The Huntingdon Journal.

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 19, 1873.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Brief Mention--Home-Made and Stolen

Everybody is for Local Option.

Altoona wants a district court.

Who is willing to build us an office?

Fort Houck contains three prisoners.

The coal trade on Broad Top is lively.

Read the letter from India, on first page.

Henry & Co. have built a handsome office.

Who will bring us a load of kindling wood?

Sore throat is a prevailing disease hereaways.

Don't forget the rifle tournament on Saturday next.

The name of coal oil is about to be changed to "canned death."

The plasterers are at work at Long's new house, on Hill street.

Have your sale bills printed at the JOURNAL office, neat and cheap.

Read the various letters under the head of "Voice of the People."

See in another column, advertisement about Iowa and Nebraska lands.

The Fire Company will practice, with the engine, on Saturday next.

See in another column, advertisement about Iowa and Nebraska lands.

The county bridge, at Mill Creek, has been repaired and is now passable.

W. O. Cunningham, Esq., has bought the "Italian Cottage" on the bluff.

The Broad Top Company is putting in their trestle siding to the new depot.

Job printing, in all its conceivable varieties, a specialty at the JOURNAL office.

The religious revival in the A. M. E. Church, in this place, is still in progress.

The fire company are starting a library.—Make them a present of a few volumes.

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care; none knew how dearly she paid for her hair.

The Lenten season commences on the 26th inst., instead of the 15th, as stated last week.

The *Voice* isn't the meanest paper on our exchange list, by a long run, nor is it in its dotage, either.

Mrs. Mary Bendon, of Galitzin, Cambria county, died at the advanced age of 103 years, a few days ago.

Anthony Forshey, killed a black snake, measuring over three feet, near Pleasant Grove, on last Monday.

Senator Petriken will accept our thanks for a copy of the Report of the Board of Charities of Pennsylvania.

Mr. S. B. Taylor, the sewing machine man, lost a valuable gray mare, by death, on Thursday morning last.

Dissolve ten cents worth of gum arabic in a gill of water, and you have twenty-five cents worth of mucilage.

Joseph C. Long, Esq., of Bloody Run, Bedford county, has been appointed a Notary Public by the Governor.

Go where you will, and the universal cry is that Huntingdon has no respectable hotel building. Why is this?

We have a new carrier this week, and if any of our subscribers fail to receive their papers they will please notify us.

The individual who carried away from our office three numbers of Godey's Lady's Book is politely requested to return them.

The Governor has approved the bill fixing monthly return days in Huntingdon, Bedford, Fulton, Juniata, and Union counties.

Mrs. Hernease, of West township, gave birth to triplets, two girls and a boy, last week.—They were all living at last accounts.

On Sunday last officer Westbrook made a descent on a number of boys who violate the Sabbath and otherwise misbehave themselves.

Capt. Edward Turner, of Saxton, is the Agent of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for Bedford county.

The Central Pennsylvania Conference of the M. E. Church is to convene at Chambersburg, March 4th, and is to be presided over by Bishop Merrill.

Our old Carrier has taken the advice of the lamented Greeley, and "Gone West." He served our patrons well. We are sorry that he has left us.

A provision should be inserted in the new Constitution regulating public printing. Great injustice is done the tax-payers under the present system.

The most stupid attempt at wit, that we have seen for a long time, is the effort of a Greensburg paper to do up the skunk business in this county.

Somebody said, the other day, that Mr. Gage has a "rough road to travel." We hope Mr. Knight will help him make it smooth. It wants new iron.

Henry & Co. have built a handsome little addition, for an office, on the south side of their main building. Step up to Captain Frank's and settle.

The latest whim of fashion is inflated rubber bustles. It takes a young husband, with weak lungs, half an hour to blow his wife up to a fashionable rotundity.

The Presbyterians have had quite an interesting series of meetings in progress, in this place, for several weeks, and quite a number have joined the society.

We learned while in Bedford, that the probabilities are that Reed & Schell's assignees will pay fifty per cent. of the indebtedness. Much better than was expected.

In Adams, Lancaster and Franklin counties all sales of real estate, or personal property, are advertised in the county papers. In Huntingdon county it is seldom done.

How about the water works? There is not another town in the State, the size of Huntingdon, that has not done something towards supplying its citizens with good water.

The spirit of George Francis Train seems to be "hovering round;" only a little of it in the Huntingdon *Globe.—Bloody Run Press.* "Only a little" crazy you mean, eh, old fellow?

What strange kink is it that requires the change of cars at Mt. Dallas? The Broad Top people assure us that they are not to blame. Who is? We lost a package by the operation.

George A. Black has opened a fish market, in the basement of the Broad Top corner, opposite the Union Depot, where he will have fresh fish, of all kinds, every Thursday, during the season.

It is reported that an engine ran off the track, near Norris' trestle, on Broad Top, on Saturday last. The engineer and fireman escaped unhurt. We did not learn the extent of the damage.

