

# The Huntington Journal.

VOL. 49.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1874.

NO. 18.

**The Huntington Journal.**  
J. R. DURBORROW, - J. A. NASH,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, for \$2.00 per annum in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$5 if not paid within the year.

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

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

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:

	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	\$1.50	\$2.50	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50
2 "	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00
3 "	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50
4 "	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00

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, and notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding 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 first their commission outside of those figures.

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

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

Hand-bills, Blanks, 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. JOHNSON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa.  
Office: No. 113 Third Street, [Jan. 1872.]

B. W. 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. 77.]

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST,  
No. 225 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.  
July 8, '72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law,  
No. 111, 24 street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [Jan. 77.]

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 47.]

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Feb. 77.]

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, Office in S. T. Beck's new building, No. 523 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 77.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 77.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. [Jan. 77.]

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 77.]

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan. 77.]

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111 Hill Street, 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. 77.]

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. [Jan. 47.]

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of M. Spear's office. [Feb. 57.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MOSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business proceeded with fidelity and dispatch. [Nov. 72.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 221 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 31, 77.]

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. 225 Hill Street. [Jan. 77.]

Hotels.

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

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

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Leister'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. [Jan. 77.]

HOFFMAN & SKREESE, Manufacturers of all kinds of CHAIRS, TURNERS, 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. 18 77.]

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. STERIL PARIS CORNICES, 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.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

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.

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.

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.

Guilty or Not Guilty.

BY E. SHERMAN SMITH.

She stood at the bar of justice, a creature warm and free, in form too tall for a woman, in feature too old for a child.

For a look so wan and pathetic, Was stamped on her pale young face, It seemed long years of suffering Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her With kindly look, yet keen,

"Is—Mary McGuire, if you please sir." "And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen,"

"Well, Mary"—and then from a paper He slowly and gravely read:—"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an offender, And I hope that you can show The charge to be false. Now tell me, Are you guilty of this or no?"

A passionate burst of weeping Was at first her sole reply. But she dried her tears in a moment, And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir, My father and mother are dead, And my little brothers and sisters Were hungry and asked me for bread. At first I carried it for them Working hard all day, But sometimes times was bad, sir, And the work all fell away."

"I could get no more employment; The weather was bitter cold, The young ones cried and shivered— So, what was I to do, sir?"

"I am sorry, but not condemn, I look—was it stealing?" The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court— Gray-beard and thoughtless youth— Knew, as he looked upon her, And the prisoner spoke truth, Out from their pockets came kerchiefs, And out from old faded eyes, Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study— The strangest you ever saw, As he cleared his throat and murmured Something about the law.

For one so learned in such matters— So wise in dealing with men, He seemed, on a simple question, Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered, When, at last, these words he heard— "The sentence of this young prisoner Is, for the present, deferred."

And one who blamed him or wondered, When he went to her and smiled, And tenderly led her from the court-room, Himself, the "guilty" child.

Home Journal.

The Story-Teller.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

It is twenty-five years since my little story began, and I wonder what made me remember it to-day! Nothing in the surrounding circumstances, I am sure, yet in the midst of this crowded city while the streets were yet full of light and life, all at once, I thought of that gray, cold evening, the silent sweetness of the lonely bridge path to meet him. I had not far to go, but I was much astonished to find him accompanied by a young man, known as "Dark Harry Henshaw." Both of them seemed to be under great emotion, the doctor took my hand silently, the young Henshaw neither raised his eyes nor opened his mouth. I knew that he had a very bad name in all country side, and that the shadow of a great crime hung over him, therefore my astonishment was still greater when he followed my uncle into his study and after remaining there a few minutes went away again without speaking a word to any of the family.

"Well," said Aunt Mary, "after that, what?"

"Uncle to supper, I suppose; perhaps he will explain."

But he did not, until prayers were over and the servants in their rooms; then he told us that Harry had demanded money from him on his way home in a way which left no doubts as to his intentions.

"What did you do, uncle?" Did you give him money?"

"I said, 'No, no, Harry; what I have on me is not worth the taking; but if you will walk beside me, and tell me all your trouble, I will lend you enough to make a man of you again.'"

Aunt Mary looked injured, and her knitting needles spoke for her.

"Don't be grieved, wife! The lad has been driven to destruction by false accusation, and he's innocent; upon my word, I believe he's innocent."

"Very well. If you know better than judge and jury and all the country side, of course he's innocent."

"God often reveals to charity, Mary, who he hides from wisdom. The boy is innocent; I intend to help him to prove it."

"How? By a new trial?"

"No. By a new life. I have loaned him \$100, and he has gone to Texas."

"Not a very good reformatory reform, I should think."

