

The Huntington Journal.

VOL. 50.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1875.

NO. 5.

The Huntington Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, 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 10¢ if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1000	2000	3000	4000	1000	2000	3000	4000
2	4	6	8	2	4	6	8
3	6	9	12	3	6	9	12
4	8	12	16	4	8	12	16
5	10	15	20	5	10	15	20
6	12	18	24	6	12	18	24
7	14	21	28	7	14	21	28
8	16	24	32	8	16	24	32
9	18	27	36	9	18	27	36
10	20	30	40	10	20	30	40

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of Limited or Individual Interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged at the price having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

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

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

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 214 Second Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [Jan. 27, 75.]

D. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 2, 72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d Street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [Jan. 12, 75.]

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 228 Washington Street, east door of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 75.]

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 75.]

E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, No. 219 Penn Street, near opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug. 5, 74-6mos.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 529, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 12, 75.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 12, 75.]

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 219 Penn Street, East of R. M. Spier's office. [Dec. 4, 74.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 228 Washington Street, corner of Court House Square. [Dec. 4, 72.]

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Office, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 75.]

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Office, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 75.]

J. W. MATTER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 219 Penn Street, East of R. M. Spier's office. [Dec. 4, 74.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Office, No. 219 Penn Street, East of R. M. Spier's office. [Dec. 4, 74.]

L. W. MATTER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 219 Penn Street, East of R. M. Spier's office. [Dec. 4, 74.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 75.]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Office, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 4, 75.]

MORRISON HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, PA.

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 313 Mill Street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of patronage from town and country. [Oct. 16, 72.]

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. PLASTER PARIS COBBLES, MOULDINGS, &c. ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 75.

100,000

ENVELOPES

JUST RECEIVED

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 HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 4800.

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.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE.

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

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

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Misses' Bower.

[Original.]

About Ghosts.

BY DENNIS O'HAFFERTY.

They tell me no spirits, ghosts, or witches. Since the year eighteen hundred exist; Dearly, I've seen ghosts in Kilkenny. Wid' cybals the size of me fat.

Lect scientists prache till bronchitis Laves ivery man of them dead; I know fat I know, and he jabers. They'll ne'er bate it out of me head.

Meilif has held hair-raising converse More than one good, in the lane That takes from Whirle's to O'Conner's— I hope I'll ne'er see them again.

But the worst one of all that e'er wandered On Arian's swate parapentis sod, was Was that of one Jamie McFadden. A neck-broken knight of the hood.

Whiniver I'd mate wid' his worship, Me blood red wud be his; Through thyrin' me best to address him I'd utter jist nothin' at all.

My eyes wud shink out like a bottle, And somethin' wud rise in me bat; I thought a great date, and imagined We'd h'd quite a neighborly chat.

But shure I know well there are spirits Of ivery dimension and size; And all other docters and leeches Are nothin' but new-fangled lies.

The Story-Teller.

THE LOST MINE.

"Let us go back." "To the States?" "Yes."

"To Buena Vista?" "Of course. Where else wud we go?" "The last speaker was a dark-faced, bribe-grabbing-looking man of five and forty; his companion a handsome fellow at least fifteen years his junior. They sat in the light of a small fire in one of the famous gulches of New Mexico, and seemed to be alone. Their carbines rested on the ground beside them, and the twin looked fagged. The words of the elder caused a smug to ruffle the lips of the other and determination flashed in his dark eyes.

"I am not going back to the States, much less to Buena Vista, before I have found the treasure."

"Then, by George, some sun will find you in a gulch with a dozen feathered sticks in your body. Where's Davis?" "Dead!" "And Angerbright?" "Dead."

"Yes, and if you'll go up to the Rio Grande you'll find poor Knight's anatomy, and in the best heart that ever lived in Ohio is an Apache arrow head. There were five of us when we left Buena Vista; you and I are all the Indians have spared. All Heaven knows that they are after us now!"

"You can go back if you wish, Kyle. I am going to find the treasure."

"What! go back and leave you here! Chabert Ross, you don't know Kyle Bains. I never nor half believed the story about the lost mine, and we have been upon a wild-goose chase."

"I believe we are near the treasure," responded the younger adventurer, confidently. "I do not think that the information I gathered in Toos is altogether deceptive. But we will talk while we hunt to-morrow. Kyle, I guard to-night. Lie down and go to sleep."

"Obedient the bearded man drew a blanket about his person, and threw himself upon the ground. A moment later he was asleep and it seemed that his guard, Chabert Ross, was not far from the land of dreams. He seemed worn out with traveling; but there was a fire in his eye, and his ear was on the alert for admonitions of danger.

