

The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 49.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1874.

NO. 16.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASIL, under the 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 \$2.00 per copy within the year.

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

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:

1 week	3 mos	6 mos	1 yr	1 mo	3 mos	6 mos	1 yr
1 cent	30	50	80	1 cent	30	50	80
2	60	100	160	2	60	100	160
3	90	150	240	3	90	150	240
4	120	200	320	4	120	200	320
5	150	250	400	5	150	250	400

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion. Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of marriages, divorces, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of fees charged.

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

JOBS PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-lettering, in all styles, 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.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 24 door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 7, 71.

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 223 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 5, 72.

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

D. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 323 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Church. [Jan. 4, 71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Lister's new building, Huntingdon. [Jan. 4, 71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brewer's new building, No. 826, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOOK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 223 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [Dec. 4, 72.

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

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 82, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan. 15.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-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 for back pay, bounty, unpaid and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4, 71.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office opposite East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb. 3, 71.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MESSER, LOVELL & MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Office in the building formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson, and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [Nov. 7, 72.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 221 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 21, 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. [ap12,71.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. Nov. 12, 73-6m. A. B. ZWIGLER, Prop.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. April 5, 1871-ly. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Lister'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 House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand for sale. [ap12,71.

HOFFMAN & SKESPE, 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 sold cheap. Particular and prompt attention given to repairing. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. [Jan. 15, 72.

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

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASIL.

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St. HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

MENTS 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, 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.

By request.

Jesus of Nazareth Passett By.

What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along? These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this throng, this throng reply, "Jesus of Nazareth Passett By."

Who is this Jesus? Why should he be The moving power so mightily? A passing stranger, he has skill To move the multitude to will? Again the stirring throng reply, "Jesus of Nazareth Passett By."

Jesus! 'tis he who once below Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe; And banded ones, where'er he came, Brought out their deaf and sick and lame; The blind rejoiced to hear his cry, "Jesus of Nazareth Passett By."

Again he comes! From place to place He comes, he comes, he comes, he comes, He passes at our threshold—may, He enters—condemns to stay, Shall we not gladly raise the cry, "Jesus of Nazareth Passett By?"

Do I all ye heavy-laden, come! Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home; Ye wanderers from a Father's face, Return, accept his proffered grace; Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh—"Jesus of Nazareth Passett By."

But if you still this call refuse, And all his wondrous signs abuse, Soon will he sadly from you turn, Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn. "Too late I found his wondrous cry; "Jesus of Nazareth PASSETT BY."

THE STORY-TELLER.

GENTLE WOMAN ROUSED.

A STORY OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

"I think such action is un lady-like, unwomanly, and altogether wrong," said Mrs. Elliott warmly. "The idea of women marching in bands through the streets, followed by a rabble of rude men and boys, the idea of ruffianly fellows forcing their way into some filthy bar room, full of obscene, gaudy, ill-dressed loafers, and kneeling on the tobacco-stained floor in audible prayer. Must woman unsex herself and brave the most disgusting phase of publicity? Must the pearls of religious feeling, even in the most sacred form of prayer, be cast before the swine that infest these low dens?"

The speaker was a young and very pretty lady, who had lived in our town about a year. Her husband was a Western man, one who had grown up in our young city. He was well connected, and of great ability as a lawyer, and with a future before him of the fairest promise. It had occasionally been whispered that he drank rather freely, but no one had ever seen him the worse for it. Of late he spent his evenings out more frequently, excusing his absence by saying that there were parties that could be seen in the way of business better at night than during the day.

Mrs. Judge Ashman, another intimate friend was with us. Her only immediate response to Mrs. Elliott's words was a deep sigh. At last she said, "The evil grows so desperate I can scarcely wonder at any effort to counteract it, though I must say with you that I can scarcely understand this city. I do not see how a lady can go to such places as you describe, I suppose, only to try. But the trouble is, the worst mischief is not done at these 'dens,' many of our drinking saloons are elegant in all their appointments, and are frequented by gentlemen."

"No matter," answered Mrs. Elliott, almost sternly, "I would rather see a lady go to a place where she should go to a place. They are frequented by ruffians and gamblers, also, who differ from the ragged loafers only in being better dressed. In each case she is liable to insult, and to see and hear things which, to a pure, refined woman, are worse than blows. I'd rather meet the coarse brutality of the 'dens' than the contemptuous leers and mocking smiles of the gilded saloons."

