

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1859.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 12.

## NEW BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and adjoining counties, that he has opened a New Book and Stationery Store, in the corner room of the "Globe" building, where may be found a general assortment of Miscellaneous and School Books and Stationery, all of which he will sell at reasonable prices. He will add to his stock weekly all books and articles in demand, and expects in a short time to have on hand a full stock of saleable Books, Stationery, &c., as can be found in any town in the State.

Having made the necessary arrangements with publishers, any Book wanted and not upon his shelves, will be ordered and furnished at city prices.

As he desires to do a lively business with small profits, a liberal share of patronage is solicited.

Dec. 22, '58-tf. WM. LEWIS.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Letters of Administration on the estate of Mary Shively, late of Porter township, dec. having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

Jacob W. Shively, Adm'r.

N. B.—The Administrator will attend in Alexandria, on the 8th and 15th days of January inst.

Porter township, Jan. 5, 1859.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effective alternative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alternative power as to afford an effective remedy for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERYTHEMA AND ERYTHRODERMIA, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BOILS, TENDONS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, SYRINGIA AND SYRINGITIS, AGENSIA, MEMBRANOUS DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA, THE DOUGLASS DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, BRUISES, RASHES, SORE THROAT, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood as they season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of such tedious and atrocious diseases, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruption, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alternative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities hunting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even when no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, by cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this purgative of life disorders, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered.

Sarsaparilla is, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the name alone has not all the virtues which it claims for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often contain properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointments have followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and deceit. Still, however, the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Price, \$1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

is now for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

for the cure of Catarrhs, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Piles, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetters, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Diarrhoeic Pills, and for Purifying the Blood. They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box, 5 Boxes for \$1.00.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent persons, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S, and take no others. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it.

All our Remedies are for sale by JOHN REED, Agent Huntingdon, Pa. Nov. 16, 1858.—1y.

## Select Poetry.

WITHOUT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

My walk was long and wearisome,  
And bitter was the winter night,—  
I paused before a princely home  
Whose rooms were all ablaze with light—  
I heard the children's joyful din,  
I saw the smile their mother wore,—  
For he who latest entered in,  
Remembered not to shut the door.

And there was laughter, and the sweep  
Of ivory keys by one who sung  
Old songs—such melodies as keep  
The heart forever warm and young,  
The sharp wind entered from the street,  
And crept along the velvet floor,  
Till a soft voice, low-toned and sweet,  
Said, with a shiver—"Shut the door!"

Aye, shut the door! shut out the cold,  
Shut out the snow and bitter wind—  
Shut out the friendless and the old—  
Those who have grieved, and striven, and  
aimed,—  
Shut out the loiterers, like me,  
Whose dream of homes which are no more—  
Shut out all want and misery  
And wrong and suffering;—shut the door!

Oh, home—sweet home!—how sadly they  
Whom wayward Fate condemns to roam,  
Wearing their restless lives away,  
Outside of love, and peace, and home—  
Pause at thy gates, as I to-night,  
Calling thy dear name o'er and o'er,  
Drinking thy music and thy light,  
Until the doom comes—"shut the door!"

Why list the infant's merry shout,  
Why watch the mother's loving glance,  
Oh, homesick soul, thou wait'st without,  
Hindered of these inheritances?  
Why yearn and pine for joys which are  
Denied to the forevers more?  
The inaccessible and far—  
Love's Land of Promise—shut the door!

Aye, shut the door—but I shall keep  
The memory of the pleasant room,  
The pictured walls, the curtain sweep,  
The carpet's wealth of woven bloom,  
The glimpse of faces sweet and fair,  
The dear old song I loved before,  
The light upon the children's hair—  
I have them all—now shut the door!

Why list the infant's merry shout,  
Why watch the mother's loving glance,  
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## Select Miscellany.

A HATTER IN SEARCH OF RUSSIA.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of fur, including beaver and coney. He wanted some "Russia." I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, whom I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" he said.

I could not answer, but assured him that there were 130 pounds of old Russia and 150 pounds of young Russia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

"Oh! he started with a view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door. Mrs. Wheeler the elder made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter "Russia."

"What do you want of Russia?" asked the old lady.

"To make hats," was the reply.

"To trim hats, I suppose, you mean," responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No, for the outside of hats," replied the hatter.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is my milliner," said the younger Russia.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property," said the hatter.

Sister Mary was sent for and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy "Russia."

"Buy Russia!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise. "I don't understand you."

"Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe," said the hatter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood.

of her mother and sister, both of whom were present.

"What is the price of old Russia per pound," asked the hatter.

"I believe that old Russia is not for sale," replied Mary, indignantly.

"Well, what do you ask for young Russia?" pursued the hatter.

