The Huntingdon Journal.

Wednesday Morning, July 1, 1874.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Brief Mention—Home-made and Stolen.

Shirt collars are wilting.

Advertise liberally and get rich.

Hurrah for the glorious Fourth.

Ebensburg is to have an artesian well.

The soda fountains are well patronized.

Farmers have commenced cutting grain.

Hon. R. M. Speer arrived home last week.

Buy your stationery at the JOURNAL store.

An occasional bass is caught in the Juniata.

The rain on Thursday evening did a world of good.

Judge Dean and wife are rusticating at Atlantic City.

Hon. John Scott arrived home on Thursday evening last.

Cherries are coming in pretty freely. Ten cents per quart.

How many people lock the stable after the horse is stolen.

A band of Gypsies were encamped across the river last week.

The coal business is said to be exceedingly dull on Broad Top.

The Methodists have a very neat little church at Mill Creek.

Capt. Burchinell now occupies his new house in West Huntingdon.

The bill posting firm has been dissolved.—The thing became too Bill-ious.

The brick work on the new postoffice building will be completed this week.

Newport, Perry county, had a $27,000 fire on the afternoon of the 25th ult.

The members of the trundle-bed brigade are suffering from whooping cough.

Jno. A. Light will make a balloon assension, from Hollidaysburg, on the 4th inst.

Twelve cars, containing 500 emigrants, passed west on the P. R. R., on Thursday last.

Massey is sending applebutter to Illinois. Who says advertising does not bring custom?

Eleven buildings were burned, at Newport, on Thursday last. The fire originated in a hotel.

A couple of lovers, on Mifflin street, hunt the shady side of the house these moonlight nights.

Miss Africa is having a substantial brick gutter laid along her lot fronting on Fifth street.

Cessna went up home to Bedford the other day. We will soon hear some political thunder up there.

Our horsemen are training their stock on the Fair Ground course. Lots of sport every evening.

Col. I. H. Rawlins, of Hollidaysburg, is off on his wedding tour. Success to you and yours, Colonel.

Horace Greeley used to say that "the man who paid more for rent than he did for advertising was a fool."

D. S. Africa lost the end off one of his fingers, in the cogs of an ice cream freezer, on Monday afternoon.

Miles Zentmyer, esq., and wife left for Nebraska on Thursday morning last. May they have a pleasant journey.

The "roosters" that perch upon our steps every night will please carry their spittoons with them in the future.

The Mill Creek people should have a graded road to their cemetery. It is killing to carry a corpse up the present road.

The odor from the roof of Yenter's house, this scorching weather, is not as fragrant as the balm of a thousand flowers.

Oliver Cunningham's gray horse, "Shacnasty," carried off the blue ribbon in a mile trot, on the Fair Ground, one evening last week.

John Connelly, of Broad Top, this county, was run over by the cars, at Massillon, Ohio, on Tuesday night, two weeks ago, and killed.

Passengers complain that there are not enough passenger cars on the Broad Top.—Respectfully referred to the General Passenger Agent.

The public schools of this borough will close, on Friday next, for the usual Summer vacation, whereat the heart of Young America rejoiceth.

The lady-bug, which feasts upon the deposits of the potato-bug, has put in an appearance. They are harmless, but a most effective exterminator of the Colorado pest.

James A. Stewart, of this place, so long a popular baggage-master on the P. R. R., has been promoted to a conductorship. He runs the "Dauphin." Success to you, James.

According to a long established custom in the Juniata Valley, we issue no paper next week, to enable our hands to properly celebrate the Fourth, and to take a little much-needed recreation.

Eighty-eight tickets were sold, at Mapleton, by the P. R. R. Agent, on Tuesday of last week, to persons attending the funeral of Dr. I. J. Meals, at Mill Creek. This speaks well for the Doctor's friends.

We will exhibit and offer for sale, in a day or two, a lot of the finest Fancy Papers and Envelopes that have ever been brought to the town. Ladies, if you want to lay in a supply take time by the forelock.

Why does the Council not see that the pavement, connecting East and West Huntingdon, on Washington street, is not made more substantial? The time has come for something more permanent.

A "bath" it was that somebody caught in a net and gave to our friend Petriken. That was a nice little story, gotten up for political effect, about catching that first, &c. Don't tell that fish story any more. Don't!

The funeral of Dr. I. J. Meals, at Mill Creek, on Tuesday of last week, was one of the largest that ever occurred at that place. The Masonic fraternity from Huntingdon were conveyed to and from that point in a special train.

An itemized statement of the borough account will be advertised, by handbills, by the Auditors, in a few days. This statement will also be published by the Town Council, we presume, according to law. It will be the most thorough overhauling of the accounts that has occurred for years. The Auditors are entitled to much credit.