The early shadows of the coming winter evening soon after warned Mrs. Ashman that she must be on her way homeward. At Mrs. Elliott's request, therefore, to her husband came in at the usual hour. He did not wonder she had indulged the handsome dark-eyed man with his free and easy Western bearing, refinedly Eastern culture. After the meal was over he immediately excused himself.

"Must you go out to-night, this evening," Vinton asked his wife pleadingly. "Indeed I must, Nellie. It's court week, you know. There are many lawyers in town, and I have much on hand."

I heard her kiss him affectionately at the door as he departed, and thought it must be a stress of business, indeed, that would take a man from such a wife; but surely that kiss would be protection against every evil spell.

I did not offer to stay later than ten, for so doing I might betray somewhat of the anxiety and longing of all that oppressed me. My sitting room was opposite her parlor, where I knew she would watch and wait. After lighting the gas I did not draw the curtains, but sat down with my knitting where she could see me, and so practically watched and waited with her.

When from a city steeply eleven was tolled, my neighbor grew restless. When with solemn, measured stroke midnight was announced, I heard her side door open and her quick steps on the gravel. I met her at the door.

"Dear Mrs. M—," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "how good of you to be up! I half believe you have been watching with me. Vinton has not come home yet. What does this mean? He never stayed out so late before."

She was shivering with cold, but it was the chill of fear. I put my arms around her and said:

"Let us hope for the best, my dear. If you wish, I will come and stay with you."

"Please do," she half sobbed, and then hastened back, as if unwilling to be absent from her post a moment. I was soon at her side, and with her hand (which trembled and fluttered like a frightened bird) in mine, we sat silently through another long hour. Finally the door-bell rang. She flew to open it.

Her husband, standing in, and would have fallen had she not caught him. It was a pitiable sight to see him leaning upon and clinging to her frail and trembling form, as if she were a lamp-post. As he light streamed through the door, I caught a glimpse of the glitter of a policeman's star, and then heard his gruff voice:

"Glad you're up, madam. He needs looking after, sure enough. If it hadn't been for me, he might have met a foul death for I found him in the gutter this way to-night."

True enough, he was reeking with the fith of the street, and besmearing the del-

icate fabric of the wife's dress as he clung to her; but that wife would soon be in agony over deeper, more loathsome stains.

"It's a lie," hiccoughed her husband, in tones so different from his usual clear, manly voice, "it was in a feather bed."

"O God! what's the matter with him?" gasped the wife.

"Well, ma'am, you are innocent," said the policeman in a not unkindly tone. "I'm sorry for you, but do you really mean to say that you don't know he's drunk? I'll stay a bit and help you with him if you wish."

At the word "drunk" she tottered a moment, as if she would fall, then, by a great effort recovering herself, said hoarsely:

"No, no; go away! I will take care of him. Stay! let me thank you for bringing him home, but in the name of mercy don't tell any one what you have seen."

The man made no promise, as he departed and I shut the door.

"Mrs. M—, I am ever sorry you are here. I would like this from all the world. Would that I could hide you from heaven. But I know I can trust you. What shall I do with him?"

This horrid, unexpected scene at the door had found us both bewildered to set, and for a moment longer we looked helplessly at each other.

Then her husband muttered, "What's the use standing here?" and staggered into the parlor.

Near the door stood a dainty little table with Mrs. Elliott's bridal wreath and bouquet upon it, encased in a glass cover. He stumbled against this and fell with it crashing to the floor. The warmth of the room with the excess of liquor that he had drunk now produced nausea, and sickening to behold, the flowers that had crowned his bride's brow were now fouled literally, even as his action had stained her fair, pure name.

It was awful—it was horrible, even to me, beyond the power of words to express—to see that proud, refined gentleman groveling helplessly, like a vile beast in human form, in that exact little parlor, that dainty cabinet of his priceless jewels. But what must it have been to his wife?

As soon as she could, she took his head in her lap, and said in a low, firm voice: "Vinton, how did it happen? Tell me all."

"Nothing much happened," he hiccupped. "Met some friends at Harry Hill's—took little too much—that's all."

"Harry Hill's, Harry Hill's," she muttered, as if some new light was dawning upon her.

She got him to bed, and he fell into a heavy slumber. As she returned to me in the dining-room, where there was a fire, I said: "I will not leave you to-night."

She thanked me with a silent pressure of my hand, and we sat down to watch together, as before, but with the awful certainty of more frequently, excusing his absence by saying that there were parties that could be seen in the way of business better at night than during the day.

Mrs. Judge Ashman, another intimate friend was with us. Her only immediate response to Mrs. Elliott's words was a deep sigh. At last she said, "The evil grows so desperate I can scarcely wonder at any effort to counteract it, though I must say with you that I can scarcely understand this city. I do not see how a lady can go to such places as you describe, I suppose, only to try. But the trouble is, the worst mischief is not done at these 'dens,' many of our drinking saloons are elegant in all their appointments, and are frequented by gentlemen."

"No matter," answered Mrs. Elliott, almost sternly, "I would rather see a lady go to a place where she should go to a place. They are frequented by ruffians and gamblers, also, who differ from the ragged loafers only in being better dressed. In each case she is liable to insult, and to see and hear things which, to a pure, refined woman, are worse than blows. I'd rather meet the coarse brutality of the 'dens' than the contemptuous leers and mocking smiles of the gilded saloons."

The early shadows of the coming winter evening soon after warned Mrs. Ashman that she must be on her way homeward. At Mrs. Elliott's request, therefore, to her husband came in at the usual hour. He did not wonder she had indulged the handsome dark-eyed man with his free and easy Western bearing, refinedly Eastern culture. After the meal was over he immediately excused himself.

"Must you go out to-night, this evening," Vinton asked his wife pleadingly. "Indeed I must, Nellie. It's court week, you know. There are many lawyers in town, and I have much on hand."

I heard her kiss him affectionately at the door as he departed, and thought it must be a stress of business, indeed, that would take a man from such a wife; but surely that kiss would be protection against every evil spell.

I did not offer to stay later than ten, for so doing I might betray somewhat of the anxiety and longing of all that oppressed me. My sitting room was opposite her parlor, where I knew she would watch and wait. After lighting the gas I did not draw the curtains, but sat down with my knitting where she could see me, and so practically watched and waited with her.

When from a city steeply eleven was tolled, my neighbor grew restless. When with solemn, measured stroke midnight was announced, I heard her side door open and her quick steps on the gravel. I met her at the door.

"Dear Mrs. M—," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "how good of you to be up! I half believe you have been watching with me. Vinton has not come home yet. What does this mean? He never stayed out so late before."

She was shivering with cold, but it was the chill of fear. I put my arms around her and said:

"Let us hope for the best, my dear. If you wish, I will come and stay with you."

"Please do," she half sobbed, and then hastened back, as if unwilling to be absent from her post a moment. I was soon at her side, and with her hand (which trembled and fluttered like a frightened bird) in mine, we sat silently through another long hour. Finally the door-bell rang. She flew to open it.

Her husband, standing in, and would have fallen had she not caught him. It was a pitiable sight to see him leaning upon and clinging to her frail and trembling form, as if she were a lamp-post. As he light streamed through the door, I caught a glimpse of the glitter of a policeman's star, and then heard his gruff voice:

"Glad you're up, madam. He needs looking after, sure enough. If it hadn't been for me, he might have met a foul death for I found him in the gutter this way to-night."

True enough, he was reeking with the fith of the street, and besmearing the del-

tracted attention. People spoke hurriedly and excitedly together.

"By thunder, it's broke out here!" I heard one man exclaim. "Where will it strike first?"

"Harry Hill's, as you live," was answered, "for that's Vint. Elliott's wife a leadin'."

The news spread fast, and soon we had an ample but nondescript following. Still the crowd was respectful. The worst man who had caught a glimpse of Mr. Elliott's face could not have been otherwise.

By turning a corner we came suddenly upon the entrance of Hill's saloon. There was a bustle within as if they would look the door against us, but we were too prompt for them, and entered. The crowd thronged in after us, and with those already there, filled the place completely.

Mrs. Elliott advanced at once to the bar, and we grouped ourselves around her, and such a group had never been seen in our city before.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Hill, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would desert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I plainly saw that Mrs. Elliott, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a stout, low-browed, thick-set man, slowly dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's