

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Select Poetry.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

When the snow-flakes softly rattle,
On the darkened window pane,
And the night winds moan and murmur
In a wild and fitful strain—
Oh, how welcome is the cheerful,
Brightly burning, ruddy light,
Glowing from the evening fire-side,
Glowing, sparkling, warm and bright.

How the mellow beams are dancing
On the ceiling in the hall,
E'en within the heart's dark corners
With a gentle glance they fall,
And in the clear and pleasant radiance,
As in waves of gold it plays,
Melts the soul that's filled with sadness,
Lights the eye with radiant rays.

Loved ones meet around the fireside,
Through the dreary winter's eve,
While the storm without is wildest,
Tales of other days to weave.
Songs that to the heart are dearest,
Breathed upon the hallowed air,
Voices gay in mirth are mingled,
"Household words" are sweetest there.

How the aged and the weary,
Look back to the happy hours,
By whose merry light they started,
E'er they tasted aught but mirth.
Though the glow has long been faded,
Brighter than of yore it burns.
When the spirit, worn with wandering,
To that cherished vision turns.

Then when falling snow-flakes rattle,
On the darkened window-pane,
Let us gather round the fire-side,
Heedless of the night-wind's reign,
And when life's cold winter cometh,
Mid the darkness and the storm,
We'll again, in Memory's chamber,
Meet around the fire-side warm.

Select Story.

SABLES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Jane!"
The young lady thus addressed, slightly turned her head but did not respond in words.
"Did you hear me Jane?"
"Certainly; I'm not hard of hearing," was answered, in a very undutiful way, considering the relation which existed between the two—that of mother and daughter.
"I want my needle book. You will find it in the upper drawer of my bureau."
Instead of doing as her mother desired, Jane arose, her manner showing great indifference, and crossed the apartment, gave the bell a quick jerk.
"I didn't ask you to ring for Ellen," said Mrs. Dunlap, showing considerable irritation. "My request was for you to get my needle book."
And the vexed mother got up hastily, and went out to do the little errand for herself.—The servant a moment after came in.
"Did you ring, Miss Jane?"
"Mother wants you, I believe."
"Where is she?"
"Over in her room."
"The young lady spoke in a very ungracious way."
Ellen, who had a weary, overtasked look, ascended another flight of stairs, and met Mrs. Dunlap at the door of her room.
"Did you want me, Ma'am?"
"No Ellen; her tone was kind."
"I thought you rung for me?" said the girl.
"It was a mistake, Ellen; and I'm sorry you were brought all the way up here for nothing, unless as you are."
The girl returned to her work, and Mrs. Dunlap to her sitting-room.
"I don't know what you keep servants for if you don't make them wait on you," said Jane.
"When I want their services, I will call upon them," replied the mother, with some severity of manner. "And, hereafter let it be understood that no servant is to be called for me, unless I order it done."
Jane tossed her head in a way so like contempt, that Mrs. Dunlap was able, only by an effort, to keep back words of angry reproach. But experience had taught her that nothing of good from her vain, proud, self-willed child, was to be gained in angry contention. And so, with tears of sadness and vexation dimming her eyes, she bent her head low over her work upon which she was engaged.
Mr. Edwin Dunlap, the husband and father, was present, but during the occurrence of this little scene had not spoken a word, nor seemed to heed what was passing. The sofa upon which he sat stood at one end of the room, and he was removed from the lights. Neither his wife nor daughter noticed the depression, abstract

manner which a close observer would have marked as indicative of some unusual trouble.
"Father!" The idle girl leaned back in the rocking chair that held her almost useless person, and turned her head partly around towards the sofa on which her father was sitting.
He did not answer.
"Father! Do you hear me?"
"Yes; what is it?" The voice of Mr. Dunlap was neither clear nor steady.
"Can't I have sables this winter? I've set my heart on it. I saw a muff and tippet to day, for two hundred and fifty dollars, they are superb. Just what I want, and must have."
Mr. Dunlap did not reply, and so his daughter came again to the charge.
"You say yes, of course. When shall I get them? To-morrow?"
He was still silent.
"Very well. Silence gives consent. I'll call at the store to-morrow morning, and get the money. I knew you would let me have them. O, but they are elegant. The handomest set I have seen this season."
And the young lady rocked herself with an air of the most perfect self-satisfaction. But her father had not said a word.
"There was something in his manner," that caused Mrs. Dunlap to let her hands fall in her lap, and to look towards him with an expression of concern on her face. He had again relapsed into the state of abstraction from which the remarks of his daughter had aroused him and now sat with his chin almost touching his breast. What a picture in his mind! We will make an effort to reproduce it.
A small room, the floor covered with a poor quality of striped carpet—the walls not even papered. A cherry breakfast table; four Windsor chairs; a pair of brass candlesticks on the mantle piece; and paper blinds at the windows. This is nearly a complete schedule of the furniture. The inmates are himself and young wife. He had just returned from his day's work as porter in a large drug store.— The leaves of the cherry table were spread open, and the top covered with a snowy table cloth, made white by the hands of his wife. The same hands have prepared their evening meal; and though the tea service was neat and plain, yet love and hope are smiling above their humble board, as they sit together, and talk of the coming future.
"That was the picture! But it faded soon, though while it remained distinct, it was vivid as life itself. Poor, industrious, self-reliant, Mr. Dunlap and his wife had started in the world just twenty years before. Step by step had they ascended the ladder of fortune, until they had stood high up among their fellows.
Like pictures in a kaleidoscope, life-scene after life-scene came and went, each showing some marked change in their external conditions, until wealth and luxury crowned their self-denial.
Mr. Dunlap had been naturally proud of his success in life; and we will not wonder that, from the eminence upon which he stood, he sometimes looked down with feelings of self-confidence and self-congratulation.
But to night self-confidence and self-reliance were gone. He had built his fortune on what seemed an immovable foundation. But it proved to be sand, yielding with strange and frightful suddenness, and letting the beautiful edifice he had erected with such care and labor, sink into hopeless ruin.
Sables at two hundred and fifty dollars! No wonder the unhappy man, in his mind the certainty of his ruin, as a merchant, was gaining more palpable form every moment, did not reply. And no wonder the indolence and pride of his indulged and spoiled child, intruding at the moment, sent memory back to wipe the dust from pictures of the long ago.
Was she better than they were? Better than the faithful wife, her mother, who had walked in patient, humble industry by his side in the Spring time of life? Even in his deep troubles of mind, the thought disturbed, and almost ungered Mr. Dunlap. Not the incident of this evening alone, so far as Jane was concerned, now fretted him; but many incidents which intruded themselves like unwelcome guests, involving such false ideas of life, and such miserable pride and vanity, that he turned half-leathery, from the mental image of his child.
"It riches come at a price like this, then wealth is a curse instead of a blessing!"
The thought seemed scarcely his own, as he gave it involuntary mental utterance. Yet, almost strange to say, the fearful image of misfortune, which had glared in the face of Mr. Dunlap, lost some of its repulsive features.