It is stated that ten or a dozen conductors have been suspended on the Pennsylvania railroad. What the cause of suspension is we have not definitely learned. We have heard that "knocking down" and "improper conduct when off duty" is alleged as the cause, but, we suppose, none knew but the detectives and the railroad men.

The noon train on Friday last, by some odd combination of circumstances, rolled us into Altoona, where we had the pleasure of spending a couple of hours, very pleasantly, with our friend and former pupil, D. S. Brumbaugh, esq., of the firm of Tierney & Brumbaugh, attorneys-at-law. We dropped down lightly on Hackett, McCrum, Harry Slep, Dunham, Williams and the Barclays, and we found them full of business. Printing appears to be flourishing in that locality, and we congratulate our cotemporaries.—*Huntingdon Journal.* Yes; we forgot to say that our friend Durborrow was to see us on last Friday. Always welcome. By the way, Durborrow's paper is the neatest in the State.—*Altoona Evening Mirror.*

OVER THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BY DAYLIGHT.—Probably the best specimen of an American highway to be found anywhere is the Pennsylvania Railroad, between Pittsburgh and New York. In solidity of construction, superiority of bridge architecture, and smoothness of track, it is unrivaled. Throughout its entire length it is laid with a double track of steel rails, weighing sixty seven pounds to the yard. These rails are fastened on oak ties, imbedded in broken stone ballast, with splice joints between the ties, and so arranged that the connection on one side comes opposite to the centre of the rail on the other, thus preventing the uncomfortable and monotonous jar experienced on tracks constructed according to the ordinary plan. The rolling-stock is as near perfection as human ingenuity and skill has, up to the present time, been able to make it. Locomotives and cars alike built by the Company in their own shops, and in the details of materials, design, and finish, combine the highest excellence attainable. To all this is added a rigid policy of management, exacting the utmost care and courtesy of employes of every grade, and the application of those effective safeguards—the Westinghouse air-brake and the block-signal system—showing that whatever can be accomplished for the safety of travelers has been done on this great line of roadway.

This high standard of excellence having been reached, the managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad feel warranted in taking another advance step for the special line of through travel, and on the 1st of June commenced running a fast daylight train from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia and New York, with close connections, at Harrisburg, for Baltimore and Washington, on the following schedule:—

Leave Pittsburgh	7.45	A. M.
" Altoona	11.28	"
" Harrisburg	3.25	P. M.
Arrive Baltimore	6.55	P. M.
" Washington	9.02	"
Arrive Philadelphia	6 40	P. M.
" New York	9.30	"

The magnificent run of four hundred and forty-four miles between Pittsburg and New York is made with but three stoppages,—the first, of only five minutes, at Altoona, after a stretch of one hundred and seventeen miles; the second, of twenty minutes for dinner, at Harrisburg, after an unbroken dash of one hundred and thirty-two miles, and the third and last, of only five minutes, at Philadelphia, after a run of one hundred and five miles, leaving a single stretch of ninety miles across New Jersey to destination. No time being lost in stopping, the wonderful locomotive-engines work away with the regularity of fixed machinery,—taking their supply of water from the track-tanks as they go, and carrying their fuel with them; and the time is made by uniformity of progress more than by an increased rate of speed. The train is made up of Pullman parlor cars and the best of the Company's day coaches, all splendidly upholstered, mounted on combination springs, and furnished with plate glass windows, through which the landscape can be distinctly seen.

And here comes in the great charm of this daylight ride through Pennsylvania, for the train leaves Pittsburg at a quarter before eight in the morning and reaches Philadelphia at a quarter before seven in the evening. It is no new thing to say that the scenery on the line of the Pennsylvania road is beautiful, and, in many places, grand. Every American who travels or reads has seen or heard of it, and the pencils of many artists have labored lovingly to portray, for popular gratification, the attractions of the Allegheny mountains; the Juniata, Susquehanna, and Conemaugh rivers, the wonderful agricultural vales of Lancaster and Chester counties, through which this road runs. Long sweeps of wooded hills; lofty mountains and dark ravines; picturesque valleys opening into each other; sparkling and placid waters; wide, rolling, pastoral landscapes, follow in rapid succession. The dusty turnpike, the dreamy canal, and the shaded by-roads are crossed and passed in a flash. On, on, on, goes this tireless train, over a clear track, carrying the traveler by a panorama, the like of which can be found nowhere else on this continent, and probably not in the world. After having breakfasted on the Mississippi valley and dined at the capital of Pennsylvania, the passenger finds himself seated at supper in the metropolis of New York, where the Atlantic throbs and swells in ceaseless activity.

