## PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. Dubborrow and J. A. Nash, under the firm name of J. R. Dubborrow & Co., at \$2.00 per annum, in Advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and

for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the year.

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

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

3 m | 6 m | 9 m | 1 y | | 3 m | 6 m | 9 m | 1 y

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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

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

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys at-Law, Office 2d 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. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.

professional services to the community.

Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,71.

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office re-moved to Leister's new building, Hillstreet Fentingdon. [jan.4,'71. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. -, Hill street, Huntingdon, [ap.19,'71.

FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street. corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,772]

O e ney at Law. Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15]

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-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 dece-

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.

S. GEISSINGER, Attorney -at-S. GEISSINGER, Accordance one door Last of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1y] K. ALLEN LOVELL.

Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorneyat-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap19,71.

Hotels.

TACKSON HOUSE.

FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT. HUNTINGDON, PA.

MORRISON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT · HUNTINGDON. PA.

April 5, 1871-1v.

Miscellaneous.

and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on handand for sale. [ap19,71-6m]

TOFFMAN & SKEESE,

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.15,73y WM. WILLIAMS,

MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS. HEADSTONES, &C.,

HUNTINGDON, PAPPLASTER PARIS CORNICES, MOULDINGS. &C. ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, '71.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

The Muses' Bower.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA

CIRCULATION 1700.

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SONABLE TERMS.

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ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job

Printing superior to any other establish-

ment in the county. Orders by mail premptly filled. All letters should be ad-

LETTER HEADS.

PROGRAMMES,

BUSINESS CARDS

CONCERT TICKETS.

LEGAL BLANKS

PAMPHLETS

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,

BALL TICKETS,

SEGAR LABELS.

BILL HEADS,

Written for the JOURNAL.

All bail thou imperial season, Drest out in a mantle of green ; 'Twere vain to essay a description, Of all thy allurements I ween.

The wild flowers blush in their beauty, And sing of thy happy return; Thy smile wakes the voice of the forest, A welcoming anthem to learn.

The soul, in ecstatic enjoyment, Hastes ever thy coming to greet; And pour her terrestrial oblation Beneath thy majestical feet.

Oh! season of magical grandeur, When love's purest qualities bloom Perfuming the heart with an odor, Which vies with the roses of June

The solacing balm of thy breath; It soothes the rude tumult of sorrow, Like faith on the river of death.

Speak joy to each sparkling rill. And when the bleak winds of November

Disrobe thee of emerald hue; Thy beauty we'll ever remember, While sighing, "Sweet Summer Adieu.

Will thrill me with their mystic bliss O love! still throbs your living heart-You have not crossed death's sullen tide

And all the fragrant woodland ways Were paths of hope for you and me. Dead leaves are in those woodland ways-

Cold are the lips that used to kiss;
'Twere idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that banished bliss! Do you still wear your old-time grace,
And charm new loves with ancient wiles? Could I but watch your faithless face, I'd know the meaning of your smiles. -Galaxy, for June.

The Storn-Teller.

ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

mile from the Schuylkill, there stood in block house first intended for defense against the Indians. And now it stood with its numerous

chimnies, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircled wall through which admittance was gained

coat invaders in many a desperate contest, father, as with blood spouting from the had that morning left her alone in the old | wound, he topples from the window. mansion, alone in this chamber, in charge

her mild face, shaded by clustering brown ground to the scene. hair, their, not ten paces from her side were several loaded rifles and a keg of pow-

Leaning from the casement, she listened

come thundering from the stairs. Now look to yonder window; where the young girl stood a moment ago, with suspense as she beheld her father strug-gling for his life, now stands that old man

we will have to trust God for the rest!" ng over the wall. The old man leveled his piece—that British trooper falls back ache. Suppose they do tear their clothes,

No longer quivering with suspense, but suddenly grown firm, the young girl passed strength half so much to patch and fix as a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp and it does to watch night after night a querawaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British bravoes are somewhat loathe to try that wall when a stout old "Reble." rifle all on the side of romps. Indeed, we don't that wall when a stout old "Reble," rifle that wall when a stout old "Reele," rine lin hand, is looking from yonder window! believe their is a prettier picture in all the Here is a pause—low deep murnurs— wide world than that of a little girl bal-Here is a pause-low, deep murmursthey are holding a council. .

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark!—
One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots, three dying men grovel in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall.
"Quick, Bess, the rifles!"