"Where God directs the discipline, every school is good. Come, wife, be hopeful and charitable, and rest—"

Next day I heard from Aunt Mary something of the young man's history. Three summers ago he had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who, partly as a tourist and partly as a sportsman, had spent several months in the neighborhood. For many weeks their friendship had been a marvel, then either familiarity bred contempt or jealousy kindled hatred. Three days afterward the body of the stranger was found terribly mangled at the foot of Barry's Cliff, and Harry was arrested for the murder. He was eventually acquitted for want of evidence but he found every one's face dark and every one's heart hard against him; not even the woman he loved believed him innocent, and he suffered keenly from that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. He sunk lower and lower, and the previous night, in a drunken brawl, had struck to the ground one of his companions. Not caring to undergo the imprisonment and suspense which would be the result, he stopped my uncle and demanded money to flee with. He got it, and also something far better, "for every gift of noble origin is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath." I thought at intervals, during a few weeks, of the dark reckless face which had looked into my face for a moment, and then he passed, as I supposed, forever into the shadowy land of memory.

Thirteen days afterwards I found myself

one hot light in the middle of August, sailing up the Buffalo bayou, a beautiful narrow stream, darkened by its arcade of live oaks and magnolias, we slowly made our way. The hot, perfumed air, the moral spectral light, gave me the sensation of dreaming. On all the crew and passengers a kind of hushed tranquility had fallen, broken only by slow laboring of the engine, or the lazy thud of some alligator taking the water. I noticed now, for the first time, how silence is intensified by sympathetic numbers, then it is complete, a "hushiness to be felt," but the soul bathes in such stillness, and hears in it "something which throws antiquity itself into the foreground."

It lasted long; but just as I was beginning to feel it oppressive, we came to an opening in the dense foliage, and a clear, strong voice said,—"Wake up, strangers! This is the battle field of San Jacinto." Then we gathered round him while he told, in words that moved the heart like a trumpet, the old story over again. How the land was sick with tyranny, and could be cured with nothing but blood. And as the trees parted more and more, and the moon shown full on the speaker, suddenly there came to my remembrance the cold, fresh northern air, and solemn mountains and the misty moorlands, and I said, "Harry Henshaw!"

"That is my name, madam. Pardon me, if I forget yours."

"You never heard mine, but you will remember," said the old man whom everybody called Dr. Will."

Then he took my hand and kissed it, just as I had seen him kiss my uncle's when they stood together in the dying daylight, the saviour and the saved. When we were alone he told me his subsequent history, there was nothing remarkable in it, he hired himself at first to a large stock raiser, but had prospered so well that now he himself owned a fine rancho and quite a patriarchal number of horses, cattle and sheep.

"Are you married?" I asked.

"No, no!" he replied, sorrowfully. "Annie turned against me in my trouble, and I've been afraid to trust another woman." After a few minutes' silence he added, "My home is in the far West, beyond San Antonio, and it is hardly likely we shall meet again."

"But the eternal future is before us. If we part here which way do you go?"

"Heavenward, madam, I trust," and he looked into my face with a grave but happy assurance.

"My uncle's loan is paid, I suppose?"

"The end of the first year saw the principal paid; the interest I pay regularly to every poor miserable fellow I see. If I say a word of promise to some despairing wretch, I tell him, 'That is what Dr. Will said to me,' and if I help him to a few useful dollars, he says, 'That is what Dr. Will set me on my feet with,' and it is very seldom, madam, the gift goes to the bad, for every unselfish gift prospers."

"Dr. Will would be a happy man if he could see and hear you to-day."

"He will be happy enough when we both stand before God, and I say, 'I was going to hell, and this good man stopped me, he did not pass by on the other side, and leave me with the irreparable.'"

There were tears in both our eyes, when, after a short pause, he went on—"and the good did not stop with me; on my way I met other weary and sinful souls, and I stopped them; and so there is quite a little company walking heavenward that would have been going the other way but for Dr. Will's help. He has a great number of Gibbon, or the security of Paine."

When we parted I felt so kindly to him that I said, "Dr. Will, Harry! You see I call you by your Christian name."

And he smiled rather sadly and answered, "So I think Christians should call one another."

I think to-day of that solemn parting by the garden gate, when the young man in his blue coat, and the old man cheered and blessed and helped him; and I try to imagine that blessed meeting when the souls those precious words and that \$100 saved, came in the garb of the shining ones to welcome the old man home, and I know that the rejoicing among the angels, and better than all, the Master's assured thanks, "Thou didst it unto Me."

Reading for the Million.

The Tireless Brain.

BY J. R. McDONALD.

