

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1859.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 16

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.
In the "Globe" Office Building, Market Square HUNTINGDON, PA.

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, 53-54. WM. LEWIS.

[State of Maryland, Dec.]

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of Administration on the estate of May 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 Jan. next.

Porter township, Jan. 5, 1859.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, and filthy habits, the depressing vice, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children into the third and fourth generations; indeed, it seems to be the root of all the evils which I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children.

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles, in the glands, swellings, and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which poisons the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous eruptions, but they are also liable to all the other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by their union with it. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an effective medicine, and increase its vitality by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla.

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times affords for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed in the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eczema and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blisters, Itch, and all the eruptions of the face and scalp, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all complaints arising from vitiation of the blood. The power and direction for their use in the following complaints: *Cottages, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Flatulency, and Morbid Functions of the Liver, Gallstones, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.*

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC.

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely without or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its disordered action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical distress, is enabled to rise, and his health or energy is renewed by a remedy at once so simple and invigorating.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis his American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Cottages, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Flatulency, and Morbid Functions of the Liver, Gallstones, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.*

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons who have gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never be forgotten, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

John Read, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.

Nov. 16, 1858.

Select Poetry.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Tell me not of garbled sermons—
Elegance of thought and style,
Heard from out your modern pulpits
Man from error to beguile.

Elegance may charm the fancier,
Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher
With their praises long and loud;
But if God's appointed sermons
Would their hearer's conscience reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
They must practice what they preach.

Parents, if your tender offspring
You would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
Which surround the path of youth;
Count as vain your time-worn maxims,
And to make your teachings sure,
Guide them not along by precept,
But example, just and pure,
For, to shelter from the tempests
Sin's dark clouds would cast round each
Tender flower of your protection,
You must practice what you preach.

Teachers, if throughout your duties,
Ever faithful you would be,
Not by words, but by your actions,
Teach in all sincerity.

Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;
Eagerly they catch your accents,
Eagerly your words believe.
Then beware, lest by your actions
You wound principles you teach,
And forget not, you must ever
Strive to practice what you preach.

A Select Story.

AZORA,

—OR— THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY ANNA RAYMOND.

Gentle, steady, and unobtrusive, the sun through the flowering honey-suckle that shades the low, balconied windows of an elegantly furnished and tastefully arranged apartment; the golden beam lingered joyously upon the richly variegated flowers of the velvet carpet, and cast a mellowed radiance upon the beautiful paintings that adorn the walls, and light up the still lovely features of Mrs. Weston, as she reclines in a luxurious chair, apparently lost in reverie. Long she sits thus, with her head resting upon her hand; the performed air gently fanning her cheek and wafting to her ear the sweet notes of a mocking-bird, whose cage has been placed in a vine-embowered nook of the balcony, then raising her eyes, they fill with gushing tears, as they rest upon a lovely landscape painting, and she murmurs:

"What a beautiful scene!—the last work of my noble and gifted husband! Once this pleasant home echoed to the loved tones of his manly voice and the sweet prattling accents of my beautiful boy; but both have passed away, and cheerless and unloved, I dwell alone. But wealth is mine, and why should I spend it merely for my own gratification, when there are so many friendless and homeless wanderers—so many fatherless and motherless children, whose hearts are sad because there are none to love them. I will adopt a child; if not happier, at least I shall then have the consciousness of endeavoring to do good."

With Mrs. Weston, to resolve was to act; and the next day she visited an orphan asylum in a neighboring city for the purpose of selecting a child to adopt as her own. As she closely scanned the groups before her, the heart of Mrs. Weston was desponding for she saw not one who answered to her ideal. She had not thought so much of beauty of features, as of the countenance and eye that expressed the outgushing of a pure and loving heart. As Mrs. Weston was about to turn away disappointed, she noticed a small child, whose face, bowed upon her hand, was shaded by golden curls, and in answer to her inquiries, the matron said, that child, whose name was Azora Milton, appeared to have an instinctive dread of strangers. As Mrs. Weston expressed a desire to see more of the child, the matron led her to the reception room; but Azora clung to the matron, saying:

"I don't want to go away; please let me stay here."

Children appear to have an intuitive knowledge of character. How often do we see them shrink away from one who is naturally stern, when not a word has been spoken, and again impulsively drawn to one of a gentle, loving heart; and thus it was with Azora. For a few minutes she stood by the matron, with her eyes fixed upon Mrs. Weston; and when that lady

again extended her hand, Azora timidly advanced. Mrs. Weston drew the little orphan to her side, and in a voice of winning sweetness said:

"Azora, will you live with me, and be my child? I will love you, and you shall have a pleasant home."

Azora's rosy lips were parted, and pearly teardrops trembled upon the long silken lashes that drooped upon her cheek. Her heart was swelling with deep emotion, which she could find no words to express, but evidently she was unwilling to leave her present home for a new one. As Mrs. Weston looked into the soul-bearing, tearful eyes of the beautiful child, who was gazing so earnestly into her own, she felt drawn to that motherless one with something of a mother's love. Mrs. Weston took the little orphan to her home, and was contented and happy in the performance of her duties as a mother, while Azora repaid her by the trusting love of an impulsive child. Again that lovely cottage home echoed to the cheerful tones of Mrs. Weston and the merry, ringing shout of the joyous fairy like Azora whose artlessness won the hearts of all who knew her.

Let us pass over twelve years, in which Mrs. Weston had watched over her adopted child with a devotedness unsurpassed by an own mother, correcting her faults and cultivating the nobler and purer impulses of her heart—ever firm, but gentle. And now, at eighteen, Azora was all that the fondest mother could wish.

It has been a lovely day. The lengthening shadows tree and dwelling give warning that the king of day is slowly retiring to his nightly couch, while the evening breeze is gently fanning the lovely flowers, and as they open their petals to inhale the distilling dew, waiting their sweet perfume to the vine-trellised balcony, where sits Mrs. Weston, gazing with admiration upon the beautiful scene. Presently there is a light footfall upon the gravel walk, and a neat, graceful form and graceful movement, clad in white drapery, her brow adorned with a wreath of myrtle and white waxen flowers, crosses the lawn, and bounding up the steps, sits down at the feet of Mrs. Weston. The last rays of the setting sun linger upon them as the fair girl raises the wreath from her head, and her abundant hair falls in rippling golden waves over cheek and brow, then, after sitting a moment with bowed head, she tosses the beautiful tresses from her brow, and raises her soul-beaming eyes to the mother's happy face.

It is a lovely picture, that mother and daughter, and one on which the eye of the most gifted artist would love to linger. There is the still lovely mother, with the seal of maternity dignity upon her calm brow, her dark eye resting upon the upturned face of a girl at her feet, who is as beautiful as the dream of a poet. Her golden tresses fall in graceful, natural ringlets upon sloping shoulders. Her complexion is the blending of the lily and the rose, and her eye, of heaven's own blue, speaks the language of a pure heart, while her cheek is glowing with the flush of health.

"Azora, you have returned sooner than I expected. But what has occurred to excite you?" said Mrs. Weston.

"Do you really think I am excited?" asked Azora, smiling, and her mother bowing affirmatively, she continued: "I went out with the intention of seeing the sun set from my favorite resort. I walked slowly along the path upon the bank of the river, intently watching a bunch of flowers I had thrown upon the water, and singing the song, 'Do they miss me at home,' without once looking toward my moss-clad seat. When opposite it, I paused and looked upon the flowers, which had reached the current, until they were lost in the distance; then turning to ascend the rocks, I was surprised to see a gentleman a stranger, sitting there, and I fled hurriedly toward home. I am disappointed, as we leave to-morrow, and it will be a long time before I can go there again."

"Was the gentleman young or elderly?" asked Mrs. Weston.

"He was young, and had a high, noble brow, a dark, splendid eye. Indeed, mother, I never saw a more beautiful eye!" said Azora, enthusiastically.

"Some traveller, who has stopped in town to visit our romantic scenery; and it is not probable that he will annoy you again," the mother replied.

"Mother, that is the very same man," said Azora, as a young man of noble bearing passed the gate, as he did so, looked towards the mother and daughter.

"His appearance is prepossessing, but do not let the occurrence disturb you. I am glad you hurried to your home, as you cannot be too cautious of strangers," said her mother, for she saw that the handsome stranger had made some impression

upon the heart of her child, and she felt that she could give her to no one except nature's nobleman.