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark!—
and a basket of blackberries on the other, her curls streaming out in the wind or rippling over her flushed checks, her apron half torn from her waist, and dangling to her feet, her fingers stained with the ber-

shots, and three more soldiers fall back seeld that little creature when she comes like weights of lead upon the ground, and in and puts her basket on the table, and moment is gone.

the time of the Revolution, a quaint old stands there in that second story window, fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and his hands vainly striving for another load.

woods, and with one bound are leaping ers, the rippling of the streams and the color of pebbles, the shade of the clouds. from the summit of the wall. "Quick, Bess, my rifles!"

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon the foes, the brave girl—for slender in form and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a hero woman—had managed, as if by instinctive woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to the payt, and you would have them head. stood in the midst of the wood with age- tiful in face, she is a brave girl, a hero From its eastern windows you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, another. Was not that a beautiful sight? while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding ball, with ramrod rising and falling in her front commanded a view of the winding ball, with ramrod rising and falling in her from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; is increasing hourly. Keep away from from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; is increasing hourly. Keep away from from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; is increasing hourly. Keep away from some fidgets and blues; is increasing hourly. Keep away from from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; is increasing hourly. Keep away from some fidgets and blues; is increasing hourly. Keep away from from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; is increasing hourly. Keep away from the southern ball, with ramrod rising and falling in her ball with ramrod rising and fal

zing with dilated eyes and half clasped hands. A moment and the bolt and lock will be burned from the socket -the passage will be free. Now is the south, and listen with painful intensity to the slightest sound! Her brothers were While the brave girl loads he continaway in the army of Washington, and her ues to fire with that deadly aim, but now -oh, horror! He falls, he falls, with a feet and three inches in his stockings- musket ball driven into his breast-the who had manifested his hate for the red daughter's outstretched arms receive the

Oh, it is a sad and terrible picture. The old man writhing there on the of brave farmers, about to join the hosts of oaken floor, the young daughter bending

over him, the light from the window Even as she stood there gazing out of the streaming over her face, over her father's are hearts among this goodly band that south window, a faint glimpse of sunlight, gray hairs, while the ancient furniture of stand around the bier, that are deeply and the small chamber affords a dim back Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door; shouts! hurrah! curses.

"We have the old rebel at at last!" The old man raised his head at that with every nerve quivering with suspense | sound; makes an effort to raise, clutches for the shouts of combatants, the hurried for a rifle, and then falls back again, his hands have hollowed the little grave. and to it. tread of armed men cchoing from the eyes glaring, as the short but meaning gently they lower down the dead to its

"Advance one step into this room, and I doorway fall; crushed before strong arm will fire this rifle into the powder there." of the Continental soldiers. Then a wild Now watch the movements of the daugher. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she loads a rifle silently she rifle s ter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she young girl-that here woman-with one rests its barrel against the head of the pow- bound, springs forward into her brother's der keg, and then placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, father—his form yet warm—lays with while the shouts of the enraged soldiers fixed eyeballs, upon the floor.

Bending for the Million. A Good Word for Romping Girls.

A Good Word for Romping Girls, while his gray hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old vetran, nerved from his hast fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death struggle.

Death struggle? Yes—for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many lard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled and cheated them too often to ecape now.

A few minutes longer and they would be reinforced by a large party of refugees, the powder, the arms, the old block bone, perhaps his daughter herself was to be their raward.

There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he determined to their eless, tone their nerves, and develop themselfight.

"We must blaff off these rascals!" he said with a suile, turning to his schilled. "And this scarcius must be out of doors too. It is not enough to said with a suile, turning to his child."

Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on mittil the whole eight shots are fired! That woods, out of the grass, out in the wind, out on the grass, out in the wood, out on the grass, out in the wood, out on the grass, out in the wood, out on the grass, out in the wind, out on the grass, out in the wind, out on the grass, out in the wood, out of the reason of the proper large that the common or park. They need it to make a deeperate fight.

"Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on mittil the whole eight shots are fired! That woods, out of doors somewhere, if it be no must of the woods, out of the proper large the prop until the whole eight shots are fired! That will keep them on the other side of the wall for a few moments at least, and then pose they do tan their pretty faces. Bet-Look down there and see a hand steal-ng over the wall. The old man leveled lily and complain of cold feet and a head-

with a crushed hand upon his comrade's tear them "every which way," suppose they wear out their shoes, a pair a month, even; it don't try a mother's patience and ulous sick child; and it don't drain a fathancing herself on the topmost rail of an A moment is gone, and nine heads are old zig-zag fence, her bounet on one arm

"Quick, Bess, the rifles!"

