## The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - J. A. NASH,

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington stre

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Vednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH Wednesday, by J. R. Durnourow and J. A. Nasm, under the firm name of J. R. Durnourow & 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

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and PIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

## The Muses' Bower.

The Voice of My Muse.

A stranger I dwell in this grief-shaded valley, Few glimmers of joy do their sunshine diffus But God has imparted a source of deep comfort 'Tis found in the angel-toned voice of my mu When sorrow's huge waves overwhelm all my sens And pour their dark surges upon my sad hear sigh as I sit 'neath the bleak howling tempest, And long from these sorrowful seenes to depar

"Ask him, if we lower a chair, if he can Would it not be a good work to have them

### Advertising and the Panic.

"Ask him, if we lower a chair, if he can sit in it until we haul him out."

"Yes, yes!" said the young man, hastily.
"I was coming across, and the piece of stone I stepped upon loosened and rolled down here. I lost my balance, and came after it."

This was said in a low, weak voice to Geste, who called aloud: "Lower the chair!"

Slowly along the snowy sides a chair, fastened by many ropes, was lowered. It was some time before the stiff, wounded young man could get into it; but at last is was effected. "How will you get up?"

Would it not be a good work to have them here for a few hours every day, and try to instruct them?"

"But, Jessie," said Mrs. Harris, "they are the very scum of the village. All the ceening Post says that a merchant who cent children are at the village school." "I know that."

"Some of them swear fearfully," said corrections, if anything displeased them."

"Will you let me try? I do so long to to of some use in the world."

"Will you let me try? I do so long to do for some use in the world."

"Why, Jessie," said a frank voice at the village school." "Some of them swear fearfully," said notwithstanding many predictions that it wouldn't pay, declared that his sales were steady and his profits satisfactory, while many merchants around him, who couldn't afford to advertise, saw their clerks stand down that the door, "is that you that. I hear talking in Dull Times," the New York Ecening Post says that a merchant who to with the village school."

"Some of them swear fearfully," said the village school "Thought the vertising in Dull Times," the New York Ecening Post says that a merchant who to within the village school or underning the whole period of stagnation in 1857, and notwithstanding many predictions that it wouldn't pay, declared that his sales were steady and his profits satisfactory, while many merchants around him, who couldn't afford to advertise, saw their clerks stand down the village school or underning the voldern the village school or underning the village school or underning the | The content of the

### Personal.

The Mikado of Japan rides a Georgia mu

Mrs. Jane Ann Butler, of Schuylkill county John Slaymaker, of Lancaster, while driving cattle, one day last week, fell from his hors and expired.

Jacob Fenstermacher, of Manheim township Lancaster county, hanged himself recently the limb of a tree.

Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker is not dead, as mar people have been led to suppose. She is Detroit, in excellent health.

# The Jokers' Budget.

The dentists complain of hard times, but tope to "pull through."

All things are systematized now-a-days Even every milk-train has its cow-catch-"This is the rock of ages,"said the father, rocking two hours, and the baby still

# Around the Lireside.

### By the Shore of the River.

rough the gray willows the bleak winds are nronga the gray willows the bleak winds are raving
Hereon the shore with its drift-wood and sands; verthe river the lilies are waving,
Bathed in the sunshine of Orient lands;
Over the river, the wide, dark river
Spring-time and Summer are blooming forever.

Here, all alone on the rocks, I am sitting,
Sitting and wising—my contrades all gone
Shatow of mystery drearily flitting,
Over the surf with its sorrowful moan,
Over the river, the strange, cold river,
Ah! must I wait for the Boattman forever: