

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 27

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Goods! New Goods!

D. P. GWIN'S CHAMP STORE.

D. P. Gwin has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Ever brought to Huntingdon, consisting of the most fashionable Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, such as Black Silks, and Fancy, All Wool de Lains, (all colors) Spring Delains, Challie Delains, Berages, (all colors) Lovella Cloth, Delaino, Alpaca, Poplins, Printed Berages, Brillants, plain and figured, Gingshams, Lawns, and Prints of every description.

Also, a large lot of dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antiques, Gimps, Ribbons, Buttons, Braids, Crapes, Reed & Brass Hoops, Skirt Cord, Silk and Linen handkerchiefs, Neck ties, Stockings, Zephyr, French Working Cotton, Linen and Cotton Flows, Fidy Yarn, &c.

Also the best and cheapest assortment of Collars, and Undersleeves, in town. Bar'd and Plain Facenet, Mall Muslin, Swiss, Plain, Figured, Skirt Belt, Marcelline for Capes, and a variety of white goods too numerous to mention.

Spring and Fall Shawls, White Delaine for Capes, Mantillas, &c.

Also, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Tweeds, K. Jeans, Mouslins, Cotton Drill, Nankeens, Ticks, Table Diapers, Flannels, &c.

Also, a large lot of Bonnets, Flat Hats, &c. Boots and Shoes, the largest and cheapest assortment in town.

FRY & B. B. QUEEN'S WARE Buckets, Tubs, Baskets, Churns, Butter Bowls, Brooms, Brushes, &c. Carpets, Oil Cloths, Fish and Salt, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, and all goods usually kept in a country Store.

My old customers, and as many new ones as can crowd in are respectfully requested to come and examine my goods.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market prices.

DAVID P. GWIN.
April 21, 1858.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!!

FISHER & McREURIE Having reopened the POLITAN in an adjoining to their my friends, that they have received a new and well-selected stock of goods, which they feel confident will satisfy the demands of the public, and will prove unexceptionable in price and quality.

The line of Dress Goods embraces ROBES A QUILLE IN ORGANIDES, LAWNS, PERCALES, &c. CHALYS, BERAGES, BRILLIANTS, ALL WOOL, DELAINES, CHAYELA, MOHAIR, JANEHAN, TAMISE, AND LAVELLA CLOTHS, DEBAGE, LUSTRES, ALPACAS, POINTS, GINGHAMS, &c.

We have a full assortment of Summer Mantillas, Shavels, Trimmings, Fringes, Antiques, Ribbons, Gaudes, Gamulids, Hosiery, Ladies Collars, Handkerchiefs, Hatters, Floss, Sewing Silk, Whalbones for Skirts, Reed Hoops, Brass do, Skirt Cord, &c.

Also—Ticks, Osmaburg, bleached and unbleached Muslin, at all prices. Colored and White Cambrics, Barred and Swiss Muslins, Victoria Lawns, Nainsooks, Tulle and many other articles which comprise the line of White and Domestic Goods.

We have French Cloths, Fancy Cassimeres, Sattinets, Tweeds, Cottonades, Linens, Denims and Blue Drills.

HATS, CAPS AND BONNETS, of every variety and style. Also all kinds of **STRAW GOODS.**

A good stock of **GROCIERIES, HARD & QUEENWARE, BOOTS & SHOES.**

Wood and Willow-ware, which will be sold cheap.

We also deal in **PLASTER, FISH, SALT,** and all kinds of cheap necessities in this branch of trade unequalled by any. We deliver all packages or parcels of Merchandise, FREE OF CHARGE, at the Depot of the Broad Top and Pennsylvania Railroad.

Come, come, come, call, and be convinced that the "POLITAN" is the place to secure fashionable and desirable goods, disposed of at the lowest rates.

Apr. 14 '58.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

A New Assortment Just Opened! And will be sold 30 per cent. CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

HENRY CORNPROPSIT Publicly informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just opened at his store-room in Market Square, Huntingdon, a splendid new stock of Ready-made

Clothing for Fall and Winter, which he will sell cheaper than the same quality of Goods can be purchased at retail in Philadelphia or at any other establishment in the country.

Persons wishing to buy Clothing would do well to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Hats, Caps, which will be sold lower than at any other establishment in the county.

Huntingdon, April 1, 1858.

Patent Portable Fence.