And the brave girl passed the rifles to her feet, her fingers stained with the berries she has picked, and her mouth with her father's grasp; there are four more those she has caten. Mother, mother, don't like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red coat is seen slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force 'ere a moment is gone.

In the pass to besset the table, and look rueful at the rent in the new gingtan appron, and the little bare toes sticking out of the last pair of shoes. Wash off her hot face and soiled hands, and give Now the last ball is fired, the old man her a bowl of cool milk and light bread,

and the hue of the sunbeams-al! those

the miners buried it by the moonlight.—
It was a wild and solemn looking place,
where at night, save the river roaring, silence is so deep that one can almost hear it. sic of the angel voices. The little form must be laid away from our sight in a rough and strange land, yet among the strangers there are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow had. There is the smooth the narrow had. There is the smooth the narrow had. There is the same thands to smooth the narrow had. There is the smooth the narrow had. There is the same thands to smooth the narrow had. There is the same than t must be laid away from our sight in a rough and strange land, yet among the strangers there are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There hands to smooth the narrow bed. There feed and clothe you and the children. I hands to smooth this goodly hand that the feed and clothe you and the children. I hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are are kindly and the children hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are kindly and careful hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are are kindly and the children hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are are kindly and the children hands to smooth the narrow bed. There are are kindly and the children hands to smooth the childr stand around the bier, that are deeply and tenderly touched by the sight of that dead baby and sorrowing mother. As gently as a father would his child, a stalwart man bears out the coffin, and the mourners followed herself, deliberately embraced the hereafter rather than to shorten their supplies by the amount that she could consult and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a tormentor of conscience; a despoise of morality and an enemy of reliable to the companion and enjoy either. place of rest. With care they cover the coffin, and softly lay in the carth, lest it

the words, that young girl with face as pale as ashes, her hazel eyes glaring with deadly life, utters this:

| Content of the mansion, then a contest on the stairs, pale as ashes, her hazel eyes glaring with deadly life, utters this:

| Content of the mansion, then a contest on the stairs, beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful clothes," or any of the low streets in New York and tionery, Blank Books, &c.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1874.

And the driver went his way sadly. Speaking of

frank confession.

"But what stops you from taking all you want?" said I. "The money all passes through your hards, and there is no way of the house. His father met him at the guillotine," on the repty of the past.

through your hands, and there is no way of checking it."

"Averages do it," was his reply. "They know what every trip ought to yield.—Take a fair, cool day, and less people take cars than in rainy or hot days. But the owners know just how much money will get into this car to day, and I return mone of to that amount. If my return is less than the man who has the ear behind me, I go. The average is exact, and we make it. You have noticed how anxious we are in him at the door. It is father met him at the door.

At Sime Recent and the father was that I heard just now? Sarely you have not here at my favorite cherry tree!"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with downess eyes and flushing cheeks. "Father," said he, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry tree is —"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, in the lower and the father was my favorite tree; but the father was my favorite tree; and father was my favorite tree; and the father was my favorite tree; and father was my favorite tree.

fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a pallasaded wall. It had been erected in the early days of William Penn—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores—as a block house first intended for defense block house first intended for defense and the logs and stone, and the company grows at the collect, and the company grows at the medows and woods. Her heart will be full of beautiful things—the sound of the wind, the talk of the leaves, the music of the block house first intended for defense robber uniform, came rushing from the logs and stone, and the company grows at the collect, and the company grows at the rest of us. But we make 'en knock down to the point, or we make the tother of beautiful things—the sound of the wind, the talk of the leaves, the music of the wild flow that sweek or two all that they collect, and the company grows at the rest of us. But we make 'en knock down to the point, or we make the tother of the lift well of the lift will be full of beautiful things—the sound of the wild beautiful things—the sound of the wild flow to the point, or we make the company grows at the rest of us. But we make 'en knock down to the point, or we make the tother is the collect, and the company grows at the rest of us. But we make 'en knock down to the point, or we make the tother is the collect, and the company grows at the rest of us. But we make 'en knock down to the point, or we make the nearly point and the log of the wild beautiful things—the sound of the wil robber uniform, came rushing from the wild birds, and the laugh of the wild flow-

And look there—even while the veteran would have woven their spell over her in- Don't let any young or old men come to ing form. front commanded a view of the winding road as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow not more than a hundred yards from the mansion.