"Sir," said Miss Russia, the younger, springing to her feet, "do you come here to insult defenceless females? If you do we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

"Ladies!" exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here on a business matter, I want to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed, this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now, if I can buy the young Russia I want to do so—but if that can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no further."

"Mother open the door, and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"By thunder! I believe I shall be if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man crazy if he attempts such a thing?"

"Business! poor man," said Mary soothingly, approaching the door.

"I am not a poor man, madam," replied the hatter. My name is Walter Dibble; I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury; I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have purchased some beaver and coney, and now it seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment."

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. "They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary.

"The clerk at the store opposite," was the reply.

"He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued.

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. "Have you not got any Russia then?"

"My name is Jurussia, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that I suppose is what he meant by telling you about old and young Russia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store. "You young scamp!" he said, as he entered, "what did you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you to buy Russia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Russia," I replied, with a serious countenance.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," he replied; "but never mind, I'll pay you off for that some day." And taking his furs he departed, less ill humored than could have been expected under the circumstances.

## How to Sustain Your Local Paper.

1.—Lay aside your fears that the Editor will get richer than his neighbors. We have never heard of a man making more than a decent living by a publication of a country newspaper, even if he had ever such a good business. A case in point is an acquaintance of ours who had been publishing some six or seven years, has had all the business of his own town and country, and a large portion of that of the surrounding; but with all this he gets into as tight pinches for money to buy his white paper with as any other publisher with whom we are acquainted.

2.—If the paper agrees with your ways of thinking, subscribe and pay for it, and persuade your neighbors of the same mind to "go and do likewise." Do not tell the editor to send your paper without paying and when you get to owe two or three dollars tell your friends who speak of it, that the paper is of no account, that it will bust; up one of these days. The way, under such a state of the case, to keep a paper from "busting up," is for each subscriber to keep the editor's books free from charges against himself. Once we had to close, and on posting up found booked and outstanding some \$200 more than we had capital invested. This thing of applying the credit system to the newspaper business may be likened to a farmer selling out his crop, a bushel does not seem of any account to the debtor, but the aggregate of bushels may make or break the poor deliver of the soil.

3.—If you have a father, mother, brother, sister or friend of any kind residing at a distance, and are able, subscribe, pay for and send them a copy.

4.—If you have any printing you wish done, do not "jerk the editor down to a starvation price," and when he comes to make a purchase of you, "spike on the tariff."

5.—If you have any advertising or job work to be done, take it to your county paper, except, perhaps, you may wish to advertise in more than one paper.

6.—Do not run off to the city to get your hand-bills, labels, cards, &c. printed, because forsooth, you can get a reduction of a few cents in price. Support your own as you wish to be supported. A man who is always running away from home with his business, little deserves the patronage of the community in which he lives; and, as far as we are concerned, such will receive the "cold shoulder."

7.—If you have the control of any legal advertising, send it to your friend. This kind of business pays better than any other and the more you can send the editor of your paper, the better for him and it. In proportion to the amount of the receipts of a paper, is an editor enabled to make it useful, amusing and entertaining to the community in which it is published.

8.—Do not expect much of a paper when an editor is driven to be his own compositor, proof reader, pressman and "devil," and has to run all over town every forenoon in the vain search for a quarter to buy something for his dinner.

9.—Do not expect the editor to make honorable mention of you or your business every few weeks for nothing. The space in a paper, and a man's time, are worth something, and every notice comes back to the drawer of the recipient in dollars and cents. An editor should not be allowed to go hungry, barebacked or barefooted. They eat drink and wear, just like other people.

10.—If the editor owes you a shilling, do not chase him from "roxy morn to balmy eve" for it, and when you happen to get the balance on the other side, cut the gentleman's acquaintances.

11.—Finally, my brethren, if you wish to properly sustain your country paper, to live the business of your days in peace with God and man, and occupy a seat in Paradise after death, practice the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you," under like circumstances.

A GHOST.

The people of Rahway, according to the Republican, are having a ghost excitement—a spirit being supposed to haunt a certain house. The Republican says:

"A big doubled-fisted fellow, who glories in fearing neither man nor Satan, went one night recently all alone to investigate the mystery of the apparition, taking his gun with him. It was about 11 o'clock, and the moon was shining clear and bright. He went to the gate, and after some exertion succeeded in forcing it open wide enough to crowd him in, owing to the snow and ice which was around it; but it soon slammed shut as if some one had done it in spite. He then went and sat down on the porch, and after sitting there a few moments he heard a great noise in the house like knocking over chairs and breaking things in general." This he listened to for some time, and then went and looked around at the side of the house, and on the pavement, about three feet from him, he saw a little thing about a foot long; he watched and saw it enlarge, until it got to be about the size of a man, when he stretched out his arms and there stood "Gid Morris," (so he says) as plain as ever he saw him in life. He spoke to the ghost several times, asked it who it was and what it wanted, telling it that if it did not speak he would shoot, for he says he was not frightened, but thought perhaps it was a trick of some one to scare him. It made no reply, but it stood perfectly still with its arms extended. At length he placed his gun at its heart and fired. He says it was perfectly still—no wind blowing at the time—but his face and eyes were completely filled with smoke; which blew off in a moment, when the ghost had disappeared with it. He looked around, but could see nothing of it and then it was that the strong man failed him, and he thought to himself,

Logs, do your office.  
Bare me but to my home,  
Then fail me if you must,  
And suiting his action to his thoughts, he left for home as fast as he could navigate the fence, too much overcome to try the gate, and after somewhat recovering he told his adventures, much to the surprise of his listeners. It may be of interest to the curious to know that we have heard it said that "Gid" had been frequently heard to declare during his life-time, that he meant to haunt that house after his death.

We may also state that an Irish family had lived in the house, and left it without saying anything about it, previous to the German's going there whose unceremonious exit we noticed a few weeks ago, and the former now says that they were troubled in the same way as the latter. But the cream of the whole affair is that the Dutchman left a barrel of sour-crust in the cellar which he dares not go and get!

It is said that several parties of our citizens have been down to investigate the matter, but were frightened away by the "secret manifestations."

Washington's Coffin.

At the present time when so much is being spoken and written about Mount Vernon and the illustrious remains which a whole nation venerates, we feel disposed to call attention to the fact, that Chester county furnished a portion of the marble which now encloses all that remains to earth of the Father of his Country. The body of the coffin is an excavation from a solid block of marble taken from the quarries of Messrs. Jacob & Cornog in the Great Valley, in West Whiteland township, Chester county, about six miles from this place. The lid of Washington's coffin is of Italian marble, on which is represented in relief the American shield, suspended over the flag of our Union. The latter is hung in festoons, and the whole is surmounted by an eagle with open wings, perched upon the superior bar of the shield.

The coffin of Martha Washington is entirely plain, with a simple inscription. The body of this also is from the same quarry as the above, and both were presented by Mr. Struthers, of Philadelphia. The same quarries furnished the marble for Guard College—West Chester (Pa.) Republican.

An Eccentric Millionaire.—The Hartford Post, in speaking of Cyrus Butler, of Providence, says he was worth, when he died, some five millions of dollars, yet lived poorer than most men worth one thousand dollars. Salt codfish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness, it is said he abridged those who had the care of him, for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him, assuring them that he could not afford it. He was a bachelor and a snufftaker. His snuff he kept in a large box, and bought by the cent worth. There was but one store in Providence, and that on India Point, where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, more than a mile distant, whenever his box required filling.

PROSE POETRY.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then—but she sent them all back, the impossible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods, and tried to fright her with a growl, but she answered, she was not bro't up in the woods to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a baggage and everything bad; I slighted her features and form, till at last I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled and called her my angel, and she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall."

NONE OF YOUR FUN.—A minister was one Sabbath examining a Sunday school in a catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, who usually assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting upon customers.

"What is your name?"  
"No reply."  
"What is your name?" repeated the parson.

"None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl, "you know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some more ale.'"

An Ugly Squint.

A butcher who was afflicted with an obliquity of vision known as strabismus, was about slaughtering a bullock, and employed a little negro boy to stand by the bull's neck, grasp his horns and hold his head steady, so that he (the butcher) would have a certainty of knocking him down. As the butcher poised his axe in the air, he seemed to be looking directly at the negro instead of the bullock.

"Look here, look here, bossy," exclaimed the darkey with a great deal of nervous trepidation, "is you gwine to strike what you is lookin'?"

"Of course I am, you black scoundrel."  
"Den you get somebody else to hold the bullock," ejaculated the negro: "you isn't gwine ter knock dis child's brains out!"

## Humorous.

FROM THE OLIVE BRANCH.

AUNT HANNAH AND THE CHURCH FAIR.

AUNT HANNAH lived out of town. "Did I ever tell you what a time I had at our church fair last winter?" said she to me one evening.

"No! What of it?"

"Now ain't that strange? Thought I had told everybody about it, to be sure, La, well 'twill be news to you then! You know Nora Thorndale, Judge Thorndale's darter. She came over to our house and said our congregation were goin' to have a fair in the village meetin'-house."

"Do tell," said I. "Who's goin' to preach?"

"Oh!" said she mighty smilin', "we ain't goin' to have preachin'; a few young persons of the congregation, who seem to take a deeper interest in the church's welfare than the members themselves, desire to purchase a few indispensable articles for the meetin' house; and we thought if all the church would present us pies, and cakes, and meats and such things, we would appoint a night to sell them in the vestry of the church, and take the proceeds to buy the necessary things. The plan is well received, especially by the young. You know the money is to be spent for charitable purposes and on that account, everything given us will sell for double its value."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed that there was so much wisdom left in the world, as to have conjured up that," said I.

"Is even so," said Nora. "And what will you give? You live on a farm, and farmers produce lots of things that would be acceptable."

"Well, I will give two roast turkeys and six roast chickens," said I, thinking that would be as much as anybody could expect these hard times.

"Um! Well, what else? 'Tis for the church you give it you know. Church members should not be less anxious for their interests than the world."

"You see I was a church member and she wasn't."

"Well, I'll give a jar of peach jam," said I.

"That will help along some. A few bushels of apples or a roast pig, would be acceptable!"

"She was so ravenous I began to be sorry I'd offered her anything. Howsoever, I thought I'd go the whole hog or none, so I promised the pig and apples."

"Of course, you will give us cheese, and pies, and cakes, and milk, and cream, and then I think you will have done your part at given." By the way, we are to have historical tableaux, and Mr. Amos Bruce wanted I should ask you to take the part of the witch of Endor. All you will have to do will be to dress to represent that lady, and stand perfectly still behind a curtain; and people will pay something to see you!"

"Wall, I've old and ignorant and didn't know what I've about, so I consented.

"I sent them the pig, and the turkeys, and chickens and apples, and the rest of the things wanted up to the meeting-house, the day before the fair.

"The next day husband tackled up his old horse and chaise to carry me to the fair. Our old chaise, somehow or other, don't look very well. There's a hole in the top and sides, and some of the spokes of the wheels are gone.—The wheels squeak powerfully, two Wall we hadn't but just got in town, when it seemed as if all the boys out of jail come hollarin' and hootin' arter us as if they were possessed.

"Horrar! for the witch of Endor! Her chariot approacheth! Make way for her majesty!" they kept equalin' at the top of their lungs.

"Do ask them unsightly critters to be civil," said I to husband—my patience gone entirely.

"At that he clattered out of the chaise, and after um hick-erte-split, tight as he could leg it. And, oh! massy sakes! he dropped the reins on the ground, and the old horse took a notion to go and he went. You see he knew the way to the church, and put chase for it. Husband he came hollarin' 'whoa, whoa!' just as I was ridin' up to the meetin'-house. 'The meetin'-house yard was full of folks laughin' and startin' as if they hadn't no respectibility in um. I got out of the chaise, and made my way through the crowd, and when they wouldn't make room, I elbowed them right smartly, I'm despu' thin of flesh, and my elbows awful sharp, and when I hit um, they gave back as if they'd been struck with a dagger.

"Paid twenty cents to go into the church.—The tables inside did look beautiful. Nora, she explained the fixins to me. There were grabboxes that contained a hundred things worth one cent, and one thing worth ten, and they paid five cents to grab, and if you grabbed right you would get twice your money's worth. And there was a ring cake. 'Twas divided into fifteen slices. You paid a dollar a slice, and one slice contained a ring worth fifty cents. So he that got the right slice got a ring. And there were guess cakes and ever so many such kind of things, too numerous to mention.

"Wall, they treat me up to represent the witch of Endor. I never was very handsome and they rigged me up at such a rate that I must have looked awful. I stood behind a curtain and people paid a ninnepence to come in and see me. Some went off mad, children generally scared; some went off laughin, as if they'd split. I evidently produced a powerful impression on all that saw me. People at last, came to see me faster than they could be accommodated. I could hear um talking around the tables about the witch of Endor and the witch of Endor's pig, and turkeys, and cakes; and I began to feel, at length, dreadfully as though I was making a fool of myself. I stood there feelin' desputy and had just made up a face to cry over my unfortunate condition, when, all of a sudden, down came the curtain, and there I stood right up afore um all! They set such a hurrain as I never heard before or since. I elbowed my way through um pike wild fire made for the gettin' out places and started for home.

"Wall I went home with all my witch of Endor riggin on. When husband come to the door to let me in he was so frightened that he set the dog on me. The dog came towards me and run as if he'd break his neck; and I haven't seen him from that day to this. I at last convinced husband that I was his beloved wife. When I explained it all to him, and the way he growled was a caution.

"Wall, they raised \$800 at that abominable fair. With it they bought an ornamental chandelier and a silk pulpit cushion, hired carpenters to make gingerbread work all over the meeting-house.

"I'm just Mrs. Deacon Ware's opinion about church fairs, I am—that they are just the wickedest swindles that orthodoxy ever tolerated. She says they are killin' to religion and I think so too. She says that the older church members thinks I was desputy imposed upon at the fair, and I declare, I don't believe but what I was."

SATISFACTORY.—"Halloa, boy! did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?"

"A rabbit!"

"Yes! be quick! a rabbit!"

"Was it a kinder grey varmint?"

"Yes! yes!"

"A longish creetur, with a short tail?"

"Yes; be quick or he'll be in his burrow."

"Had it long legs behind, and big ears?"

"Yes! yes!"