The Huntingdon Journal. J. R. DURBORROW, - J. A. NASH, TO A D V E R T I S E R S: PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street.

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 33 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, vuless 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 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.

ions.

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

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exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

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

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 the collection and remittance of claims. Jan.7,71.

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST,

No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.

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

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

E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, nearly-opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T.

Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St.,

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

S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one doo East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1

FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [doc.4,72

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, hree doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71. 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-Office in he Journal Building. [feb.1,'71.

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness.

Office on Hill street.

[jan.4,'71.

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER. LOVELL & MUSSER.

HUNTINGDON, 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. [nov6,'72]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,71. WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-

at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No.

Hotels.

MORRISON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.

J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous.

ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 313 Mifflin street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [ogt16,72.

WM. WILLIAMS, MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS. HEADSTONES, &C., HUNTINGDON, PA PLASTER PARIS CORNICES, MOULDINGS. &C:

100,000

ENVELOPES

JUST RECEIVED

ATJOURNAL 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 Blank Book and Stationery Store.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St

HUNTINGDON, PA.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hillstreet [jan.4,771.] MENTS INSERTED ON REA-

SONABLE TERMS.

FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING:

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED said? It will be quiet here?" STYLE. SUCHAS

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,

PAMPHLETS forest like a pearl.

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 addim and lonely, and the rustling tree-tops called his name.

J. R.DURBORROW & CO.

An Irish Serial Loem.

MISS BIDDY McCANN:

-OR,-THE WONDERFUL HAND.

BY DENNIS O'RAFFERTY. PART FOURTH. THE GRAND FINALE.

Within a foul cave in the regions of night, The fearful abode of hobgobblin and spite, Surrounded by spectres forbidding and grim, Behold, as a prisoner, venturesome Tim.

A jury assembled to sit on his case, Whose faces displayed neither beauty nor grace; The prosident judge, master-spirit of vice, Gazed out with a leer that turned Tim's heart to ice. 'Call Timothy Byrne," said the judge with a frown, Unfetter his limbs, let his wrists be unbound: Unfetter his limbs, let his wrists be unbound; Have you any reason to offer, young man, For wickedly stealing 'The Woyderful Hand.'"

"A rason?" cried Tim, "be me sowl an I have,
"Is this: that me sowl the rich treasure did crave;
I knew not yer honor on it had a claim;
I thought it would secure me both riches and fame. "Instead it has been all the cause of me grafe, It's right glad I am that ye bave it home safe, And if ye'll but free me and let me depart, Ye're welcome to kape it wid all of me heart."

"Nay mortal," quoth he who presided, "'tis mete That ere you should fave such a lovely retreat, A lesson of wisdom we to you impart, To teach you to meddle no more with our art.

"Convey him in haste to "the slippery crag,"
Where perished the nettle-brained Clare county hag—
And if by good fortune its summit he gains,
Let freedom reward the rash youth for his pains." A giant now seized him and bore him away
To where rose a precipical rivers of

"Och hone gramachree!" cried poor Tim in despair, "The divil himsel couldn't clamber up thore; But if I lie here I'll be food for the bats, They'll fight o'er me flesh like the Kilkenny cats. "So here goes to try for me freedom wid might; Swate Vargin assist me to scale the smooth height Parellysis saize on that HAND, is me prayer, I'll no'er stale another I yow and declare." Just then a large bird, of a race now extinct, Mistaking poor Tim for a pig, so I think, Flew down from its perch, taking Tim by the hair, It sailed away heavenward up through the air. Retaining his presence of mind, he was mute, For fear he might frighten the murdtherin brute One only remark did he venture to make, "Be jakers I'me saved if his howld dizn't break!"