A few years ago the man who should have predicted such a ride would have been pronounced utterly and hopelessly insane. Not even the most sanguine enthusiast on railroads, when their construction was commenced, dreamed of overcoming distance at such a rate; and it is only because of the perfection of machinery and the inventions of science that it can be done now. But it is a fact accomplished—a reality of the day, and all that is left for the people is to wonder and enjoy.

CLEANED OUT AGAIN.—On Saturday night, the 20th ult., a jour printer, sailing under the *nom de plume* of Ed. P. Meade, despoiled our wardrobe of a Spring overcoat, a pair of new pants and vest and a pair of boots.—[The members of the craft will no doubt wonder how we got so much finery, but we assure them we came by it honestly, before the panic laid hold on us; but how we are to replace these articles is the question which agitates our mind.] The said individual is about 5½ feet high, slightly deaf, with a remarkably low forehead, which gives him the appearance of one of the chimpanzees described by De Chaliu, and a hang dog look generally. He went from here to Tyrone, where he tarried long enough to discover that he could steal nothing, and then wended his way to Altoona, in company with a couple of other individuals giving the names of Harry D. White and Charles Shay, and after staying there until Thursday night they jumped their board bill and left for parts unknown. This man Meade is a mean, contemptible scoundrel, too lazy to work, too proud to beg, but mean enough to steal from the members of a profession that lie disgraces, and we trust that he may yet find himself safely quartered in some State prison for a term of years.

Detective John H. Westbrook, of this place, was on the track of the villain, but as several days had elapsed before the larceny was discovered, the unwashed scoundrel succeeded in making good his escape, but he will finally bring up in that sulphuric region where they do not kindle fires o' nights, and where an overcoat is an unnecessary appendage. X.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—

Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your t's, and nestly dot your i's;
On one side only let your lines be seen—
Both sides filled up announce a Verdant Green.
Correct! yes, re-correct—all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap, of a muddy blue,
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practised writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Inclose the postage stamp to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it too,
For editors look black on "six cents due,"
And murmur as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow, and a wretched bore!"
Yet ere it goes, take off a copy clean—
Poets should own a copying machine;
Little they know the time that's spent and care
In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the editor your friend.

If you want to buy a good quality of Hardware, at low prices, go to Stewart & Flenner's, sign of the Big Padlock. (jy1–3t

The best Ice Cream in town is to be had at D. S. Africa's Parlor, in the Diamond.

Lumber dealers, read Atkinson & Co.'s advertisement.

A TRAMP ON TRAMPS AND LITERATURE.—One evening, a few weeks ago, a tramp sauntered into our office, and asked for a copy of our paper, and after thanking us for it, retired. By some strange hallucination he came to the conclusion that we gave it to him reluctantly, and only failed to exact payment because a lady plead for him, whereupon he sat down and wrote the following, which we have failed to publish earlier owing to our limited space. It is a very clever production. It speaks for itself:

When the true genius appears in the world, "by this infallible sign," says Swift, "ye may know him—the dunces are all in confederacy against him."—E. S. S. ROUSE, in Locke's Magazine, for November, 1873.

GREENWOOD, June 10, '74.

TO THE EDITOR OF HUNTINGDON JOURNAL:

Mr. Editor!

You remember, about a fortnight ago, you were sitting in your office and having a pleasant chat with a sweet, stately lady, when in stalked a tramp, a bundle under his arm and humbly asked for a newspaper, to cheer, by its contents—taken in, as spiritual food by the road side.

Well, tramps are a nuisance, you will chime in with the great chorus—and I, said tramp, cannot but fergive you.

If I ain't mistaken, you called after me, for your five cents and only yielded—of course readily enough—to the impressive persuasion of that good angel by your side.

You were perfectly right in at least attempting to exact your due. For times are hard, who feels that more intensely than poor tramp himself?

Well, sir, I thought of killing two flies with one lick—as we say at home in Fatherland—by sending you this: first thanking that lady, by showing, she did not throw away her kindness on quite a worthless tramp and secondly, indemnifying you superabundantly.

A queer way of indemifying, you'll exclaim. Calm, Sir! Take it calm, if you please. This is an original.

I am no more in possession of that copy, that lady gave me, but I found in it an original, too, written about some converted infidel for the H. J. O, father Horace, I thought, still mountains writhe and out jumps a wee little mouse.

Such an amount of enthusiasm and florid nature worship, all to show that a girl is able to convert any sensible man to that every day's humbug—as exhibited in Methodist, U. B. and other meeting houses.

Cicero tells us, he wonders why two "harnspices," meeting each other do not laugh.

I for my part hold it with A. T., sound to the core, and his jolly Knight in the Holly Grail of the "Adventures of the King Cycle."

'Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.'

—Alfred Tennyson. (Oh dear!)

"For by mine eyes and by mine ears I swear,
I shall be deafer than the blue-eyed cat
And thrice as blind as any midnight owl
To holy virgins in their ecstacies
Henceforward."

Mr. Editor, I hope, there's no harm done. A sensible man like you will take this criticism for what it is, "criticism, a privileged science."

It was kindness in that lady. And if I could still laugh, I ought to have grown fat over that "original."

How did that song harmonize with my feelings, that of the moneyless man. It does one good to experience that our opinion is not ours only, that we only share with others in the crumbs, falling from the Lord's table of truth. Since that, it is true, I read in Locke's Monthly, the companion of the Toledo *Blade*, an article on permanent wealth, in which liberality has to pay the bill of economy. A lady is the authoress, her name Rosa L. Segur. The more's the pity.

As I am at expectorating on that copy of your paper, let me ask you a little information concerning that scattering pleasures by smiles, and kind words, broadcast in a moral article therein.

You speak of a *miser's grasp*, with which we should not hold our smiles immured in our own bosom! But how, if there are none immured there? If, as the verse, I copied just now in my scrap book, says

"Empty shadows glimmer nigh,
They once were friendship, truth and love!"

I cannot forgive Tennyson for not having written his Maud, like a Hebrew from the end to the beginning, for not having commenced with a sweet, placid harmony—be it that charitable patience of a child, which suffers all things and ended with the grand, tymparuum—and heart rending discord of his first stanzas.

And then how often when the light of day was falling amongst the green of the forest and my weary foot hastened to the as yet unknown roof of hospitality, to shelter me through the friendless night—a time, when all others repose invites, but the traveller's anguish commences—then I knocked at a door and a lady or man, as the case may be, told me *with winning smile and words of deepest sympathy*, that they had no room but the next house was only a mile or two off and there they would surely keep me.

Alas, Mr. Editor, such words as those in your paper make weak, undiscriminating people but too easily think, that words not deeds, make a gentleman, although at home in Prussian Poland the words gentleman and hospitality are inseparable.

Here is an original, Mr. Editor.

Insert it in your paper and be not afraid of telling the people harsh truths. Why will you editors depend on mercenary advertising only? Give the people what they want, food for reason and soul and the paper will pay by the vast multitude of hungry ones, drawn by a kind of intellectual instinct to the manger of truth.

Lash all those indolent idlers that degrade the—hold on! I am wrong; no indolent idlers; but scholars and babies in the art. Teach them to go out into the world and learn by experiment and see things as they are, not led by the apron-string of ancient dame "Prejudice" and easy, trite and obnoxious maxims of specious sophistry. Teach them to go into their own hearts and clean out the old rubbish of indolence, pride, conceit. For only so their eyes will be opened and their hearts steeled to see truth naked.

Our Schiller has a poem, in which a youth, in the dead silence of night, scales the walls of the temple of Isis, lifts the veil from the hidden features, sees truth * * * they found him crazed, prostrate at the feet of the goddess.

Tramps are a nuisance.

Give one of their order work and thus annihilate him! My soul is filled with experience, gathered by the road-side in the horrors of travelling.

I shall call on you, when I pass through Huntingdon and should be glad, if this work should earn me then my supper, breakfast and night's lodging.

With sincere thanks to that lady, the more sincere as ladies were the source of my misery, since I am, in America, I am Respectfully,

HUGO S. OLAWSKY, traveller.

A SCARE.—On last Thursday night, immediately after the passing of the Fast Line East, the good people on Penn street, between 5th and 6th, were startled from their profound slumbers by terrible cries of "Murder! murder! help! help!" Search was made for the party who had uttered the frightful shrieks, and when he was discovered he was found to be a through passenger on the Fast Line, who had jumped from the train while laboring under an attack of *delerium tremens*. He was considerably cut and bruised. He was secured by the police and placed in close confinement until morning, when he appeared much calmer. He was forwarded by the Pacific Express to Harrisburg where, the last we saw of him he was running about the streets hunting a fresh supply of the stuff that made him see devils.

IN MEMORIUM.—At a special meeting of Three Springs Lodge, No. 790, I. O. O. F., held June 18th, 1874, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to suddenly remove from our midst, our esteemed friend and brother, Dr. B. F. Greene, thus casting a gloom over our brotherhood, as well as over the entire community, therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the divine will, we realize that the family and large circle of friends of our deceased brother have sustained an irreparable loss, the community has been deprived of an upright, useful and cherished citizen, and our Lodge of a good and faithful member.

Resolved, That as a token of our affection for him and our appreciation of his worth our Lodge be draped, and the members wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the widow of the deceased brother, and be published in the county papers.