Perhaps he thought of the three Ohio boys who in high spirits had crossed the Arkansas at his side a short time prior to the date of his present encampment. Brave fellows and full of adventure they were; but there were Indian arrows in their bodies, and on the banks of unexplored streams they slept the sleep of the dead. Now but two of the little band of fire men who left the Buckeye State to discover one of the many hidden silver mines of New Mexico remained; they had hunted many weeks with the shadow of death's wing above them, and dark mystery before.

The ignis fatuus, invented perhaps by some imaginative writer, had lured them to the gulches and chasms of the to them, terra incognita of America. Would they ever occur? It was a question they could not answer.

Chabert Ross felt that sleep was stealing over him while he watched his prostrate companion; and coveted the refreshment slumber that closed his heavy lids. He rose and paced up and down the canyon in the light of the fire. Far above him glittered the stars; on each side, tall, gray rocks, on which his giant-like shadow fell. Once he paused and drew a medallion portrait from his bosom, and looked at it. He saw the beautiful features of girl hood, bright blue eyes, and a wealth of riant hair, as a statue in the sun beams.

"She wouldn't know me now," he murmured. "I look so old. I wonder if all silver hunters get so haggard. I ought to go back to her; but not without the treasure. No! no! no!"

He repeated the monosyllabic with the determination, and the giant, talking in his dreams, seemed to respond pathetically, for he said:

"Then we've got to die; there's no help for it!"

Ross laughed when he saw that his burly companion had spoken in his slumber, and a minute later having seated himself before the fire, was asleep himself.

He did not hear the stealthy footsteps in the canyon; he did not see the figure that came from the gloom his eyes had failed to penetrate.

It was the figure of an Indian girl, who carried a bow, to the string of which fitted an exquisitely-shaped arrow. She sat the sleeping man, and never took her eyes from him.

Had she marked them for her shafts? We shall see.

Stealthily approaching, she stooped over Chabert Ross, and touched his shoulder with her bow. The touch roused him, and he looked into her eyes astonished. She touched her lips indicatively of silence, and, stepping back, motioned him to rise. He glanced at Bains.

The giant still slept, and confident that he would not awake for a while, the younger hunter arose and followed the Apache girl.

Without a word, she led him down the canyon until she began to ascend. He followed her up the rough path of the country above, and on the edge of the gulch—the precipice—she paused.

"The country so far as the white man can see belongs to Walpin, the Apache," she said, sweeping her hand before her.

"He owns a thousand rifles, and more horses than two pale-faces can count. Neva is his child, and the only child he has. She has followed the pale face for many miles, and she knows what brought him to the land of the Apaches."

She smiled as she spoke the last sentence, and Chabert Ross started forward with eagerness.

"Tell me—tell me, Neva, where is it?" he cried.

"The lost mine of shining silver?" she cried.

"Yes! yes!" "What will the pale face do if Neva tells him?"

"Anything he says," she said, triumphantly, in a low whisper. "He says he will do anything Neva asks if she tells him about the lost silver mine. She will try him. Neva will see if the pale-face is as good as his word."

"Try me, girl. Chabert Ross never broke a promise. There are no silver mines. Then her right hand pointed to the west—away from the canyon.

"Do the eyes of the silver-hunter behold a fire?" she asked.

"They do."

"There is a wagon train from the white man's country," continued the Apache. Walpin has said that, it might halt in his land, for the pale-faces do not hunt silver mines. In one of the wagons is a pale girl."

Chabert Ross started again.

"Will the white man swear to obey Neva if she tells him where the silver is?" the chief's daughter asked.

"Yes."

"To Buena Vista?" "Of course. Where else wud we go?" "The last speaker was a dark-faced, bribe-grabbing-looking man of five and forty; his companion a handsome fellow at least fifteen years his junior. They sat in the light of a small fire in one of the famous gulches of New Mexico, and seemed to be alone. Their carbines rested on the ground beside them, and the twin looked fagged. The words of the elder caused a smug to ruffle the lips of the other and determination flashed in his dark eyes.

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"Try me, girl. Chabert Ross never broke a promise. There are no silver mines. Then her right hand pointed to the west—away from the canyon.

"Do the eyes of the silver-hunter behold a fire?" she asked.

"Buena Vista—My God! look, for my life!"

He turned and struck the lance aside, and slew the Apache whose hands clutched madly. Then a press of foes bore him back; but again, after a minute's desperate fighting, he came to the top.

Kate Aylesford's face was still there, but it was so very pale.

"Kate! Kate!"

No answer. He lifted her head, and then cried:

"'Dead! The devils have slain the woman I love!'"

How madly he turned, then, and how fiercely he fought, the reader can tell.

By-and-by the fortunes of battle brought him face to face with Kyle Bains.

"'Gone!' he cried, we must escape.

"Agreed!" said the giant, and the two men fought themselves clear of foes, and rode away like the wind.

How the Indians pursued; but they never caught the men who, for the life of Kate Aylesford, took terrible vengeance.

She was Chabert Ross' Ohio love; her's was the face on the medallion, and it was her life that the silver hunter had promised Neva to take.

The Indian girl never met the hunters again. In their hunt for vengeance they forgot the lost mine, and years afterward a man with gray hairs entered the village of Buena Vista.

It was Chabert Ross, and he told a tale of vengeance that filled many a heart.

Kyle Bains fell before an Apache arrow; but not until he could boast of satisfying his hatred of the red race.

Where Kate Aylesford sleeps I do not know; but there is an old man who could tell you, reader.

Reading for the Million.

A Convention of Dentists.

A Convention of Dentists held their second semi-annual meeting in Huntingdon, during the 20th and 21st days of January. This society is known as the Central Pennsylvania Dental Association, and is composed of many of the most successful dentists of Huntingdon, Blair, Bedford, Clearfield, Centre and Mifflin counties.

It convened at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the office of Dr. E. J. Green, over twenty dentists being present, to consume, by profitable discussion, every available moment until 4 o'clock, Thursday afternoon. After having held five sessions all declared the Convention to be a grand success. The object for which the society was organized was to promote professional intercourse among its members, and to encourage investigation in every direction which tends to elevate the Dental profession and qualify its members to meet every want of an intelligent community.

Perhaps there is no Dental society in the State in which the qualifications for membership are so much demanded and so highly appreciated as in the Central Pennsylvania Dental Association. Candidates for membership must be located Dentists, and must be examined by a Board of Censors, upon the following subjects: Anatomy of the mouth, treatment of the gums and adjacent parts, professional etiquette, relation of the Dentist to his patient, filling teeth, materials used, treatment of exposed roots, treatment of alveolar abscess, filling roots in canals in roots of teeth, tooth-ache, cure and treatment, care of children's teeth, extracting teeth, preparation of the mouth to receive artificial teeth, materials used in the manufacture of dental plates, taking the impression of the mouth, selection of the teeth, articulation and the induction of dentures in the mouth.

It is necessary, that Dentists should be men of honor, men of ability, men able and willing to communicate to each other all they know concerning the science of Dentistry. To witness the wholesale destruction of the natural teeth, as practiced by would-be Dentists, is both sinful and alarming. Many are yet to learn by sad experience, that the health and beauty depends upon the intelligent Dentist. This Convention would lift the profession with the healing art, and recognize the great work of the Dentist to preserve the natural teeth, and not to extract and make room for artificial sets.

The time of the Convention was employed in discussing such subjects and questions as these: How soon after extraction should artificial teeth be inserted? The best method of destroying the nerve of a tooth? Treatment after the nerve is dead. How to treat an abscessed tooth? What is the best method of treating a dislocated nerve, treating and capping nerves so as to save the tooth? Placing a patient under the influence of ether, gas or chloroform to extract teeth?

Dr. Miller of Altoona, and Dr. Buchanan of Huntingdon, each read an able essay before the Convention, having for their subjects the filling of the molar teeth with gold, and society membership, and the introduction of students into the profession.

Great interest was manifested in discussing and demonstrating the manipulations necessary to manufacture, and the utility of the new plate known as the "celluloid-bass," now being introduced into practice and intended to supersede the vulcanite or rubber plate. All present pronounced the set of teeth which was made and the demonstration as a grand success. Each determined to continue the experiments and introduce the plate into practice, believing it had all the advantages of the rubber plate without some of the disadvantages too well known by every intelligent Dentist.

The time was so pleasantly spent that many desired to have the meetings quarterly instead of semi-annually. The next meeting will be held in Altoona.

Dr. J. W. Isenberg, of Honesdale, and Dr. H. H. Rothrock of Bellefonte, were elected delegates to represent the Central Pennsylvania Dental Association in the State Dental Society, which will meet at Cresson in July next.

The officers of the Association are President, Dr. E. J. Green, Huntingdon; Vice, Dr. H. H. Rothrock, Bellefonte; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Isenberg, Altoona; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. G. L. Robb, Huntingdon; Treasurer, Dr. J. F. McClure, Tyrone; Board of Censors, J. M. Stewart of Curwinstown, G. H. Robb of Huntingdon, and J. T. Leet of Hollidaysburg.

The Convention adjourned with many thanks to the kind people of Huntingdon, and many wishes for the success of her Dental practitioners.

J. W. ISENBERG, Sec'y.