

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$5 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at TEN CENTS per line for each of the first four insertions, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion less than three months.

Regular monthly and yearly advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	2 50	4 00	5 50	6 00	9 00	11 00	12 50	13 50
2 "	4 00	6 00	8 00	8 50	12 00	14 50	17 00	18 00
3 "	6 00	9 00	12 00	12 50	18 00	22 00	25 00	26 50
4 "	8 00	12 00	16 00	16 50	24 00	29 00	33 00	35 00
5 "	10 00	15 00	20 00	20 50	30 00	36 00	40 00	42 00

Special notices will be inserted at TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS per line, and local and editorial notices at FIFTEEN CENTS per line.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these rates.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is inserted.

PRINTING OF ALL KINDS, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.

Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Travellers' Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
TRIP.	STATIONS.	TRIP.	STATIONS.
P. M.	11:30	P. M.	11:30
4:30	11:30	4:30	11:30
8:30	11:30	8:30	11:30
12:30	11:30	12:30	11:30
4:30	11:30	4:30	11:30
8:30	11:30	8:30	11:30
12:30	11:30	12:30	11:30
4:30	11:30	4:30	11:30
8:30	11:30	8:30	11:30
12:30	11:30	12:30	11:30

HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Wednesday, Nov. 23d, 1870, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows:

UP TRAINS.		DOWN TRAINS.	
ACCOM.	MAIL.	ACCOM.	MAIL.
P. M.	9:00	A. M.	9:00
11:30	9:00	11:30	9:00
2:30	9:00	2:30	9:00
5:30	9:00	5:30	9:00
8:30	9:00	8:30	9:00
11:30	9:00	11:30	9:00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MILES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly to all kinds of legal business.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business.

T. W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business.

J. HALL MUSSEY, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Servicer, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of surveying.

P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business.

J. A. POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of surveying.

D. B. J. A. DEEVER, having located at Franklinville, offers his professional services to the community.

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law, and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business.

DR. J. A. MILLER, Office on Hill Street, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. John M. O'Neil.

J. R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa.

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office on Washington Street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage.

R. ALLISON MILLER, Dentist, has removed to the Brick Row, opposite the Court House.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa., JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor.

FOR ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, Go to the Journal Building, corner of Wash and Bath Streets.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts., HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

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THE THORNS' BOWER.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

In a garden once there grew Thorns roses, pink and white; Oh, it was lovely sight!

Sweet their smell, How much sweeter than to-day, Fairer, too, To the view, Where the roses then, they say.

Soon attracted by their scent, All to gather rose-buds went; As they trailed upon the sod, First in scorn, Then in pain, From the tender bark so green, Side by side.

Soon a hundred more were seen, Bristling now and wounding all; Grew the rose-bush stout and tall, It could shield its flowers from harm, But alas! they'd lost a charm.

Beautiful, As they gained, Self-defence that did avail, With it went, Half their scent; So tradition tells the tale.

The Story-Teller.

DARED AND DEFEATED.

"You will meet Walter Sutton at the Rose. Enter into no rivalry with him."

This was the postscript to my father's letter, and the one cloud in the bright horizon of my hopes.

I was twenty-three years old, just released from college, a little pale and weary with study, and bound for that paradise of the earth, my widowed sister Margaret's home—the Rose. I was to spend the summer with Mag, and the prospect had been one of intense delight.

But now heard that Sutton was there. This Walter Sutton was a younger brother of my deceased husband, a millionaire's son, and Parisian by education.

At twenty he had been familiar with the Marbelle. At twenty-six he was pronounced the handsomest and most distinguished man in London, and now, a year later, I was to have his companionship for the summer, at the house of my sister, Mrs. Margaret Sutton.

The man always had a fascination for me, while I despised him. His Apollonian beauty, his knowledge of the world, his coolness, daring, and fearlessness, I regarded with wonder. But I had sense enough to weigh these against his cynicism, his blackened reputation, and his selfish manner, which hid his tale of unhappiness, and to keep quietly on my way, unconscious of his success. At the time I went to the Rose, I was, moreover, less liable to impure influences, for I had just lost the noblest and dearest of mothers.

It is true I did not relish meeting Walter Sutton, but I was not one to borrow trouble. It was June weather; "green and blue were glad together," and I was free. My horse arched his beautiful neck and trotted slowly and proudly along the road, while I looked across the sunny fields, watching for the first sign of my sister's mansion—trees rustling, flowers blooming, birds singing around me.

Suddenly I saw a carriage whirling in advance of me. I recognized the man on the box, and threw forward.

I gained it. The steady lady within it looked up, threw aside her sable veil, and cried, "Lewis!"

"Are you going home, Maggie?" "Directly."

"I am with you."

At that moment I became conscious of the earnest gaze of a pair of golden brown eyes. My sister was not alone in the carriage. A young girl, with her hair full of water-lilies, and a large straw hat shading the fairest and loveliest of faces, sat beside her. We looked inquiringly at each other; but for once, my admirable sister forgot the demands of society. In her pleasure at seeing me she omitted the introduction, and leaning from her seat she questioned me eagerly regarding occurrences at home. She had not been there since mother's funeral had taken place in the winter.

Suddenly a light phantom whirled by us, the driver of which lifted his hat as he passed, giving a piercing look into the carriage. I followed it, and I fancied I saw the young girl's hand quivering among the lilies in her lap.

