

## Huntingdon Journal.

URBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every day, by J. R. BURBORROW and J. A. NASH, at the office of the Journal, in the building on the corner of Bath and Washington streets, in advance, for \$2.50 if not paid 12 months from date of subscription, and 1 cent in advance for the first four insertions. All notices will be inserted at Ten per cent per line for the first four insertions, and three months thereafter. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
25	40	55	70	25	40	55	70
100	175	240	315	100	175	240	315
200	350	480	615	200	350	480	615
300	525	700	875	300	525	700	875
400	700	915	1130	400	700	915	1130
500	875	1130	1395	500	875	1130	1395
600	1050	1365	1660	600	1050	1365	1660
700	1225	1580	1925	700	1225	1580	1925
800	1400	1800	2190	800	1400	1800	2190
900	1575	2025	2455	900	1575	2025	2455

Advertisements will be inserted at THREE AND FOUR CENTS PER LINE, and local and editorial notices at FIVE CENTS PER LINE. All notices will be inserted at THREE AND FOUR CENTS PER LINE, and local and editorial notices at FIVE CENTS PER LINE. All notices will be inserted at THREE AND FOUR CENTS PER LINE, and local and editorial notices at FIVE CENTS PER LINE.

PRINTING OF every kind, in Plain and Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Cards, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, etc., and style, printed at the shortest notice, and in the Printing line will be executed by the most artistic man and at the lowest price.

## Professional Cards.

DENGATE, Surveyor, Warriorsburg, Pa. [ap12,71]

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street, Office formerly occupied by Drs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,71]

R. R. WESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services as a citizen of Huntingdon and vicinity. [ap12,71]

J. C. FLEMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. [ap12,71]

D. D. MILLER, Office on Hill street, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Caldwell, Huntingdon, Pa., would respectfully offer his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. [Jan. 71]

A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. [Jan. 71]

G. D. ARNOLD, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. [Jan. 71]

J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street. [Jan. 71]

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. [Jan. 71]

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71]

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, doors west of Smith. [Jan. 71]

R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, second floor of 3's new building, Hill street. [Jan. 71]

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the courts of Huntingdon county. [Jan. 71]

A. POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all business connected with the purchase or sale of real estate, and will also buy or sell in any part of the United States. [Jan. 71]

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

E. ZENTMYER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

M. & M. S. LITTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

SCOTT, B. T. BROWN, & N. BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 71]

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## The Muses' Bower.

### A Sterling Old Poem.

Who shall judge him by his manner?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Papers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less.  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May belie the golden ore  
Or the deepest thoughts and feelings—  
Vain stuff can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar  
Even flowing out of stone;  
There are purple beds and golden  
beds, and those laughs sounded strangely,  
God, who counts by soul, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While he values thrives the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,  
O'er forgot his fellows then;  
Mans' nature—lords; remember  
That your meanness kind of men;  
Men of labor, men of feeling,  
Men of thought, men of fame,  
Claim rights to the same, and  
In a man's ennobling name.

There are fanned-embroidered oceans,  
There are fanned-wed-lead hills;  
There are feeble inch high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills.  
God, who counts by soul, not station,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
For to him all vain distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling chimes alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth and fame,  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Feel and fattened on the same;  
By the sweat of others you stand,  
Living only to rejoice,  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with loveliness and light;  
Scorn wrongs shall never prosper  
And wrongs shall never die;  
God, whose world-wide voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Counts oppression with its titles  
But as pebbles in the sea.

## The Story-Teller.

### The Beggar Girl of Paris.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed even by women, and many examples of affection exhibited. The streets of Paris were changed with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in torrents. One dark morning an unusual number of aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless fileless hundreds stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning were two females. One of them was a young girl, while a cloak was thrown around her with which she kept her features nearly concealed. But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping. Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed upon the platform, while a shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some wretched and unfortunate enough to fall under the hand of the executioner.

The face of the woman was young—not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age. The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell, she would dance, and in various ways she would express her delight, and then exclaim: "There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued him."

Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her. But any thoughtful person must wonder that one so young could have been so depraved. The first female watched this creature for a few moments, and then pressing her hand to her forehead, she laid a hand on the shoulder of the wretch and whispered: "Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female of rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied: "Of course I would!"