Our brains are seventy years clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, the brass the case, and gives the key into the hands of the angel of the resurrection. Tic, tac, tic, tac, goes the wheels of thought. Our will cannot stop them. Sleep cannot still them, madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can stop them by taking them out of the case and setting them swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled forehead. If we could only get at them as we lie on our pillows and count down the beats of our heart, after thought, and over after image jarring through the over-tired organ. Will nobody block those wheels, unpeople that nobody block that string that holds these weights, blow up the machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest—that this dreadful mechanism unending the endless tepestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday. Who can wonder that men swing themselves from the brain's cliff and Harry was arrested for the murder. He was eventually acquitted for want of evidence but he found every one's face dark and every one's heart hard against him; not even the woman he loved believed him innocent, and he suffered keenly from that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. He sunk lower and lower, and the previous night, in a drunken brawl, had struck to the ground one of his companions. Not caring to undergo the imprisonment and suspense which would be the result, he stopped my uncle and demanded money to flee with. He got it, and also something far better, "for every gift of noble origin is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath." I thought at intervals, during a few weeks, of the dark reckless face which had looked into my face for a moment, and then he passed, as I supposed, forever into the shadowy land of memory.

Thirteen days afterwards I found myself

The Little Heph.

Can a boy be a hero? Of course he can if he has courage, and of good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to take a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm, and held to his integrity.

The captain then turned to the major and said, "Our little drummer boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major, in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the captain's orders, and have always tried to do my duty faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me no injury."

"Then," said the major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, I am a cadet of temperance, and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not drink a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

The officers approved the conduct of that noble boy, and told him, that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them their regard and protection.

The Sabbath.

There is one weapon which the enemy has employed to destroy Christianity and to drive it from the world, which has never been so successful but in one respect. It is the attempt to corrupt the Christian Sabbath, to make it a day of festivity, to cause Christians to feel that their sacred and rigid obligation has ceased, to induce them on that day to mingle in the scenes of dissipation, and to give up their solemn and holy duties.

The clerks broke into a laugh, but it was out of the other side of their mouths; and the merchant, discomfited, yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to-day the green-eyed man, the senior partner in the firm and worth half a million dollars.

One of Gough's Stories.

A minister of the Gospel told me in 1874, that a member of his congregation came home, for the first time, intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door-step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered and fell into the hall. That minister said to me (I could give you his name, if necessary): "I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might cool it. I walked out, and down the hill. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and his asleep. A man but thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with his head as he swung him around, and a wife on the brink of the grave."

"Me Gough?" said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed:—"

"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy?"

"You cannot see him."

"Where is my boy?" he inquired.

"You cannot see him."

"Stand out of my way. I will see my boy." To avoid confusion I took him to the bed-side, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a shriek—"Oh! my child!"

That minister said farther to me, "One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral."

The minister of the Gospel told me that fact is to-day a drunken hoister in a stable in Boston.

Botanical Swearing.

We have all heard of Botany Bay, in Australia, as a place whither convicts were formerly sent, and where there was doubtless much swearing, but it was a new thing for botanical names to be mistaken for oaths. The story goes that a man wrote to the editor of a horticultural journal, asking what plants would be suitable additions to dried presses for winter ornaments.

The editor replied:—"Acroclonium Roseum, A. album, Gomphrens globosa and G. globosa, comen."

When the man read this he fairly boiled over with rage, and immediately sent a note ordering his paper to be discontinued. He wrote that an editor who wrote in that way, just because he was asked a simple question, should have no support from him.

This reminds us of an English traveler whose conscience would not allow him to swear, but who found that at the hotel in France where he was staying the waiter was so accustomed to hear Englishmen use strong language, that they considered him a milkop, and neglected him accordingly. He therefore hit upon this expedient to secure a proper amount of attention. Whenever he gave an order he rolled out insonorous notes the words "Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham." The effect was marvelous. He was henceforth waited upon with the greatest alacrity and assiduity.

Better Whistle Than Whine.

As I was taking a walk in September, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and fell, and thought he was much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular wailing cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way and said:—"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't you worry. It is a great deal better for you to whistle."

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't packer up good."

"That is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie, "try to try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though they were the bravest of boys. I learned a lesson, which I hope I shall not soon forget, and it called for these few lines, which may possibly cheer another whiner of mature years, as this class is by no means confined to the children.

Brain-Work.—The N. Y. Times, in discussing brain work in schools, says:—"One of the greatest and most frequent errors in regard to brain-work is that of taking it for granted that because one child of a certain age can bear a certain amount of it, another child of the same age can undergo the same amount."

Faith makes the discords of the present the harmonies of the future.—Culver.

A Green Countryman.

Years ago, in a wholesale grocery store in Boston, walked a tall, muscular looking, raw-boned man, evidently a fresh comer from some back town in Maine or New Hampshire. According to the first person who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"I tell you," said the merchant, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything—What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well—a strong, wiry fellow; one for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down."

"There, now, captain," said the countryman, "that's just me. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I tell you," said the merchant, "if you will shoulder that sack of coffee, and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger; and by this time the clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who walked to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, he laid it quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and having the sack upon it, turned to the merchant and said: