

The Huntington Journal.

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NO. 3.

The Huntington Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth St.

The HUNTINGTON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at \$2.00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and 25¢ if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, 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 FIVE CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2
2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2
3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2
4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2
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8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2
9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2

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 arrangements, 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 find their commission outside of these figures.

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

B. T. BROWN, J. N. BAILEY, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-At-Law, Office 24 door east of First National Bank.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 225 Hill Street, HUNTINGTON, PA.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 34 street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson.

D. B. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hillstreet, Huntington.

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Building, Huntington, Pa.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntington, Pa.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., Office one door East of B. M. Spier's office.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOOK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 225 Hill street, corner of Court House square.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntington county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntington, 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.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSSER, LOVELL & MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntington, Pa.

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

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., Office, 321 Hill street, Huntington, Pa.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 225, Hill street.

Hotels.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGTON, PA.

J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 8, 1871-ly.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 815 Middle street, West Huntington, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country.

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGTON, PA. PLASTER PARIS COULDINGS, &c. ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 71.

100,000

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AT JOURNAL STATIONERY STORE.

Also,

BLANK BOOKS, all kinds,

ENVELOPES, every description.

Call and examine our stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere.

MEMORANDUMS, PASS BOOKS, and a thousand and one other useful articles, for sale at the Journal Book and Stationery Store.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGTON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St.

HUNTINGTON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING:

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE.

SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed,

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Power.

(For the Journal.)

Edward Cooper.

From a "Confederate Story" published in the *Globe* of Nov. 24, 1874.

Night's shrouds curtain enshrouded the valley, and hung like a pall on the mountain's high crest; fierce agony tortured the heart of poor Cooper, and rapid down the hill he hurried to his room.

In vain had he plead the right of a hero, whose arm never straggled in the hour of need; the lion was dead, though his blood had reddeled the hills where carnage had covered the moor.

He thought of his loved one, and of the sad letter, and how he would see them ere death claimed his victim; though billows of fire across his path roared.

No longer could duty constrain him to linger, Grim death was leaping his Mary's love out; he saw through the night-light the blue eyes of Lucy all streaming with tears, and the soldier was not.

Though dear to his heart was the cause he had chosen, and strong were the ties which the soldier's heart bound; he was ready to bloom the love in his bosom which the banner of Mary had ardently found.

The gloom of the night had enshrouded his footsteps, "I was sought to the darkness his acting heart bore; he passed in for rest till his foot pressed to the door, and joy lit his face by his own cottage door."

But joy fled across the heart of poor Mary, her Edward, unbidden, had for her own; "Oh, dear, dear Edward, what art thou doing? Where have you been? Is the battle's alarm?"

The court martial sat with an air stern and rigid, and Cooper stood high to be tried for his life; he had been a hero, and now he was a criminal.

The President read the indictment against him; "Oh, Edward, I'm proud of your deeds as a soldier; but do you know, Edward, come home to me."

But though the sabbath of the soldier's day, and Edward stood the great deed of a veteran hero, who were they that were going to part?

But Pity, who weeps at the gate of misfortune, Contrived the commander his pardon to give; the angel of mercy swooped down on the darkness, and with a sweet whisper, "Let poor Cooper live."

The battle raged fierce as the thunder of Heaven, the dead lay as shrouds o'er the harvest field; one only was left when a hundred had entered, the rescued doctor was fighting alone.

But soon the dread mists of death found its victim, his life-blood the dark field of slaughter did lave; "Oh, General," he cried, as he sank in death's arms, "say, I'm the honor of dear Mary saved!"

The General bowed as the spirit of Cooper departed, but Oh where does Pity now? Around the aid of the great-armed hero, who o'er the red grave of her husband does bow.

The Story-Teller.

THE "BLACK SHEEP" OF THE FAMILY.

"Father, believe me, I am speaking the truth! I ask nothing save that you should consider me innocent. If I could but take that assurance with me into exile, it would lighten my burden, and help me to forget the unmerited punishment which I have undergone. I know, as a boy, I was wild and reckless, but never dishonest. I am as innocent of the crime for which I suffer as you are."

The speaker was a tall, good looking young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age. There was a pallor over-spreading his dark features, which spoke of long confinement and severe mental suffering. His manner was, as were his words, earnest and intense; and, as he ceased speaking, he advanced towards his father with an air of entreaty.

"You have been answered; now go, and never dare to intrude on me again. I have, as you know, placed a sum of money in my lawyer's hands for your use; enough for you to be enabled to leave England, and commence, if you choose, an honest career in the colonies. You need expect nothing more from me."

