

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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Select Poetry.

Fashionable Street Sweepers.

Splashing through the gutters,
Travelling through the mire,
Mud up to the ankles,
And a kettle higher,
Little boys uproarious
"Cause you show your feet!
Bless me! this is glorious,
Sweeping down the streets,
Bonnet on the shoulders,
Nose up to the sky;
Both hands full of boueons,
Haised a la Shang-high!
Underskirts hoppersed,
Look amazing neat!
And your silks get "watered!"
Sweeping down the street!
Street sweep at the crossing,
Says you spoil her trade;
Guesses you're the patent
Street-sweeper ready-made;
Gives you a slight jostle
While she joins your suite;
Gracious! what a brute
Sweeping down the street!
Heaps of dirt and debris
Close behind you trailing;
Joker says "wet dry goods"
Make first-rate raddling!"
Straws, cigar-stumps, "catch it,"
And augment the fleet;
Goodness! what a freest,
Sailing down the street!
If men admire such fashions,
I wish to heaven they'd try 'em!
If they'll agree to wear 'em,
We'll agree to buy 'em.
They flout our understanding,
They fetter fact our feet
Till we're not left a hand, an
Pussard down the street.

A Select Tale.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A GEORGIA BLACKSMITH.

CHAPTER I.

At the entrance of one of those gorges, or gaps in the great Appalachian chain of mountains, in their passage across the northern portion of Georgia, a blacksmith had erected his forge, in the early settlement of that region by the American race, and drove a thrifty trade in the way of facing axes and pointing ploughs for the settlers, and shoeing horses for wayfaring people in their transit through the country to examine gold mines and laud.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his neighborhood, and will make a conspicuous figure in this narrative, some account of his peculiarities will not be uninteresting. Having acted through life in a homely manner of his own—pay up as you go up—he had acquired some money and was out of debt, and consequently enjoyed the glorious privilege of being independent, in a degree that is unknown to world who occupy a larger portion of the world's attention than himself. He was burly, a well looking man of thirty-five, just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and physical, had reached their greatest development, and just old enough to have amassed sufficient experience of men and things, to make the past serve as a finger post to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but open, bold and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the corners of his eyes, that spoke of fun. The laughing devil in his eye was not a malicious spirit, however. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength with agility, and if he had been fated to have a cotemporary of his great prototype, Vulcan there can be no doubt that the Lemnian blacksmith would have allotted to him a front forge in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern card, and to divert the public gaze from his own game leg to the fair proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for such was the name he had inherited from some Gallic ancestor, was a good natured man, yet in the possession of great muscular strength and courage, and the admiration which a successful exercise of the powers never fails to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbors, and from the success which always crowned his honest efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of a bully.

With very few early advantages of elementary education, he had nevertheless, at different periods, collected a mass of heterogeneous information, which he was very fond of displaying on all occasions. He was a sort of political antiquary, and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison, on any subject, and was referred on all disputed points of the theory and history of the government, that rose among the candidates for the legislature and county politicians. This he studied on account of the consequence it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well thumbed copy of Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and affected scepticism as to the

veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Belshazzar and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character of singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and being found with a copy of Taylor's 'Diogenes' in his hand, although few of his neighbors had heard of the author of the 'Ruins,' or knew what Diogenes meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the Missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the Gospel. His dislike for them was so excessive, that he could scarcely speak of the 'hypocritical scoundrels,' as he called them, without flying into a passion and using indecorous language.

But a circumstance occurred which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction. A Methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourse with anecdotes, once made the blacksmith the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on and his heresies dealt with, in becoming severity. He was ridiculed by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as stories usually receive in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to describe a mountain storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. The blacksmith swore in his wrath he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge of this insult.

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the braided features of many of John Wesley's disciples could testify. His character soon went abroad, and the good old matrons of the surrounding counties on each side of the mountain trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really a narrow place, as a landscape painter would seek for a picture and was just the spot to remind a youth fresh from his classic studies of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell in attempting to defend Greece from the army of Xerxes; but in despite of the grandeur of its beetling cliffs, and the beauty of its verdure, it was associated in the mind of many pious persons, with the broad gate that leads to destruction. And Ned Forgeron, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes and hideous aspect of his Satanic majesty by many a mountain girl, who would doubtless have fallen in 'love at first sight' with him, under any other name.

The preacher whose circuit lay on the other side of the mountain, at the time Ned's direful edict was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willing obedience to the mandate relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The poor soul passed many sleepless nights in view of the fate that awaited him at the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Forgeron with a huge sledge hammer in his hand, ready to dash out his brains, and would start with such violence as to wake himself. He inquired if there was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certainly. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duties faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter did he lend his way toward the gap; as he came in front of the shop, the blacksmith was striking the last blow on a shovel, and singing to the tune of 'Clay the kitchen'—

"Old Georgia is a noble State,
Her laws are good and her people great."
On catching a glimpse of the poor parson, who had flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity, Ned sung out—
"Stop there, you eternal shabby, and pay the penalty of my injured reputation!"
The holy man protested innocence of having ever intentionally injured him, by word or deed.

The man's subdued looks and earnest voice, had half dissuaded Ned from his stern purpose, when the giggling of his strikers and the cheering of two or three idlers, nerved him to do what he felt to be mean. Let any one pause a moment, and reflect if he has ever been urged on to acts his conscience smote him for, by the opinions of others, before Mr. Forgeron is sentenced as a devil. The preacher received several boxes on his ears, and heard many denunciations against the sect before he was permitted to depart, and when that permission was given he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege.

circuits were assigned to the different preachers, this one made his appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry, convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revelation of his sufferings. If he was too sensitive of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remark, or if he had a preference that some worthier brother should occupy that healthy station among the mountains, is difficult to conjecture. But Forgeron's reputation had extended beyond the circuit and been done ample and severe justice to by others, who had heard of his fame. It soon became the subject of animated conversation, and there was no little wincing, each one fearing it would be his cruel fate, to be sent a victim to appease the wrath of this human minotaur against the Methodist church.

After a time it was decreed that the Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth was the doomed individual, and when the announcement came, many an eye of mingled pity and curiosity was turned on his ruddy, good-looking face to see how the dispensation was borne, but not a muscle moved. With a quiet smile he professed a perfect willingness to go where he was sent. He was 'clay in the hands of the potter,' he said. He piqued himself on a stolid indifference to the blacksmith's pummelings, or relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself, he never disclosed, but appeared as self-satisfied and content as ever. His predecessor looked for all the world like a mouse just escaped from the fangs of some terrible grimalkin.

Mr. Stubbleworth arranged his few sub-urban affairs, and bidding his friends adieu mounted his old roan and departed for his new home of trials, with a song of praise on his lips. Let us hope the best for him.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was very much pleased with his new situation; having been transferred from a level pine woods country, near the confines in Florida the novelty of mountain scenery and the pure, bracing atmosphere, seemed to in- all the mothers, on the singular beauty and intelligence of their children, with a delicate allusion to their own personal appearance, he soon became a general favorite. He knew which side of his bread the butter was on.

The time arriving for his departure to visit the tramontane portion of his pastoral care, he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter, but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him 'chimeras dire,' sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quieted their fears, by appealing to the power that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," with a countenance as lamblike as could be imagined. And he departed—singing, "At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy wants may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

They watched him, until his portly person and the horse grew dim in the distance and turned away, sighing that such a good man should fall into the hands of that monster, the blacksmith.

Forgeron had heard of this new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated form of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard too, that some Methodist preachers were rather high spirited and hoped this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker holiday, and reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher.

It was not over an hour, before he heard the words—
"How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!"
And he laid up his treasures above, and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of a rock, rode leisurely up, with a contented smile on his face.

