

The Huntingdon Journal.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1875.

NO. 11.

VOL. 50.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. H. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. H. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 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 transiently, unless paid for in advance.

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

1 line 1 week 25 cts
1 line 1 month 75 cts
1 line 3 months 2.00
1 line 6 months 3.50
1 line 1 year 6.00

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 to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

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

Professional Cards.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 24 door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims.

BUCHANAN & GEORGIN, SURGEON DENTISTS, 225 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa.

EDBURN & COOPER, Civil, Hydraulic and Mining Engineers, Surveys, Plans and estimates for the construction of Water Works, Railroads and Bridges, Surveys and Plans of Mines for working, Cultivation, Drainage, &c.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, Office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 529, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa.

HUGH NEAL, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 7, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa.

J. FRANKLIN SOCHOK, Attorney-at-Law, at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square.

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

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Office and General Claims Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Solicitors' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness.

L. S. GEISINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Hill street.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with ability and dispatch.

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

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

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness.

HOTELS. MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.

J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-ly.

Miscellaneous. H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Fifth street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country.

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

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

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

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IX

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

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, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

"Until the Day Break."

Will it pain me there forever?

Will it leave me happy never?

Will the sweet life's bitter years,

That at my heart is burning,

Throb on and forever and forever be vain?

O weary, weary longing!

O sad, sweet memories thronging

From the sunset lighted woodlands of the dear and holy past!

Oh hope and faith undying!

Shall I never cease from sighing?

Must my lot among the shadows forevermore be cast?

Shall I never see the glory

That the Christ-kings of my story

Sir Galahad, my hero, saw folded round his sleep?

The full, round beauty

With which God gifts dull heaven

For hearts that turn toward deity from the exulting deep?

From the conflict ceasing never,

From the toil increasing ever,

From the hard and bitter battle with the cold and callous world?

Will the sky grow never clearer?

Will the hills draw never nearer

Where the golden city glitters in iridescent mists impelled?

Ah me, the golden city!

Can God then have no pity?

I have sought it with such yearning for so many bitter years!

And yet, the hills' blue glimmer,

And the poets' golden shimmer

Fade ever with the evening and the distance never near!

O weary, weary living!

Will my hope be never cured?

Will the mist-veils and the cliff-gates from my path be never rolled?

Shall I never, never gain it,

That last ecstatic minute,

When the journey's quester waits methine those hills of gold?

Alas! the clouds grow darker,

And the hills loom ever starker,

Across the leaden mist-ere of the heaven's dull and gray.

Thou must learn thy burden,

Thou must wait with thy burden,

Until the day-break cometh and the shadows fade away!

The Story-Teller.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. Gorham put down the letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughters and two tall, handsome sons, said in a doleful tone:

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming to London, and has invited herself here without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of intense disgust.

"She will arrive here this afternoon, Wilbur, you will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma, but I have promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park. I can go."

"Certainly, I will go," gravely replied Fred, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother, "you have not seen her for fourteen years. I never went near that detestable old farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Sabina's kindness when we were there."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucilla, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"She is our father's sister," said Fred, "and I cannot find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome amongst her brother's children."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thoughts, it would have been—"Fred is so odd! Just like his father." But she only said, "I may depend upon you, then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham, that her children were all like herself, "Mrs. Gorham every one of them, except Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the plebeian blood of "Gorham pere" was not transmitted in the features of her elder son, Wilbur, or any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness, that Greer beauty was of cold, hard type, that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded, did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son who was "all Gorham" was proud to the core with the true pride that knows no false shame, that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, many type, generous and self-sacrificing, she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Wilbur's; he had no fashionable affectations, and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him rough and coarse, and his sisters declared that Fred had not style at all. But outside of the home, where great show of wealth was made by many private economies, Fred was more appreciated.

When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give them every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business, and took a position in a counting-house, thus becoming self-supporting, though his mother declared that no Greer had ever been in trade. That the money she lived on was made in soap-bubbling, the fashionable lady ignored entirely. Darling Wilbur had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle. Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very handsome. That she was proud and rather cold in manner, was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham, and Lucilla, Arabella and Corinne were enthusiastic in their admiration of "Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner."

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt, straightforward Fred, hid one secret in his heart, "confessed to no living being. And that secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself close away from any suspicion of fortune-hunting—that only dropped in of clock, thinking of the heiress.

At four o'clock Fred was at the station with a carriage, waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a little, old-fashioned figure she was, in her quaint black silk bonnet and large-framed shawl. But Fred knew her kindly old face at once, though he had not seen it since he was twelve years old.

"You are aunt," he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the handsome face, and caught a quick gasping breath.

"You must be one of John's boys," she said. "How like you are to your father!"

"I am Fred," he answered.

"Dear heart! How you've grown! Is your ma here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."

The good old countrywoman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred certainly confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the band-box, the great bulging cotton umbrella, and put them all in the carriage without one smile of ridicule. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself before starting on the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long journey, and sympathized with the—

"Reinaction of every mortal stick I've got on, dear, in the heat and smoke."

"And he chattered pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house and wide farm where Sabina lived.

"You see," she told him, "I made up my mind this year I would come to London once before I died. I've tried to come 'fore now, dear, but something or 'nother allers hindered. Dear, dear! You're all grown up, I s'pose, and you've but a lot o' babies last time poor John brought you to see me."

"Corinne is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilbur is the only one older than I am."

"Yes, I remember. Well, dear, I'm glad that John's wife brought up such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children and young folks."

But a chill fell upon the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably-dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand, I think she would have returned to the station by the same carriage she came in, so wounded and sore she felt.

"Not one kiss," she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train, right afore all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver coin into the hand of the servant girl, who was to wait upon his aunt, promising another if she was very attentive, and himself escorted the old lady to her room. It was not often the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over many shams and acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother, but he said some words that day that called a blush to the cheeks of the worldly woman.

It was not a very busy season, and, finding Sabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and appointed himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure in his arm attracted many an amused glance; but gravely studied by while a new dress for the dairymaid, and a "city necktie" for Bob, the ploughman, were purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for auntie herself; and pleasantly accepted a blue silk neck scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid a promised visit to the farm. He drove Aunt Sabina to the park. He took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice, meeting some of his gentleman friends, they had thought, "The queer old party is some rich relation, Gorham is so very attentive," and had delighted Sabina by their deferential attentions.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone. She had heard of Sabina, in the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm"; but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she usually gave her admirers. A little lump came into Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk to the little old-fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham, Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was cordial and chatty.

As they came down the steps, Miss Caldwell said—

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us; but I shall be pleased if Miss Gorham will dine with me, and you will call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Sabina comfortable in the carriage, and drove off, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she had said to be.

"He is a very nice piece of men," she thought, "and I'll give him one day of rest. Bless the dear old soul, she has just such blue eyes as my dear grandmother."

Then she won Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and that she did not like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition, till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed. Then she drove her home, and brought her to the room where "grandmother" was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country-woman welcome.

In the evening that followed Fred's heart was touched and warmed, till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long-cherished secret, and knew that he had won love for love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season listening to the praises of Fred at Sabina's farm-house, and even Fred did not know it until he came, too, after she was gone, and had his share of the pleasure of hearing loving commendation of one he loved.

It was apparently no very great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old-fashioned treasures she found hoarded away, though she touched all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Sabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy, flourishing town round the site of the old farm.

Mr. Frederick Gorham lives there now, and handles immense sums of money, the rents of stately buildings.

"Made his money, sir, by speculations," you will say, if you know anything of his source of income, "a fortunate purchase of the ground before the town was thought of."

But I, who know, tell you that the only speculation he made was in the kindness of his heart, extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

Bending for the Million.

"In the Bottom Drawer."

The writer of the following touching passage evidently felt what he wrote, for no one who has not had the bitter experience could so graphically express the sad and tender memories that cling to the loved ones.

The sentiments will find an answering echo in almost every home in the land.

"I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out and wandered up and down, until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid out in that drawer which she had long since called for, and they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared to look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, a pair of gloves, a pair of spoons, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several things. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go!

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a bright and sunny little fellow, that his going away has been like looking over his every day existence with a pall—Sometimes when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so all and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his patter feet, his merry shout and ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and chase for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my ax; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good night" from the little bed now empty. And wife she misses him still more; there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice ringing for lumps of sugar or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life almost, to wake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So, we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

Murdered Moments.

Don't kill time. Don't! You sometimes murder the lively little moments as they come flying along. Every minute wasted is that much time lost, and time lost is the same as dead. If a rich man wastes his money, or buries it in the ground instead of putting it out at interest, or a man wastes his time in idleness, he is murdering his life. Much time is dead capital. So, if you don't make good use of each moment as it passes, it dies on your hands, and the opportunity for using it is gone forever. You murder the moments frequently without knowing it, for they make no cry, and leave no sign when they die. You know an ordinary slaughterer by the smell, and the horns and hoofs flying around, but you kill time often and in elegant surroundings that suggest no thought of the dying minutes. And, with such surroundings, you kill time so easily that you don't miss it, and don't know it is dead. You shake the life out of many moments in the mere shuffling of prettily painted cards, in elegantly-furnished parlors, and in the bright sun. Much time is trodden to death by pretty little feet on the burnished floors of brilliant ball-rooms. Many moments are mangled to death with croquet mallets, on cool, shady grounds. The life of many a moment is whittled away with pen knife and soft pine.

These things may be very innocent in themselves, but excessive indulgence in them is a sin, because they waste the time. Especially is this so when you can get the same healthy exercise and amusement in doing good, and thus keep the time alive. You say, this is like "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." But then the crying evil now is, that so many of us swallow all the gnats, and strain only a little at the camel-sized sins. It is the swallowing of those little gnats that is killing the Church, by wasting the time and energy of so many that ought to be active Christian workers. We are not in danger of committing such sins as murder and theft, but the great danger is in those little innocent-looking gnats; those little amusements which are well enough in themselves, but which waste the time and purpose of recreation by those whose will makes them need recreation, but which, indulged in for their own sake, become fresh forms of dissipation.

KEEPING MEALS WAITING.—Little things often interfere with our comfort very much, and one small annoyance is for men to delay coming to dinner when called. Sometimes they have an hour or more of work which they will do before quitting, and they go to the house to find dinner cold and the cook discouraged. Nothing is more disheartening to a tired woman than a table full of dirty dishes ornamenting the table an hour and a half later in the day than usual. Punctuality is a virtue that men should learn if they are in the habit of being uncertain about coming to their meals. If you waste the time, the name of house-keeper will be regular with her meals if it lies within her to have them so.—Rural New Yorker.

In the dictionary of trade, which fate has reserved for embarrassed manhood, there is no such word as fall—it is suspension.

Faces.

How many and how varied are the faces which God has imprinted on his fellow creatures! The human face, with its different features and many expressions, is truly a study none are sufficiently wise to read and fathom entirely and distinctly.

The pale of an expression keeps an otherwise perfect face from being beautiful; and again, one containing hardly a regular feature has been rendered almost divine by its extremely lovely expression. Hence, to a true reader of human nature, beauty consists not only in perfectly chiseled features, but the disposition, character and feelings, are helping elements; for has it not been said the "eyes are the index of the soul?"

How quick we are to notice one's face, and how ready and lavish with our criticisms and judgments, and how wrong and how harsh these judgments are many times! There is nothing which has so great an effect on our minds as a truly beautiful face. It was no marvel that Mark Antony, with "such lofty scorn, did cast a world away from Cleopatra's lips!" It was a strange enchantment that held his great heart with Circean bands stronger than life itself.

There is as much difference existing between two pretty faces as between an ugly and a pretty one, and the impression made on us is great. There are some faces we gaze on as we would a beautiful picture, with faultless features and dazzling complexion, but soulless, which fade from our memory when removed from our sight.

There are faces, too, which are, at a glance, pronounced cold, cynical and proud, then passed by. Stop and study such. Note the pale of that classic brow radiating with the light of genius; drink deep from the depths of those large, midnight eyes, for they are the well springs of nobility of soul. A face of this kind takes its destined place in the gallery of life's pictures, whose likeness, though shadowy, will never entirely fade away.

Warm hearts, bearing their heavy burdens behind gilded and costly masks, often produce harsh faces, while many a fair face has been the mask behind which much foul play and many dark deeds have been carried on. Would that the whole world were more careful, and draw a line of discrimination between the features and expression of the human face, more would we read rightly, and fewer worldly souls would go down to their graves misanderstood and misappreciated.

The Great Danger of Ministers.

The establishment of such relations between a pastor and his flock, shall secure the peace and tranquility which ought to be its only in the domestic circle is an evil of fearful tendencies and unpeopled danger. Ministers are censurable, to a high degree, who encourage their people, men or women, to come to them with family matters or secret sorrows. Some men are themselves gossips, and delight to get and give all they can of social news, and the more secret the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All judicious pastors discourage familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.

For this way lies the danger. A silly woman, pious, perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor, is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted—she thinks edified—and straightway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him so; how much enjoyment she finds in his words; or she writes him a letter, and pours out her little soulful of trouble, her business, her griefs, her dear pastor has done for her; how she is "lifted up" by his instruction; how she loves him as a friend given to be her guide and comfort; and so on, more and more, running into a manly sentimentality—a sickening man-worship—disgusting to every sensible person, but very nectar to a vain, worldly preacher, who seeks only to make his hearers "feel good." Such a person never go to their pastor to ask "what they shall do to be saved." It is to tell him how good they feel; how he is "exalting" them, "filling them with joy, peace and love." We cannot go into particulars without offending the tastes of every reader. We make our meaning plain, however, and wish to be understood, that what worldly preachers and sentimental women call "communion of soul" and "kindred spirits," "mutual help" and "holy sympathy," and words in the same strain, is not religion; it is not even religious. It is "carnal conceived in sin." It is simply lower nature—the human passion of one creature toward another. God is not in it.—New York Observer.

A Moustache.

By all means raise one.

My young masculine friends, if you have hitherto neglected it, attend to it at once.

"Delays are dangerous." "Procrastination is the thief of time." Now a day, to raise a moustache, it is necessary that a man should have a moustache! Witness the following advertisement, copied verbatim from one of our city dailies:

WANTED.—A young gentleman to act as clerk in a dry goods store. Must be experienced in the business, of good address, and possessing experience. One with a moustache preferred.

Brains, you see, are at a discount, but hair on the upper lip is a premium. Every body appreciates a moustache; but few people have wit enough to appreciate brains, even when they come in the vicinity of them—which, by the way, is not often.

A moustache makes itself evident at once, unless it be a pale yellow kind, which requires the observer to use a microscope in order to make it visible, and indications of them are not always surface indications.

Blonde moustaches are all the go with novels. Many of them are sometimes designated, but never raised.

Somehow, now a days, everybody seems to avoid correction in everything, and it would be dreadful to describe a hero with a red moustache. So, young man, if you desire to be in style, raise a t