

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at 75c per line for each of the first four insertions, and 50c for each subsequent insertion less than three months.

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

Table with 3 columns: Length (1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch) and Rate (1 year, 6 months, 3 months).

Special notices will be inserted at 125c per line, and local and editorial notices at 75c per line.

ADVERTISING AGENTS must find their commission outside of these figures.

ADVERTISING AGENTS also can collect on behalf of the advertiser to whom inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.

Hand-bills, Blankets, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the printing line with neatness and at the lowest rates.

The Muses' Bower.

(For the Journal). Ever.

BY GIPSY WILDE.

Ever and ever the world goes round, Bearing its burdens and crosses; Ever and ever the years roll on, With their tide of sorrows and losses. Ever and ever the book of life Bears upon its pages The weary, weary tale of the heart, Singing through all the ages.

The Story-Teller.

A Narrow Escape.

CONDEMNED to die! Condemned to perish ignominiously on the scaffold! Condemned to bid adieu to wife, mother, children, and friends!

The poor man wept aloud in the extremity of his anguish. His trembling lips could frame no prayer, and thus the last avenue of escape was closed against him.

Charles Lancaster, an Englishman, and a neighbor of Fletcher's, had been found brutally murdered, in a lone spot, in the suburbs of London.

At the time of his arrest, his hands were found on his breast, and he was found with his hands on his breast, and he was found with his hands on his breast.

"But I am innocent, I tell you, you old wretch; as innocent of the crime as my little girl baby at her birth. Oh, my God! my wife—my children—"

The hardened turkey waited a minute to witness the meeting of this suffering couple, and then with maddened curses withdrew.

"Come, madam, time's up," and the turkey made his appearance. "Hate to disturb you, but it's time to get up."

At a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, recently held in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, both up in years, one however, considerably the senior of the other.

Reading for the Million.

The Wives of the Presidents.

The customs of the Republic which return to private life those who have been in the highest place of honor in the American Republic, are those of domesticity.

Mr. Washington, to whom fell the honor first, occupied the exalted place of honor first, years, and her history is perhaps better known than any of her descendants.

Mr. Adams properly belongs the highest place of honor in the American Republic, because her position was more difficult; her duties more arduous, and because she was stronger mentally, and more thoroughly disciplined than any who have succeeded her.

Mr. Jefferson had been dead nineteen years when his husband became President of the United States, and but for the occasional visits of his two married daughters, and the frequent presence of Mrs. Madison, the White House during the eight years of Thomas Jefferson's stay would have been entirely without a social history.

Mr. Madison's wife was the most popular woman of the day, and had it not been for the unfortunate war of 1812, and the disturbed condition of the country, both before and after this unfortunate event, her administration of lady of the White House would have been the most brilliant of any recorded in the annals of the social history of the country.

Mrs. Monroe was a timid, delicate woman unaccustomed to public life, and at the expiration of her husband's term of office gladly retired with him to their Virginia home, where, in 1850, she died.

Mrs. Jackson died of a broken heart before her husband succeeded to the Presidency. Mrs. Van Buren had been dead seven years when her husband was elected Chief Magistrate, and her daughter-in-law, a lady of great refinement, was mistress of the White House during the term.

Mrs. Tyler, who filled the unexpired term, lost his wife during his stay in the White House, and subsequently married Miss Gardner, of New York, eight months before the close of his administration.

Wheeled Himself into a Fortune.

At a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, recently held in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, both up in years, one however, considerably the senior of the other.

For the Little Folks.

Eyes and No Eyes.

You have all read the story in the school readers of the two boys who went over the same route, one with his eyes open and the other with them shut.

The Jokers' Budget.

Don't Know Adam.

As Artemus Ward was once travelling in the cars, reading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said: "Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

We All Might Do Good.

Live for Something.

In the order of Providence, life's ministry is indeed a noble and sublime. Every man and every woman has his or her particular assignment in the duties of responsibilities of daily life.

Too Much for Him.

A gentlemanly conductor was collecting tickets from his passengers. All handed over the tickets promptly except one fat old lady who sat next to the door, and who seemed to be reaching down to get something she had dropped on the floor.

The Fox and the Lion's Den.

You boys who read Esop's Fables, will remember the story of the lion who feigned to be sick, and induced all the smaller beasts to come and pay their respects to him in his den.

Faith and Works.

There are two ears of a boat. Row with the right ear alone, and a boat describes a needless circle on the water.

Air Castles.

Air castles! Who has not built them? vast structures that tower up and grow grander, until lost in their own limitless magnificence.

The Home Circle.

We All Might Do Good.

Whether lowly or great, Where we often do good; That is always the way, If there be but the soul, Though it be but a word, Kindly breathed or suppressed, It may guard off some pain, Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good In a thousand small ways—In poring to flatter, In yielding due praise, In spinning all rumor, In reproving wrong doer, And treating but kindly The hearts we have won.

We all might do good, Whether lowly or great, For the deed is not gauged By the purse or estate; If it be but a cup Of cold water that's given, Like the widow's two mites, It is something for heaven.

Live for Something! Life is the divinest of Heaven's gifts to man, and something divine should be got out of it. Put upon the mode of the divine, and endowed with such God-like capabilities and powers, how appreciably grand are life's possibilities in the way of achievement for earth and heaven!

On a certain railroad, the other day, a newsboy entered a car with a bundle of dailies, and accented a crusty old chap who sat crunched in a seat near the stove:

"No," growled the passenger; but I'd give five dollars if there was a fire in that stove."

"Did you say you'd give five dollars if you had fire in that stove?" said the boy, turning back.

"Yes, and darned quick, too."

"The boy, in the twinkling of an eye, opened the stove door, thrust in the bundle of fresh papers, touched a lighted match to them, and demanded his pay."

"In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. 'I thought,' she said to her son, 'I really do not remember, mother; you know I have had so many things on my mind.'

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son said this some days ago; but he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says that if he did then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forget about it; but never he said he did, he did."

"Wasn't that a grand character to have?" Having once said a thing, that was enough to make others believe it, whether he remembered it or not.

I wish all the boys in our land were sure of as good a reputation."

"How long after your marriage was it?" "About a year; may be less."

"When were you married?" "Dade, sir, I dunno."

"Did you not bring a certificate of your marriage with you from the old country?" "Hey, sir, and what should I made with a certificate, had the old man himself along with me?"

"No further questions were asked."

"CLERK," said a tall Kentuckian to a hotel official, "this young lady and me have eloped. Have you any marryin' facilities 'round here?"

"The clerk replied in the affirmative, and the two were 'spliced' in less than an hour. The bride-groom was evidently not yet settled, and lingered around the hotel-book."

"Clerk," said he confidentially, at length, "hadn't ye better change the register, and give us one new row we're married?"

"It's already done," replied the clerk; "you're marked for the same room."

"Well, clerk, replied the Kentuckian, quickly, 'won't you just show me up, then, for I am awful sleepy.'"

An Irishman was looking about the ruins of a burnt confectionery establishment in Nashua, N. H., when he spied a box of lozenges, still in a fair state of preservation. He picked up the box, but preliminary to making off with the idea occurred to him to be sure that the lozenges were worth purloining. He picked up a roll and broke it in two, and crammed his mouth as full of lozenges as the Cratchitts did of spoons. In a moment more the box was hurled to the ground, accompanied by the exclamation: "Be gorra, they are hot yet!" They were of the cayenne sort.

An elderly gentleman, returning home on Sunday, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. The following short dialogue tells the story:

"I have heard, Walter," said the old gentleman, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of heaven."

"Well, I think," replied Walter, "you'd better have dogged in, for you never will have such another chance."

A SENTIMENTAL youth, having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her, and made no doubt that she was a congenial spirit.

"What work was it that affected you so much the other morning?" I saw you shed a great many tears. Was it Bulwer's last?"

"No, it was what Bulwer's last is," returned she, "but I assure you I was doing a job which almost kills me. I was peeling onions."

CHILDREN obey your parents.

PLACED is that harmony in the state that health is in the body.

BEHOLD now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.