But oh what a thinking he kept up meantime, As nearer the top his rude captor did climb; He kicked off his boots thus to lessen his weight For fierce was the pain that encircled his pate. But safely the bird brought him up to the top, And into its nest his fair body did drop; The young birds put on quite a look of dismay, For ne'er had they gazed on such strange looking prey. The parent-bird looked on poor Tim with disdain, Half tempted to tumble him over again; But ere it had time, pro or con, to decide, Tim left at a pace that a race-horse defied

When safe out of sight he decided to pause, To bind up the gashes made by the bird's claws; But what was his horror to find his head bare, His life had been saved by the breadth of a hair. To moralize then the great spalpeen began: "Was iver it thus since creation of man? Had Absalom's hair sarved his body as well He might have been living the story to tell. But shure I am glad that it stuck to me head Until I was safe wid the young birds in ted, For had it gev way but a moment before I might have been knockin' at St. Peter's door. "I'm glad I escaped wid the loss of me hair; I'll lave the bird thât, shure, in pledge for me fare, And if I'm ne'er able the pledge to redeem, I'll hould that ould bird in the bighesf esteem.

I'll nould that ond bird in the highest effective.

"Henceforth I shall live by the sweat of me brow, And thry to kape clear of that party below; Wid pockets bereft now of avil's swate root, I'll curtail ambition me prospects to suit.

"A widower now wid youth's bloom on me cheek, A swate Irish lass for a partner I'll seek; But shure I must get me a wig for this head, They'll think it was robbed by the vixon that's dead. 'Financially spaking, that schame was a miss, Except the remembrance of marital bliss; Except the remembrance of marital bliss;
The joy it imparted to hear she was dead,
Does scarcely o'er balance an agle-clawed head. "But why do I vent on poor Biddy me spleen?
The fault want't hers that is plain to be seen: The 'open sesame' was 'THE WONDERFUL HAND

"Bad luck to the HAND, it has ruined me quite, Uncovered me head, and near killed me wid fright May ague unnail ivery finger straightway, And sind them to Satan t. swaten his tay."

The Story-Teller.

THE GHOST OF HERON LAKE. Under the young shade of the old trees before the Heron Lake House, Hugh Cheviot tied his horse, and took off his straw hat to feel the balmy woodland air bathe secretly admired the stern man with the sad eyes, invited him to her private parlor, an invitation which, to his own surprise, his temples. It was dewy and sweet with the scent of horse chestnut blossoms .-Through the slopes of birches and alders the lake glimmered blue like a sheet of

steel. Cheviot drew a long, quivering breath. host from the portico.
"Yes, I am here at last," responded Cheviot, advancing toward the house, but his gaze wandering after two white but-

terflies waltzing down the slope. ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE proximity on the piazza.

"Quiet enough," responded Peter Stew. art, shrugging his shoulders.
"I have never seen this invalid woman.
"Who are your guests?" asked Cheviot,
St. Lambert says it is his sister, but I know ever neglected. Surely this is a jewel that pulling at his brown beard. "Heron Lake parties who can prove that she is his wife. merits a search; and, when found, merits half-apprehensive look toward a glittering know that she escapes and wanders about young women; no talisman will find you carriage-load of ladies rolling along the the ground? And that is what the ex- so bewitching in the judgment of the sen-

"No, no. Those are people from the "Indeed! I distinguishing, six miles away. It's Mr. St. strange, sweet singing."

"Well, Mr. St Lambert's here-some "Boards here? And who else?" "A family named Stamford, another

named Rochester, and a few invalids." Cheviot appeared satisfied. The supper After supper, seized by the enticing charm of the steel-blue water glinting

among the trees, he started suddenly to visit it. His host called after him: "It's a half a mile away !" but he still kept on. The glades were scented and sweet .-

The birds twittered sleepily on the branches of blossomed boughs, or eyed him with had heard. bright, hidden eyes from their nests. He found a tinkling little brook leading down to the lake, and followed it. pale, blue water. Bankful among the dislike. darkening green, Heron Lake gemmed the "A be

"Why did they give this lovely spot such an ugly title?" murmured Cheviot,

The next week closed the stay seating himself upon a fallen tree.

A rushing noise in the bushes suddenly on a bed of brown, rustling leaves. path!

were monotonously repeating some vague, "Has Heron Lake a ghost?" he asked

himself, as he plunged through the alders

homeward.

But he could not sleep again until past day-break. That singing voice so haunted The next day he made inquiries. A sick

woman, deranged by spells, had escaped from the care of her nurses, they told Two weeks passed; A wild, rainy spell drove Cheviot in-doors from his accustomed haunts, and little Mrs. Rochester, who secretly admired the stern man with the

he accepted. First she tried him with a bit of gossip. "Have you heard," she said, "that Mr. St. Lambert is to be married next week?" Cheviot had not heard.

"To Miss Rosa Grant, of New York, "Glad to see you, colonel!" called his who is staying at the village hotel, six miles off. And they do say, Colonel Cheviot, that he has a wife!"

kept here in a back wing of the house ver will tarnish in time, and both, when "Fine weather," placing two chairs in with her nurses. Mr. St. Lambert is abundant, lose their comparative value; wealthy, though they say it is with her but good-nature never, never loses its wealthy, though they say it is with her fortune; but money won't help him to Spring for years," was the response, as Cheviot sat down, the sunset light striking full on his face—the face of a warrior, scarred and marked with life, but noble as little woman was in delicate health, and in season. Everybody admires it. It stern. "The house is not full, I think you had a course looking husband, who treated never grows stale. It costs little to ac-

her with brutal indifference. "Certainly not," said Cheviot. cannot be a fashionable locality?" with a Peter Stewart is in the secret. Do you a protection. Possess yourselves of it,

citement was about the other night!"
"Indeed! I distinctly heard some Lambert's team. Nice horses; see the furthermost bay. There's a gait for you!" calls, sometimes, a man's name, piercingly, "Yes, yes. Then they are not coming sweetly; it would make your heart ache

called to his task of returning. But as he turned, a figure, dimly white, stood in his path!

of lightning played above the pine-tops. It was too late to escape; he could only sink back under the matted boughs, trust-Slight and light and graceful, it waived ing to their destiny to protect him from

> "Hughie! Hughie!" Cheviot leaped to his feet. "Hughie!" "Hughie!"

How frightfully like the voice of the woman he had lost! But she would never call him more. No, no-never any more!

Be good natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rogue cannot improve its cheeks, nor lily white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is but skin deep. For when you gaze into the face of noble man or woman, t is not the shape of the feature you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliancy of the eye. You see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of a heartfelt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external appearance, and defies all the critical rules of the æsthetic. Cultivate good-nature, "A wite?"

"Yes, an insane wife. And that she is ent here in a back wing of the house quire and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds in its worth to its owners

sible among the other sex.

Modern Courtship. The system of love, courtship and marcalls, sometimes, a man's name, piercingly, sweetly; it would make your heart and eit you chanced to hear it. But they always hush her up and keep her as quite days when Jacob devoted a considerable portion of his life to winning Lead of the head of Washington, the head of the ched of Washington, the head of the head riage has undergone very radical changes since the days when Jacob devoted a con-It widened gradually into the sheet of ale, blue water. Bankful among the arkening green, Heron Lake gemmed the arkening green, Heron Lake gemmed the The fading light grew murky; the silence deepened; yet the sweetness and coolness held him until all was black and was hot and the balsamic scent of the pines with Bridget, was hot and the balsamic scent of the pines riod of seven consecutive years. The world startled him. Was it midnight? He was wet by the dew. He rose to his feet, re- He sprang up. The sky was black. Lines fore marriage can be accomplished in much

I wun knot dye in summer and leave the garden sass, the roasted lamb and buttermilk, the cool place on the grass.—
I wud knot dye in summer, when everything is hot, and leave the whisky jew-lips; owe know, I'de rather knott.—Josh Billings.

I standing.—New York Evening Post.

I wun knot dye in summer and leave the world lamb and buttermilk, the cool place on the grass.—
I will be a trustee, because ever since papa has been a trustee we have had puddings for dinner."

I will be a trustee we have had puddings for dinner."

I will be a trustee we have had puddings for dinner."

I will be a trustee we have had puddings for dinner."

I will be a trustee we have had puddings for dinner."

I will be a trustee we have had puddings for dinner."

Home Courtesies,

Minsteff, en he plenged through the after whether the homeous the research formula, both principles of the formula hash falls; I had at would sweep the principles of the formula hash falls; I had at would sweep the principles of the formula hash falls; I had at would sweep the principles of the formula hash falls; I had at would sweep the principles of the formula hash falls; I had at would sweep the principles of the formula hash falls; I had at would sweep the principles of the formula hash falls; I had at would sweep the hash falls; I had a would sweep the had a would sweep the

Drinking for the Effects. He said he didn't care anything about liquor, only the effects. He never liked the taste of it; made him "gag" to drink it; and he made an awful face as he took it down. But it was the effect he was after. If it wasn't for the effects he would never drink a drop of liquor in his life. He was a nice young man when we first heard him say that. He had health, good looks, property and a respectable position in society. The only perceptible effects of his potations then were the heightened color in his cheek, increased brilliancy of the eyes and vivacity in conversation. He the eyes and vivacity in conversation. He was generous and liberal with his money, too, and had a "host of friends." Well, he kept on drinking for the effects and he ter .- Louisa M. Alcott. got them, as every man will who keeps at it long enough. The last time we saw him he was that pitiful object, a human wreck. He was standing at a bar pleading for a drink on time, his trembling fingers being unable to find even a solitary nickel in the pockets of his ragged apparel. He had kept on gagging over his whisky and drinking for the effects until he hadn't any effects left, except those painfully apparent ones, poverty, disease, privation and van-ished respectability. Verily, he got the

As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. The French revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the head of Washington, the head of the goddess of liberty—a French liber-

Greek profile and the bold eyes.

The next week closed the stay of Colonel Cheviot at the Heron Lake House.
Once more he wandered alone to the little sheet of blue water, and as the afternoon was hot and the balsamic scent of the pine-tops. A violent peal of thunder awoke him. He spring up. The sky was black. Lines of lightning played above the pine-tops. It was too late to escape; he could only sink back under the matted boughs, trusting to their destiny to protect him from the coming rain.

"Suddenly, pleadingly, sweetly, a voice called his name.

"Hughlie! Hughie!"

Greek profile and the bold eyes.

The next week closed the stay of Colonel Cheviot at the Heron Lake House.

Even Patrick himself, who from early, youth has been brought up to constant and severe labor, would find it impossible, who from early youth has been brought up to constant and severe labor, would find it impossible, while "kapping company" with Bridget, we came do seems the best to prevent them. So scenes of the small one. As we refact further of harmoup between ourselves and our ham relations will arise in the soul, not with the sunal ones are always preferable, when the small ones are always preferable, which is a subject, we came to the conclusion has been discovered that such the small ones are always preferable, with the sunal ones are always preferable, the complete and of the present age have shown that all the courting necessary between ourselves and our ham relations will arise in the soul, not with the small ones are always preferable, with the sunal ones are always preferable, the conclusion has been described by the character of the small one. As we refact further of harmoup between ourselves and our ham relations will arise in the soul, not with the small ones are always preferable, the small ones are always preferable, with the small one are always preferable, with the small ones are always preferable, the small

A Pleasing Incident.

thing, as if they wanted to rep first negligence. Old beggar women are not roman iquor, only the effects. He never liked ther are cups of tea, boot-laces, and color-

Essay on Woman.

Women are like everything else in this world—a very mised up affair. According to our own observation there are

Women good and women bad, Women good and women bad, Women big and women small, Women short and women tall, Women fat and women lean, Women sweet and women man.

Women young and women old, Women bought and women old, Women poor and women rich, And a good many more women sich.

affected by the exections, and that she was getting on very niedly with her. Presently my wife mid settly— "Alf, how very load your aunt tailes." "Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You are getting along with her finely; olds hears every word you say." And I rather think she did. Elated at their success at bei

Rated at their success at seing ancer-stood, they went humaer and tongs till overything upon the mantel shelf elattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house. But the end was near. My sunt be-ing of an investigating turn of mind was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking was injurious to my wife.

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an anearthly whosp, for her voice was not so musical so it was

when she was young.
"It is an exertion?" shricked my wife.
"Then why do you do it?" was the so swering scream.

"Because—because—you crn't hear if I don't," squeaked any wife.

"What?" said my sant, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises, and, looking around and seeing John game. I stepped into the hack parlor, and there he lay on his back, with his feet at right angles with his hody, rolling from side to side, with his feet poked into his ribs, and a most agentized expression of constants.