A meeting of the committee to revise the Premium List of the Agricultural Society, will meet at the Court House, on Thursday, the 20th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M. A full attendance is requested.

Our item, of a week or two ago, relating to an attempt to inveigle a young man into the meshes of matrimony, seems to have "raised the dutch" of a number of widows. "If the shoe pinched" we couldn't help it.

The bill to authorize the trustees of Algernon S. Roberts, deceased, to convey real estate to the Rock Hill Iron and Coal Company, and receive stock in said company in payment of the same, has passed the Senate.

A supper will be given, at the Exchange hotel, this (Tuesday) evening, by the employees of the Broad Top Railroad, to John McKillips, Esq., the late Superintendent of that road. It will, no doubt, be a handsome affair.

The school board of Huntingdon, by a vote of four to two, have determined to build a creditable school house, in a convenient part of the town. All honor to the men who have resolved upon this righteous purpose.

The Hollidaysburg *Register* thinks the Professor should let his readers know all about the cause of his late notoriety. It would be fine reading for the soldiers' orphans and the ladies who have been sending in their subscriptions to his paper.

Last week a stream of water was struck in one of the mines of the Kemble Coal and Iron Company, near Riddlesburg, that kept four men pumping night and day to relieve the miners of its presence. They had to pump or drown. It has slacked up.

Among the appointments of the Allegheny Conference of the U. B. church, are the following: Altoona, Rev. J. Walker; Tyrone, Rev. G. Chappell; Hollidaysburg, Rev. R. C. Morton; Huntingdon, Rev. D. S. Messeuger; Johnstown, Rev. M. P. Doyle.

An investigation of the facts, by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the case of the alleged burning of a living horse, by one Samuel Hall, of Bedford county, brings to light the fact that the horse was slain before the burning process was resorted to. Samuel evidently didn't believe the witch died with the horse.

Superintendent Brown, of the B. & B. Railroad, put a large gang of men to work, on last Wednesday morning, on the extension of that road to McKee's Gap. Harry Drollinger, Esq., of Hopewell, contracted to build eight miles of it by the first of July next.

Mr. William Foster tells us that he has opened the handsomest thing for the Rock Hill Iron and Coal Company, on East Broad Top, that has yet been opened in that region. He has run in three gang-ways and has about twelve feet of coal. Hurrah for East Broad Top!

Mr. Petriken introduced a bill for the relief of John Heffner. Also, a supplement to an act to incorporate the Huntingdon, Fulton and Franklin railroad. Also, a further supplement to an act to incorporate the Huntingdon and Broad Top Mountain Railroad and Coal Company.

One of our farmer friends, in Henderson township, informs us that he owns a canine, of the female gender, that has taken under her charge and keeping a small kitten, which she watches over with tender care, suckling it and giving it as much attention as its feline parent could possibly do.

We do not see that our representatives at Harrisburg have introduced a bill to repeal the "skunk" bill yet. Why is this? If half the money paid for "skunk" hides had been paid for printing, a bill would have been introduced and passed under a suspension of the rules, inside of twenty-four hours.

Huntingdon has the most industrious set of roosters in the State. They commence crowing every evening between nine and ten o'clock, and continue, at intervals of fifteen minutes, until about four o'clock in the morning, when the grand concert commences, and is kept up unceasingly until daylight.

The Court should make a standing order that every orphans' court sale, or other legal notice, under its jurisdiction, should be published in at least two papers, one of each representing the leading political parties, in each county, having the largest *bonæ fide* circulation, otherwise great injustice is done to tax-payers.

It is currently reported that the Pennsylvania railroad company is going to lay its third and fourth tracks, across the mountain, on the 5ed of the new Portage road. If this should be done the Williamsburg road, will, quite probably, be continued on to this place, on the opposite side of the river, and a connection made with the main line below the town.

The Bedford *Inquirer* gives the census of a remarkable family in Londonderry township, Bedford county. It says that a few days ago a comparatively young man stated that his wife had given birth to twins seven times during the last seven years, and that the prolific mother, a buxom brunette of thirty-nine years, has, in addition, borne a child regularly every year for ten years of the last seventeen, thus making an addition to the population during that time of twenty-four.

BEDFORD PERSONALS.—

Fetter collects the taxes.

Helm still keeps the stamps.

Dr. Gump is not growing any.

Louie Saupp ain't married yet.

Songster has the longest beard.

Sam Barclay is as gray as a rat.

Bowers handles the greenbacks.

Harris don't eat oysters enough.

Bob White has the "rheumatiz."

Loyer is as good looking as ever.

Bob Steckman still buys "hosses."

Dr. Watson is as good-natured as usual.

Dan Crouse is the pushiest young man in town.

Dr. Hickok takes no interest in secret societies.

Scott Hughes weighs considerably less than a ton.

Shires, Jim, thinks there is nothing like the Resorte.

Cramer believes in the cottages. They are a perfect paradise.

Sammy Jordan is as neat and trim as a French dancing master.

Cessna, Boon, lectures on education. He thinks it is a good thing.

Simon Cook carries his age well. He moves about as briskly as ever.

Sheriff Cessna's locks are frosted. He ought to live fifty years yet.

Maj. Dibert moves heavily. He looks like one of the patriarchs of old.

Points is putting on a fatherly air. That baby! It's a boy, you know.

Nelse Alsip always talks about some old pleas. He is a *pleas*-ing fellow.

Hays Irvine is up in the world where we used to be. Those nasty steps!

Maj. Mullin sticks to the Washington. He is as sociable as in days of yore.

Reynolds is a nice young man—so the ladies say. He bears his honors meekly.

Espey Alsip looks every inch a Prothonotary. Those are handsome records, Espey.

Longenecker holds his own about as well as any young married man at the Bar.

Hen Irvine is getting along cleverly—doing a good business. Success to you, Henry.

Murdorff is getting fat. He ought to take a streak of lean in his meat now and then.

Benedict is as clever as ever. He wishes well to all mankind, and we love him for it.

Lutz looks careworn. A suspension of business, for a year or so, would do him good.

Kline wants to insure everybody. He is always ready to take your money and your life.

Kerr ain't a bit fat—he has a hungry look about him. Heavy editorials weigh him down.

Father Agnew raps and sings out "silence," as sonorous as usual. He is always in Court.

Lashley, Clay, makes a good Sheriff. When he catches a fellow a fellow had better gin in.

Maj. Washabaugh is a fixture. He never varies. He appears as young as he did twenty years ago.

Alex. King's whiskers are most too bushy. Could'nt you cut 'em down a little? Just an inch or two.

John C. Wright smiles as pleasantly as ever. There is nothing wrong about him. He is always Wright.

Benny Blymyre will burn his fingers with old stoves. Wonder who will fix them whon he suspends bus?

'Squire Lingenfelter has a pet boy. The 'Squire likes pets. He is as amiable as usual. Long may he wave.

Will Jordan says his goods are a *drug* in the market. We lost that bundle in the exchange of cars at Mt. Dallas.

'Squire Nicodemus is always at his post, and as prompt as ever. He is one of the best business men in the town.

Oster has not taken unto himself a wife yet, but he looks as well and sells goods as cheap as the most married man in town.

Spang, good old Spang, the wheel-horse of the Criminal Court, is getting corpulent. More exercise, friend. That church case was a bad one, but you made it.

Will. Smith; Jonathan Cessna, Alex. King and John Jordan are so pleasant and agreeable to the people from the country. One of them will be the next District Attorney!

Cessna, John, is beginning to look old. Too much hard work tells. Take some rest. Go to Europe until the next Congress meets, and tell the chaps on the other side of the fish pond what their capital could do in Bedford county.

DON'T BOX YOUR CHILDREN'S EARS.—We call the attention of parents, teachers and all those having charge of children to the fact that a physiological journal condemns the practice of boxing children's ears. We had supposed, in this advanced age of civilization, that such barbarous punishment were only remembered as relics of the darker ages. But it appears that the practice is sufficiently common in some sections of the country to call forth a decided remonstrance. Besides being a brutal method of punishment, it is dangerous. The passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. If any one designed to break or overstrain the membrane, he could scarcely divise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving away. Many children are made deaf in this way.

LIST OF PATENTS issued from the United States Patent Office, to Pennsylvania Inventors, for the week ending JAN. 28, 1873, and each bearing that date. Furnished this paper by Cox & Cox, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

Car-Starter, Peter Bates, Jr. Pittsburg; Washing Machine, B. Edgar, Espy; Railway-Car Brake, J. F. Elder, Blairsville; Sash Balance B. F. Hartman, Charleston Village; Fraction Locomotive, T. S. Mionis, Meadville; Molasses Jug or Pitcher, M. J. Bennett, Braddocks; Fire Kindler, J. Y. Marks, Rochester; Car-Axle Box, J. Kinzer, Pittsburg; Wash-Boiler, R. Lawyer, Pittsburg; Harvester, C. M Young, Meadville.

THE TWO PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS OF THE BALD EAGLE TANNERY AND A LARGE AMOUNT OF STOCK IN ASHES—*Loss from* $60,000 *to* $70,000—*Insurance Light.*—On Wednesday night about 12 o'clock the silence of the hour was disturbed by the alarm of fire. The flames were soon discovered to be in the Bald Eagle Tannery of D. P. Ray, Esq., and in a very few minutes the Neptune Hose Company and a large number of citizens were on the spot, by which time the fire had got under good headway in the dry timbers of the engine house where it was discovered by the watchman to have originated.

Considerable delay in getting the water to play on the flames was occasioned by the fire plug at the Ward House being covered with snow thrown from the pavement, and something, we know not what, being in bad shape about the private plug of the Tannery; and owing to a defect in laying many of the service pipes throughout the town the water was passing through them to prevent freezing, thus lessening the force of the water very considerably, in fact there was hardly any force at all for as much as half an hour, during which time the fire had its own way, comparitively speaking. A very few minutes had elapsed when all hopes of saving the engine and leach houses were abandoned, and the exertions of the company and citizens put forth to keep the fire from connecting with the main tannery building, in which were the vats and drying rooms, but all in vain. The fire in the main building advanced slowly. Had it pushed forward in this building as it did in the leach-house the flames would have, in all probability, been conveyed to the stables and other out-buildings close by, thence to the Ward House and Mr. Eshbach's building, and possibly from that to the Juniata bridge, thence to the frame row adjoining, and no telling where the end would have been. The wind was changeable and by times very high, carrying pieces of burning shingles, etc., as much as fifteen to twenty rods. The snow which fell during the day and evening prevented these embers from setting fire to the roofs of the adjoining buildings, which are literally covered with pieces of charred wood.

The main building, leach house, engine house, engine, all the machinery and from fifteen to eighteen hundred sides were destroyed, footing up a loss, as we are informed by Mr. Ray himself, of from sixty to seventy thousand dollars, while his insurance is but twenty-two to twenty-eight thousand dollars. The large bark house, one or two small buildings and a few sides of leather remain uninjured.

Mr. Ray says he will commence to rebuild at once, and by the middle of May or first of June, if the machinery can be procured in that time, he will again be in running order, which is but adding to his already merited reputation for more than ordinary energy and business. He has our sympathy and that of all the citizens of the place, who appreciate his worth among us.

Much praise is due the Neptune boys, who did their best to save the property, which would have been done had the water been given them in full force at the beginning. We have neither room nor time to comment on the necessity of a more complete fire department, but would suggest that a fire engine is very essential to the protection of Tyrone from fire.—*Tyrone Herald.*

THE current issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* is highly attractive in respect to both its articles and its illustrations. The most striking feature is the opening portion of Mr. Black's charming new serial novel, "A Princess of Thule." The style of this story is more popular and engaging than that of the author's last work, "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and gives every indication of being one of his best productions, fully equaling "The Daughter of Heth," a novel of rare interest from the same pen. "The Roumi in Kabylia," which forms the initial contribution, describes a tour through modern Algeria, and is replete with interesting delineations of a country which, although abounding in natural beauties and historical associations, is seldom visited by travelers, and but little known to the general reader. The engravings which accompany this article are beautifully executed. "The National Tran-sAlleghany Water-Way," by Prof. Thompson B. Maury, describes the method by which it is proposed to connect the waters of the Mississippi with those of the Atlantic Ocean, and thus establish direct communication between Omaha and the ports of Europe. The almost incalculable advantages which would result from the realization of this scheme render the present paper not only interesting but profoundly important. Several views and explanatory diagrams accompany the text. "New Washington," by Chauncey Hickox, is a sketch of the æsthetic, social, and political condition of the National Capital. It contains many shrewd remarks and pertinent suggestions, and deserves a careful reading from all who feel a proper interest in the good order, beauty, and dignity of the representative city of the land. In the article entitled "Cuba," the main points of the difficulties which have arrayed the inhabitants of that country against the Spanish government are presented in a clear and succinct manner. "Unsettled Points of Etiquette" dwells upon the unfortunate diversity of opinion which prevails in elevated circles of American society regarding the propriety or impropriety of certain polite observances, and which frequently causes much annoyance to polished and sensitive persons, especially foreigners. The remedies suggested are both simple and reasonable. "Chateaubriand's Ducks" is a very captivating sketch of an incident in the later career of the famous statesman and author mentioned in the title, and contains some valuable anecdotal matter. The poems in the present number of *Lippincott's Magazine* are, "The Hermit's Vigil," by Margaret J. Preston, and "Winter," by Lucy H. Hooper. Both are above the ordinary average. Besides "A Princess of Thule," already referred to, the leading contributions in the department of fiction are the concluding chapters of "Probationer Leonhard," by Carolina Chesebro', and "Her Chance" by S. W. Kellegg. "In the Cradle of the Deep," by Charles W. Stoddard, is a well-written sketch of an experience of maritime life gained during a long and tempestuous voyage. "Our Monthly Gossip" contains some very discriminating criticism upon the acting of Miss Neilson, some amusing anecdotes of the late General Robert E. Lee, and a variety of entertaining notes and comments. We notice that the publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine* offer as a club premium one of the most magnificent chromo lithographs ever executed in this country, and upon the production of which eight thousand dollars have been expended.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR GEARY.—The following eulogy, on the death of Ex-Gov. Geary, was delivered by Gen. Lane, in the House of Representatives, on Tuesday, the 11th inst.:

MR. LANE. Mr. Speaker there are occasions when silence, perhaps becomes most eloquent and most befitting. Yet, sir, I feel that I would do violence to my own sense of propriety should I remain silent upon this occasion. It has been my privilege to share with the distinguished deceased, in a part of his distinguished career as a soldier and an officer, where I had an opportunity of knowing his worth, and I can speak that which I do know, and testify to that which I have seen. I have stood with him shoulder to shoulder, in the defense of the flag of his country. I have obeyed where it was his so command "forward" in the charge, and where that courage peculiar to the man mounted to the eye, it kindled a spirit in every soldier under his command that would know no defeat. I have seen him thus kindled stand erect in his stirrups, and as he gave the command "forward" the soldierly, almost as if winged, fly across the slashing and abattis to the routing of the enemy. It has been my privilege to care for him to some little extent when wounded. I have shared my mess with him. I have added what I could to his relief, wounded as he was time and again, never willing to go to the rear, but always to the front. This spirit seems to have ever been characteristic of the man. In the camp, in the field, or in the position of a civilian, or as an executive officer of high trust, he has always been found ready for the duty and the responsibility of the occasion and but few men in the history of this Commonwealth, and I may say of any Commonwealth in this country, will have so bright and distinguished a page in the history of individual men as the late John W. Geary. Born in an humble cottage, in the wilds of Westmorland county, in obscurity, by dint of perseverance and indomitable energy he surmounted all the obstacles that intervened, until twenty-five years of public life have been marked with the impress of his character from the Atlantic to the Pacific slopes, known and read of all men. And it seems fitting, sir, that having but so recently vacated the chief executive chair of this Commonwealth, that we should bow in that submission and humble recognition of an overruling power, of which we are reminded in these emblems of death, taking the lessons to ourselves as dying men, to fill well the station of life that when we fall we shall fall in peace and in the honorable discharge of life's duties.

I had hoped, sir, that gentlemen upon this floor had prepared, and I may hope to hear yet from those who are prepared to do justice upon an occasion like this. For myself I confess I did not know of his death until yesterday noon, and I speak upon the impulse of the moment. But I suppose arrangements were made here to have such members as the gentleman from his native county and others collect statistical facts, and make up a record and history of his public and private life, and would be so presented as to make a complete record that shall go upon our Journal, and be read by all the people of the Commonwealth, and become an incentive to the youth of the land for greater exertions to fit and qualify themselves to imitate his worthy example and so discharge their duty in turn as has the honored dead. I may say here, in this connection, that we are reminded in this Providence of the many great men who have fallen during the past twelve months in this country, and it is becoming that a great deliberative body like this, shall mark well this incident that it may not go unimproved.

GRAND HOP at Yenter's Hall, on Friday evening, the 21st inst. Good music and Refreshments will be on hand. Tickets for gentlemen, $1. Ladies free. JOHN M'COY, Manager.

H. Greenberg will move his merchant tailoring establishment into Blair's new room, next to the post office, on the 1st of April, td.

Buy your Wall Paper, Window Shades, Books and Stationery at Langdon's Book Store. It is the cheapest store of the kind in town. tf.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE POOR HOUSE ACCOUNTS REVIEWED.—*Mr. Editor*:—We desire a small space in the JOURNAL to talk "Poor House." First, we would like to know what the tax-payers of Huntingdon County think of the statements of the Huntingdon County Alms House for last year? Nine thousand eight hundred and two dollars and sixty cents, for supporting an average of fifty paupers at the Alms House for 1872! Tax-payers, look at this! How do you like the picture? Don't said Institute look as though an investigating committee would not be out of place? Republicans and tax-payers, are you willing to see your money used to buy votes for "Independent Candidates," and to keep in position at the poor house a few democrats?

The question may be anxiously asked are these really facts! They undoubtedly are. John Logan can explain, and no doubt a couple of the Directors can help. How many bargains and sales did John Logan make to effect the election of certain delegates to the last County Convention? How many did he *bribe* to vote for P. H. Bence for Poor Director by offering to take meat, merchandise, and other produce and supplies from them for the use of said house? (and no doubt at their own figures.) How many Republicans in Shirleysburg receive patronage from said house? We can answer, and take their own figures to do it with:

W. B. Lease, Mdze	$26 48
J. A. Kerr, "	32 51
Henry Myers, blacksmithing	92 70
Total	$151 69

We will now take the Democratic side of the balance sheet, and it gives us:

W. A. Fraker, Mdze	$969 08
W. H. Brewster, (a Buckalew-Greeleyite)	181 42
W. P. M'Nite, Physician	135 00
J. A. Doyle, for coffins	28 52
Total	$1314 02

Democrats receiving in excess of Republicans $1162.33. Could Huntingdon County see the corruption and bribery resorted too, to carry out the plans of the present Steward, they would open their eyes wider than New York did at the doings of Tammany. We further say that we do not have a correct statement of the expenditures for 1872. There were several bills kept back (at the instigation of "the ring") until the January meeting of Directors, which would make the expenditures for 1872, over-run $10,000.

They say though, that Mr. Logan is an *excellent manager*, no doubt. Who are the favored ones occupying positions at the Alms House to day? W. P. M'Nite, physician appointed over Dr. Gehrett, a soldier who lost his health in the army, while he (M'Nite) was at home wearing copperhead badges, and is now receiving a greater salary, by several dollars, than Dr. Gehrett offered to take the house at. G. W. Whittaker is clerk; was a rampant Buckalew-Greeleyite last fall, and could not find language sufficiently strong to denounce *all* of the Republican candidates. J. A. Doyle, another democrat makes the coffins, while W. A. Fraker and other democrats furnish all the merchandise, at a higher figure than Republicans would do it for.

Truly Republicans here are a patient people. This thing has been going on for over two years, and Republicans all over the county have been apprised of it, yet they seem slow to believe and loth to act. Our statements are true. The Directors with one acception, are traitors to the party that elected them and connive and wink at the frauds of Logan.

We have evidence sufficiently to prove the *bribery* of Logan last fall; he used the patronage of the house as the price. He may deny, but facts are truths and unless a speedy change takes place in the management of that house, the charges *will be proven.* The Directors had better move. The wine of their appointees will not always make smiles, they will find other amusement, than trying to spoil *gourd* with a *brick* in their hat.

And in conclusion to cap the climax, when the tax-payers of Huntingdon County are petitioning the Legislature for a change in the mileage of the Poor Directors from ten cents circular to four cents, and to meet every alternate month, this immaculate Steward of the Alms House, is pacing the lower end of the County with a remonstrance to the above reforms, and reduction of taxes.

We expected, or should expect better things from a man who was placed as Steward over the affairs of the Alms House, than to act in this presumptious manner. O, shame! where is thy blush?

TAX-PAYER.

Shirleysburg, Feb. 8, 1872.

HARD SKULLS.—Give us your hand, Mr. Editor, your strictures in your last issue upon the remarks of the *Bellefonte Watchman* on the subject of Female Suffrage give us hope and courage. There is an Editor and a paper that dares to be honest on this much abused topic! Good! It emboldens me to say a word, and to hope that you will say it over again in your paper. I have never yet seen anything that rises to the dignity of an argument against Woman Suffrage. If there be such I would be glad to see them, as I am, in that case, in great darkness on the subject. I have often seen such appeals to prejudice, and slurs and gibes as those of the *Watchman.* The women are *hard*-headed and the men are *soft*-headed. No doubt. But "*reasons*, man, your *reasons.*" They may be "plenty as blackberries," but I have never seen them. Do not give us such apologies for reasons as that the wisdom of our fathers never gave the suffrage to women: for first, it is *not true;* and second, if it were, it would be no more a reason than that because the Town Council has never shut up the cows, therefore, they never should. Do not say that it would degrade woman, because that is *not true* either, and if it were, how should you know it, professing to believe that the experiment has never been made?

The fact is, Mr. Hardskull, woman has enjoyed the right of suffrage from time immemorial, and that, too, in a sphere of greater importance and responsibility than the political. If I know anything about church history, they have always voted in the churches, for Pastors and Elders and Deacons, and on all subjects of interest to the congregation. And I have never heard of one being thereby degraded, or turned into a man, or turned out of her sphere. In fact, somehow, the very best women of the world are there in those very churches where they have the right of voting and where they exercise it. I often think that a wise Providence has used this element there as a purifier, rather than an instrument of degradation. At any rate, the fact is, that there, in that sphere, where they have their votes, purity seems to be more prevalent and more highly estimated than it is just now in the political world. Do not tell us, by way of argument, "we have too many voters already." What's the evil of *many* voters, if they be *good* ones? What we want, in order to purify the political atmosphere, are *good* voters—that is, *intelligent* and MORAL voters; and if there is to be a distinction in favor of one of these qualities above the other, surely, in these times, it ought to be made in favor of *morality.* Not that the other should be wanting, and it is not: for in point of *intelligence* upon all subjects connected with the good of society, women, in this land at least, will compare favorably with men, and if they have the ballot they will probably soon rise still higher in this respect. But as to morality, where do you find the strongest moral element of our society? Examine your church rolls of every denomination. See how many more women you have than men. Go to the place of worship, and compare their number with that of men. You must acknowledge that the *female* element of society is a *moral* element. Why fetter it? What other qualification for the ballot can compare with this morality?

It is true Paul *silences* the woman in the church, but he does not *bind* her. The politician, in his great wisdom, has reversed the order. He has *bound* her; but he dares not *silence* her. Oh, no! It would be flatly in the face of our great doctrine of *free-speech*, to prevent Susan B. from speaking her mind, but take care that she don't get hold of a ticket! That would *degrade* her—and—and—if—"if the sky would fall, we would catch larks!"