"The stern discipline of misfortune, I have heard it said, is always salutary."
How timely came the suggestion. It was an hour of pain and darkness; yet the hand, as of an angel, was among the clouds.
"Jane!" it was the voice of Mrs. Dunlap, that broke the silence of the apartment.
"Well what's wanted?"
Jane was awakened from a dream of vanity and triumph. She was already, in imagination, wearing the sables, and eclipsing certain young ladies whose pride she wished to humble. They had only mink, or martian best, and she would hurt their eyes with sables.
"Jane, I wish you would go up to the large closet in the third story passage, and bring me a small bundle, tied with a piece of red cord, which lies on the top shelf."
"I'll ring for Ellen, if you desire it?" answered Jane without moving.
"When I ask you to ring for a servant, you can do so," said Mrs. Dunlap, with unconcealed displeasure.
"I don't know why you keep servants if you don't make them wait on you," retorted Jane sharply.
Mr. Dunlap turned his ear and listened.
"I wish you to get me the bundle," said Mrs. Dunlap. She spoke firmly.
"If there were no servants in the house, it would be fair enough to call on me to run up and down stairs," replied Jane, in increasing ill nature. "But, as it is, you ask more than is reasonable; I'm not a waiter!"
This was more than Mr. Dunlap could bear. For weeks he had felt the soreness of adverse circumstances bearing down upon him with a steadily increasing violence; and with all the coolness of a brave commander, he kept his eyes on the point of danger, and strove with unwearying fidelity to pass the reefs and current amidst which his bark was struggling. But the events of that day had shown him that skill, courage and toil were of no avail. The keel of his earthly vessel was already jarring among the breakers, and there was no human power that could save her from destruction. Our merchant was no coward. In his way up, he had striven hard, and gained stamina in the struggle after fortune. And now, when fortune was ebbing away like a swiftly receding tide, he did not shudder like a weakling. What if his ship were among the breakers? Life is yet safe. And something might be recovered after the hull went to pieces in the storm. And so he was nursing himself for the worst.
The last remarks of his daughter was more, as we have said, than he could bear. It had not been his intention to make known to his family, for a day or two yet the painful trials that too surely awaited them. But this little scene excited a new train of thought, and he determined to speak out with a plainness that would leave no room for misapprehension. And he rose from the sofa, and passed slowly towards the centre of the room. Both Mrs. Dunlap and Jane looked up in his face, and both half started with surprise at its paleness and expression.
"Sables? Did I hear aright, Jane? Mr. Dunlap looked at his daughter in a wild kind of a way. There was something in his voice that sent a shiver along her nerves.
"Yes, Sables," she answered, trying to speak in a firm and decided tone.
"You shall have them; and they shall be dark as midnight!"
O, with what a startling tone of bitterness were the words uttered.
The face of Jane grew pale, and the busy hands of her mother fell motionless in her lap.
"Yes, you shall have sables; but of another kind than those about which you have been so vainly dreaming. Sables for the heart—not for idle hands and dainty shoulders."
Mr. Dunlap paused in his speech. Already he was conscious of betraying himself far—of having commenced the announcement of approaching misfortune in a wrong and unmanly way.
"O, Edwin! What does this mean?" And the faithful, loving, strong-hearted wife, who had walked ever erect by his side, whether the sun shone or the rain fell, sprang forward from her chair, and grasping his arms, looked eagerly in his disturbed face.
Mr. Dunlap was a man of quick self-control. Only a moment or two of resolute repression was required to calm the turbulence of feeling which had been awakened.
"Sit down again," he said, in an even tone, and, as he spoke he drew his wife towards the sofa, from which he had a few moments before arisen. "Jane," he

added, turning towards his daughter, over whose white cheeks the tears were already beginning to fall, "sit down by your mother; I have something that concerns you both."
Then Mr. Dunlap took a chair, and drawing it in front of the sofa, sat down. There was a brief struggle for entire self-possession, and then the man was restored to himself.
"Margaret!" There was a tenderness in the tones of Mr. Dunlap's voice that stirred emotions long quiet in the bosom of his wife. "Margaret, as I sit here to night, a picture of our little home—the first in which we lived together—came up from my memory, and stood before my eyes, with the distinctness of life itself. It looked poor and humble; but, Margaret, there was a sunny warmth in its atmosphere.— We were happy—very happy in that little home. Have we been happier since?"
Mrs. Dunlap leaned over towards her husband and looked with earnest inquiry into his face. His question was strange—his manner strange—and his expression strange.
"Say, Margaret, wife—have we been happier since?"
"We were very happy then, my husband."
"Though poor?"
"Yes."
"Poor, and toilers for our daily bread.— Unknown—unnoticed—and yet happy!"
"And what of it my husband? What of it?" asked Mrs. Dunlap, with a flashing face. "Speak out plainly! You frighten me by this strange mystery!"
Mr. Dunlap smiled. With him the bitterness of the trial had already passed. He was now calm and self-possessed.
"If we were happy once, though poor, can we not be poor and happy again?"
"Edwin! Husband!" Mrs. Dunlap's face turned suddenly white. "If anything has gone wrong with you, speak out plainly. Do you not know me?"
"Yes, Margaret, I know you." Then, after a slight pause, "Things have gone wrong. The storm that swept so many ships upon a lee shore, and among the breakers, did not spare mine. I strove hard to bring her safely into port, but strove in vain. She is even now going rapidly to pieces, and we shall save scarcely a timber from the wreck."
"My husband! Has it come to this?" And Mrs. Dunlap laid her head, weeping, upon his breast.
"We have life, Margaret, unimpaired hearts and hope still left. Courage!"
"If you can bear up, Edwin, with the pressure of this great calamity upon you, I have no cause for despondency. I did not think of myself, but you, O, to have the hard accumulations of your life—swept away by a single wave! It is terrible, dear husband! Trust in me; lean upon me; ask of me all things, and my heart will spring to meet your wishes. Oh, if you can but endure the trial bravely, it will have but few sufferings for me!"
A wild tempest of weeping burst now from the daughter.
"Jane!" Mrs. Dunlap turned to her child, but Jane without replying, arose and went from the room. A silence of some moments succeeded her departure. "Then Mr. Dunlap said:
"The ordeal will be a sad one for our proud, indolent child. My heart aches for her. But the discipline cannot fail to be of good result. We cannot save her from the consequences of misfortune."
"We ought not to save her if we could," answered the mother; "for there are better qualities in her nature which new relations in life may develop. Wealth has been a snare to her feet, as it has been to thousands. She has grown up in an atmosphere that has poisoned her blood. Hereafter she will breathe a pure air; and I trust to its renovating influences."
"Poor child!" said Mr. Dunlap. "I spoke to her in too great bitterness—with too sharp irony. Alas! her sables will be darker than she dreamed."
The mother, hopeful prophecy showed earlier signs of fulfillment than she had anticipated. A short period of time only had elapsed, after Jane left the apartment, before she returned again. Her face was pale, but not distressed; her eyes were red with weeping, yet were they not sad eyes, for the light of love was in them. She paused a moment at the door, looking wistfully at her parents, and then came forward with quick, eager steps.
"Dear father!" she said, as she paused before them, "let me stand also by your side in this day of trouble!"
"A thrill went through the frame of Mr. Dunlap, and springing up, he caught Jane in his arms and hugged her to his heart almost wildly. Then holding her from him and looking into her face fondly, he said:

"If fortune left so precious a jewel in the bottom of the cup she has drugged with bitterness, she gave blessing instead of cursing. Dear child! upon the darkness of misfortune light has arisen."
And now the strong man wept like a woman.
"To-morrow" came; but it did not bring the sables for Jane Dunlap. No, not even for her heart; for a new light had arisen there—a light so warm and radiant that it dispelled gloom from all the chambers of her mind; and not from hers alone, but from those of her parents also. They were happier in misfortune than they had been in the sunshine of prosperity; for that only played over the delusive surface of their lives. But now the sun of love, breaking suddenly through the rent clouds, made their hearts warm and fruitful.—*Home Magazine.*

Thrilling Adventure.

KIT CARSON WITH THE BEARS.

The following thrilling adventure with grizzly bears, is from a recently published work, entitled the "Life and Adventures of Kit Carson the famous Backwoodsman of the Rocky Mountains."
"Late one afternoon, just after the little party had gone into camp, Kit, having lingered somewhat behind, suddenly rode into the camp ground, and leaped from his horse giving it in care of one of his men. With his rifle, he then started in pursuit of game for supper. He walked on about one mile from camp, and there came upon the fresh tracks of some elk. Following up the trail, he discovered the game grazing on the side of a hill. In the neighborhood of these animals, there were some low and craggy pine trees. Moving along with great care, he finally gained the cover of the trees, which brought him in close proximity to the elk, and within certain range of his rifle. This care was the more necessary as his party had been without meat for some time, and began to be greatly in need thereof. Those over-weening animals saw or at any rate became conscious of approaching danger from some spot, before he could reach the spot from which he desired to take his aim. They had commenced moving, and in another instant would have bounded away out of reach of his rifle. His eye and piece, however, were too quick for them, for, bringing his piece into position, and without dwelling upon his aim, he sped a bullet after the largest and fattest of the noble game before him. He had wisely allowed for the first leap, for his shot caught the nimble animal in mid air, and brought him to the earth, with rithing in his death agony, with a fearful wound through the heart and lungs from which there was no escape. One quiver ran through the frame of the beautiful animal, when he breathed his last. The echoing sound of the rifle shot had hardly died away, to which the true hunter ever listens with unfeigned pleasure as the sweetest music on his ear, whenever he has seen that his game is surely within his grasp, when the last faint melody was broken, in upon and completely lost in a terrific roar from the woods, directly behind him. Instantly turning his head to note the source of the sound, the meaning and cause of which he well knew by his experienced woodsman's ear, educated until his nicety was truly wonderful, he saw two huge and terribly angry grizzly bears. As his eye rested upon these unwelcome guests, they were bounding toward him, their eyes flashed fire passion, their pearly teeth glittering with eagerness to mangle his flesh, and their monstrous fore-arms hung with sharp bony claws, ready and anxious to hug his body in a close and most loving embrace. There was not much time to scratch his head and cogitate. In fact one instant spent in thought then would have proved his death warrant without hope of a reprieve. Messrs Bruin evidently considered their domain most justly intruded upon. Kit required no second thought to perceive the monarchs of the American forest were unappreciably angry. And were fast nearing him with a mighty stride. Dropping his rifle, the little leaden bullet of which would now have been worth to him its weight in gold if it could by some magic wand have been transferred from the heart of the elk back into its breech, he bounded from his position in close imitation of the elk, but with better success. The trees to his hope and prayed as he fairly flew over the ground with the bears hot in chase, for one quick grasp at a sturdy sapling. By good fortune, of special Providence, his hope, or prayer, was answered.—Grasp a lower limb, he swung his body up into the first tier of branches just as passing Bruin brushed against one of his legs, Bears climb trees and Kit Carson was not

ignorant of the fact. Instantly drawing his keen edged hunting knife, he cut a way for life, at a thick, short branch. The knife and his energy conquered the cutting just as Messrs. Bruins had gathered themselves up for an ascent, a proceeding on their part to which Carson would not give assent. Carson was well acquainted with the Messrs Bruin's pride in, and extreme consideration for, their noses. A few sharp raps made with severed branch upon their noses of the ascending bears, while they fairly made them howl with pain and rage now kept Carson and Messrs. Bruin actively busy for some time. The huge monsters and monarchs of the mountains were determined not to give it up so.—Such a full and fair chase, and to be beaten by a single white man on their own domain! This evidently galled their sensitive natures. It is true, the roaring of the bears in his rear had stimulated Carson in the race, so much so, that he undoubtedly ran at the top of his speed; and, being naturally, as well as by long practice, very fleet of foot, he had managed to outstrip his pursuers in the race. It is true he had made short work of climbing the tree, and here again had very innocently beaten the bears at their own game and one in which they took great pride. It is more than probable that the bears were in too good condition to run well. Had it been early spring time, they would doubtless have been much lower in flesh.—"That was their own fault too; they should have known that racing time cannot be made on high condition. After leaving their hibernating quarters, they should have been less given to a sumptuous habit at the table."
Affairs were, however, by no means settled. They had the daring trespasser on their domain tread, and almost within their reach, and, indeed to keep out of the way of their unweary claws. Kit was obliged to gather himself up in the smallest possible space and cling to the topmost boughs. The bears now allowed themselves a short respite for breathing, during which they gave vent to their wrath by many shrill screeches. They then renewed their endeavors to force the hunter from his resting place. Mounted on their hind paws, they would reach for him, but the blows with the sick applied to their noses, would make them desist.—In vain did they exhaust every means to force the man to descend; he was not to be driven or coaxed. The hard knocks they had sustained upon their noses has now aroused them almost to madness.—Together they made one desperate effort to tear Kit from the tree. As in all their previous attempts, they were foiled, and their ardor dampened and cooled by the drumming operation upon their noses which this time were so freely and strongly applied upon one of them as to make him lachrymose and cry out with pain. One at a time they departed; but it was not until they had been out of sight and hearing for some time that Kit considered it safe to venture down from the tree, when he hesitated to regain and immediately to reload his rifle."

Battles of the Revolutionary War.

Where Fought	When Fought	Brit.	Amer.
Lexington	April 19, 1775	275	85
Bunker Hill	June 17, 1775	1054	453
Platibus	Aug. 12, 1776	400	200
White Plains	Aug. 26, 1776	400	400
Trenon	Dec. 26, 1776	1090	90
Princeton	Jan. 5, 1777	4000	100
Red Bank	Aug. 16, 1777	800	800
Brandywine	Sept. 11, 1777	800	1100
Red Bank	Sept. 17, 1777	600	350
German town	Oct. 4, 1777	600	1200
Saratoga	Oct. 17, 1777	5752	52r
Red Bank	Oct. 22, 1777	500	32r
Monmouth	June 25, 1778	400	130
Red Bank	Aug. 27, 1778	250	211
Brandywine	Mar. 3, 1779	13	400
Stony Point	July 15, 1779	600	100
Camden	Aug. 16, 1780	375	610
Kings Mountain	Oct. 1, 1780	650	92
Cowpens	Jan. 17, 1781	800	76
Guilford, C.H.	Mar. 15, 1781	532	400
Hobkirk Hill	April 25, 1781	400	460
Buair Springs	Sept. —, 1781	1000	550
Yorktown	Oct. 19, 1781	7072	52r

Steam Doctoring.