R. M. MCNEAL,
J. S. DE VORE,
P. H. BENCE, } Committee.

HORSE STOLEN.—On last Wednesday night a bay horse and a saddle, bridle and halter were stolen from the residence of Mrs. Martin, in West Huntingdon. Up to this time no clue has been discovered as to the whereabouts of the horse or the thief. About twelve o'clock on Wednesday night a man was seen riding up the alley, from the direction of the stable. He was afterwards seen far up the town and said to have had on a linen coat and a white hat. Such an individual was seen prowling around during the afternoon in company with another. It was a very bold theft.

DEATH OF MRS. MCATEER.—Mrs. Mary McAteer died on Saturday morning, the 20th inst., at the residence of her son, Mr. S. A. McAteer, in Logan township, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. Deceased was the mother of Hon. Harry J. McAteer, of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, and of Matthew McAteer, esq., of Harrisburg, Pa., both of whom were in attendance at her funeral yesterday morning.—*Altoona Tribune, June 23.*

FLEMING'S COMBINATION FENCE.—This is one of the most durable, ornamental and complete fences in use, and so cheap that every person can have one. A sample of this fence can be seen at the residence of Dr. R. A. Miller, Penn street. Cemetery Lots neatly fenced. A reduction is made on all church fences. Price, $1.25 per foot. Call and see sample of work at Dr. Miller's. For further particulars call on Merrill & Carter, at the Franklin House.

CHALLENGE.—*Lookout for a Fight.*—The combatants will be two Sewing Machine men, viz: L. A. Miller, Gen'l. Agent for the Domestic, and George Mentzer, Agent for the Grover & Baker. The contest to take place at the house of "Uncle Abe," in Orbisonia, on the 10th day of July next. The public are invited to attend. BY ORDER OF THE PARTIES.

DO YOU WANT A TOWN LOT?—S. P. Wensel, at his store, No. 1307 Mifflin street, for every 50 cents worth of goods sold gives a ticket, the holder of which has a chance of drawing a Town Lot, in West Huntingdon, Flour, Groceries, Meat, or some one of the 85 prizes on the list for distribution. The drawing to take place as soon as all the tickets are given out. Satisfaction guarenteed. june10-3m

FRESH STOCK.—Greenburg has just shelved a large, varied and fashionable assortment of seasonable clothing, which he will sell at panic prices. His stock of boy's clothing is the largest and handsomest in the county, and cheaper than the cheapest.

MARCH & BRO. have put up a neat sign over the entrance to their store on Washington street. This entrance is a great convenience to their customers. They are very accomdating, and really sell very cheap, and five per cent. off for cash, remember.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF MILLINERY GOODS.—Miss E. M. Africa has just returned rom the east with a large and fashionable stock of bonnets, hats, notions, assortment of children's aprons, &c., &c. And every thing in her line. tf.

Stewart & Flenner is the new Hardware firm, and sell cheaper than any other place in town. [jy1–3t

Ho! Ho!! Ho!!!
4th of July, O!

Grand Musical Celebration at the Castilian Garden on the afternoon of the 4th.

WHITE Sugar 12½ cents a pound, Brown Sugar 10 cents a pound, at Beck & Fleming's Bee Hive Grocery, No. 111, 4th St. [june24-2t

Choice green Coffee at Massey's.

Ho! Every one that thirsteth! go to Beck & Fleming's and get a glass of pure sparkling Soda Water from their Silver Fountain. Five cents a glass. june24-2t.

Sugars and Syrups at Massey's.

DELICIOUS Beverage! ice cold Soda Water at Beck & Fleming's, No. 111, 4th street. Five cents a glass. june24-2t.

Prime Apple Butter at Massey's.

FOR SALE.—A two horse double carriage in good condition. Apply to

A. A. ANDERSON,
june10tf] 601 Penn street, Huntingdon, Pa.

FOR RENT—A newly finished house on Second street above Mifflin. Possession given 1st of July. Apply to

je.24tf] C. H. GLAZIER.

Builders, read Atkinson & Co.'s advertisement.

Grand Display of Fireworks at the Castilian Garden on the night of the 4th of July.

Grain Cradles, Scythes, Snaths, Rakes, &c., at Stewart & Flenner's. [jy1–3t

Pure Spices at Massey's.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY OF A LARGE CAVE.

For years it has been known to the people of Shirley that there was an opening in the limestone formation of Sandy Ridge, on the lands of the Rockhill Iron & Coal Company, but, from some reason or other, none ever attempted to explore the supposed cavern. In accordance with a promise made to your readers, I determined to make a thorough examination of the much-dreaded "Bear's Avenue," with its appurtenances. Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d of June, armed with a torch and a burglar's lantern, I started for the cave. Mr. Eyler, "mine host" of the Mansion House, and some four others, joined us on the way. After walking about two and one-half miles we arrived at the opening, formed in the shape of an arch, three feet wide and about eighteen inches in height, and taking a short rest, I commenced getting my lights in readiness, when two of the party volunteered to accompany me down the treacherous looking avenue. Down we went, feet foremost, some fifty feet, at which point it opens up, and at a distance of fifty more it appears to terminate, but by the assistance of good lights we soon discovered an opening, which, however, only led back in the direction from which we entered and opened into the avenue. After examining the shelving rocks closely, we found another opening into which we crept. This entry is about one hundred and fifty feet, when it terminates, or is closed by a monstrous stalactite, and through which there is a small opening, into which we passed our light, and one of the grandest sights I ever was permitted to behold was the beautiful stalagmites that were formed upon the floor and stalactites hanging from a high ceiling. After feasting our eyes upon the beauties of the lovely room, which we were not permitted to enter or to fully explore its size, we returned again to the shelving rock in the first room, and after another search found other avenue. Nothing daunted, (though hungry,) in we crept. Here again we found rooms that might be termed pavillions and scenery no pen can describe, but at the end of this department we were foiled again in getting access to still another, in consequence of the formation of stalactites, and without the necessary implements had to return to room No. 1. Here we entered another opening, but the descent was of such a dangerous character that we determined not to make the attempt. We now held a council as to making an effort to knock down the stalactite that debarred our getting into room No. 2, but found it more than a match for our muscle. After taking another look at what we called "The Indian King's Parlor," we wended our way toward daylight, which we accomplished in about twenty minutes, where our friends were awaiting us, and their greeting was, "Well, what did you see?" And now it was that they saw their mistake. I suppose the ghost stories had frightened them, and not being Catholics, they had no knowledge of dealing with them. We, however, were on the safe side, and none of the Spirits made their appearance; doubtless this might be, and very likely is a sort of purgatory, not, however, on the warm order, where the moral kind of sinners are punished. If a few enterprising men were to take hold of this cave and make a proper opening, which could be done for a mere trifle, it would become quite a resort, midway between Orbisonia and Shirley, and within half a mile of the E. B. T. R. R. Here is a rare chance. Who will make a thorough examination of this wonderful cave? No doubt many of the Shirleysburg people will take a trip to satisfy their curiosity, and take a creep amongst the limestone rocks of Sandy Ridge, but I would advise them to take large lights, as there is danger of a small light being blown out by the strong current of air which passes through its different avenues, and, withal, your dinner. There is no danger of losing the way in getting out. D.

FROM SHADE GAP.

MR. EDITOR:—It might not be uninterresting to your readers, such as have not visited this section of Huntingdon county, to know that the people enjoy the luxury of a first-class Narrow Guage Rail Road, equipped with elegant passenger cars, that will compare with the cars on P. R. R. They are manned by the most polite and gentlemanly men we have ever met. Mr. Killen, the Conductor, is the right man at the right place, always on hand to attend to the comfort of the passengers; F. M. Hooper, Baggage Master, is a very clever fellow, but after all Isaac is the man that holds the reins of the iron horse and makes him go nothing less than twenty miles an hour. At Shirley I called upon the Postmaster, whose face was radiant with smiles. We suppose he expected to sell us a fine lot of goods, but here he erred—we were dead broke, and had more to carry than was desirable. Judging from appearances Mr. Kerr is doing a fine business in his line of goods. Daniel McGarvey is erecting one of the finest barns in the County, 50x100 feet, to be fitted up with all the modern improvements, such as ventilators on the sides and roof, &c., &c., &c.

Twelve M. and we start for Burnt Cabins, where we arrived about 6 o'clock, P. M., and after partaking of the good things of mine host, McGowan, we sauntered forth to gather some information in regard to the developments of the mineral wealth of the neighborhood, but, alas, found only a few specimens of Hematite ore, and a valuable specimen of,— unknown, we suppose to the owner, and upon which we did not feel disposed to enlighten the grasping parsimonious wretch who actually asked me to say through the JOURNAL that Burnt Cabins had the largest quantity of iron ore and the best in the world, but would not subscribe or do anything for the printer, or his devil, not even the Domine could think of taking a paper, but all are full of development and railroad, but God forbid, don't touch the pocket, not even to the amount of $2! I hope some philanthropic fool will call around and explore these minerals and build them a railroad,—a narrow guage,—would it not be nice?

