

VOL. 50.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. Durborrow and J. A. Nash...

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

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

Table with columns for 3m, 6m, 9m, 1y and rates for 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch.

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

Advertisements for real estate, legal notices, etc., will be charged at the following rates.

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.

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B. W. MCGILLIVRAY, D. R. GREEN, etc., BUCHANAN & GEORGEN, SURGEON DENTISTS.

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, Office 111, 3d Street.

D. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community.

E. DEBUREN & COOPER, Civil, Hydraulic and Mining Engineers.

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

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, Office on S. T. Brown's new building.

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WASHINGTON HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, PA.

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THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

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

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J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

Stranger than Fiction.

BY J. W. WELCH.

The wintry winds were moaning through the trees...

Reeling on my lonely couch, In vain I woo'd the drowsy god...

My thoughts traversed the verdant plain Of boyhood's favored meadows...

Exhausted by the grief, which lay In gloomy horror on my mind...

I dreamt of a weary midnight scene; Drowsily saw my hapless fate...

They said, "beneath my tattered vest A priceless ruby lay concealed..."

I called by my name the fair, And sought renown's illustrious name...

And as I braved the glassy steep, I heard that wild, ungodly ring...

Re-ly, re-ly, thought my eager feet, Quite slowly climbed the 'toiling height'...

Another scene my eyes beheld, From the gloom of Lethe's night...

It was the voice of Indigence, Hoarse croaking on the ambient air...

Her dreary road clothed my soul With care's insidious gloom...

Unheeded, on my listless ear, The elegant accents fall: "My friend's actions are great..."

With iron nerve, I met the foe Who sought the gem of my life...

Not ceased until his strident howl, Proclaimed the prowess of my hand.

Not turning to my hated foe, With trembling lips I sought her charms: "O'erjoyed, a moment thus to see..."

With my hand on her sacred hair, I heard my lover's fervent cry: "My darling to my throbbing heart..."

Not while my ravished soul reclined, Within Calypso's fair bowels, I heard, as a distant murmuring wind...

And swooping low, on venture wing, His herald came to fetch me, too, To battle with the frowning king...

But to a change came o'er my dream, My paragon's friends appeared, I saw that unsought weapons gleam...

I saw, with joy, each trusty blade, A hark! the crashing darkness flash: "Rejoice for the timely aid..."

And ere I reached the summit fate, Where Fame's immortal plumes gleam, And mortal breathe ethereal air, "I woke, and lo! 'twas a dream."

The Story-Teller.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

The setting rays of a cold December sun were still faintly shining over the little village of Arlington...

"No sooner thought of than done. Gently I turned back the clothes and gazed from the bed...

"When I recovered, I found myself in the arms of my husband, while a second glance around the room showed me two visitors in the hands of a policeman.

"My husband, upon arriving at his uncle's, found him in the most perfect health, and quite innocent of having sent him any message.

"On a morning, soon after this, as my husband and myself were setting out for a walk, a message was put into his hands, which stated that his uncle was dying, and wished to see him at once.

Reading for the Million.

Our New York Correspondent.

A Gambling House—Beecher-Tilton—A Charity—Business.

NEW YORK, April 3, 1875.

Last week I gave some idea of the cost of a grand hotel and the method of running it. This week I propose to devote my space to another kind of resort for way-farers—use that you own the money to carry in, but which will give you, possibly more excitement than even the best hotel in the great city.

On Broadway, near Union Square, is a plain, unpretentious house, just such an one as you would suppose a good, solid, retired merchant would live in, were it farther removed from business.

A good, solid, retired merchant would live in, were it farther removed from business. A good, solid, retired merchant would live in, were it farther removed from business.

The interior of the house betrays the exterior—that is to say, the inside is as gorgeous as the outside is plain. The halls are all beautifully wide, the rooms are all bright and spacious, and the furnishing is as magnificent as money can purchase.