The rights of Hunt's Patent Portable or Permanent Fence and Gate Post, for Lots, Farms and Township, can be secured for a small sum by calling on the Agent at Huntingdon, G. and see the model of same. It is decidedly the best Fence ever used. No Farmer should be without it. Call ye who would be benefited and examine it for yourselves.

HENRY CORNPROPSIT, Agent for Huntingdon County.

GREAT STORM!

New Drug and Grocery Store.

MANAGIL, SMITH & CO., Hill St., 5 doors west of the Court House, Huntingdon. Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Spts, Turpentine, Fluid, Alcohol, Wine and Brandy of the Best article for medicinal uses, Concentrated Lye for making Soap, Glass, Putty, Patent Medicines, also Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Sugar, Molasses, Caudies, Figs, Raisins, Tobacco, Cigars, Syrups of all kinds for summer drinks in a word every thing usually kept in a Drug or Grocery Store, those who desire pure and Genuine articles will do well by giving us a call.

May 19, '58.—ly.

MACKEREL of all Nos., Herring, &c., can be had of the best quality, by calling on FISHER & McREURIE.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

TERMS

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....\$1.50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1.75

If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months.

All subscriptions are confined until otherwise ordered, and no paper will be discontinued, until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Noted numbers are never received by us. All numbers sent us in that way are lost, and never accomplish the purpose of the sender.

Persons wishing to stop their subscriptions, verbal order to that effect, to the office of publication in Huntingdon.

Persons wishing to a postmaster is neither a legal or a proper notice.

After one or more numbers of a new year have been forwarded, a new year has commenced, and the paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid. See No. 1.

The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

One square, 1 insertion, 2 do, 3 do, 4 do, 5 do, 6 do, 7 do, 8 do, 9 do, 10 do, 11 do, 12 do, 13 do, 14 do, 15 do, 16 do, 17 do, 18 do, 19 do, 20 do, 21 do, 22 do, 23 do, 24 do, 25 do, 26 do, 27 do, 28 do, 29 do, 30 do, 31 do, 32 do, 33 do, 34 do, 35 do, 36 do, 37 do, 38 do, 39 do, 40 do, 41 do, 42 do, 43 do, 44 do, 45 do, 46 do, 47 do, 48 do, 49 do, 50 do, 51 do, 52 do, 53 do, 54 do, 55 do, 56 do, 57 do, 58 do, 59 do, 60 do, 61 do, 62 do, 63 do, 64 do, 65 do, 66 do, 67 do, 68 do, 69 do, 70 do, 71 do, 72 do, 73 do, 74 do, 75 do, 76 do, 77 do, 78 do, 79 do, 80 do, 81 do, 82 do, 83 do, 84 do, 85 do, 86 do, 87 do, 88 do, 89 do, 90 do, 91 do, 92 do, 93 do, 94 do, 95 do, 96 do, 97 do, 98 do, 99 do, 100 do.

Six lines or less, 1 insertion, 2 do, 3 do, 4 do, 5 do, 6 do, 7 do, 8 do, 9 do, 10 do, 11 do, 12 do, 13 do, 14 do, 15 do, 16 do, 17 do, 18 do, 19 do, 20 do, 21 do, 22 do, 23 do, 24 do, 25 do, 26 do, 27 do, 28 do, 29 do, 30 do, 31 do, 32 do, 33 do, 34 do, 35 do, 36 do, 37 do, 38 do, 39 do, 40 do, 41 do, 42 do, 43 do, 44 do, 45 do, 46 do, 47 do, 48 do, 49 do, 50 do, 51 do, 52 do, 53 do, 54 do, 55 do, 56 do, 57 do, 58 do, 59 do, 60 do, 61 do, 62 do, 63 do, 64 do, 65 do, 66 do, 67 do, 68 do, 69 do, 70 do, 71 do, 72 do, 73 do, 74 do, 75 do, 76 do, 77 do, 78 do, 79 do, 80 do, 81 do, 82 do, 83 do, 84 do, 85 do, 86 do, 87 do, 88 do, 89 do, 90 do, 91 do, 92 do, 93 do, 94 do, 95 do, 96 do, 97 do, 98 do, 99 do, 100 do.

Two " (32) 1 00 1 50 2 00

Three " (32) 1 00 1 50 2 00

One square, \$3 00 \$5 00 12 00

Two squares, 5 00 8 00 12 00

Three " 8 00 12 00 18 00

Four " 12 00 18 00 27 00

Five " 18 00 27 00 40 00

Six " 28 00 40 00 50 00

Business Cards of six lines, or less, \$4.00.