Some years ago a bill was up before the Alabama Legislature for establishing a Botanical Medical College at Wetumpka.— Several able speakers had made long addresses in support of the bill, when one, Mr. Morrisette, from Monroe, took it a floor. With much assumed gravity he addressed the House as follows:
"Mr. Speaker:—I cannot support this bill unless assured that a distinguished friend of mine is made one of the professors. He is what the college wishes to make for us—a regular root doctor, and will suit exactly. He became a doctor in two hours, and it only cost him twenty dollars to complete his education.
He bought a book, sir, and read a chapter on fevers, and that was enough. He went to see a sick woman once, so he tucked his book under his arm, and off he started. She was a very sick woman, indeed, and he felt her wrist, looked in her mouth, and then, turning to the husband, asked solemnly, if he had a sorrel sheep."
"Why, no; I never heard of such a thing said the man.
"Well there is such things," said the doctor, nodding his head quite knowingly.
"Have you got a sorrel horse then?"
"Yes," said the man, "I drove him to the mill this blessed morning."
"Well," said the doctor, "he must be killed immediately, and soup made of him for your wife."
The woman turned her head away, and the astonished man inquired,
"If something else would not do for the soup? The horse was worth a hundred dollars, and was the only one he had."
"No," said the doctor, "the book says so, and if you don't believe it I will read it to you—
(Her learned doctor read—"Good for fevers—sheep sorrel or horse sorrel.")
"There, sir—ain't that plain enough?"
"Why, doctor, said the man and his wife at once, it don't mean a sorrel sheep or horse, but—
"Well, I know what I am about," interrupted the doctor—"that's the way we doctors read it, and we understand it."
The house was in a roar! Now, continued the member, unless my friend, the sorrel doctor, can be one of the professors, to which his great talents certainly entitle him, I must vote against the bill.
That the blow most effectually killed the bill is needless to state.

ANECDOTE OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.

It is reported that her Majesty has a sweet little temper of her own, and that her carriage, like a prudent man, generally retires before the storm, and locks himself in his private cabinet until the sky is clear and sunshine again illuminates the classic shades of St. James of Windsor. After one of these little ebullitions, the Queen gave a thundering knock at the door of the room where Prince Albert had taken refuge, and upon being asked "Who's there?" responded, "The Queen!" "The Queen cannot enter here, responded the hen-pecked.— After the lapse of half an hour a gentle tap was heard upon the door. "Who's there?" responded Victoria. "My wife is always asked Prince Albert. "Four wife," responded, "The Queen." "The Queen cannot enter here, responded the hen-pecked.—

A BRO SLEIGH RIDE.

The Springfield Republican gives an account of what it calls the "great grandfather of sleigh rides" being a popular excursion to that city, of fifty to sixty double teams, with 750 persons, from Holyoke, on Saturday last.— The party consisted of the employees of the Lyman Mills, at Holyoke. The teams were decked with flags and evergreens, and the grand procession passed through the principal streets of the town, exchanging happy greetings with the thousands that were drawn to witness the spectacle and creating great excitement wherever it went.

An absent minded editor, having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said: "Well, you want my daughter.— What sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?" "Give her," replied the editor, looking vacant. "Oh, I'll give her a pover." "Take her," replied the old man.Answer to the Sheep Fold. Two. There were 24 hurdles on each side of the pen; a hurdle at the top, and another at the bottom; so that, by proving one of the sides a little back, and placing an additional hurdle at the top and bottom, the size of the pen would be exactly double. The False Scales. A cheese being put into one of the scales of a false balance, was found to weigh 16lbs., and when put into the other only 9 lbs. What is the true weight.