I declare, it's enough to make a woman crazy. Don't see why I should be obliged to support her just because she happened to be my son's wife! Why can't she go to work and do something? Too much of a fine lady, I s'pose, with her white hands and long curls, and pink and white cheeks. Never brought up to do any chores about the house—can't wash dishes, nor make biscuit, nor do any thing useful. I'm tired of this sort of business." And just as Mrs. Tompkins made this emphatic assertion, the door softly swung open, and a delicate girl of scarcely more than eighteen summers, gilded in. Her deep mourning-dress gave additional fairness to a complexion that was like snowy wax, shadowed with the softest rose-tint on cheek and lips, and the timid, fluttering glance of her dark eyes indicated her position dependant.

"Can I assist you about arranging the parlors, Mrs. Tompkins?" she faltered, as if uncertain how her offer might chance to be received.

"No, Mrs. Tompkins, Junior, you can't!" said the old lady, with a toss of her cap-bowder. "I couldn't think of allowing such a fine lady to soil her white fingers about my work. Then—you needn't go crying—I don't believe in people that

have such very tender feelings—I don't!" "I did not intend to cry," murmured poor Mary, "but indeed, I could not help it!"

"I tell you what, Mrs. Tompkins, Junior," said the old lady, wrathfully, "we may as well come to an understanding at first as last. Zephaniah and me ain't rich—and we've a big family of our own, and now that poor, dear Henry, our elder boy has been dead and gone a year," here Mrs. Tompkins, mechanically, pulled out a red pocket-handkerchief, and made a random dab at her eyes, "I don't see that you have any very particular claims on us! So you'd better look out for a situation as governess, or to do some plain sewing, or something, as soon as you can, for to speak my mind, you've been sponging on us about long enough!"

Mrs. Tompkins stopped, with her mouth shut together like a steel trap—Her daughter-in-law had grown very pale. "And while I am about it," continued the old lady, "I may as well say that Hetty don't like it because you insist on stayin' in the parlor every time Colonel Redcliffe calls. He's worth a cool half million, Zephaniah says, and if our Hetty makes a catch of him, why the family fortune's as good as made. Of course, when Hetty is Mrs. Col. Redcliffe, you won't expect her to notice you much—she may give you some sewin' to do once in a while, but—My gracious! there's his carriage at the door this minute. Bidly! run up and tell Miss Hetty to put on her pink dress, and take her curls out of the papers—Col. Redcliffe's at the door! You can sit in the kitchen while he's here, Mary, and peel the potatoes for dinner, if it isn't too common work for her lily fingers! Hetty don't want you pryin' round when her beau's here! Run—quick!"

And as Mrs. Tompkins, Jr., disappeared, Mrs. Tompkins, Sr., opened the door with a smirking smile.

"Dear me, Colonel Redcliffe, who'd have thought of seeing you? Do walk in—we're highly honored, I'm sure!" Col. Redcliffe was a tall, elegant looking man, whose wealth and station in society fully warranted the calm dignity with which he bowed to Mrs. Tompkins' adulation.

"Take a seat on the sofa, Colonel!"—chattered Mrs. Tompkins. "Won't you sit a little nearer the fire? Not cold, eh? Well, it ain't so freezing-like as it was yesterday, to be sure! I hope you won't get impatient," she giggled, "Hetty'll be down in a minute!"

"Who will be down?" inquired Colonel Redcliffe, looking up from the book he was carelessly turning over, with some astonishment expressed in his fine features.

"Hetty—my daughter!" "I beg your pardon," said the Colonel, quietly, "there is some mistake here. I called to see your daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tompkins!"

"Harry's wife!" gasped the mama-in-law. "And," added Colonel Redcliffe, "as you are the nearest relative and guardian at present, it may be well for me to mention to you that I intend making her an offer of marriage. Her beauty and grace render her a fit wife for any man, and I am proud to think that I have won her affections. Of course I may reckon on your sanction and approval!"

"Ye-yes!" stammered Mrs. Tompkins, who was completely taken aback by this sudden overthrow of all her Aladdin visions concerning her red-haired daughter, Hetty. However, even if Colonel Redcliffe's palatial establishment wasn't for "daughter Hetty," still it was something to keep so much wealth in the family.

"I'll call her," she said, humbly, slipping out of the room, just in time to arrest the triumphant entry of Miss Hetty, with her curls all in a quiver of hair oil and cologne.

"Go back, Hetty!" she exclaimed in a stage whisper, "you're not the one that's wanted! It's Harry's wife!" And she shot down stairs as fast as possible. "Mary, dear," she said in the softest of tones, "you're not peelin' potatoes!—Well, you always were so obliging! Give me a kiss, love—I always did say Harry's wife was just like my own daughter!—Now run up stairs into the parlor and see what Colonel Redcliffe has to say to you." Mrs. Harry Tompkins was uncertain at first whether her respectable mother-in-law was not a little demented. Never before had she listened to such softly affectionate syllables from the old lady, and she went up stairs like one in a dream! "And when will you be mine, dearest?" was the parting question of Colonel Redcliffe, as he held that fair young widow to his heart. Poor Mary! it was so long since she

had heard the accents of love and kindness, and now to be the chosen bride of one to whom the world looked in admiration—ah, it seemed too much happiness! "Remember, I shall not wait long," he added, caressingly smoothing down the jetty tresses. "The sooner I take you away from this vulgar and uncongenial atmosphere, the better!"

"Vulgar and uncongenial!" gasped Mrs. Tompkins, who was listening at the keyhole! "Well, I never!" "Mary, dear," she said that evening, "I shall be very sorry to lose you. You have always been just like my own child, haven't you? Come and kiss me, there's a love—and be sure you don't forget your poor, dear ma-in-law, when you are married to Colonel Redcliffe! Hetty, come here and congratulate your dear sister! I wouldn't have given you up to anybody else, but Colonel Redcliffe is a man that deserves you!"

Mary smiled quietly—she was of too gentle and forgiving nature to resent even the hypocrisy of her mother-in-law—and in the bright future, opening before her, she had forgiveness for all.

"Harry's wife is going to be married," said Mrs. Tompkins to one of her gossips, soon after.

"What, that lazy, indolent, good-for-nothing—?" "Hush-sh-sh!" cried the old lady, clapping her hand over Mrs. Syke's mouth. "That was all a mistake. She's a dear, sweet love!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Sykes, "then I conclude she going to marry rich!" "Yes," said Mrs. Tompkins, complacently. "It will be such a trial to part with her!"

And such is the weakness of poor human nature, that the good old lady had actually believed what she said!

## Diphtheria.

The diphtheria has been unusually prevalent this winter in the various districts in Pennsylvania, and very many cases have resulted fatally owing to inattention in the early stages of the disease. Some very good advice is given regarding its early symptoms, and how, it should be treated. The Philadelphia Ledger says:

It generally begins in a family among the children, one of whom will be restless and feverish for a day, or with symptoms not very unlike those which precede scarlet fever exhibiting strong constitutional derangement. Then comes a complaint of soreness in the throat, followed by small patches of white or sometimes yellowish coating matter on the throat. The worst of these appear no time should be lost in sending for a medical man who has had experience and success in treating these diseases, because there are in fact two diseases to be treated at once. One is in the throat, where there is local danger; but there is also another in the fluids of the whole body, which is, after all, perhaps the chief thing, though most out of sight.

It is well known that the best mode of treating scarlet fever, measles and even typhoid fever, is to regard them as the effects of some poisonous matter inhaled through the lungs and carried perhaps, as the oxygen gas is carried, through the capillaries of that organ into the circulating system. In scarlet fever and measles the best treatment has therefore been found not to bleed or reduce the system, but rather to stimulate it so as to aid it to throw off to the surface the poison which in those cases blossoms out on the skin and dies there. The same sort of general treatment is found most useful in diphtheria. If a child has an ordinary attack of sickness, or sore throat, a little abstinence or opening medicine will greatly reduce it. But in a disease of this kind, on the contrary, a generous diet and a gently stimulating treatment seems to strengthen nature to throw off the disease. Whether diphtheria is contagious or not has been doubted. In all probability it is not—But it may and does become epidemic in the atmosphere. Whenever there is exposure to it, fresh, pure air is one of the best preventives and even medicines both for the individual patient and for the prevention of the spread of the disease. A room well aired and lighted and warmed so freely as to allow of a constant change without draft, or any extreme heat or cold, will of itself do much in the way of medicine. But there is no time to be lost in the commencement of active treatment the moment the disease shows itself.

A man down east has invented yellow spectacles for making lard look like butter. They are a great saving of expense, if worn while eating.

Fresh rolls every morning—rolling to the other side of the bed to take a fresh snooze.

## Precautions.

1. Never sleep in a room where there is any green paper on the walls, as this color is made of arsenic or lead; the former is by far the most dangerous, being schieles green, and is known positively by a drop of muriatic acid on the green, leaving it white.

2. White glazed visiting cards contain sugar of lead, and will poison a child who is tempted to chew them from the slight sweetish taste.

3. Green glazed cards used for concert tickets are still more poisonous; a single one of them contains a grain and a half of arsenic—enough to kill a child.

4. Never put a pin in the mouth or between the teeth for a single instant, because a sudden effort to laugh or speak may convey it to the throat, or lungs, or stomach, causing death in a few minutes, or requiring the windpipe to be cut open to get it out. If it has passed into the stomach, it may, as it has done, cause years of suffering, ceasing only when it has made its way out of the body through the walls of the abdomen or other portions of the system.

5. It is best to have no button or string about any garment during the night. A long, loose night gown is the best thing to sleep in. Many a man has facilitated an attack of apoplexy by buttoning his shirt collar.

6. If you wake up of a cold night and find yourself very restless, get out of bed, standing on a piece of carpet or cloth of any kind, and spend five or ten minutes in rubbing the whole body vigorously and rapidly with the hands, having previously thrown the bed clothing to the foot of the bed so as to air both bed and body.

7. If you find that you have inadvertently eaten too much, instead of taking something to settle the stomach, thus adding to the load under which it already labors, take a continuous walk, with just enough of activity to keep up a slight moisture or perspiration of the skin, and do not stop until entirely relieved, but end your exercise in a warm room, so as to cool off very slowly.