During that evening Azora thought much of the handsome stranger she had so unexpectedly met, and the next day, even amid the bustle of their departure, he was not forgotten. Mrs. Weston left home with the intention of being absent only a few weeks, but while at Saratoga she met an intimate friend of her youth, whom she had not seen for many years. Mrs. Weston and Azora accepted Mrs. Carleton's invitation to spend some weeks with her, and they accompanied her to her pleasant home upon the shore of our beautiful lakes Azora, who was an ardent admirer of the beautiful in Nature, never tired of viewing the romantic scenery, and spent hours in roaming about. As she was fond of equestrian exercise, Mrs. Carleton placed at Azora's disposal a horse belonging to her son, who was absent, and she often took long rides alone; sometimes going miles into the country, at others following the road that wound around the shores of the lake. One morning she had extended her ride farther than usual, and on returning, when within a mile or so of Mrs. Carleton's residence, she stopped her horse to look upon a steamer that was moving across the lake. She was startled by the neighing of her horse, and on looking around saw a gentleman within a few steps of her. She drew reins, but her horse was unwilling to start, until touching him with the whip, when he dashed off rapidly.

MORAL MINIATURES.—NO. 19

GRATITUDE.

As one of the necessary adjuncts of a Christian life, and one of the greatest ornaments of the human character, gratitude is recommended by both the inspired, and uninspired writers of every age. The example of Christ is alone worthy of imitation, yet is too often among our general moral practices. He in all periods of His eventful life gave thanks "unto the Father," and expressed a willingness to do His will. It is not merely a sensation of pleasure, or satisfaction attendant upon the receipt of kindness, but couples with that feeling an earnest desire to return the act, and to extend its influence. The causes for man's continual gratitude are innumerable and self-evident and well may the Psalmist reverently exclaim, "I will praise thee O Lord with my whole heart, I will show forth all thy marvelous works."—Life, friends, happiness, and all the advantages, and blessings we here possess, are witnesses to the exceeding goodness of Him who has made man in the likeness of himself, and who sendeth "his rain alike upon the just, and upon the unjust." If any complain of the inequality of the distribution of His favors, and say they are not blessed as others; let them search their ways, and see if some cause (within the power of man) hath not in their forefather's generation, or their own—produced the effects they suffer from. "It is another, and a greater cause for striving to prove our thankful hearts. From the princely inhabitant of the lofty palace, down in all grades of society to the lowly tenant of a mud cabin, are all cared for by the Divine Creator, without whose knowledge "not a sparrow falleth to the ground."

"When all thy mercies, O, my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

Next to love, the feeling of gratitude is perhaps the most exalted. Repentance shows an acknowledgement of sin, and prayer is the means used to call for assistance in the onerous duty of reformation, but gratitude is higher than this. It becometh him who receiveth a benefit to be sensible of it—said Demosthenes, the ancient orator—but him that bestowed it to forget it. Socrates reiterated this by adding that "he is unjust who does not return deserved thanks for every good conferred. Without benevolence, love, gratitude, and charity, man might as well live in a wilderness as in a civilized land, and he who preaches gratitude pleads the cause of both God and man. And if gratitude is justly due from man to man, how much more so is it from man to God. He doth not only confer those blessings we receive directly from his hand, but those also which are conveyed by means of our fellow creatures. To Him shouts all praise, power, dominion and glory, be properly ascribed, for ever and ever.

"My Maker, and my King,
To the my all I owe;
Thy Sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.
"O, what can I impart
When all was thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas! how poor.
"Thou' the vast debt, we never can pay,
Of gratitude and love;
Yet grant us Lord thine aid Divine,
Thy goodness to improve."

EDUCATOR.

Brownlow upon Endorsing a Paper.

The last Knoxville Whig contains an editorial article upon the common practice of endorsing business notes, from which we clip the following paragraph:

"For our part, we have but little of this world's goods, and our endorsement is worth nothing to any one. The business of endorsement we have entirely quit, and come what may, we will endorse no more for any one, as a matter of accommodation. We have quit too, for two and sufficient reasons. First, we have either been sued for, or had to pay, nearly all the notes we have endorsed for others; and next, we have the vouchers to show that we have paid more security debts than all we now have in market. Under these circumstances, if any one wishes to hear us say no with an emphasis, let him ask us to endorse his note!"

"Mine, ever mine, are you not, fair Azora?"

"Yours, only yours, in life and in death, and none other have I ever loved," murmurs Azora.

Edward Carleton and Azora Weston were married, and their lives are passing happily, for their love has not grown cold as years advance, but glows brighter and brighter as hand in hand they descend the stream of life.