"Follow me and you shall be." "Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did not at length, and the first female asked of the other: "What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called the Beggar Girl Marie." "You live on beggins'?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?" "My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?" "I do not know you. Lead me to you, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow, filthy street, and then down into a cellar and into a dark, filthy room. The other female could not feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked: "Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes, everybody knows Marie, the Beggar Girl." "Are you known to Robespierre? If so, I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?" "You see that my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to remain here and not show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As a recompense for aiding me I will now give you a thousand francs. As a security for my return, take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the beggar girl, then handed her a purse containing gold. The girl appeared a little puzzled, then asked: "What are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh! I understand you now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid that you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me."

"Yes, I want to look as near like you as possible." They exchanged dresses; and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of the Beggar Girl of Paris. The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless furies of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her relatives. He had been torn from her but a few hours before. After the exchange had been made

## About the Beverage which Fizzes but does not Inebriate.

As the warm weather approaches, soda fountains, which have lain idle all winter, are mounted again, syrups manufactured, and various drug-stores and confectionaries prepared to furnish a large class of thirsty citizens with a foamy and favorite beverage. A large proportion of our population, including the fair sex, drink soda water as a matter of course. Even the devotee of Bourbon, who sneezes at this wine, and looks upon lager as a weak invention of the enemy, relishes an occasional glass of soda when his coppers are hot and his blood feverish. In other cases it is with a good dash of whisky in each glass.

Soda water is simply plain water, heavily charged with carbonic acid gas, the gas being evolved through the action of sulphuric acid on lime. Formerly soda water was made with soda and tartaric acid, but it is generally adopted. The fountains charged with soda water are subjected to a heavy pressure, and when the water is carelessly done they not unfrequently explode—sometimes causing loss of life. Soda water, without syrup, if unimpregnated with minerals, is a healthy and pleasant beverage, having a slight biting, stinging taste in the mouth when drinking. Being conveyed through leaden pipes, the action of the carbonic acid gas rapidly oxidizes the metal, which is held in solution by the beverage. Lead, as is well known, is a dangerous poison. When the weather is not, and the beverage in demand, the danger is not so great, as the fountain is exhausted before it has time to become thoroughly impregnated. It is not so good to drink soda water during the summer, when there is little demand for it. And occasionally, in generating the gas, the sulphuric acid slops over and mixes with the beverage.

Every popular fruit has its representative syrup, the customer paying his money and taking his choice. The unsophisticated fondly imagine that these grateful syrups are manufactured directly from the fruit, and it is a pity to deceive them. But the glory of chemistry, as demonstrated in the manufacture of delicate flavors from the most unimproving substances, must be vindicated.

The most popular soda syrup is strawberry. The glorious fruit after which it is named numbers its friends by the millions, and the soda tippler, with the remembrance of vanished strawberry and bygone cream still lingering on his palate, will be almost ready to swallow anything, and he will be almost ready to swallow anything, and he will be almost ready to swallow anything.

"But you might have declared yourself." "You would not have believed me." "But your dress?" "It belongs to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

"Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, and gazed earnestly into his face; then he approached Marie, and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time. It was a moment of trial to the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was looking upon the man of the guillotine, whose word was law, turned and said: "Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, who shouts rent the air, for they supposed he was a crown prince who had thus been saved. The woman who worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie. They scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feeling. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said: "Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and asked of her: "Have you seen the female before?" "Yes! I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble lady had returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so, they both sought more secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl, as promised.

"Antonio de Nantes was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes. "I think not," returned the brother. "He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case, but if so it was a deed of mercy, and is the only one that man ever did."

"You are right." "Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly periled her own life to save him, by representing the Beggar Girl of Paris."

## Miscellaneous.

### A Country Post-Office.

A country post-office is thus described by the *Kennebec Journal*: "There are sometimes tragic-comic scenes witnessed at every well-regulated post-office. It is quite a humorous scene, when the mails are in, the schools just out, and the post-office is filled to overflowing; first a little folk, small in stature, and with a wonderful capacity for making a noise—and what is a boy worth if he can't make a noise? Here in one corner Tom and Harry are engaged in the delightful pastime of pulling each other's hair, and seem to enjoy it immensely; and here are a bevy of young misses, one of whom is saying, 'Now don't you tell for the world,' to which they all assent with sundry jerks of the head; and here just in front of us is 'Uncle John,' asking 'Aunt Hannah' about 'that ar' sick child,' and at our left two young ladies are watching with expectant faces certain boxes, to see if he has written. And when the mail is distributed it is quite a study to watch the faces as the crowd passes out, from the self-important officer with his huge budget, to the shy young widow with her single dainty missive; with now and then a sad face—yearning for words that do not come. The dull, empty boxes have a meaningless look about them now; but a moment ago they held the words of loving hearts and issues of important business relations.

A MEDICAL journal gives this as a cure for a cold. Upon the first indication that you have taken cold stop eating until the cold is cured; drink freely of cold water, induce a free perspiration over the entire body, either by exercise, the Turkish vapor, bath or hot water, bath or wet sheet followed by a tepid spray or sponging; go to bed, cover up warm, and breathe all the pure air you can. Nine cases out of ten will yield to this treatment in less than twelve hours, and the tenth one will hardly continue twenty-four hours.

## Stimulants.

That man is a maniac, a deliberate suicide who drinks tea, coffee, or ardent spirits of any kind to induce him to perform a work in hand, and when he feels too weak to go through with it without such aid. This is the reason that the majority of great orators and public favorites die drunkards. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forum, have contributed their legions of victims to drunken habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writer, have filled but too often a drunkard's grave. Now that the press has become such a great power in the land, when the magazine must come out on a certain day, and the daily newspapers at a fixed hour, nothing waits, everything must give way to the inexorable call for copy, and sick or well, disposed or indisposed, asleep or awake, the copy must come; the writer must compose his article, whether he feels like it or not, and if he is not in the mood of writing, he must whip himself up to it by the stimulus of drink. Some of the greatest writers of the country have confessed to the practice on urgent occasions, of taking a sip of brandy at the end of every written page or even oftener. Lord Byron, at the end of every paragraph sometimes took a glass of wine.

It may have escaped the general reader's notice, that more men have died young, who have been connected with the New York press, within ten years, and that too from intemperance, than in all the other educational callings put together; young men whose talents have been of the first order, and gave promise of a life of usefulness, honor and eminence. The best prospect of a man to do, when he feels too tired to pursue his work, is to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can; this is the only true recuperation of brain power; the only actual renewal of brain force; because, during sleep the brain is in a sense of rest, in a condition to receive any appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking, the very act of carrying out or solving of the problem, or the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. That supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutrient particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those particles during the state of rest, quiet and of stillness sleep. More than plants supply nothing themselves—they go to the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that it is not power enough left to receive a supply; just as men are so near death by thirst or starvation, that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and he will be almost ready to swallow anything, and he will be almost ready to swallow anything.

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## How to Keep Cool.

A correspondent furnishes the London Times with the following hints, which will be found pertinent to our own climate: "In these hot days a cool apartment is a real luxury, to be had far oftener than most people suppose possible. The secret consists not in letting in cool air, for naturally all do that whenever they can get a chance, but in keeping out the hot air. If the air outside a room or house be cooler than the air inside, let it in by all means; but if it be hotter, carefully keep it out. A staircase window left open during the night will often cool the passages of a house, and the rooms, too, if their doors be not shut; but it must be closed at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, or, if on the sunny side, at four or five o'clock, and the blind drawn in. The mistake people generally make is to throw open windows at all hours of the day, no matter whether the atmosphere outside be cool or scorching.

"Let us have some air, they say, and in comes the treacherous breeze—for even hot air is pleasant while it is gently blowing, taking away perspiration, and thereby cooling the skin; but this apartment is made warmer; in spite of the draught they find their room to be more uncomfortable than before."

"Let in cool air—keep out hot—that is the only formula to insure the minimum of discomfort. Sitting-rooms may generally be kept cool during the whole day if the doors be only opened for ingress and egress, and windows kept closed and shielded from direct sunshine by a blind. If the atmosphere of a room be impure from any cause, let it be renewed, hot air is less injurious than bad air. If a room be small in comparison with the number of persons engaged in it, free ventilation becomes indispensable.

"In a cooking apartment the temperature will probably be higher than outside, hence the free admission of hot air will be desirable. If persons do not object to sit in a direct draught of air, windows and door may be opened, a breeze being more refreshing, even though several degrees warmer than still air; but under nearly all other circumstances, rooms should be kept closed as much as possible until after sundown, or till the air outside is cooler than that inside. Let in cool air; keep out hot."

## A Dead Hero.

Martin Cooney is the name of the boy who, deep down in the horrid depths of the Italian mine, performed a deed