The reading-room is wonderfully fine. A velvet carpet of Persian design covers the floor. Silk and lace shawls by windows, the most costly upholstery is scattered around.

Back of the wine-room is the gambling hall, which is more gorgeously furnished than any of the others. Lace curtains, costly carpets, costly pictures, exquisite statuary—everything that is tasteful and beautiful is here.

In the center of the room the tables are ranged. That is a faro table at the right. There is an elevation in the center, longer than it is wide, upon which are painted some cards of each suit. This is done that you can designate your favorite card without speaking.

At every table at which cards are played, all is fixed that the game may move on in silence. The American gambling game just as Monte is Mexican. The next table is for English whist; you stake your money on the throw of the die. Then there is roulette, trento et quartante, and any other game that the devil ever invented to capture souls with.

You shall see in these rooms men of all ages and conditions. At the far tables, side by side, will be seen gray-haired men and beardless boys. The gray-haired man has played faro since he was a beardless boy, and has wasted on the game all the profits of his business, and all he has begged, borrowed or stolen since.

He believes that he has learned a system by which he can break any bank, and he has been trying to do it thirty years. He plays very low now, for five dollar notes are not easy to get, but his faith is unshaken. He will die some night, and will be carted out to Potter's field. But, as long as he can raise ten dollars, and can keep a clean shirt collar, he is welcome.

The beardless boy has just commenced, and he will go the same road. He will play and play till he robs his father or employer, then he will either become a professional, and plunder others, or he will degenerate into a perpetual beggar, and, in time, become a miserable old man, playing constantly in the hope of retrieving his fortunes.

But in these there are a dozen or more country merchants who drop in to lose ten dollars or so for a night's amusement, and as many more wealthy New Yorkers who play because they get up too heavy an excitement at their business during the day to let up without this to taper off with.

At midnight a gorgeous supper is served, which, like everything else, is free. The dining-room and the kitchen belong to each other in all that which goes to make their specialties perfection. Venison from the Adirondacks; birds from the Southern marshes; fish from the lonely waters where rolls the Oregon, which gives no sound but its own plashing, save that made by the skimmer in the water, and the frogs from the pond at the foot of Washington monument. All this is served on daintiest porcelain, freshest linen, purest glass. Waiters black as ebony, and silent as the shades of Hades, move silently on their round of duties. Wines the most costly and cigars the most expensive are served, and all free as the air.

The proprietor charges nothing—all his profits come from the tables. And how does he get his profits to sustain this enormous expenditure? Easy enough. The game is played fairly in the public rooms, but even then there is 25 per cent. in favor of the bank, so that in any event the bank is certain to win everything if the play is continued long enough.

But at the upper floor there is the private game, to which the general public is not admitted. In these rooms the lucky if he is filled with wine—he is rich if he is not drugged—he plays against a dealer who can deal the cards exactly as he chooses, and the young man, after he has been nursed sufficiently, is never allowed to play without losing all that he can afford to pay without making a row about it. They calculate that a young broker with a rich father will stand plucking to the amount of \$20,000, and they make him lose that amount. He will pay it, as a rule, rather than make a fuss, and before he gets sober they take his note.

And they have one of this kind on the carpet all the time.

These places are excellent good ones to keep out of. No decent man should ever go into one, even for fun.

I shall not say much about this matter this time. The fact is, it has got too nasty to be fit matter for the public prints. Each day's proceedings grow nastier and nastier—in brief, it is too filthy to touch.

Bessie Turner, a girl of eighteen, is put upon the stand, and she talks flippantly of scenes that would disgrace a baggio, and the prurient people in attendance applaud her. Beecher, Tilton, Mrs. Tilton, and the whole party, are irretrievably ruined, and that is all there is about it. The evidence shows them all to be either the most lascivious, lecherous persons on the earth, or the most infamous liars that ever did exist.

The Pastor's Adventure.

The pastor of the Baptist church in Slawson keeps hens. Says the Danbury News: Last summer a member of the congregation offered him a rooster and eight hens of good breed, if he would make a coop for them. Such distrustful egotism is not common in the history of a country parson, and our theological friend was not slow in complying with the conditions.

As a matter of course, he built the coop himself, and, after a week of hard labor, and the sacrifice of one pair of pants and the nail to the thumb of his left hand, he completed the coop, at a cost of about fifteen dollars. Then he got the hens. He had them there ever since. They have laid, in that time, about thirty eggs, and put away a quart of shelled corn daily.

One day last week the parson started out to feed them. He had a tin full of shelled corn in one hand, while the other was doing duty as a sort of balance pole. The ice was very slippery, and the parson was on a rather steep hillside. To make it worse there had been a warm rain, and the remnants of it were pouring down the grade in numerous rivulets. He felt his way along carefully until he acquired half the distance. Then the dark lines against the horizon which represented the parson suddenly increased its velocity. He didn't know how it happened, but he felt that the ice was going up hill at a powerful rate, and he clutched a bean pole standing by him, and gave forth a hysterical shriek.

Then the pole snapped in twain, the pair of corn made a swift revolution in the air, and the parson tumbled down the hill. The fifty liquid starch he had on his back, splashing the corn and the silver on both sides, like golden and water spray. Then turning part way around, so as to enable one of the rivulets to run up the legs of his pantaloons, he sailed down the inclined plane by the coop and into the current below at the foot of the hill. He floated for nearly fifteen feet, and, although he lost his hat and the collar to his coat, yet he kept tight hold of the pole all the way; and when he came into the house he still had the pole tightly grasped in one hand, while the other hand was occupied holding the moist section of his pantaloons as far from his body as possible.

The Lake of Lucerne.

A correspondent writes: No wonder poets have written about this Lake of Lucerne; it is a delight to lean idly over the side of the boat and watch the changing lights in its lovely tinted water, and catch the reflections of sky and mountain and pretty village as we float along; it is a delight to dreamily watch the moving shades of the forest on the opposite shore, as they drift lightly over, touching the smiling hillside with a passive light that for a moment softens them, but in a breath again, and they brighten into sudden glades. What unexpected turns we make! What sudden revelations we have! At one moment we seem to be hummed by the mountains, with no breeze anywhere, and some little boatlet not far distant, seeming to mark the end of the lake, and we sigh to think our sail will be ended all the sooner; in another moment we have swung around a promontory and a new and fairer lake lies before us, all bathed in sunshine, with ever so glorious mountains guarding its peaceful shores, and its corners a charmed spot, and one hesitates to break the spell; but steamboats rush in where angels fear to tread, and our little boat pushes into its accommodation; and there, it cracks and splashes and barks, while men about and three ropes, and knock trunks about, and demand tickets (think of it, tickets on the way to Paradise!), and, in fact, does all that any reasonable steamboat could do to destroy any repose in our minds. Mountains are grander than steamboats, after all, and they are holding high state that day, gathered in godly numbers, and calmly overlooking the world; and we forget the boat and thought only of them.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

The Trinity College building at Hartford, Connecticut, will cost a million of dollars. The fifty-sixth anniversary of Odd Fellows will be celebrated at Elmira, April 25th. Hon. Schuyler Colfax will be the orator of the day.

The Charles Knox Colwell Barwell Rhett, formerly of the New Orleans Picayune, will assume the management of a paper at Dallas, Texas.

A little boy in Stockton, California, has twenty-eight teeth. Fortunately, his parents are so kind and merciful, and so kind to his parents, that he is permitted to employ help to keep his teeth clean.

The Democratic Illinois Legislature has passed a law providing that a bill appropriating ten thousand dollars in aid of the Centralist.

Shameful. There are a large number of young boys in the Texas Penitentiary, there being in the penitentiary a large number of boys under sixteen years of age.

Civil rights in Kentucky are on the increase. In both county a colored woman recently gave birth to twins, one a black and charcoal and the other almost white.

Paris has 15,000 million francs, whose receipts aggregate sixty million francs a year—fifty millions for rough work, and ten for getting up malle and fine lines.

Worthy of imitation. The Nevada Legislature has passed a law providing that all sheriffs and constables in unincorporated towns should be ex-officio fire wardens.

The Scranton Times says the strike of the engineers and firemen at the Delaware and Hudson canal company's mines is at an end. The men have voluntarily resumed work.

A wise regulation. Under the new Japanese patent law the duration of a patent is regulated by the value of the invention, and ranges in length from seven to fifteen years.

In answer to a correspondent we state that the prisoner's face proved him a man here is the same that makes millers wear white coats, namely, to keep their heads warm.

The newest patent for steamship locomotion is to provide screw propellers at each end of the vessel. One of them is thus constantly in the water, no matter how rough it may be.

A hopeful member of the Democracy was heard to remark yesterday: "When we get in '76, you'll see better weather." "We'll tip old Myer out with the rest of the gang."

A Rochester reporter has interviewed a dozen clergymen of that city on the question of the Bible in the public schools. The majority of them are opposed to the Bible in the schools.

Growing apace. The percentage of loss in the considerable number of sailing vessels in the world was 3.68 in the hundred in 1874, against 4.72 in 1873; and for steamers 3.41 against 5.62.

The reduction of the wages of puddlers in the Allegheny, Pa., rolling mill, it is said, has been effected on the first of April, reducing the price to \$3.50 per ton. This, it is expected, will result in a strike.

The Rochester N. Y. Express says the peach trees throughout Northern, Middle and Eastern New York, notwithstanding the cold weather, are all in good condition. Apples, plums and cherries trees are also healthy.

In Bridgeport they tell of a physiognomist who, after attending the Latin trial, declared that the prisoner's face proved him a man here is the same that makes millers wear white coats, namely, to keep their heads warm.

A letter from Cairo, Egypt, says Egyptian Consul-General of New York, one of the "big shaves," intends building an extensive villa in the city. The correspondent declares Consul-General to be very rich, and living at great expense.

This is the season of the year, say the Detroit Free Press, when the farmer tells his son John that if he will not overtake his share of potatoes, feed the stock, repair that fence, and mend the corn crib, he may have the rest of the day to go rabbit hunting.

How "Aunt Martha" Fooled Him Out.

A TOUCHING SCENE IN A DETROIT PARLOR.—WHICH MAY HAVE HAPPENED AND MAY NOT, BUT IT IS A GOOD STORY ANYWAY.

You've met her if you've lived long in Detroit. A withered-up old woman, long-backed, gray-haired, having a cane in one hand and carrying a basket of onions in the other. All who know her, know her as "Aunt Martha," and she's a good-for-nothing, down and beat at the depot as often that her death would be the occasion of general mourning.

The old woman found a new ally on Franklin street the other day—a place just opened by wicked Bob Smith, whose red face and bloodshot eyes have more than once been set in a frame of prison bars. "Aunt Martha" was in looking to make a small sale. Bob was wiping his nose, and half a dozen men stood around the store holding pipes or smoking pipes.

"Get out," cried Bob, as the old woman entered. She did not hear him, and leaning over the counter, she asked: "Would you have a paragon of pine—cane of soap—cane, or something?"

"Get out, you old hag!" shouted Bob, raising his cane as if he would strike her. "No, you beggar, and don't you dare strike me!" replied "Aunt Martha" never moving an inch.

"Way, what's to keep me from bringing your old neck if I want to?" inquired Bob. "The Lord, sir?" she answered. "Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Bob. "There, take that!"

And he deluged her with rainwater. The fifty liquid starch he had on his face and on down over her faded black shawl and old washed calico dress, but she did not move. Looking at him across the counter she whispered:

"You need praying for, and I'm going to do it now and here!" "No, you don't!" she shouted again and moved toward a chair; "get out of here or I'll push your head with this bottle!"

She never minded him, and he raised the bottle for a throw, when a sudden rough, disguised, but having some method left—lapped up and cried out: "Bob Smith, if you throw that bottle at her, I'll throw a few blows in a previous minute!"

"You will, eh?" wheezed Bob, who was dashed out. "Yes, he will!" cried the man, all rising up. They were too many for Bob, and he had to stand there while Aunt Martha looked at a clock and prepared for him. She was still praying when he started out to kick her, but "Fanny Hill," who came out of State prison only a month ago, grabbed him by the throat, forced him into a chair, and hissed:

"Bob Smith, if you throw a hair of that old woman's head, I'll make a funeral home!" "Aunt Martha" bent again, fished her hands, and said:

"These young men were children not long ago, and they had praying mothers and God-fearing fathers. They are walking in wicked paths, and their hearts are so good. I pray that their eyes may be opened to their wickedness, and that their feet may be turned into other and better paths!"

"She's right!" called out a stout man, as the old woman passed. "Shoot me if you like!" cried another. "Go ahead, mother," shouted a third.

"I'll be it," she said, and pulled the infuriated Bob, and he resisted her and gave her a heavy kick before any one could interfere.

She screamed with pain as she ran up, and then three more a terrible strike. Bob stood with his arm raised to strike.

"Aunt Martha" leaped on the chair, once rolling down, she wrinkled cheeks, and the half-a-dozen men were split about with indignation. "Fanny Hill" broke the silence by saying:

"Step out, mother, and get out for spouters!" She obeyed, and Bob Smith was dashed and pounded until his nose left him, and everything that could be handled was thrown out of doors. They worked out, leaving the parlor, and in five minutes the place was a wreck, and the police were still coming in to get the mother. Their work finished, the men disappeared like shadows, and "Aunt Martha" hobbled away, whispering:

"I prayed too hard; but it was in me to pray!"—Detroit Free Press.

An American Avalanche.

The Baltimore Gazette says: We often wonder at the swift destruction of life in ancient Pompeii. The more groups he girds, the more he girds, and the more the charred and still remains; the soldier at his post still holds in death his lance. In the recent snow avalanche in the Rocky Mountains we see how calamity comes in an instant, and in a manner somewhat similar. The way in which the avalanche occurs is thus described:

Around the valleys avalanche to be caused by the winds blowing on one side of the mountain and forming a large drift, and just over the ridge on the opposite side, which soon becomes too heavy, and, detaching itself, plunges down the mountain, increasing in size until a moving mass of snow, covering acres, and from ten to twenty feet thick, sweeps with the rapidity of lightning down into the canon, carrying everything before it. Not soft snow, but packed and jammed together so solid that the moment the mass stops, heavily loaded ore teams can be driven anywhere on the top of it, the horses' shoes only making an impression." In one of these slides four men were overwhelmed in a matter of minutes. They were found after a while quite dead. The snow had broken through the roof, and had enveloped them so suddenly that they had not moved. They were not buried in any way, but had been suffocated. One man sat there at the table in the act of writing, the inkstand not even having tipped over, but one smoking had probably had it coming over once before he was struck, as his pipe lay between his feet. They they were moulded in the snow, looking as natural as if alive. Two men in bed lay with the blankets over them as smoothly as if just spread. The soft, insidious noiselessness of the coming snow makes it all the more dangerous. The mass comes down even more suddenly than in the Alps, and with less warning.

When they tried to force Miss Gay, of Independence, Missouri, into a marriage against her will, she kicked the minister's hat off, knocked the young man down, and rode off on a mule, with one foot on each side of him.

A NEBRASKA land-operator, in describing a lake in that State, says it is so clear and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

Two things in this world that should not be trifled with—a woman's opinion, and the business end of a wedge.