Let it be said to the credit of the Domine, he told me that he had to live within his means. This I thought good theology. Well, in the morning I partook of an excellent and palatable breakfast, and then took passage with S. A. Miller, the Domestic Sewing Machine man, who had gone to the Cabins to have a hitch with my friend, Mr. Mentzer, the Grover & Baker agent, who failed to put in an appearance—nothing daunted, however, S. A. Miller, heard of the whereabouts of Mr. Mentzer and he went for him and bid defiance, when he took up the Glove, choose his weapons, and the meeting will take place at Uncle Abe's, at Orbisonia, July 10th. The arrangements made and we made for the Shades, where we arrived at eleven o'clock. D.

A CARD.

MR. EDITOR:—Would you please permit me to reply, through the columns of the JOURNAL, to the following article that appeared in the Mt. Union *Times*, of the 11th, inst:

A CRIMINAL ACT.—On Sabbath a week ago, as one of Mr. William Brigg's boys, of Shirley township, was driving Michael Youtzy's hogs out of his father's fields, one of Mr. Youtzy's boys ran up to him and presented a revolver at his head, and swore he would blow his brains out, scaring the boy nearly to death. This young man should be returned to the Court of Quarter Sessions, and made to feel the force of the law.

The above is a misrepresentation as malicious as it is false. The hogs referred to were *not* in the field, as represented, but *they were on the public road.* Mr. Brigg's boy was unjustly and unnecessarily dogging and abusing them. I told the boy if he did not keep the dog off the hogs and let them alone, I would shoot the *dog.* That is just what I said, and what I meant to do. I never thought or intimated such a thing as shooting the boy, or anybody else. These are facts which I am prepared to corroborate.

JACOB R. YOUTZY.

FROM CLAY.

MR. EDITOR:—S. L. Glasgow, esq., of Three Springs, has sold his farm to James Harper, of Orbisonia, for $10,000, $9,000 on the first day of April, 1875, and the residue in two payments. Mr. Glasgow has lived here thirteen years, and has been a good citizen. He has always been active in all the affairs of the township, and exercised a marked influence among the people. Into whatever community he may remove the people will find him no drone in society. He is a positive man—taking position some way—and generally able to defend the right. Many will feel sorry to see him leave this community. Politically Mr. Glasgow has always been and is a staunch Republican. CLAY.

HUNTINGDON MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by Henry & Co.

WHOLESALE PRICES.
HUNTINGDON, PA. June 30, 1874.

Superfine Flour	$ 6 25
Extra Flour	6 25
Family Flour	7 00
Red Wheat	1 30
White Wheat	1 35
Bark per cord	8 00
Barley	60
Butter	18
Brooms ₩ doz	2 50
Beeswax ₩ pound	30
Beans ₩ bushel	2 00
Beef	8
Cloverseed ₩ 64 pounds	4 00
Corn ₩ bushel on ear	80
Corn shelled	80
Chickens ₩ ₩	8
Corn Meal ₩ cwt	2 00
Candles ₩ ₩	12½
Cranberries ₩ quart	15
Dried Apples ₩ ₩	12½
Dried Cherries ₩ ₩	7
Dried Beef	20
Eggs	15
Feathers ₩ ₩	75
Flaxseed ₩ bushel	1 60
Hops ₩ pound	25
Hams smoked	12½
Shoulder	5
Side	10
Hay ₩ ton	12 00
Lard ₩ ₩ new	10
Large onions ₩ bushel	1 25
Oats	50
Potatoes ₩ bushel new	80@90
Plaster ₩ ton ground	15 50
Rags	2
Rye	95
Rye Chop ₩ cwt	2 00
Rye Straw ₩ bundle	12
Wool washed	40@45
Wool unwashed	25@30

Philadelphia Produce Market.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29.—Groceries are held with confidence. Sales of coffee at 18@21½c, gold, for Rio, and 24½@25½c, gold, for Laguayra. Cuba sugar is held at 7¼@8c for fair and good refining, and 8¼@8½c for grocery grades. Molasses is very firm at 42½c for 50 best Cuba.

Bark is held at $35 per ton for No. 1 quercitron but without sales.

In the flour market there is no special change. The demand is mostly from the home consumers to supply their immediate wants. About 1,000 barrels at $4.70 for superfine; $4.75@5.50 for extras; $6@6.37½ for Iowa and Wisconsin extra family; $6.75@7.75 for Minnesota do.; $6.50@7.50 for Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Rye flour sells at $4.60@4.75.

The demand for wheat is limited, and only 120 bushels sold at $1.35@1.45 for red; $1.55@1.90 for amber, and $1.40@1.60 for white. Rye is sold at 95c. Corn is less active, and 800 bushels 82@83c, and 7,000 bushels western mixed on secret terms. Oats are steady, and 2,100 bushels western white sold at 64@65c.

