

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. BURBOROUGH, J. A. NASB, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the Corner of Fifth and Washington streets.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. BURBOROUGH and J. A. NASB, under the firm name of J. R. BURBOROUGH & 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, until all arrears are paid. No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at FIVE 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:

Table with 4 columns: Length (1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches), Frequency (per week, per month, per quarter, per year), and Rate (\$5.00, \$15.00, \$30.00, \$50.00).

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

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of friends or individuals, notices of marriages and deaths, excepting five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

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

Advertising Agents must send their commission outside of these figures.

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

JOHN 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 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, August 1872.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 225 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, 72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 24 Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [Jan. 17, 71.]

D. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 235 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.]

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill street. [Jan. 17, 71.]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office on S. T. St. Dr. Wm's building, No. 326, 211 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 17, 71.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 17, 71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [Dec. 7, 72.]

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [Jan. 4, 71.]

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, at Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 48, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan. 15, 71.]

J. R. BURBOROUGH, Attorney-at-Law, at Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the Journal Building. [Feb. 1, 71.]

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Solicitors' claims against the Government, pay bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4, 71.]

L. S. GEISINGER, Attorney-at-Law, at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office on East of S. East's office. [Feb. 1, 71.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MESSER, LOVELL & MESSER, 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 solicitude and dispatch. [Nov. 16, 72.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 221 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 17, 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. [Jan. 4, 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, 229 Hill street. [Jan. 17, 71.]

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. No. 172, 73-6a. A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 3, 1871-ly.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Robber's building (second floor), Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [Oct. 16, 72.]

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin Hotel. All kinds of Tonsures and hair kept on hand for sale. [Jan. 17, 71-6m.]

HOFFMAN & SKEELS, Manufacturers of all kinds of CHAIRS, and dealers in PARLOR and KITCHEN FURNITURE, corner of Fifth and Washington streets, Huntingdon, Pa. All articles will be repaired, Particular and prompt attention given to repairing. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. [Jan. 15, 73.]

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. STERIL PARIS CORNICES, &c. MOULDINGS, &c. ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 71.

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE for all kinds of printing.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

The Muses' Bower.

[Original.] Philosophy of a Tear.

BY J. W. WELCH.

I searched the ponderous lexicon Its import to descry, And thus the book did it define: "A moisture from the eye."

But peering toward its mystic source, I played the doubter's part, And found, by marking well its course, Whose mouth was yawning wide, And saw the tribute nature gave, Adown the pale cheek glide.

My sympathetic chord was touched, My bounding heart grew sad, And to the surface quick approached A tear, though I forbade.

Into the eye a particle, By Rude Boreas blown, The same effect made visible, Though I no grief had known.

To this methinks the Sage alludes: "It does not grieve the eye, But merely as the lens exudes, Profusely from the eye."

But tell me not those gushing waves, Forc'd out by sorrow's dart, Which oft the patient's eye have, Arise not from the heart.

The Lexicographer is right, He well performs his part, Yet though the channel is the eye, The fountain's in the heart.

The Story-Teller.

The Cornelian Cross.

HENRI CARDESE was a young French artist of distinguished promise. His neat little domicile and his pretty wife were situated in suburban Paris. One early twilight in the month of November of a certain year, as he entered his home, his wife ran into him, twined her plump arms around his neck, bestowing a full-blown kiss upon his responsive lips, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, dear Henri! I had such a surprise, such an odd visitor, this afternoon—a man with such an inexplicable fancy that I have been waiting three hours for your arrival, and (bestowing a playful cut thereupon) your ears."

"And now the ears have arrived, Irene, my pet, I suppose your merry tongue will rattle away as merrily as a newly wound up music-box, and, once started, I shall not have an opportunity to put a word in edgewise until you have run down completely. But for this odd man, with the 'inexplicable fancy' that you speak of, such a surprise, such an odd visitor, this afternoon—a man with such an inexplicable fancy that I have been waiting three hours for your arrival, and (bestowing a playful cut thereupon) your ears."

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of 500 francs. I see that you still bear your cross. I would have thought the sun would have melted it by this time. Paris and all the women bearing them. How did you resist it?"

"If I did not know that your slurs on women and their crosses was said more in humor than earnest, I would not give you another word of information. I told the man that the offer was very tempting, but that I could not possibly accept it without first consulting you."

"That was a noble reply, my darling," said Henri, drawing his wife close to his side, bestowing on her an eloquent glance and several passionate kisses. "Hereafter I shall consider you cheap at 50,000 francs! What odd cross to your priceless answer?"

"At first he appeared much disconcerted. After a little while he said he was going into the country to remain one week; and that he should return this way, and in the meantime gained your consent, or concluded to part with the cross without it, he would make good his offer. And then he bade me a reluctant adieu, went to a post-office that was waiting in the road, and drove off rapidly towards Chalons."

"Finally we have the finale of act first," remarked Henri.

"Yes," responded the musing Irene, "toying with the object of so much discussion, which was in reality of but little interest, and in no way remarkable, excepting from peculiarity of design. It was of a clear, blood-red color, the upright pillar being carved to represent a descending arrow, and the cross piece a very fine wrought imitation of wings."

"That attraction this bit of a thing, which, aside from being your gift, I look upon as worthless, can possess to render it so exceedingly precious in the eyes of the man, I cannot conjecture," continued the puzzled Irene.

"I think I can furnish you with a clue to the foundation of this extraordinary interest," remarked Henri. "What was his general appearance? That of a coarse, ill-bred person?"

"Far from that. He was quite tall, not over-dressed, well dressed, and refined in bearing and language. His countenance revealed much illness at some early period of his life or excessive dissipation."

"Should you recall an exact description of his face or excessive dissipation?"

"I should say, cross enamored friend call again, and I should much doubt if he ever does," said Henri, "I am the person with whom you must deal."

"Because the object he is so extremely solicitous to possess has a mysterious history known only to myself."

"And that mysterious history affords a key to the solution of the seemingly insupportable mystery of his interest in the cross?"

"I apprehended such to be the case. That cross was found upon a spot where, but a few days previously, a revolting crime had been committed. If my surmises are correct, this strange visitor of yours was the author of that crime. If so, he got it that little red cross as old acquaintances, and he would readily sacrifice several times the five hundred francs to compass its possession. Why? Simply because so long as it remains in other hands than his own, he is painfully conscious that it may at any moment rise up in judgment before him, and cost him the more irreparable sacrifice of his head."

"And you have kept all this dark mystery from me," complained Irene.

"I have, but will no longer. I have refrained from making you acquainted with the circumstances that are associated with my finding of the trinket solely from a fear that the knowledge might cause you to conceive a morbid dislike to it, and as it is really a pretty toy, I like to see you wear it. And now for the mystery. You do recall the name of the Count de St. Armand, do you not?"

"What, sir, certainly not, the fancy does not concern us, of course not," and Henri eyed the stranger keenly. "But you know that mental occurrences are the least curious of mortals to surmise."

"Of course, of course," said the stranger with strong symptoms of uneasiness. "People cannot help thinking; that's what brains were made for. But to the point; if you still possess the cross, and will exchange it for the sum of six hundred francs, your answer? I will excuse my seeming abruptness; I am pressed for time and cannot dally."

"I hold you perfectly excusable," said Henri, drawing the coveted cross from his pocket, and noting the eager flashing of the stranger's eyes as his gaze fell upon it. Deciding to thrust the probe home at once, he deliberately asked: "Another reason, other than want of time, may exist to obstruct your abruptness, my friend—want of confidence?"

"What, sir?" ejaculated the man, starting up in a threatening, apprehensive way. "Listen, and I will tell you," replied Henri, fully convinced that he was on the right track, as his visitor indecisively at last, and he got it that he had it. I am the person with whom you must deal."

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was a brave and resolute man; but, nevertheless, an occasional misgiving flitted across his mind. The business before him was of an extremely hazardous nature. Should the supposed criminal prove to be the real criminal, his capture would be likely to be preluded by a desperate encounter. If fatal, fatal to whom? Henri thought of this, then of Irene, and closed his eyes. Then he thought of the gentlemen in the next room, set his jaw, and in a spirit of grim defiance put all forebodings from him. Morning, noon, afternoon and evening glided by with no result. Henri waited with impatient discouragement. His allies took to the bedroom floor and played cards early in the forenoon. He observed the excitement of the chase had been quite strong enough to sustain Henri's interest. But now would the expected come at all? A brief consultation with the officers, who adhered to the opinion that he should return this way, and in the meantime gained your consent, or concluded to part with the cross without it, he would make good his offer. And then he bade me a reluctant adieu, went to a post-office that was waiting in the road, and drove off rapidly towards Chalons."

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"What, sir, certainly not, the fancy does not concern us, of course not," and Henri eyed the stranger keenly. "But you know that mental occurrences are the least curious of mortals to surmise."

"Of course, of course," said the stranger with strong symptoms of uneasiness. "People cannot help thinking; that's what brains were made for. But to the point; if you still possess the cross, and will exchange it for the sum of six hundred francs, your answer? I will excuse my seeming abruptness; I am pressed for time and cannot dally."

"I hold you perfectly excusable," said Henri, drawing the coveted cross from his pocket, and noting the eager flashing of the stranger's eyes as his gaze fell upon it. Deciding to thrust the probe home at once, he deliberately asked: "Another reason, other than want of time, may exist to obstruct your abruptness, my friend—want of confidence?"

"What, sir?" ejaculated the man, starting up in a threatening, apprehensive way. "Listen, and I will tell you," replied Henri, fully convinced that he was on the right track, as his visitor indecisively at last, and he got it that he had it. I am the person with whom you must deal."