"How are you old slab-sides! Got off your horse and join my devotions," said the blacksmith.
"I have many miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and haven't time, my friend. I'll call as I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, eh?"
"My name is Stubbleworth," he replied meekly.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, what whips every Methodist preacher that goes through this gap?" was asked with an audacious look. "And how dare you come here?"
The preacher replied that he had heard Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well behaved travellers.

"You presumed so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous peevy Methodists that ever trod shoe leathery low. Well, what'll you do if I don't whip you at this time, you beef-headed diplo you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth pressed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such penance.

"Well, there's three things you have to do, or I'll maul you into jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this will and testament of Thomas Paine, to your heart, read it every day, and be every word you read; and the third, you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you ever get into."

The preacher looked a during these moral propositions, with a line of his face being moved, and the end replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"Well, you have got a choice to submit to, then. I'll larrup you like blazes! I'll tear you into doll's ears, corners! Get down you long-faced hypocrite!"

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to the horse and threatened to tear him off, if he did not dismount, whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and alighted!

"I have but one request to make, my friend, that is you won't let me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly you basin-faced imp you!"
The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his surcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which did that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Thomas Paine beside him. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him stowed his blows, with a bounteous hand, on the stomach and face of the blacksmith continuing his song where he had left off, on his arrival at the smithy—
"Tongues cannot express, the sweet comfort and Of a soul in its earliest love," (peace, until Mr. Forgeron from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him responded very lastly, "Nough! Nough! Nough! Take him off!" But, unfortunately, there was none by to perform that kind office, except the old roan and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as if his master was 'happy' at a camp meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me, before I let you up."
"What are they?" asked Forgeron eagerly.
"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again! Here Ned's pride rose; and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benignity renewed his blows and sang—
"I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet."
This oriental language overcame the blacksmith! Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out, "Well, I'll do it—I'll do it!"

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth—"I think I can make a de-cent man of you yet, and perhaps a christian."
"The second thing I require of you, is, to go to the Pumpkinvine Creek Meeting house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer some excuse—
"—I—I—that is—"
When the divine resumed his devotional hymn and kept time with the music striking him over the face with the fleshy part of the hand—
"My soul mounted higher, on a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat."
Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the words redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

"Now the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory." Ned was all attention to know what was to come next.—
"You are to promise to seek religion, day and night, and never rest until yed obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer."
The fallen man looked at the declining sun, and then at the parson, and knew not what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next.

"I'll do my best," he said, in an humbled voice.
"Well that's a man," Mr. Stubbleworth said. "Now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face, and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine's testament and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned arose with feelings he had never experienced before, and went to obey the lavatory injunction of the preacher, when the gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said—
"Keep your promises and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron—I'll look for you to-morrow, and off he rode with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eaglets from their eyrie, in the overhanging rocks.

Well, thought Ned, this is a nice business! What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whipt before his own door in the gap, and by a Methodist preacher, too? But his musings were 'more in sorrow than anger.'

CHAPTER III.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was of course the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause.—Forgeron looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his 'black eye from a recent scuffle' to the rainbow shipwreck scene—'blending every color into one.' Or perhaps he had never read that story, and only muttered to himself, 'Ned Forgeron whipt by a Methodist preacher!'

His dreams that night were of confused and disagreeable nature, and walking in the morning, he had an distinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feeling, but the bruise on his face and body soon called them to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence, and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent and serious, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered at his burning the books he used to read so much—metamorphosis of the jovial, dare devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Supposed, very sagely, that a 'spirit' had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change but none suspected the Methodist preacher, and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned.

This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting.—The Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul, and relieve it of a burden, and the song of 'How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,' was only half through, when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting Methodist! At a love-feast, a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and conversion to his astonished neighbors. The Reverend Simon Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heartfelt joy coursed their way down his cheeks. Yes, my brethren," he said, "it's all a fact, I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul, there's no doubt of it!"

The blacksmith of the mountain pass became a happy man and a Methodist preacher.

Select Miscellany.

LIFE AT WEST POINT.

The cadet sleeps in the barracks in a room with one other; at half past five in the winter the reveille awakens him he immediately arises, doubles up his blanket and mattress, and places them on the head of his iron bedstead, he studies until seven o'clock; at that hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and proceed to mess hall. Twenty minutes is the usual time spent at breakfast. Guard mounting takes place at half past seven, and twenty-four men are placed on guard every day. At eight o'clock the bugle again sounds, the professors dismiss their respective stations, the cadets form ranks opposite the barracks, and march to dinner. Between eleven and one a part of the cadets are occupied in riding and others in fencing, daily. After dinner they have until two o'clock for recreation, and from two to four o'clock the bugle sounds and they go either to battalion or light artillery drill.

"This exercise lasts an hour and a half. After that, they devote the same time to

recreation until parade, which takes place at sunset. After parade, they form into rank in front of the barracks, and the names of the delinquents are read by an officer of the cadets. Supper comes next and, after supper recreation till eight o'clock when the bugle sounds to call to quarters, and every cadet must be found in his room, within a few minutes, at study and must remain there thus employed until half past nine. At half-past nine the bugle sounds—this is called tattoo; and at ten the drum taps, and at ten every cadet must be in bed, having his light extinguished, and must remain there till morning. If during the night, the cadet is found to be absent from his room more than thirty minutes and does not give a satisfactory account of himself, charges are preferred against him, and he is court-martialed.

The use of intoxicating drink and tobacco is strongly repudiated; so are playing at chess wearing whiskers, and a great many other things. The punishment to which the cadets are liable, are privation of recreation, &c., extra hours of duty, reprimands, arrests, confinement to his room or tent; confinement in prison, confinement in dark prison, dismissal with the privilege of resigning in public dismission.

The Squire's Georgia Widow.

"Oh!" says the squire, "I wish I was married and well over it. I dread it powerfully. I'd like to marry a widow. I allers liked widows since I know'd one down in Georgia, that suited my ideas ad- dactly."

"About a week after her husband died, she started down to the grave-yard, whar they planted of him, as she said, to read the perscription onto his monument.—When she got thar, she stood a minute a looking at the stones which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithon on 'em that the minister had writ for her.—Then she burst out, 'O! boe!' says she! 'Jones, he was one of the best men—'

about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar and a little tea; and some store-goods for me, and lots of little necessities, and a painted box for Jeems, whar he had blead child got his mouth all yellow'—'ucking of it; and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n and played up that good old tune:
"Rake her down, Sal, oh! rang rang diddle—
Oh! rang dang diddle, dang, dang da!"

"Here," says the Squire, "she began to dance and I jist thought she was the greatest woman ever I see."

The Squire always gives a short laugh after he tells this anecdote, and then filling and lighting his pipe, subsides into an arm chair in front of the 'Exchange,' and indulges in calm and dreamy reflections.

Preserving Fruit in their own Juice.

Thirteen bottles of preserved fruit were exhibited lately at Rochester, New York, by Wm. R. Smith, of Wayne county, viz: five of cherries, two peaches, one of different varieties of currants, one of blackberries, and one of plums. They were examined by a committee, and found of fine flavor, and the committee expressed the opinion that the art of preserving fruit in this manner is practicable, and that the fruit, when carefully put up, can be made to keep as long as may be desirable. The method of preserving is thus given to the New York State Society by Mr. Smith: "They are preserved by placing the bottle filled with the fruit in cold water, and raising the temperature to the boiling point as quick as possible; then cork and seal the bottles immediately. Some varieties of fruit will not fill the bottles with their own juice—these must be filled with boiling water, and corked as before mentioned after the surrounding water boils." Fruits can also be preserved by carbonic acid gas. The bottles, after the fruit is put into them should be charged with the gas under pressure, to expel all the air, and then sealed up.—Scientific American.

Charcoal for Swine.

It is not perhaps, generally known, that one of the best articles that can be given to swine while in preparation for the tub, is common charcoal. The nutritive properties are so great, that the hog has subsisted on it without other food for weeks together. Geese confined so as to deprive them of motion, and fattened on three grains of corn per day, and as much charcoal as they can devour, have become fat in eight days. The hog eats voraciously, after a little time, and is never sick while he has a good supply. It should always be kept in the sty, and be fed like all other food, regularly to the inmates.

Cure for Hydrophobia.

Any remedy for this terrible disease should be hailed as a blessing. The Elizabethtown (N. J.) Post comes to us marked (says the Scientific American.) by the editor to direct our attention to the following remarks and receipt for curing this scourge;

"Some three years ago we published in the Post a remedy for that terrible disease, but it seems credence was not given to our knowledge. Yet there are still living many evidences of its efficacy. It was first prescribed on a consultation of three physicians for an individual who had been bitten and badly torn by dog known to be mad and we believe after the individual had one or two spasms of hydrophobia. The patient was cured, and lived many years. Of the three physicians but one still survives, a man of nearly 85 years, and he has had occasion to prescribe the same remedy, during a long term of fifty year's practice, for other persons bitten by rabid animals, and always with success. The last time was within our memory, between the years 1820 and 1824, we believe, when several children in the south part of Chesterfield, or north part of Willsborough, in this county, were bitten by a cat. Animals were bitten by the same cat and went mad and died. We know not if any of the individuals bitten are still living in that neighborhood, but there are, undoubtedly others who will remember the circumstances. A remedy so well-known to have proved a cure, should be known to the medical profession and to the world; and we once more publish it hoping that many others may imbibed a portion of the faith we ourselves have in it; and again prove its efficacy should on occasion unfortunately occur.

"Keep the sore running or discharging matter as long as possible with powdered verdigris dusted into the wound, and give one grain of mineral turpeth at a dose three times a day in a little dry sugar rubbed very fine, and washed down with warm tea or water, until the mouth is slightly affected; the appearances of the affection in the mouth have disappeared; then repeat the course in the same way. Repeat the courses three or four times in the course of six weeks, when I consider the patient out of danger."

Preservation of Wheat from Weevil.

Numerous remedies have been proposed to protect wheat from the ravages of weevil, but the most of them have been impracticable or too expensive. M. Cailat, in France, recommends the use of tar, as a certain and economical agent for their destruction. He says:
"The efficacy of tar in driving away the weevil and preserving the grain, is an incontestable fact. My father had, a long time ago, his granaries, barns, and the whole house infested with these insects so much so that they penetrated into all the chests and among the linen. He did place an open bask, impregnated with tar, in the barn, and then in the granaries—at the end of some hours the weevils were seen climbing along the wall by myriads, and flying in all directions from the chest. On moving the tarred vessel from place to place, the premises were in a few days completely cleared of these troublesome and pernicious guests. The agriculturist who wants to get rid of weevils, may, as soon as he perceives their presence, impregnate the surface of some old planks with tar, and then place them as required in his granaries. Care must be taken to renew the tar from time to time in the course of the year to prevent the return of the insects."

Do You Eat Pork?

Physicians have just discovered that the tape worm only troubles those who eat pork. The Medical Gazette asserts that the Hebrews are never troubled with it; the pork butchers are particularly liable to it, and that dogs fed on pork are universally afflicted—in fact it turns out that a small parasite worm, called *ascaris*, (from two words signifying a small sec; and tail,) which much effects pork, no sooner reaches the stomach than from the change of diet and position, it is metamorphosed into the well known tape worm; and the experiments of Dr. Kuchenmeister, of Zittoria, upon a condemned criminal, have established the fact beyond all contradiction. Pork eaters will please make a note.—Daily News.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—Sir Walter Scott says:

"The race of mankind would perish did we cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals; and no one who has it in his power to grant, can refuse without incurring guilt."