Advertising and Job Work.

We would remind the Advertising community and all others who wish to bring their business extensively before the public, that the Journal has the largest circulation of any paper in the county—that it is constantly increasing;—and that it goes into the hands of our wealthiest citizens.

We would also state that our facilities for executing all kinds of JOB PRINTING are equal to those of any other office in the county, and all Job Work entrusted to our hands will be done neatly, promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

I Select Story.

LOVE STORIES.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, a husband ditto, I suppose; but that infernal class of human beings denominated 'lovers' are terrible bores. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broad cloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half buried in the cushions of a luxuriant arm chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon her lap.

"It also seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense, with any body till one is puzzled to know which one of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance. For my part I never had a letter (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one,) that I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Capt. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards."

"Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccoughed in the middle of 'adorable.' Horrered! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a taste truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interested," she

said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back to her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared and Sophie flung open the window, that the cool fresh air might fan away the extra rosinness from her complexion.

Then she went again to the mirror, and then composing her bright eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to the guests; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased, or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming?—that a presentment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before that Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune, (which latter by the way was nothing wonderful,) were in the same place where Capt. Morris' and Dr. Wilkins' had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as she sat blushing, and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant straight forward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen—did she forget what she had been saying. "I wonder if I could snore the way old Uncle Jona used to in church?" she soliloquized. "Wouldn't it be fun?—and wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and tofowed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox ascetic. It was well done—and theatrically done—and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"O—a little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely:

"Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so? and if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture, for the whole depths of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been to any man.

But she could not quite give up her rallery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so? to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections?"

I have loved you, because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose heart was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the rea-

son why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you.

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquetish smile breathed from her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation—his compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

Not till he had gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization, of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty four hours, and as impetuous as ever," she muttered to herself as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wifely look as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr and act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mariana began to suggest the delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts, and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile, or abstracted "thank you," was the only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringleted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie. Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate who had come so near the solution of the true mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry, "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly around her waist and a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing it two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over

her disordered curls with a gentle soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was wilful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I would not have owned it to anybody if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that; and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor, and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him, than in the grandest palace in the world with any other man. Only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you do not."

"Look up, dear, and I'll tell you a start," Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms—not of sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Ainslee nearly two years.

Moral Miniatures.

NO. 5.—SELF-DEPENDENCE

Although it is not evidently the will of the Almighty that man should be entirely independent of his fellow man, he should be much more so than he at present is. — Whatever our pursuit, or occupation, our life may be, success depends greatly upon personal effort. A man may possess every advantage of wealth, or high birth, yet if he relies solely upon these, without making any physical exertion to promote his desires, he will always be subject to disappointment. Wealth, though it may afford transitory assistance, if used with discretion, still more frequently overburdens the ordinary of character, if it does not altogether in the time of need. And noble pedigree or empty titles, captivating as they sometimes are, become at any moment liable to be extinguished in this country of the free.

Glory partially may brighten our earthly career, but it forms no part of our future existence, except it be the glorifying in doing unto others as ye would would that they should do unto us." In travelling thro' the journey of life, it seems to be the aim of all men to gain, at some indefinite period, or stage of progress, a summit of distinction, where they may rest amid their laurels, and consider their happiness complete. Many wish to build a monumental pile, to record a history of their eventful journey, to guide those who will succeed there. Such a purpose cannot be accomplished without personal effort, nor will this be effectual, except constant and untiring. Here riches may be a help, titles are useless. More fail in the prosecution of this grand ultimatum of life, so general yet so shadowy, from dependence upon outward assistance, than others gain by self reliance only. The one whose infancy has been nursed in the lap of luxury, begins with a flattering prospect. Prosperity sheds upon him her sweetest smiles, and his whole life is spread out before his imaginative eye, like a beautiful landscape clothed in the most attractive garb. How then could he dream that clouds would ever deform the view, or mar his pleasure? His heart being thus delighted, he wanders through the fields of indulgence. But onward time soon changes his smooth even path, for a more rugged road. Obstacles arise and increase, and his ascent to the eminence he seeks to gain seems almost beyond his power. Disheartened we may soon behold him retracing his steps, and longing for the ease and comfort of his youthful years. The veil of indolence soon shuts him from our sight but turn we to another more energetic and adventurous, than our first example. He easily gains the top round of the ladder of Fame or glory, but his mind being perhaps not sufficiently and substantially cultivated, his renown is as transitory, as were his steps toward the goal of ambition. Again, let me point to one compelled to depend solely upon his own exertions for advance-

ment. He it is who rarely fails of success, in every (except a pecuniary) view. This he may, but does not necessarily, fail in attaining. Born in the humble walks of life, he becomes used to adversity in its many forms, and inured to hardships. Destitute of wealth "necessity becomes the mother of invention," and he awakens every dormant faculty to bear the brunt of life. By engaging Perseverance as a pioneer; by Industry as an attendant, and Faith as a guiding star, he boldly pushes forward and none can baffle, or outdo his efforts. Go thou, my friends, and do likewise.

"Amidst a world of hopes and fears, A wild of cares, and toils, and tears; Where foes alarm, and dangers threat, And pleasures kill, and glories cheat; May never pleasure, wealth, or pride, Allure my wand'ring soul aside; But through this maze of mortal ill Safe lead me to thy Heavenly Hill, EDUCATOR.

Select Miscellany.

Methuselah.

Did Methuselah live on the earth nine hundred and sixty-nine years? Were the years in the days of Moses and the prophets as long as they are now? Were days and years in Bible times, literal or figurative! These questions are frequently discussed, but not always satisfactorily solved.

To the present short-lived race it seems to be inconceivable that in the earlier history of the world, men should have lived so long. But no one has ever given us a sound reason why they should not. We have never yet heard a scientific reason to the contrary.

Dr. Alcott, the celebrated vegetarian who is so often accused of advocating "bran bread and saw-dust puddings," but who in reality does not recommend bran bread at all, and who is opposed to puddings of all kinds, argues that if Methuselah outlived his ancestors, his descendants might have outlived him, had they been as rigidly observant of the conditions of health.

And why not? We should like to see the medical man or the physiologist who can give a reason why it is impossible for a human being to live a thousand years. We mean of course a philosophical reason. All the arguments that can be advanced against this position must be drawn from human experience. This proves the present average age of the human family to be thirty years or less. And if we look into the causes which are destroying the human race at this moment, as well as abbreviating the natural period of existence, we may well wonder why this race does not cease to live at all.

No one will contend that Methuselah lived a thousand years contrary to the laws of nature—and if the laws of nature permit one person to live so long, why will not the same laws permit other persons under similar circumstances to live as long or longer.

It is true that millions of children are born into the world every year, without vitality enough to carry them through the period of infancy. A majority are born with so low a grade of constitutional stamina as to be unable to grow up to fully mature manhood, even under the most favorable circumstances. And of those who have the reputation of dying of old age, their years do not often number three score and ten.

Was Methuselah an old man at fifty or sixty? Was the gray-headed and superannuated at sixty-nine? Was he known among men as old man for nine hundred years? No. He was a young man at three hundred. At one hundred years he was but a boy, and not an 'old boy,' either, but a well-grown, firmly developed, whole some boy.

Methuselah did not live in a densely populated city; nor was the country in his time filled with the poisonous miasms of slaughter houses, distilleries, cow-stables, pigpens and graveyards. Nor were the people continually poisoning themselves with fiery stimulants and paining narcotics. Nor was the food in those times adulterated and vitiated in all possible ways to suit the purposes of commerce, and insure profits of dealers. Nor did doctors then poison people through and through with powerful drugs, if perchance they became sick. Nor did learned men in those days teach us that lager beer and alcohol were useful and nutritious foods and beverages. Nor were men permitted, as now, to walk abroad and puff the poison of tobacco smoke into the whole atmosphere. Men lived in purity, purity insured health, health gave strength, strength secured long life. "O for the good old days of Adam and Eve," and of Methuselah especially.—Life Illustrated.

Wives Wanted.

Our roving fellow-citizens who have found a home on the borders of civilization or beyond, in Kansas, Nebraska, Arizona, &c., are beginning to find out that single blessedness is a very miserable state of existence. And the bachelors of Kansas have advertised for better halves in such an honest, straightforward and sensible manner, that we give them the benefit of the Journal's circulation gratuitously. We copy from the *Tremseh Settler*:

"Wanted immediately.—A 'right-smart chance' of smart Yankee girls, to become wives of as many men in Kansas Territory. Said