

The Huntingdon Journal.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1873.

NO. 25.

VOL. 48.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, and all arrearages are paid.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

Length	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	35	45	55	65	100	130	160	200
2 "	60	80	100	120	180	240	300	360
3 "	85	110	140	170	250	330	410	500
4 "	110	145	180	220	330	430	530	640

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TWENTY CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

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

Handbills, Blankets, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

B. F. GEHRETT, M. D., D.D., ECLESIASTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having returned from Clearfield county and permanent residence in Clearfield, offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. apr3-1872.

D. R. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, '72.

D. R. F. O. ALLEMAN can be consulted at his office, at all hours, Mapleton, Pa. [march8,72.]

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

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 223 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan4,71.]

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill Street. [jan4,71.]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 250, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71.]

H. GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [jan12,71.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 223 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec4,72.]

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, door west of Smith. [jan4,71.]

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 435, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15.]

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Office in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the JOURNAL Building. [feb1,71.]

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [feb3-1y.]

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with Brown & Bailey. [Feb.3-1y.]

LOVELL & MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,72.]

P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. Office on Fourth Street, second floor of Union Bank Building. [jan4,71.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,71.]

JOHN SCOTT, S. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pension, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted. Office on Hill street. [jan4,71.]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 223, Hill street. [ap19,71.]

HOTELS.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.

J. H. CLOYER, Prop.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, S. S. BOWEN, Prop. Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. may1.

Miscellaneous.

O YES! O YES! O YES! The subscriber has himself readiness to give Sales and Auctions at the shortest notice. Having considerable experience in the business he feels assured that he can give satisfaction. Terms reasonable. Address G. J. HENRY, March-5mos. Saxton, Bedford county, Pa.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Lester's Building (second floor), Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,72.]

A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand for sale. [ap19,71-5m.]

SHIRLEYSBURG ELECTRO-MEDICAL, Hydropathic and Orthopedic Institute for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases and Deformities. Send for Circulars. Address Dr. BARR & GEHRETT, nov27,72m.]

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts., HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING: ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed, J. R. DURBORROW & CO

The Muses' Bower.

The Editor.

The Editor who will please, Must humbly crawl upon his knees; And kiss the hand that bears him: Or if he dare to tempt to walk, Must toe the mark that others shank, And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave— Too much morality you have— Too much about religion; Give me some witch or wizard tales, With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales, Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries, Those monstrous fashionable lies— In other words, those novels, Composed of kings and queens and lords, Of border wars and Gothic juries, That used to live in hovels.

No—no, cries one, we've had enough Of such confounded love-sick stuff To erase the fair creation; Give me some recent foreign news, Of Russians, Turks, the Greeks and Jews, Or any other nation.

The men of drilled scholastic lore, Would dip in just a little more, In scraps of Greek or Latin; The merchants rather have the price Of southern indigo and rice, Or Indisilk and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun, A witty anecdote or pun, A riddle or a riddle; Some long for missionary news, And some for worldly carnal views, Would rather read a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill, Must dip in gall his gander quill, A scrawl against the paper; Of all the literary follies, Bred in our colleges and schools, He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see, A jumbled up variety— Variety in all things; A miscellaneous hodge-podge print, Composed, I only give the hint, Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss, It constitutes my highest bliss, To hear of weddings plenty; For in a time of general rait, None suffer from a drought 'tis plain— At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of death says one— Of people totally undone, By losses, fire and fever; I'd rather have the fall and rise, Of rascals' skin and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish, For now and then a savory dish Of politics to suit them; But here we rest at perfect ease, For should they ever the moon was cheese, We never would dispute them.

Or grave, or humorous, wild or tame, Lofly or low, 'tis all the same; Too haughty or too humble; And every editorial wing, Has naught to do but what is right, And let the goblins grumble.

The Story-Teller.

SAVED.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Malby?"

I had my hand full of drawing materials, but I received the letter and continued on my way to Mrs. Malby's drawing room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the seaside, where I had spent my vacation—made for Mrs. Malby—to whom I had been companion for a year—and Mrs. Malby had been interested in them, saying, "Touch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them and keep them." I usually sat with her in her dressing-room through the mornings, and thither I now repaired to touch up the drawings, while she sat with her slippered feet on the fender, embroidering with purple and crimson wools.

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay-window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance toward my companion.

Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned toward me. In its irregularity and pallor it looked like a free cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deadly.

The letter was clenched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I was shocked, but silent. I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of fifty, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house—Her parents were dead. Her mother had died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She had never a child. She had no brothers or sisters whom I had heard of. I could not surmise what had happened.

I saw her burn the letter, and then she rose and left the room.

Afterward I guessed whom that communication was from.

A month had passed. They were quiet and comfortable, but rather monotonous weeks at Redburn. But though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was not unhappy with Mrs. Malby. Only sometimes I wished for a little change.

It came—a most startling episode. We had company to dine—Mrs. Malby's lawyer and personal friend, from New York. I was dressing her hair, as I sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements, pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without knock or warning, the door was flung open, and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Malby start under my hands. I myself was frightened, the intruder looked so bold and reckless.

He was very handsome, but he looked to me to have been traveling long, and to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled, his long, clustering hair unbrushed, his eyes bloodshot, yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so highbred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Malby did not speak to him. He seated himself before and not far from her.

"Go on, Violet," she said.

"Certainly. Let the young lady proceed with her task," he said, quickly—

"What I have to say need not interfere with her employment. I understand that she is your companion and confidant, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting her before."

The last sentence appeared to have been quite mechanically spoken, for he had fixed his eyes fiercely upon Mrs. Malby's face, and seemed to see only her. I went on pinning up the braids of her hair as I had been bid, but my hands trembled. I could not see her face; but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refused me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had first spoken—low and concentrated.

"Certainly," she answered.

"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I washed my hands clear of you long ago," she answered, composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated, and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me went over his face. Then he was silent. I don't know why, but from that moment I pitied him.

He got up and commenced walking the floor.

"I tell you, Winfred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it to-night, to-night," he repeated.

Mrs. Malby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not harder.

"Let me have it, Winfred," he said, pausing before her, "and I promise you it shall be the last time."

She made no reply.

"The last time. I mean it, Winfred." His voice faltered. She did not speak.

"Will you?"

"No," she replied, with no emotion whatever.

His face had been working with some strong, deep feeling. But that money-like seemed to strike him like a blow. He stood looking at her, his face still and desperate.

"I did not think God could make such a woman as you are," he said, at first.

I felt her shrink beneath the actual horror with which she seemed to regard her. But she spoke with unalterable composure.

"I told you more than a year ago that I should pay no more debts of yours, contracted at faro, or in any other way," she said. "I meant it; you know I meant it. I have given you fair warning. I shall not change."

He did not speak; his head was drooping upon his breast; he was deathly pale.

"I have done my duty by you, Guy, you know that I have," she added.

"Yes, you have been just, but you have never been merciful," he replied. "Oh, God!" He flung up his arms with a bitter cry that wrung my heart.

I looked at her. She did not relent or go to him. He had flung himself into a chair, and with his head drooping, his arms folded upon the back, was the most hopeless figure I had ever seen. She rose, for I had finished her hair, and took a seat nearer the fire. Her lips were gray, as if she were cold, but her face was still as invincible as flint.

He gave a groan, and started up suddenly.

"I am going," he said. "I—" He met her eye, and asked: "Why did you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed her, you will remember."

A slight flush stained her cheek.

"You would have made her happy, I suppose, if she had lived," she said sarcastically. But the sting did not seem to reach him.

"If she had lived! O, heaven, if she had lived! Winfred Sedley, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me."

"I am willing," she answered.

He remained not a moment longer—Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach, and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me, and I, too, went away.

She was ill next day, but on the day following she appeared much as usual.

Of what I thought and felt, I, of course, said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. I had not understood it. Mrs. Malby would make me feel it. I understood that the two were brother and sister; that the young man was named Guy Sedley; that he was dissolute and in disgrace; that Mrs. Malby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more.

But on the second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber.

It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantle was chiming twelve.

After a moment I slipped out of bed and glided toward the open door. The long, embroidered folds of my night-dress tripped me, but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the deep velvet of the carpet. I don't know whom I expected to see—certainly not Guy Sedley, kneeling before a sandal-wood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper, burning in the silver sconce upon the wall, showed his face perfectly cool, as he went on searching for something.

He must have come through my room to reach that apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers in the chest were valuable—that there was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister.

I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor, close at his side.

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched the knife, and leaped back to the door.

I was mistress of the situation, for I had come from behind him—done all in a flash of light—and as he rose to his feet I stood with my back to the closed door, with a calmness that showed it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With a presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bills he had been searching for into the fob of his waistcoat, and with a glittering eye regarded me speculatively. I was petite, and I had not screamed. I know now that he was not much afraid of me.

"You have been robbing your sister," I said, "but if you will put the money back I will let you go."

His intense attention of me changed to a look of wonder.

"You, child, are you not afraid of me?" he asked.

"No," I answered truthfully.

"But I watched you in your sleep a moment ago, debating whether it were necessary to kill you or not."

"You must have been glad to find that it was not necessary," I answered.

He looked more astonished than before, but I did not stop to think of that.

"Put the money back," I said.

"No," he said firmly. "I will murder you first."

"Do not do that," said I. "I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day."

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

"How much money have you there?"

"One hundred dollars."

"And you need it very much?"

"Very much," he replied, with a bitter smile.

"Please put it back," I said. "She has been just to you, I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money."

"You?"

"I have it—yes—here in my room; let me show you."

I flung open the door next to my writing-desk, and came back.

"These I will give you freely," I said, opening the roll. "You said to her that it should be the last time, and I hope—"

He had taken the bills into his hand, looking at them in a kind, unbelieving way.

"You may hope that you have saved me," he said in a low voice.

We were silent for a moment.

"You know now that I was sorry for you," I said, with tears in my eyes.

"Yes," he said gravely. "And I love you for it."

He put Mrs. Malby's money back, and rearranged the chest. I began to listen nervously for voices about the house, but all was very still. He locked the chest, and gave me the key.

"You know where it is kept?"

"Yes, in a drawer in her dressing room."

I wonder how he had obtained it. "Hurry and get away."

"There is no danger; I paved the way carefully. Pure, brave little girl, how fearless you are for yourself!"

He looked at me earnestly as if he wished to carry away a clear memory of my features, then wrapped his cloak about him, flung up the sash, and leaped soundlessly out into the darkness.

I extinguished the taper, and crept back to bed. I did not hear a sound about the house until daybreak.

When I awoke I saw the dirk-knife glittering in the sunshine near my writing-desk, where I had laid it. Then I shuddered.

At eight o'clock the watchman who was kept on the grounds was found gagged and bound, just inside Redburn's entrance. Yes, Guy Sedley paved his way coolly and surely.

A year later I was the mistress of Redburn; the beautiful house, the spacious grounds, were all mine. Mrs. Malby had died and bequeathed them to me.

On her dying bed she had said:

"Violet, you are my heiress. There is only one living being who has my blood in his veins; him I disown." She paused, and then went on: "You have seen my brother; I loved him, I was ambitious for him, but his natural bent was evil. We had a cousin Flora, a lovely child, who was brought up with him. They were engaged to be married, but I forbade it. I repented to her his dissipation; I told her of his debts and deeds of daring. She loved him, she trusted him; but she was delicate and died. He said I killed her."

She grew pale, even past her dying pallor. She went on:

"When I last saw him the officers of justice were after him; he was a defaulter, had stolen money to pay his gambling debts. He is probably lying in jail now; but I will have none of him, and I will never forgive him."

So she died, hard as a flint to the last. And I was mistress at Redburn.

I was young; I was fond of gaiety; I had now the means at my disposal. Every summer my home was filled with guests. In the winter I was in New York, or abroad. And yet I lived only on the interest of the money bestowed upon me.

Three years passed. I had never heard a word of Guy Sedley, when one day, the Bromley's, of New York, who were coming to visit me, asked leave to bring a friend; I extended the solicited invitation, and Guy Sedley came.

It was a shock, but he gave no token of the past. Reclaimed from his errors, he was so refined and manly that he was the most distinguished of my guests.

I loved him, but I thought, "He must hate me, the usurper of his rights. He is poor because I have his patrimony. I have no right to Redburn, and I will give it back to him."

An opportunity came. He was sitting on the terrace one bright evening. I went and took a seat near him.

"How lovely this view is!" he exclaimed, pointing toward the distant hills.

"Yes, and you shall wish for your right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn is yours. I have no claim to it."

He did not speak, and I went on.

"Your sister was just, and she would have made you the heir had she lived to see what you are to-day."

"But it was your mercy and not your justice, Miss Violet, that saved me. Violet, I love you, and I will take Redburn with your hand, not else."

I put my hand in his, trusting him, loving him utterly, and proud, very proud, to make him the master of Redburn.

Reading for the Million.

Slender.

BY J. J. G.

There is not a more common, a meaner, or a more hurtful vice in society than slandering. Few are wholly free from its commission, few wholly escape its venom. To slander and be slandered is the order, or disorder, of the day. No position, social, political, or ecclesiastical, however high; no attainment, however rare or profound; no age, however venerable; no piety, however fervent or consistent, is an adequate protection against the thoughtless or malicious assaults of slander. A good character is of the highest value. "A good name," says Solomon, "is more precious than ointment." Character is what we really are; reputation is what we are reputed or said to be. For character, but not for reputation, we are each responsible. Now, the man who despite his natural depravity, the power of temptation, and the many