"You know Walter is with us, Lewis?" remarked Margaret, a little cloud on her face.

"Yes, he is looking well."

"He always looks well, said Mag, significantly."

We were entering the avenue. Two splendid rose trees guarded the gate. The rustic trellises held an arch of blossoming vines above their heads. I questioned Mag as to the garden.

"My gardeners say they have been very successful this year. I think I appreciate the roses more than usual this year, for Alice enjoys them so much."

My sister turned as she spoke, with a fond smile for the girl at her side, and then remembered to say, "Alice, this is my brother Lewis. Mr. Verner, Miss Lee."

So those golden brown eyes came up to mine again, and my look of admiration was rewarded with a smile, so sweet that I then and there fell in love with its owner.

We drove through clouds of perfume to the door. There were ladies and gentlemen upon the broad terrace.

"I have other guests," said Margaret aside.

I had met some of them before—all nice people. The summer promised to be gay. I knew that was very happy that evening, singing with Alice Lee. But there was an evil influence in the house. I soon felt it. Sutton's wealth and extravagance bred a spirit of envy among the young men. His sneering smile blighted our pure and simple pleasures, and it exasperated the masculine portion of the company to observe the influence this Mephistopheles had over the beautiful, innocent, romantic girl whom they loved. There were those of the men whom he seduced at the start. They copied his views in less than three weeks. Then followed dissatisfaction and heart-ache among men and women.

But I, who for the first declined to play cards and drink wine in Sutton's room, felt uncontaminated, and free to seek that priceless treasure in life—a pure woman's love.

I tried to please Alice Lee, and succeeded. In July we were engaged. And then I just began to understand how good and sweet my darling was. I remember I came home from fishing one day, with a face nearly blistered by the sun. Alice

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A Man with Twenty Wives.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mail train dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives.

His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy foreboding.

The time for his departure had arrived—the high-spirited mules were the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the starlit prairie your bright faces will come to me in my dreams and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, dearests?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will."

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he cried, "that is as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for now I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hand mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the task; but ere he had fairly commenced the task the mule, a singular refractory animal, snorted wildly and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and heaved a feeble groan towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die."

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh my son, my son! only all that remains the mules are and then you may die if you wait a moment longer."

In vain, in vain! Reginald had passed on.

Reading for the Million.

How a Boy Wakes Up.

There he lies in his crib, a nut-brown stud of four years. He sleeps in sleep of healthy childhood. In the same position he lay when he dropped off into unconsciousness, one arm under his head, one leg kicked out from under the coverlet.

He is perfectly motionless. His round cheeks are flushed, his eyes are closed, and his little legs seem to have been arrested in the middle of the last restless kick, as the curtain drops over his blue eyes, and he was asleep. He is in a deep sleep. You can scarcely perceive the regular respiration. A train of cars thunders by without notice—he might be carried across the street without awakening.

A healthy boy sound asleep, is an interesting object. Particularly if he is your boy. For the time, his tremendous energies are at rest, his noisy clatter, his ceaseless motion, his endless questions, his boisterous laughter, his boundless wails, his fountains of play and tears, all are quiet now. One can take a good look at him.

It is morning. Daylight streams into the windows, the sun shines on the hill-tops. The sounds of stirring life are beginning to be heard about the house. Watch the boy. Still as motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips part with a shout—his legs fly out in different directions—his arms are in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring. In ten seconds he has turned a couple of somersaults, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is no deliberate yawning, no slow stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes, no gradually becoming awake about it. With a snap like a pistol shot, he is thoroughly awake and ready for action. The tip of each particular hair. The wonderful thing about it is its suddenness and completeness.

The World's Wonders.

This world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope catches at either extreme of creation, particularly there is so much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels without computation of number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement. The polytrep, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The spider-fly lays an egg as big as itself. There are 4,011 muscles in the caterpillar. Hooks discovered 14,000 mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, 13,000 arteries, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; and the threads to the amount of 1,900 to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread when the spider spins its web; so that we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 united, Loewenhoeck, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than the grain of sand, and it took 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

A Puzzle.

Here is a puzzle for a young arithmetician and others who like to crack an arithmetical nut now and then to try their wits upon: Two Arabs sat down to dinner and were accosted by a stranger who wished to join their party, saying that he could get no provisions in that part of the country; if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves he would willingly pay them the whole. The frugal meal consisted of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs and three to the other. The stranger, having eaten a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying: "My friends, there is what I promised you; divide among you according to your rights." A dispute arose respecting a division of the money, and reference was made to the cadi, who divided it justly. Query, how did he divide the pieces of money?

CHAPTER II.—DUST DUST.

The funeral passing off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother, the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

That night the twenty wives, with herry herry sought their twenty respective couches.

In another house, not many leagues from the house of mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately.

"He died," she cried, "he died without signifying, in any respect, where them mules went to!"

CHAPTER III.—MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years elapsed between the third and fourth chapters. A manly Mormon, one evening as the sun was preparing to set among a select assemblage of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the late Reginald Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"Yes," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," returned Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the

The Home Circle.

Going Home.

They are going—only going— Jesus called them long ago; All the wintry time they're passing, Softly as the falling snow.

When the violets blossom—time Catch the azure of the sky, They are carried out to slumber, Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going— When with summer earth is dressed, In their cold hands holding roses, Folded to each silent breast; When the autumn hangs red banners Out above the harvest she