But go on, Mr. Hardskull, with your sneers. They are disgusting thinking people into the advocacy of a cause which can be met by nothing more worthy of its steel. Yours, truly,

DIFFIDENCE.

Three Springs, Feb. 17, 1873.

DEAR JOURNAL:—You, already, have an itemizor from this part of the County, but I have concluded, notwithstanding the above fact, to *immortalize* myself by writing for a paper. Therefore, please class me in, with the *illustrious*, and *never to be forgotten*, "Oliver Cromwell," recently resurrected, and imported to Orbisonia.

Indeed, I think it is a shame that the people of "Three Springs," and "Clay Twp," are not allowed to think, and judge for themselves any more, but are to be dictated to, and abused by such *scallywags*, as write for "*The Globe.*" Because they are not able to attend to their own affairs, do they suppose that every one else is ditto?

In the last issue of "*The Globe*" I notice a a correspondent from "Orbisonia," charging your correspondent from "Clay," with stealing R. R. stakes in Clay? Can it be possible that he is looking after them to *burn brick* with?

Again, "Anon" tries to eulogize Col. Dewees, by calling him the father of the "East B. T. R. R." I don't think the Colonel needs a *brainless assinine* like "Oliver" to blow for him.

Now "Oliver" or "Anon," as you call yourself, take my advice, and attend to your own business, for Clay Township, I have no doubt, will eulogize her *own* Doctors, and run down her *own* men, when she thinks they need it, and Col. Dewees, and the E. B. T. R. R. will be able to defend themselves, when they think it necessary, without your bombastic advice.

I noticed in "*The Globe*," a few weeks ago, quite a puff on Dr. Thompson, of this place, but I rather inferred from the tenor of the piece, that the Doctor was not appreciated here, as he should be. Now I can't say much about the appreciation of the Doc. around here, but certainly the people in "Three Springs Borough" hold him in *high estimation*, from the fact that he has run for two or three *Borough offices*, (School Director, and Town-councilman) and has been *invariably defeated.* You can, therefore, form some idea of the *appreciation* of the gentleman at home. The editor of the *Globe*, must be a learned man, to be able to tell the name of the operation, that was performed on Mr. Pierce, perhaps the Doc. had him "set up," before he wrote that "puff" for him? Certainly no one could be so *cruel hearted* as to dishelieve the *Globe* man, when he says that Dr. T—— is a great, and skillful surgeon.

Certainly we appreciate the Doc. at home, but the astute editor of "*The Globe*," and the *long eared gent* of Orbisonia, will please bear in mind that when the citizens of Clay Township, or Three Springs Borough, have a man that *deserves praise*, they will attend to that in due time. Truly,

"Birds of feathers,
Flock together."
Very Respectfully,
"NOVUS HOMO."

Three Springs, Feb. 10, 1873.

ALEXANDRIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1873.—*J. R. Durborrow, Esq:* I notice in the *Globe* of the 28th ult., a communication from Alexandria, *signed* Meyers Miles, in reply to my communication in the JOURNAL. When I penned that letter I had not the remotest idea that a man, who sustained the character that Mr. M. has formerly done in this community, would stoop so low as to confess himself the author of such a communication. In regard to Mr. M.'s honesty, in pecuniary affairs, I will say that I have known him for a long time and I never knew him to refuse to pay an honest debt. I, therefore, beg his pardon for the insinuation to the contrary in my former communication; but he must permit me to say that if he persists in keeping bad company he must expect to be accused sometimes of things of which he is not guilty.

Mr. M. says he has nothing against the Honorable Senator as a man, a citizen, a lawyer, or a Senator, but as a political leader and wire-worker in politics. And now who is it that he professes to follow? Is it the man who attempts to bribe delegates on the streets of Huntingdon, and who says: "It is generally understood that political conventions are run by money," and who obtrudes his hateful presence into those conventions for no other purpose than to corrupt the delegates? The man who has only lately discovered how to *make money*, and who is thoroughly despised by all honest men? Does Mr. M. prefer to follow the lead of men who strive to pack juries? who make out bounty duplicates in pencil mark? who embezzle the public funds and who are now in agony because they have been compelled to disgorge *some* of the money plundered from school children? If such are the persons he prefers to follow he can do so, for Senator Scott will not suit him as a leader.

Mr. M. further says he never was leagued for corrupt political purposes. This *may* be true but he should remember that the word or even the *oath* of members of the "ring" has very little weight in this community. Mr. M. also thinks I under estimated the number of Mr. Scott's enemies. Well, perhaps, I did. Mr. Scott is a fearless defender of the right, and when truth and justice are at stake he never stops to inquire what effect their defence will have on his personal interests, and no one will think it strange if those whose villainy he has exposed do not feel friendly towards him. Election day, however, will tell on which side the strength lies.

Mr. M. is thankful that he has an organ that has no fears of telling the truth, and that this organ has the redoubtable skunk-hunter for editor. Some people are very thankful for *small* favors and I suppose Mr. M. is one of them. It is a pity, though, that the editor of the *Globe*, and his hounds, have been so much among skunks that their scent is very much impaired, for the last animal they attempted to worry proved to be a different animal from the skunk, and, in place of getting a scalp, the *hair* flew off the pursuer in a manner pitiable to behold. If the *Globe* suits Mr. M.'s taste he is the more to be pitied; but I hope when he is done reading it he will lay it up where the *youth*, especially the *young girls*, who come to his shop, will not see it, or he can hand it over to the Squire, it will be convenient for him and others when they meet to concoct the next communication for Mr. M. to sign; but, Mr. M., do not take it home, for if Mrs. M. is acquainted with the character of your favorite editor she, out of respect for the virtue and chastity of her sex, will not permit it to escape the flames.

Mr. M. wants my name, but it is of very little consequence to him who I am, for whenever it becomes necessary to do so I can furnish scores of our best citizens to endorse all I have said.

CITIZEN.

MISHTER TARBARRER: Blease sent me de Hoontington CHARNELL, dese too tollars. to olt voman unt meself ish gittin olt now unt we dort we petter chine some schurch, unt i dels him den we petter chine de rapupliken barty unt dry unt do petter. Unt den Mattelena, my olt voman, he dinks we musht dake some good relishous baper, so if de breachers kums rount, dey ken half goot dings to reat. Vell, den, i dells our olt voman we gitts de *Glope*, dat he ish one *goot man* vat makes him, for he breaches de gospils unt says all goot dings in his baper. Put pore we could iint any man vat woot lent us tem too tollars, unt wate till we can raise some hole kats next sumer to bay him back, wy, we see some of tem *Glope* bapers, unt my konshens, wat bat worts, he says in tem, vat you dinks? he *shvare Taefil in Hell*, unt all tem *infernal worts.* Unt so i hear he wants to fite you one gewel mit his swort, unt Mattelena dells me dat ish no breacher man, it musht pe some oder cuss vat breachos, dat breacher men dosh not shvare dat way, unt some childers mite kum on our house unt see dat baper unt larn tem to shvare.

Now, as dish ish de furst baper efer vas daken in dish walley, we vants one goot one, unt no shvare in him; unt if you fites dat gewel unt gits kilt you sent me dish too tollar pack, unt if your baper giffs no goot sackfaction i vant him pack any how. Make de letters in him more as pig agin as oder beples, so we kin reat him py de fire lite, unt sent him on to *Timon Walley host-offish* to Mattelena. Me,

YOHONES SNOOTIX, Esq.

HARE'S VALLEY, February 9, 1873.—*Mr. Editor*:—I see by some of your last issues that you have several correspondents from different parts of the county and none from Hare's or Smith's Valley. I thought I would ask the privilege of a small space in your columns, so that your readers may see that we still exist. Although we do live among the hills, we have some fine times, at least you would have thought so on Friday night, the 7th inst., if you had been here. Mr. Ben Kyler, of Smith's Valley, was married to Mrs. Myers, of Huntingdon. Ben brought his wife home on Friday, and on Friday night about 50 men and boys gathered up and gave him a grand serenading as a token of their high regard for the Old Hero.

The people are waking up from their long slumber in this part of the county. They are having debates two and three times a week. They have formed a society called Smith's Valley Debating Society, of which G. W. Taylor is President, Isaac Dell Vice President and K. W. Myerley Secretary. Several subjects have been thoroughly discussed by able speakers. Quite a number of interesting questions have been debated.

I will quit for the present and wait until something new turns up. Truly yours, C.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WILDCAT.—One of our subscribers informs us that about a week ago, a boy named Connor, of Susquehanna township, aged about twelve years, with his dog started in pursuit of "coons." Coming upon tracks of what he supposed to be one, he followed them for some distance, and finally treed the animal. Leaving the dog to watch at the tree, he went home and procured an axe with which to fall the tree. Returning to the place, he went to work and was not long in getting the tree down; the animal, which proved to be a very large wildcat, growling at him furiously all the while. The tree fell and the dog made the attack, but the wildcat proved too powerful, when the little fellow went to the assistance of his dog and the wildcat turned on him, but by kicking he succeeded in keeping the animal off until the dog again renewed the attack. The little fellow, realizing his situation to some extent, pulled out his pen-knife and rushed upon the ferosious animal and plunged the knife into its throat, killing it instantly. Not until he took it home did he know what kind of an animal it was nor the danger he was in. The wildcat was an extraordinary large one, and the only wonder is that it did not tear him to pieces.—*Ebensburg Herald.*

HUNTINGDON MARKETS

Reported Weekly for the JOURNAL by Henry & Co.

HUNTINGDON PA., February 18, 1873.

	Wholesale	Retail.
BUTTER	$	$ 30
COFFEE, O. G. Java	26	28
" Marica