Mr. Pearson ceased speaking, and commenced occupying himself in a way which showed that he was about to leave his counting house for the night.

The son regarded his father with a wistful look, and once or twice essayed to speak; when, at last, his words found utterance; they were accompanied by tears.

"This one request, at least, you will not deny me. It is that I may see my mother. Grant me this, and I will never trouble you again."

There was no sign of relenting in the face of the father as he turned from his desk, at which he had been occupied and looked straight at his son.

"No; you have already almost broken your mother's heart; the greatest kindness you can do her is never to cross her path."

"At least, tell me," pleaded the patient voice, "does my mother think me guilty?"

"She knows you are guilty. Now leave! From this hour you are one dead to me. The gray head was bowed; and with a heavy sigh the outcast left his father's presence.

The door had just closed upon him when another emerged from an inner room, the door of which was partly open. This third person had heard the conversation, though not present; and now, with a noiseless step, and an expression of countenance intended to be sympathetic, he approached Mr. Pearson.

"Father," he said, do not let this trouble you too much. He is not worth consideration."

The bowed head was raised; and the face revealed a softened look, which, had the poor outcast seen it, would have given him a ray of hope.

"Ah, Joseph, I had forgotten you were here; you did well, however, in keeping your eyes shut. Come, my son, it is time we are at home."

And now, while they are on their way to their luxurious home, we will take a survey of the past history of the family. Mr. Pearson was what the world calls a "self-made man."

He was well established in life, and over thirty when he married. His wife had a fortune in her own right hand, and what is better still, she was a fortune in herself. Two years after marriage she gave birth to twins, who have been introduced to the reader. It was observed, as they grew up, they were in every respect unlike each other.

In the midst of his pleasant meditations he suddenly remembered that an important letter, which his father had requested him to post, still lay in his desk at the office.

John made up his mind to mend matters as far as might be by hastening at once to the counting house for the letter, which he had found he had yet time to post before the mail went out. He hastily thrust his gold into his pocket, and getting into a "bus, was soon set down at his destination.

The office had been for some time closed, but John obtained admission by a key which he always carried. He did not deem a light necessary, as he knew exactly where to put his hand upon the letter; besides which a temporary light from a match was all that could have been obtained—as, to prevent accident, the gas was nightly cut off.

As he closed the desk, he could not understand why, but he felt certain that some one else breathed the air of that dark room. He stood motionless, listening, but he heard no sound.

Then in a clear, ringing voice, he asked if any one was present.

There was no response.

Determined to search, he ignited a match, and saw, almost within reach of his arm, his brother Joseph.

Joseph was leaning against the wall, ghastly, trembling in every limb.

At first neither spoke; then John said: "What an answer comes you here?"

The answer came in tones very unlike Joseph's usual subdued utterance.

"I was out walking, was seized with one of my neuralgic pains, and I came in to get 'the drops for it, which I kept in my desk. But I may as well ask what brings you here?"

"Oh, I—I came to get a letter which I had forgotten to post on entering. Why didn't you answer when I spoke?"

"I didn't recognize your voice."

Joseph laughed nervously.

"You're a pretty fellow! Why the thief might have got off, body and all, without much opposition from you, my doxy brother! But come, let us get out of this den. It is bad enough to be here in the day time. By the way, Joe, don't mention to father my having forgotten that letter."

On this, they then left the building. Joseph eagerly promising to keep silent. A week later the quarter's salaries were due and paid. John took his crisp new bank notes with great satisfaction. That night he again counted his little hoard, Joseph passing the door. An idea seized him.

"I will astonish my quiet brother with a sight of my wealth," said he. "He would never, I am sure, give me credit for being so saving."

Then he called Joseph, who entered smiling. But the smile was turned to a look of surprise when he saw the gold and notes on his brother's table.

John was amazed, and was about to descend on his hitherto unsuspected habits of economy, when a knock was heard at the door, and a servant announced that "Mr. Pearson would like to speak to Mr. John a few minutes." So telling Joseph to act as guardian to his golden treasure, John withdrew.

Left alone, Joseph, stooping over the table, hastily examined the paper money. There were four five pound Bank of England notes, all of them new looking.

"There can be no risk," he muttered. "John is not half business man enough to have taken the money."

Then with a trembling hand he drew a leather book from his inner pocket, and taking from it four five pound notes, crisp and new, he substituted them for John's.

"They look just the same," he said, "he will never detect the difference."

