

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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D. R. F. O. ALLEMAN, can be consulted at his office, at all hours, Mapleton, Pa. [Jan. 17, '72.]

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ISAAC TAYLOR & CO. MANUFACTURERS of Hemlock, Pine, and Oak Bill Timber and Shingles, Oneida, Clearfield county, Pa. They make a specialty of furnishing to order all kinds of

HEMLOCK AND BILL TIMBER. Orders taken and any information given by M. M. LOGAN, at his office, over the Union Bank, Huntingdon, Pa. Jan. 24, 1872-6m.

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand and for sale. [Apr. 19, '71-6m]

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The Muses' Bower.

The Model Subscriber.

"Good morning, sir; Mr. Editor, how are the folks to-day?" I owe you for the next year's JOURNAL, and I thought I'd come and pay. And Jones is going to take it, and this is his money here: I shut down lendin' it to him, and then coaxed him to try it a year.

And here are a few little items that happened last week in our town: I thought they'd look good for the paper, and I've done 'em up for you. And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must send something too. You're doing the politics badly, as all our family agree: Just teach your old goose-quill a fappin', and give 'em a good one for me.

I've things of my own I want 'tend to—good day, sir, believe I will climb. The Editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his hat with a thump. "God bless the old farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular jolly old trap."

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The Story-Teller.

Beginning in the Wilderness.

BY MRS. F. W. GILLETTE.

EARLY one soft, mellow twilight in the May of 1823, a small birch canoe floated noiselessly into a little cove of the Clinton river (it was not the Clinton then, for that was the Anglo-Saxon christening; but I have not been able yet to find for it an Indian name), and anchored in the forest valley, at the base of a heavily wooded hill. One of its occupants—a man of something more than thirty years, with a face bronzed by exposure to the wind and sun, but gleaming all over with the sunshine of a great, hearty, spry old fellow—sprang quickly to the shore, and lifting out a beaver-skin young girl, seated her upon the bank, and proceeded to fasten the chain that held the canoe to the body of a large tree close to the water's edge. Then he led the little woman carefully up the hillside. As they reached the top, they found a large, broad flat of heavy oaks, and saw that they could stand upon the verge of the hill and look west, while in the distance, far over the broad, deep, blue stream, that wound unobstructed by mill-dam or race-course, along its forest-shaded and hilly-bordered valley bed. Standing there, this sturdy Englishman exclaimed, "Linda, this is the spot! This is our home! How beautiful we will make it! How like my blessed home!"

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glad cry she ran forward, and kneeling at his feet reached up her clasped hands in his benediction. Surprised, as though some sweet, fair face from the vine-clad hills of Lorraine had looked up to him at the confessional, he yet, without a word or a hasty gesture, placed both hands on her bowed head and gave her his blessing; and as her husband came up and lifted her to her feet, the priest said, kindly, "Children, come with me," and led them to his own log cabin, not far from the chapel.

Father Mesnard readily prepared breakfast for "Sagumitee," a kind of broth, made of fish boiled in water, and the flour of corn. Their drink was clear, cold water from the woodland spring. As they ate, the father told them that he remembered having seen Fred in Detroit, as he had been many times there; and that Linda's father and mother he had known and loved in far-away France, so that Fred's words of the morning seemed to be true, for God had truly led them to a friend.

Fred wanted the land on the south side of the river, and that was very easily arranged between him and Father Mesnard and the Indians; and although they must meet the "Council" at Detroit, before the matter could be wholly arranged, enough could be done so that Fred could select six hundred acres of unbroken wilderness, and before noon he had struck his first blow for a home, on the spot where he built their camp-fire the night before.

The cabin was built of rough, unwhittled logs, the windows and doors made of twigs interlaced into a sort of lattice-work, and fastened to the house by hinges made of bark. Primitive indeed was this new home, and primitive too was this beginning of housekeeping, almost as much so as the life of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. And yet, although in the very heart of the wilderness, separated entirely from the white race, Linda Dabeyl was very happy during this first summer of household care. Love brightens everything it touches, and Linda loved her husband, and the great wildwood and all the strange new world with bloom and song. She had, too, a heart so sympathetic, that it gave to every Indian woman, man, child or baby, a kind word and a helpful deed; and this brought her in return much true tenderness. Then there was the good Jesuit, always faithful and affectionate and wise.

But this summer, peaceful and full of beauty as it was, was also full of fearful tragedy. The Ojibwa Indians, living and holding the lands on the north side of the