

# The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 46.

HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 8, 1871.

NO. 44.

Huntingdon Journal.

L. DUBBORROW, J. A. NASH,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

On the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.  
THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Tuesday, by J. R. DUBBORROW & J. A. NASH, or the firm name of J. R. DUBBORROW & CO., at \$3 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid in six months from date of subscription, and not paid within the year.  
A paper discontinued, unless at the option of publishers, until all arrearages are paid.  
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at 75 cents per line for each of the first four insertions, five cents per line for each subsequent insertion, less than three months.  
Agents monthly and yearly advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

3 mo	6 mo	1 yr	3 mo	6 mo	1 yr
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4 00	7 00	12 00	4 00	7 00	12 00
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mark, Pa. [ap12,71.]

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SNYDER, WEDNER & CO., Manufac-  
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Printing superior to any other establish-  
ment in the county. Orders by mail  
promptly filled. All letters should be ad-  
dressed,  
J. R. DUBBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

Only Resting.

Lay the plaided frock away,  
And the yellow buttoned boots;  
Charlie does not need them now,  
Cannot wear the pretty suit.

If you ask, "Where, where is Charlie?"  
Quivering lips will faintly say,  
Little Charlie's gently resting,  
He has been "so tired of play."

Pure and white the robe around him,  
Soft and white his narrow bed;  
Cool and soft that's o'er him,  
Ally, you ask—his Charlie dead?

No, not dead, but sweetly resting—  
When the sunset closed the day,  
Little Charlie, prattling, murmured,  
"O! I am so tired of play."

Tired of play the busy fingers,  
Tired of play the restless feet,  
Tired the voice, whose merry laughter  
Filled the house with echoes sweet.

So we say our darling's resting,  
In a slumber calm and deep;  
The birds are singing o'er him—  
The stars still vigils keep.

O'er his bed the stormy may matter,  
They can wake him never more,  
Yet do we not say we've lost him,  
Only that he's gone before.

For we know he rests securely,  
In the Heavenly Father's care,  
Among the lambs the Saviour's keeping,  
For his pastures green and fair.

The Story-Teller.

The Soldier Messenger.

"Here, Red Cap!" cried a tall, well-  
built gentleman, standing on the steps of  
the Metropolitan Hotel, one fine May evening  
in the year 1869.

The man addressed as "Red Cap," was  
sauntering slowly by the hotel. His garb  
of faded blue—his red cap, and the empty  
right sleeve of his coat told that he was a  
disabled soldier. One who had fought for  
Uncle Sam and had left his trusty right arm  
on some southern battle-field. And now,  
the soldier who had marched to the  
quickstep of the Union and sealed his loyalty  
with his blood, was reduced to earning a  
scanty subsistence as a "Soldier Messen-  
ger"—a carrier of letters and parcels, ead-  
ing to do any errand to gain him bread.

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman ungratefully.  
That the Soldier Messenger Corps exist,  
proves the truth of the saying.

The soldier turned at the call, and ad-  
vances to the man on the steps.

"In person, the soldier was a good-look-  
ing fellow, perhaps, five and twenty;  
with a frank, honest face. The short,  
black hair—moustache of the same hue,  
and a certain independent carriage of the  
head—hard to describe, but once seen, not  
easily forgotten—told plainly that he was  
a New York boy.

"Will you carry a letter for me to FIRM  
avenue?" asked the gentleman on the  
steps, as the soldier came up to him.

"Yes, sir," replied the messenger, in a  
full, manly voice.

The stranger on the steps started as the  
tones of the soldier's voice fell upon his ear.  
Eagerly he looked into the other's face.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked,  
quickly.

A moment the soldier looked at the face  
of the gentleman before replying; then he  
shook his head.

"I think not, sir," he said, "although  
your face does seem familiar to me."  
"I am Major Whitton, of the Twenty-  
ninth."

The soldier touched his cap, respectfully,  
at the announcement of the other's rank.

"I don't remember the name, sir," the  
Red Cap said.

"What regiment were you in?"  
"The Fifty-first New York."

"Do you remember, at Fredericksburg,  
a captain of the Sixth Maine, shot through  
the shoulder and lying helpless on the  
field, when the signal for retreat was given?"

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier.

"You took the helpless man in your  
arms and carried him to the rear—placed him  
in an ambulance and thus saved his life."

"Yes, I remember it," said the soldier,  
rather astonished at the knowledge of the  
other. "I only did what was right—nothing  
more. But I don't understand how it is  
that you know the circumstances of the  
affair."

"That is easily explained," replied the  
other with a smile, "I am the man whose  
life you saved. The Maine captain is now  
Major in the regular army. I knew your  
voice the moment you spoke. Give me  
your hand, comrade."

The soldier hesitated.

"Why, major, I'm only a poor worthless  
devil."

"The badge of your worth is there, my  
friend," and the major laid his finger,  
gently, upon the soldier's empty sleeve,  
and it is a black spot upon our honor as  
a nation, that we let our disabled soldiers  
almost starve in the streets, while we waste  
millions on ice-bergs and earthquakes, in  
the shape of new territory.

"Ours is a big country, major. Uncle  
Sam has probably forgotten us poor fel-  
lows, though we didn't forget him in the  
hour of danger," said the soldier, cheer-  
fully.

"My name is Whitton; what may I call  
yours?" asked the major.

"Ames," Robert Ames," replied the sol-  
dier. "I am a shipwright by trade. I  
worked at a yard near Greencourt, before  
the war."

A shrill scream ringing out on the still  
evening air attracted the attention of the  
two.

The scream came from a woman's lips.  
In crossing Broadway the woman had  
been knocked down by an omnibus, and  
had fallen right in front of the horses.  
Quickly the soldier and Whitton sprang  
to her assistance.

The omnibus driver had luckily pulled  
his horses up upon perceiving the woman  
in front of him, so that beyond the bruises  
caused by her fall, she had escaped injury.

The two men assisted the woman—who,  
though clad in wretched garments, was  
both young and pretty—to the sidewalk.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?" asked the sol-  
dier messenger.

"No, thank you; only a slight bruise,"  
replied the woman, in a low, sweet voice.  
"I was more frightened than hurt."

Ames started with surprise as the woman  
spoke, and anxiously he looked into her  
face.

"AGNES RAPLYE!" he cried, in aston-  
ishment.

"What?" exclaimed the woman, amaz-  
ed, "do you know me?"

"Have you forgotten Robert Ames?"  
the soldier asked, a slight huskiness per-  
ceptible in his voice.

"You Robert Ames?" the woman ex-  
claimed, as if unable to believe her hearing.

"Yes; I am the Robert Ames that you  
once knew," the soldier said. "I have  
changed a great deal since '61, but you  
have changed more than I." Said was the  
tone of the speaker.

"Oh! I have had so much trouble," the  
woman cried, despairingly. "My husband  
now is lying on his death-bed, I fear; I  
was seeking some friends for assistance—  
Robert!" exclaimed the woman, looking  
into his face with her soft blue eyes, "can  
you forget the past and aid me now in my  
hour of trouble?"

"Willingly!" cried the soldier, impu-  
sively. "What do you wish me to do?"  
"Come with me to my wretched home,  
and see if any thing can be done to aid my  
husband," the woman replied.

"Yes, I'll go at once."  
"I'll go with you!" exclaimed the sol-  
dier, perceiving clearly that there was some  
mystery connected with the woman and  
the soldier messenger's relations in the  
past.

The woman whom the Red Cap had  
called Agnes Raplye led the way, while  
the one-armed soldier and the major fol-  
lowed.

"The woman—our girl—rather, for she  
seems to be quite young—is an old acquain-  
tance of yours," the major said.

"Yes," replied Ames, "in '62 she al-  
most broke my heart; and in '65 her hus-  
band cost me my right arm. Through her  
and him my whole life has been ruined."

The major started in astonishment as  
these strange words fell upon his ear.

The woman led the way to a tenement-  
house in Mulberry street.

The house was situated in the rear and  
was one of the worst of its class. The stairs  
and entry-ways were reeking with filth—  
Contagion lurked in the air.

The woman led the way to a room at the  
very top of the house.

The room was a narrow, extended upon the  
bare floor, by a man evidently night unto  
death. The bloated and swollen features  
told that the demon, Rum, had had much  
to do with the advent of the Dark Angel,  
who even now was flapping his wings over  
the head of the death-stricken man.

The major, though used to scenes of  
outrage, shuddered at this sight.

"Is there any hope?" asked the woman,  
eagerly.

The major shook his head.

"I will not attempt to deceive you," he  
said slowly. "I do not think he will live  
an hour."

"Oh, if he would but speak before he  
dies," the wife moaned, sadly. "He has  
some secret upon his mind—something  
that concerns my happiness, so he said—  
He was about to tell me just before this  
attack."

"Then he has not spoken since?"

"Possibly some brandy might revive  
him so that he can speak. Will you go for  
some?"

"The major gave her a greenback, and  
quickly she departed.

The Red Cap gazed long and earnestly  
at the face of the helpless man.

"You know him?" asked the major.

"Yes; he was once my rival for the love  
of the woman who has just left us—Agnes  
Raplye. He and I were both together—  
lived in the same street—went to the  
same school, and then, when we became  
men, entered the same ship-yard and work-  
ed side by side. He was a handsome fel-  
low—you wouldn't think it to look at him  
now—but he was always fond of drink and  
devilment, and I see it has proved the ruin  
of him; not only ruin, but death, too—  
the girl, major, that I once loved better  
than I did anything else in the world, I'll  
tell you the whole story—that is, if you'd  
like to hear it."

"Certainly; I feel quite a curiosity."

"While Bill Raplye and I were working  
together side by side in the same yard,  
we both got acquainted with Agnes. She was  
an orphan, without a relative in the world,  
and worked in a millinery store on Division  
street. She boarded just two doors  
from my house. Well, Agnes then—this  
was in '60, just before the war—was as  
pretty a girl as a man would want to look  
at, and she was as good, too, as she was  
pretty. Both Bill Raplye and myself fell  
in love with and courted her at the same  
time. I liked her the best, although Bill  
was a much better looking fellow than I.  
Well, at last Agnes gave me her promise  
to be my wife. Raplye took the matter in  
a good-natured way. He said, 'It's been a  
fair field—no favor, and the best man has  
won; and if she does like you better than  
she does me, that's no reason why we  
should be enemies.' And so affairs were  
settled when the war broke out. I don't  
exactly how it was, but it seemed to me  
that I ought to shoulder a musket and fight  
for my government, and so I enlisted.

"After I got to Virginia, I received let-  
ters regularly from Agnes; and if ever a  
woman's letters were a comfort to a man,  
then her letters were a comfort to me. They  
seemed to come right from her heart. They  
were all of such a nature, and without any  
reason, her letters stopped. I wrote three  
times, but no answer came. Then we ad-  
vanced, and in a skirmish I was wounded,  
and was confined to the hospital for about  
six weeks. After I recovered and came  
out, I met a friend from New York, and  
from him I learned that my Agnes had  
married Bill Raplye. Major, when I  
heard that news I set down and cried like  
a child. I didn't want to live—I wanted  
to die. The next night I went into I  
fought like a devil;