Here from the Southren casement, on one of those balmy days which look in upon the dreary autumn, toward the close of the dreary autumn, toward the close of the dreary autumn, toward the close of the ball, and another woulded man tumbled down upon his dead and dying comrades.

November a farmer's daughter was gallows a skilled and the words and dying comrades.

November a farmer's daughter was gallows to the wall again. The selender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again. The refugees are climbing over its summut— again that fatal aim—again that horrid cry, and another wounded man tumbled down upon his dead and dying comrades.

But now look! A smoke rises there, the fire blazed up around the wall; they have they have a skilled cabinet.

A child died at Rocky Bar, in Sicral and its trials, let them have a good romp around it taken in beau two children that was a skilled cabinet.

She pinches and its trials, let them have a good romp around two children the landed with his wife and two children to case of poor Adolph Lessure, yesterday.

It is nature's own specific, and if taken in season, warranted to cure all the ills of the girl and the woman.

A Child's Burial.

She makes people sit up by aight, when they ought to be in bed; and keep them they ought to be in bed; and keep them to the most incompanies.

A child died at Rocky Bar, in Sicral in bed in the most incompanies.

A child died at Rocky Bar, in Sicral in bed in the most incompanies.

She pinches and its trials, let them have a good road two children to case of poor Adolph Lessure, yesterday.

It is nature's own specific, and if taken in beau two children to case of poor Adolph Lessure, yesterday.

She pinches are the little money they had, of course, and Adolph begged. Finally, last Tues the poor in the most incompanies.

A child died at Rocky Bar, in Sicral in the most inc A child died at Rocky Bar, in Siera dog he got something to do, and he went they ought to be in the morning. when they ought county, says the Sacramento (California) at last they had their bread assured. She to be up and doing. asked him what the wages were, and he

Work.

He returned at night, and found his children crying and calling for their mamma. Half suspecting what had happened, thirsty.

The Boston Transcript calls the substitution of males for horses to draw street cars a petty attempt to crade the requirement.

And so it was! The poor woman, lov-children, and servants of all.

MODERN DRINKING CUSTOMS. The drinking customs of society form a

coarse, alcoholic drinks to the most beastly

you will see whole blocks of rum-mills, at

you will see whole blocks of run-mills, at which liquor is sold openly and without concealment. Go up into the respectable portion of the city, and it is just as bad. There is not a block on Broadway which does not contain a Jozen, and on the side streets the number is appalling. A man doing business on Wall Street, and living

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luch would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry tree. "My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree!" It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temporation. There was the tree—tall.

Beston is said to contain only one "Everybody knocks down," was his frank confession.

With a suppressed sob, that little boy obeyed. Then, shutting his eyes, he felt Sarat

his father's hand descend upon his shrink-

Who Rules. Fashion rules the world, and a most ty-

She makes it vulgar to wait on

She invades our pleasures and interrupts

our business. She compels people to dress gayly,

sors and servants, black and white, have vo: antarily become her obedient subjects and s'aves, and vie with one another to

see who shall be the most obsequious.

contrast between the rough timbers that enclose, and that rounded face, the lips parting, the lazed eyes dilating, and the stands allow, with the rounded father, the warming, and disshed with hope and fear, there was something every heantiful in the picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with the rounded father, with the rounded father, with the rounded father, which we sands there, with the rifle little against the powder keg.

Suddenly the shouts of the south grew and then emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man running at full speed, yet every few minutes turned to fire the rifle, which he loaded as he ran.

He was pursued by a party of ten British is holdiers who came rushing on, the bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim crehe he advanced ten steps nearer the house.

On and on the old man eame, and his least the powder has the po

New Ragions is estimated to have los 8544,750 by free during May.

People staying at one of the hotels Saratoga, will have plenty of apportun for reflection. The microes in the est

ompanies are held responsible for hange resulting from earelessness in

Melbourne, Australic, has just comp

A man in Collinsville, Coun., found seventeen bluebirds dead in the bullow of an old tree, where they doubtless starved and

frog: during the severe weather of April

At the concert recently given in Pres-burg by Liset for the benefit of the poor in that town, one of the singers was the Countess Esterburg, daughter of Hourietta

State in the Usion in which the custom is preserved of having the High Sheriff to cry the election of the Governor from the baleony of the State House on imaggara-

The exposure of the atter irresponding with which reservoire have been of late in Massachusette has one go sult at least. The Assembly has t

vere diffigured, and a a receted to the memory of a ster's wife, and a beautiful

## The Huntingdon Journal J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,

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

| 350 | 450 | 550 | 8 00 | 1/2 col | 9 00 | 18 00 | \$27 | \$36 | 5 00 | 6 00 | 10 00 | 12 00 | 5 20 | 25 00 | 65 | 7 00 | 10 00 | 14 00 | 15 00 | 5 20 | 24 00 | 60 00 | 65 | 80 | 8 00 | 14 00 | 20 00 | 21 00 | 1 col | 24 00 | 60 00 | 80 | 100 |

Legal and other notices will be charged to the 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 collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

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

CALDWELL, Attorney at Law, by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,71. DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his

G. I. ROBB, Dentist, omce in S. 1.

Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., [ap12,71.

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-a Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill stree hree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attor-

Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1.'7].

LOVELL & MUSSER. Attorneys-at-Law.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,771.

A. B. ZEIGLER, Prop. Nov12,'73-6m

J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in don, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,72. R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

J. R.DURBORROW & CO.

Ode to Summer. BY J. W. WELCH.

How sweet to the grief laden mourner,

Go forth in thy glory, great monarch, And gladden each valley and hill; Spread beauty o'er woodland and city,

Looking Back. I may live long, but some old days Of dear, deep joy akin to pain— Some suns that set on woodland ways Will never rise for me again; By shining sea, and glad, green shore That frolic waves ran home to kiss, Some words I heard that nevermore

A deeper deep holds us apart;
We were more near if you had died—
If you had died in those old days
When light was on the shining sea,

THE HERO WOMAN. In a thick wood not more than half a

by a large and stoughtly built gate; it worn trees encircling its veteran outline

Well might she gaze earnestly to the father, a grim old veteran-he stood six

of some ammunition intended for a band from the faded leaves above pouring over

There was something very beautiful in that picture. The form of the young girl framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough time.

But look again. He dashes into the old cold—Oh, dark and cold!"

It was the mother's first born, and It was a baby's funeral, of one who had low him over the rough path, across the rocky river bed, and up the steep bank, to in the next world the crime of self-murder. She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet has

mourners.

grapping for his life.

But look again. He dashes into the old block-house, they are rushing towards that chamber with murder in their hearts and their glaring eyes! Had the old man a their glaring eyes! Had the old man a their glaring eyes! Had the old man a the words, they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl, growing suddenly white as thee kerchief around her neck, stands there trembling from head to foot, the rifier in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder keg.

The door burst open! Look there!—Stout forms are in the doorwax, with musteting in their hands, grim faces, standed with blood, staring into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl with face as also as sale a

THE STAGE DRIVERS' STEIKE.

Of course the drivers were beaten. There are, to-day, fifty-thousand able bodied men in New York with nothing to do, who would jump at the chance to get work at \$1.50, no matter what it might be, and the companies found enough capable of doing this work, and they mounted them at once, and in a few days the trouble was over.

Speaking of drivers, there is a legend connected with Col. Kipp. of the old firm Of course the drivers were beaten. There

"John," said he, "you are discharged. You'll never drive stage for me again. I don't object to an even divide, but I want ter be as brown as a berry and have their you to understand that if there is an odd sixpence, it's mine. Get out. you thief."

I go. The average is exact, and we make it. You have noticed how anxious we are to get passengers. That is to make a trip above the average."

"And the amount above the average?"

A significant cough was his answer.

"We hate to have new men come on the line," he continued; "because they turn over for the first week or two all that they collect, and the company growls at the pieces."

In the average is exact, and we make ing his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Better to—"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father!" he whispered, "April Foot!

I haven't touched the cherry tree; but I most chopped the old apple stump to pieces."

told her, and ran away to his newly found self, and genteel to lie idle and useless. It was a baby's funeral, of one who had ma. Half suspecting what had happened, be rushed into their wretched bed-room weeks, then closed them, to look up next and his worst fears were realized. On their with angel eyes—to smile next at the mu-

the rude burial ground of the miner Nice will be balanced by the motive that led bands, wives, fathers, mothers, daughters, should strike to heavily over the precious curious topic of study. One hundred years dead and upon the torn hearts of the ago people of Anglo-Saxon stock drank

A solitary photographer recently for his way to a mining town in Nevada, I soon after left abruptly, because of har-been shot at by a miner who insisted sent from Chicago to Liverpool, via Philadelphia. It is the intention of the Hinglish importers to test the punibility of using this unterial for paper making.