"I was wandering along the lake shore when I saw Charlie standing in the shade of a tree, with a fair burden upon his back. Charlie spoke, and wished to wait till I came up, that he might give me a cordial welcome; but no, his dauntless rider applied the lash and dashed scornfully away."

From that day Edward Carleton accompanied Azora in all her rides and rambles and many a moonlight evening, when the breeze was favorable, was spent in sailing upon the lake. The happy mothers witnessed the increasing friendship of their children and left them to enjoy each other's society without interference. But we will not dwell upon these pleasant scenes.

It is a lovely evening in September, and on the morrow Mrs. Weston and Azora expect to leave the home of their friends.—Edward and Azora are standing upon the piazza, and the rays of the full-orbed moon peering in a brilliant halo around his noble brow, and resting lovingly upon the beautiful Azora, as she listened to Edward who says:

"Last Summer, while travelling, I stopped at a small town, intending to spend a few days in visiting the romantic scenery of the neighboring country. One afternoon, while sitting upon a rustic seat on a moss grown rock, I heard some one warbling, in a voice of sweet melody, one of my favorite songs, and soon saw a being of rare loveliness approaching; out on seeing me, she darted off as swiftly as a frightened fawn. Soon after, when passing a lovely cottage, I saw a beautiful picture—a fair young girl, whose pure brow seemed encircled by a thousand rippling waves of gold, was sitting at her mother's feet; and from that moment her image has been engraven upon the tablet of my inner heart. On my way home I called at the same town, and learned that the inmates of the cottage were absent. On the morning of my arrival here after listening to my mother's warm welcome, I went to the stable to order my horse, and the groom informed me that a lady who was visiting my mother had gone out with Charlie, so I sauntered along the shore road, and judge of my joy when I met her, who, though unknown, I had dared to love. From that hour my love has increased until her presence is necessary to my love has increased until her presence is necessary to my happiness, and if she does not love me my life will be dark indeed. Azora, will you be mine?"

Azora does not speak, through her heart is throbbing joyously; but Edward reads her answer as he gazes into the depths of her expressive eye, and imprinting a kiss upon her glowing cheek, he says:

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Select Miscellany.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

An Excuse for not accepting the Invitation of a Friend to make an Excursion with him; by the late Dr. Jenner.

1. The hollow winds begin to blow,
2. The clouds look black, the glass is low;
3. The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep

5. Last night the sun went pale to bed,
6. The moon in halos hid her head;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
8. For, see, a rainbow span the sky.

9. The walls are damp the ditches smell,
10. Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernell,
11. Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
12. Old Betty's joints are on the rack;

13. Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry!
14. The distant hills are looking nig h,
15. How restless are the snorting swine!
16. The busy flies disturb the kine.

17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings,
19. Pass on the hearth, with velvet paws,
20. Sits, wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.

21. Through the clear stream the fish's rise,
22. And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
23. The glow-worms numerous and bright,
24. Illum'd the dewy dell last night,

25. At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green
27. The whirling wind the dust obeys,
28. And in the rapid eddy plays;

29. The frog has changed his yellow vest
30. And in a russet coat is drest.
31. The mellow blackbirds' voices heard,
32. My dog, so alert in his tastes,
33. Quits Mutton bones, an grass to feast
34. And see you rooks, how odd the flight

35. They imitate the gliding kite,
36. And if they seem precipitate to fall—
37. As if they felt the piercing ball.
38. 'Twill surely rain, I see, with aor row;

39. Our jaunty must be put off to-morrow.
STACKING BY HORSE POWER.—A. Reed of Danube, N. Y. gives the following plan of stacking by horse power, which not only looks reasonable but feasible, and will undoubtedly save much hard labor and enable the farmer to build better stacks:

"It is made by putting up three long, straight poles in the form of a tripod or gin over the place where the stack is to be built. To these, attach a horse pitchfork, and use precisely as in unloading hay in a barn. The upper pulley can be suspended just under the top of the gin by a chain or hook, and the lower pulley or roller, whatever it may be, can be fastened to the foot of one of the poles. The poles should be of some light timber, pine or spruce is preferable, about three inches in diameter at the top end, and of such length that the space between and under them will contain the desired stack. They should be of unequal length, in order to bring the top of the gin and upper pulley over one side of the stack—the side from which the hay is to be pitched—other wise the fork, in ascending, would gouge into the side of the stack, spoiling its shape. With two poles 40 feet long, and one 50, a stack can be built that will contain 20 to 25 tons. The gin is fastened at the top, by putting an iron bar or bolt one inch in diameter, through the three poles. The top of the longest pole should be between the others, and this pole can have its foot drawn up or spread out, to suit the occasion, like a leg in a pair of compasses. To raise this gin, put a wagon loaded with hay or grain on the spot where you wish your gin to stand, lay the top end of the poles on the load, the longest on one side, and the two shorter ones on the opposite side; put in the bolt, hang the pulley under it, well greased, and with the rope in. Put the foot end of the two shortest poles on the ground where it is intended they should stand; have a man with a crow-bar to each to hold them there. Hitch a train to the foot of the long pole on the opposite sides drive toward the center until the gin is sufficiently high, and the thing is done. By means of this fork and gin, a ton of hay may be pitched from a wagon into the bottom of a stack in eight minutes, or up to 30 feet high in fifteen minutes. By this plan, you will make larger stacks, and run less risk of exposure to storms while building, and the hay will preserve better."

"We learn that it has been determined by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company not to rebuild the Ferry Bridge.

SUCCESSFUL TURKEY-RAISING.—We have an example in the way of turkey-raising, by a woman, that is worthy of attention by some other farmers' wives, who may perhaps go and do likewise. Lydia Elbridge of Andover, Mass., writes her experience in raising turkeys, under date of Dec. 25, 1858:

"Last Spring, my husband purchased a farm in this town, and I obtained one turkey, and she laid 24 eggs, hatched them all out at one litter, and I raised them all. Yesterday we dressed the last of them.—The united weight of the whole when dressed, was 212½ lbs.; 198 lbs. were sold for a shilling a pound, New England currency, amounting in the aggregate to \$33. The whole number at that price would have amounted to \$35.41. Now I think that is doing quite well, and if anybody among your army of readers can do better than that, I think they deserve a premium; but untill that is done, I think I can claim the palm."

And, in our opinion, she is fairly entitled to it. We hope, however, that some other woman will try to win it from her by fair competition in this appropriate field of woman's labor.

HAPPY INSURANCE.—Mrs. Key, the mother of P. Barton Key, now lies very ill at her residence in Baltimore. She is yet in ignorance of the manner in which her son came to his death. The circumstances have been kept from her knowledge, and she believes he died of apoplexy.

GOD'S PROTECTION OF YOUNG DEER.—An old Canadian hunter declares that the reason why the wild deer are not killed when young (as they breed once a year, and are always surrounded by other animals, which prey upon them, as dogs, wolves, bears, panthers, etc.) is that "no dog or other animal can smell the track of a doe or a fawn while the latter is too young to take care of itself. Heated that the

IN A PEXLING POSITION.—The town of Horicon, Wisconsin, was, at last accounts, in a state of the wildest excitement—almost a Sikes case has taken place there. It appears that a citizen of that place—a gentleman of high social position—fell in love with his neighbor's wife, and made an arrangement to meet her in her own room at ten o'clock in the morning. To avoid scandal, he mounted do out-house, climbed upon the roof of the back building, raised up the chamber window, stepped in, and beheld the lady's husband in bed—he being sick, had not gone out. The discovery was not pleasant to either of the parties, the more especially as the ten o'clock man could give no good reason for entering a man's house by the window, and his position in society forbade the idea that his object was plunder.

The California Widow.—Captain Saltwater says his first essay to effect a matrimonial character, resulted in a manner so discouraging that he don't believe he'll ever be induced to try it over again. The Captain being out of service some months, conceived a passion for a rather mysterious young lady, boarding at the same hotel. Says the captain I conveyed her round the shops, shows, ball-theatres, churches, and every other place of amusement and information, and at last, when I thought things had gone about fair enough, I square my yards, and says I just as cool as a powder monkey: "Ma'am I've been thinkin' I'd like to be spliced."

"Spliced," I says she, as artless as a turtle dove. "Spliced," says I, "and if you've a notion, why—I'm ready to share my luck and dunnage with you, ma'am!" "Captain, I've been thinkin' if my husband don't write soon, and send me some money and a gold watch from California, I'd just as leave marry somebody else as not, and if you will wait a few days I'll give you the preference." Her husband had been gone to the Pacific just four months, and here was a California widow. "I stood off after that," said the captain.

The Tartar pull a man by the ears when they want him to drink, and keep pulling him until he open