When the brother returned, Joseph asked, in a careless tone, if he knew the numbers of the notes. He replied in the negative, and he safely stowed away the notes and gold in his cash box, remarking that it was sufficient for him to know that he had the notes.

This reply relieved Joseph of any doubts which he may have had, and he soon after wished his brother good-night.

The time had arrived when John Pearson might go his own way, and leave the counting house to his brother. He could become his own master. His mother was the only one who knew of his intended departure, and although she loved him dearly, she made no attempt to dissuade him from his purpose.

She understood him well, and knew that he might be trusted to make his way honorably in the world. "I shall go to Australia, mother, dear," he had said, "and in two or three years, at utmost, come home again with money enough to rent, or, perhaps, even to buy a little farm, somewhere in Kent or Surrey, and then you can often come and see me, and admire my prize pigs and wonderful fowls. And I'll send new laid eggs to town to you every day."

Mrs. Pearson would smile through her tears while she heard these promises. Three days before John's projected departure—he had taken a storage passage to Melbourne in the *Oceanic*, determined to rough it—the family were assembled at dinner. It was never a very cheerful meal at the Pearson's table. The amount of work he allotted to himself was too much for his strength, and he generally returned home perspiring and exhausted.

On this particular evening he wore even a deeper than usual, and each member of the family could see that something had gone wrong.

They were soon enlightened as to what it was.

Turning to his wife, Mr. Pearson sharply said, "Mary I have been robbed!"

This abrupt announcement caused a profound silence. John was surprised and sorry; Joseph extremely surprised and sympathetic; and Mrs. Pearson tremblingly asked the nature of the robbery.

"Twenty pounds in notes," was the reply. They were taken from a desk, where he himself had placed them eight or ten days before. This desk had evidently been opened by a key in the usual manner, and no marks of force were visible. The merchant expressed his belief that the thief was some one well acquainted with the office, and who must have known the notes were there. He added that the numbers of the notes were known, and detectives had already been sent to trace them.

He had no doubt they would be found, and then no mercy would be shown the robber. There was a gloomy silence. No one ventured further comment on the startling news.

John Pearson was not in the habit of allowing disagreeable facts to dwell upon his mind. His temperament was naturally gay and sunny, and he dismissed such memories very summarily. But what he had heard haunted him with an unaccountable persistency. "Who could it have been?" he thought. "I fear father was

right when he said that it was some one who knew his way about the counting house."

And, again, and again, he could not help turning to himself that he wished the guilty party might not be discovered, yet he dared not acknowledge why he harbored such a desire.

And now the sad secret farewell between mother and son, was over, and John stood upon the deck of the magnificent steamer that was to bear him away to the freedom for which he had so pined.

Full of eager hope and happiness, he strolled towards the fore part of the vessel, his step buoyant and elastic.

But another footstep, silent and stealthy, followed his. Presently a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and all innocent and honest though John Pearson was, he knew before a word had been spoken that he was under arrest, charged with burglary.

There is no need to dilate upon the trial. The Brutus like father prosecuted with none the less vigor because the accused was his own son.

In vain John Pearson the younger pleaded his innocence. Circumstances were too strong against him. His passage money had been in part paid with the stolen notes. Then his wishing to get away from the country, and not mentioning his intention, all went against him.

He begged that his brother might visit him, or at least see his counsel, with a view to explain in that he had told him of having saved all his two years' salary. But after an interview which that worthy young man had with the lawyer, the latter advised John not to call him a witness, as all that he could say would only strengthen the prosecution.

The judge who tried the case was well known for his heavy sentences; and the jury, though to a man pitied the prisoner, believed him guilty.

So John Pearson was condemned to five years' penal servitude. Death, in its most terrible form, would have been preferable to home for five years, the companion of the vilest of society, while his whole life would be clouded by shame, and his mother's heart perhaps broken! Surely, never was so bitter a lot!

Was there no one who believed him innocent?

His trial caused much excitement. Scores of friends, and even relations, mingled with the crowds who came on the last day to hear his sentence passed; and as he was led from the dock he looked at the many faces which he knew for some token of sympathy or of belief in his innocence—but in vain; all were cast down or averted as he passed. Though the majority condemned the father's severity, none believed in the innocence of the son.

One last agonizing farewell to his mother, and to the crowd who came on the last day to hear his sentence passed, and he was led from the dock he looked at the many faces which he knew for some token of sympathy or of belief in his innocence—but in vain; all were cast down or averted as he passed. Though the majority condemned the father's severity, none believed in the innocence of the son.

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