8. Never put on a pair of new boots or shoes on a journey, especially on a visit to the city; rather wear your easiest, oldest pair, otherwise you will soon be painfully disabled.

9. A loosely fitting boot or shoe, while traveling in winter, will keep the feet warmer without any stocking at all than a tight pair over the thickest and warmest hose.

10. Riding against a cold wind immediately after singing or speaking in public is suicide.

11. Many public speakers have been disabled for life by speaking while laboring under a hoarseness of voice.

12. If you happen to get wet in cold weather, keep on foot with a rapidity sufficient to ward off a feeling of chilliness until you get into the house, and not waiting to undress, drink instantly and plentifully of hot tea of some sort; then undress, wipe dry quickly, and put on warm, dry clothing.

13. Never go to bed with cold feet if you want to sleep sound.

14. If a person faints, place him instantly flat on a bed or floor, or on the earth, on his back, and quietly let him alone, at least for ten minutes. If it is simply a fainting fit, the blood flowing on a level will more speedily equalize itself through the system. Cold water dashed in the face, or a sitting position, are both unnecessary and pernicious.

EASY ON HIM.—A very learned and compassionate judge in Texas, on passing sentence on John Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows:—"The fact is, Jones, that the court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold; our jail unfortunately, is in a very bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable; besides, owing to a great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortably, therefore, will be out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humanity and compassion, hereby orders you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

A traveler relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed, that there was no great matter in it—"for" says he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

## Col. S. S. Fry.

The name of Colonel Fry, commander of the Fourth Kentucky Regiment in the battle of Logan's Cross Roads, who is believed to have shot Zollicoffer, has become already a "household word" with loyal Kentuckians.

Colonel Speed Smith Fry is now about 44 years old, having been born in 1818 and a man of amiable disposition. He is the grandson of old Joshua Fry, of Danville, who has been dead about twenty six years, and the son of Thomas Fry, also of Danville. When the present Colonel was about sixteen years old, his father moved to Crawfordsville, Indiana. After his father's death Speed Smith Fry returned to his native town, where he remained till the beginning of the Mexican war.

During that war, he was captain in the regiment commanded by Colonel M'Kee, and distinguished himself on the battlefield of Buena Vista. It is well known to many that he killed his man in that memorable battle. The circumstances we reproduce here. A Mexican detached from his comrades, was seen to fire, with great deliberation, three or four times at Captain Fry's men. The captain took a musket from a fallen soldier, and fired and the Mexican was never seen again. It is useless to tell how that regiment came off the field covered with glory. In that bloody battle Colonel M'Kee was killed, and if we mistake not, the lieutenant colonel also Major Carry Fry, a cousin of Speed Smith, taking command of the regiment. This incident in Mexico, and the death of Zollicoffer, prove Colonel Fry to be a man of coolness; decision and unflinching bravery.

After his return from Mexico, at the end of the war, he applied himself again to his profession, the law, in which he was eminently successful. At the breaking out of the rebellion, he was judge of the county court of Boyle county, and while many others were fearful of opening their mouths against secession, he boldly attacked the rebellion on the stump and elsewhere. He was the first to move in raising troops in Kentucky, and camping at Dick Robinson, recruited successfully two regiments, the third and Fourth Kentucky. All honor to Kentucky's noble sons.

## "Ridin' on a Railroad Keer."

A most voracious chronicler relates, in the following fashion, the experience of a young lady from the rural districts, who lately visited the city, accompanied by her peculiar swain, and took an appreciative view of the elephant.

Getting into one of the city cars for a ride, the maiden took a seat, while the lover planted himself on the platform.—The graceful vehicle had sped but a few short blocks, when the beneficently young conductor insinuated himself into the popular chariot for the purpose of collecting the expenses. Approaching the rustic maiden, he said affably:

"Your fare, miss." The roscod allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself on her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The justly popular conductor was rather astonished at this, and ventured to the remark once more:

"Your fare, miss." This time the pink deepened to carnation, and the maiden fingered her parasol with pretty coquettishness. The conductor really didn't know what to make of this sort of thing, and began to look a little foolish; but as a small boy at the other end of the car began to show signs of a disposition to leave without paying for his ride, the official managed to say once more:

"Hem! miss, your fare." In a moment those lovely violet eyes were looking up into his face through an aura of blushes, and the rosy lips exclaimed:

"Well, they do say I'm good looking at him; but I don't see what you want to say it out so loud!"

It was not a peal of thunder that shook the car just then. Oh, no. It was something that commenced in a general titter, and culminated in such a shattering guffaw as stentorian lungs alone are capable of. In the midst of the cacophonous tempest, the "lover" came to the rescue of his Dorian, and, when the "pint of the hall thing" was explained to him, his mouth expanded to proportions that might have made Barnum's hippopotamus die of jealousy on the spot. The pair descended from the car amid a salvo of mirth, and when last seen were purchasing artificial sweetmeats at a candy shop.

Married life often begins with rosewood and ends with pine. Think of that, before you furnish your parlors.