Marriages.

FLENNER—WINTRODE.—On the 26th of May by the Rev. M. K. Foster, Mr. John R. Flenner, of Huntingdon, to Miss Annie K. Wintrode, of Marklesburg, Pa.

SKINNER—MORROW.—On the 25th ult., by the Rev. G. W. Zahniser, at the Morrison House, Alexander M. Skinner, of Fannettsburg, Pa., to Savilla E. Morrow, of Shade Gap.

HAMEL—HOOPER.—On the 25th ult., in this place, by Rev. S. M'Henry, Mr. Edward Ham to Miss Annie M. Hooper, both of Mt. Union

Deaths.

SMITH.—On the 11th ult., in Huntingdon, Sarah J. Smith, aged about 28 years.

The deceased was a loving daughter, a kind and faithful sister, and she leaves behind a large circle of friends who mourn over her departure. Just when life to her more mature years was brightest, and when the prospects of a happy future shone beyond, did the Destroyer lay his hand upon her, and for long weeks she languished on a bed of suffering, but while her body was racked with pain, and refused to take the nourishment prepared by kind friends to sustain it, her "spiritual eyes" were opened, and her soul was fed with the "Manna" of God's redeeming love. Even before the last link was severed that bound her to earth, she longed to go to rest in the blessed arms of Jesus. Down through the "dark valley" he led her safe "across the river," and now with the redeemed she is singing the song of "Moses and the Lamb." We weep for her, but, assured that "our loss is her eternal gain, we have the sweet consolation that if we follow his dying injunction we shall meet in Heaven around our Father's throne, where

"Safe in the arms of Jesus" we'll rest,
Join in the song of the ransomed and blest
Purified, sanctified, world-fetters riven
O yes we will strive to meet her in Heaven.

M. C. M.

HAZARD.—On Thursday, the 25th inst., in this place, of dropsy, Mrs. Sarah Hazard, aged 73 years.

Special Notices.

CENTAUR LINIMENT.

There is no pain, which the Centaur Liniments will not relieve, no swelling they will not subdue, and no lameness which they will not cure. This is strong language, but it its true. They have produced more cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, palsy, sprains, swelling, caked breasts, scalds, burns, salt-rheum, ear-ache, &c., upon the human frame, and of strains, spavin, galls, &c., upon the animals in one year than have all other pretended remedies since the world began. They are counter-irritant, all healing pain relievers. Cripples throw away their crutches, the lame walk, poisonous bites are rendered harmless and the wounded are healed without a scar. The recipe is published around each bottle They sell as no article ever before sold, and they sell because they do just what they pretend to do. Those who now suffer from rheumatism, pain or swelling deserve to suffer if they will not use Centaur Liniment, white wrapper. More than 1000 certificates of remarkable cures, including frozen limbs, chronic rheumatism, gout, running tumors, &c., have been received We will send a circular containing certificates, the recipe &c., gratis, to any one requesting it. One bottle of the yellow wrapper Centaur Liniment is worth one hundred dollars for spavined or sweenied horses and mules or for screw-worm in sheep. Stock-owners—these liniments are worth your attention. No family should be without them. 'White wrapper for family use;" Yellow wrapper for animals. Sold by all Druggists. 50 cents per bottle; large bottles, $1.00. J. B. ROSE & Co., 53 Broadway, New York

CASTORIA is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only *safe* article in existence which is certain to assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It contains neither minerals morphine or alcohol, and is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may rest.

For sale by JOHN READ & SONS.
Oct.15,1873-1y.

HOUSEHOLD PANACEA —AND— FAMILY LINIMENT.

WHY WILL YOU SUFFER.

To all persons suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps in the limbs or stomach, Billious Colic, Pain in the bowels or side, we would say, THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and FAMILY LINIMENT is of all others the remedy you want for internal and external use. It has cured the above complaints in thousands of cases. There is no mistake about it. Try it. Sold by all Druggists.

July16,1873-1y.

NO EXCUSE FOR BEING SICK.

No person can use Boschee's German Syrup without getting immediate relief and cure. We have the first case of Coughs, Colds or Consumption, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, yet to hear from that has not been cured. We have distributed every year for three years over 250,000 sample bottles "FREE OF CHARGE" by druggists in all parts of the United States. No other manufacturer of Medicine ever gave their preperations such a test as this. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it—two doses will relieve you.

CUT THIS OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE.

There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Diseases, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Boschee's German Syrup has lately been introduced to this country from Germany, and its wonderous cures astonish everyone that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist S. S. SMITH & SONS, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents, or a regular size for 75 cents.

G. G. GREEN, Woodbury, N. J.
Aug.20,1873-1y.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

of an old Nurse. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from