

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published weekly on Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.50 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and 50¢ if not paid within one year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, 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 THREE 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 mo	6 mo	9 mo	1 yr	3 mo	6 mo	9 mo	1 yr
1 inch	3 00	4 50	6 00	9 00	15 00	21 00	27 00
2 "	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	21 00	27 00	35 00
3 "	7 00	10 00	13 00	17 00	27 00	35 00	45 00
4 "	9 00	13 00	17 00	21 00	35 00	45 00	60 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 75¢ extra per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them.

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, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, etc., 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.

S. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY,
BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law.
Law Office 24 door east of First National Bank. Prompt attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to their ability and remittance of claims.
Jan. 7/75.

H. W. BUCHANAN, D. S. W. T. GORHAM, M. R. C. P. D. D. S. BUCHANAN & GORHAM,
SURGEON DENTISTS,
No. 17, 75. 225 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law,
No. 111, 34 street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson, [Jan. 12/75].

D. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community.
Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4/75].

E. DEBURN & 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, Ventilation, Drainage, etc. [Jan. 7/75].

G. GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law,
Over Wharton's and Chaney's Hardware store, Huntingdon, Pa. [Apr. 17/75].

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

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, Office in S. T. BROWN'S new building, No. 523 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Apr. 12/75].

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

Second Floor City Bank. Feb. 17/75.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law,
Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Apr. 19/75].

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

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law,
Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [Jan. 4/75].

J. E. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law,
Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.
Office in the Journal Building. [Feb. 1/75].

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law,
and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Solicitor-at-Law for the Government for back pay, bounty, widow and invalid pension attendance with great care and promptness.
Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4/75].

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law,
Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb. 5/75].

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER,
LOVELL & MUSSER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, etc.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [Nov. 6/72].

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law,
Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 23/75].

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law,
Huntingdon, Pa. Office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug. 2/74-6ms.

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. 29, Hill street. [Apr. 19/75].

Hotels.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
Corner Seventh and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.

LEWIS RICHTER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent or transient boarders will be taken at this house on the following terms: Single meals 25 cents; regular boarders \$18 per month.
Aug. 12, 1874.

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

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

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Millin street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from towns and country. [Oct. 16/72].

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.

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A 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:

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,

PAMPHLETS

PAPER BOOKS,

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

For the JOURNAL.]

POTEN.

BY DENNIS O'BALLEY.

Me avete Ollie muse o' a penderous theme,
To sing, she's disposed, of the fame of Potes;
Its origin may not fully explain,
No doubt, 'twas discovered in Adam's pure reign.

See Pat will a drap of Potes in his eye,
The powers of earth he'll fairly defy;
Though whipped his hirsage as they flap in the gale,
He laughs at such Potery's pitiful tale.

Deprive him of that you endanger his life,
Mercur to his soul 'tis then children or wife;
How swiftly his corpulent body grow lean,
With torn from his bosom is darlin' Potes.

Though rints rise as high as the scale will allow,
And prairie yield scarcely a peck to the row,
Though drought sways away every vestige of green,
He'll weather the storm if ye love him Potes.

This where is the heart so envied in guilt,
That Sympathy's voice would not cause it to melt;
So deeply imprinted in the seer's breast,
As not to discover the worth of Potes?

My grave be his portion though all his years,
Whose had the note from Pady's grain
(as he)
In death may no middle-man strive him of sin,
Who raises the Irish "Dians," Potes.

The Story-Teller.

THE OLD BUREAU.

Where'er a single human breast,
Is cras'd by pain and grief,
There would I ever stand,
And sweetly bring relief.

As we were passing down Exchange St., several days ago, we stopped in front of an auction room to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer.

We had been there but a few moments, when we heard a female voice in the rear say:

"Is the old bureau to be sold to-day?"

"On looking up, we perceived the question had been addressed to us by a young lady, whose sad and pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles exposed on the sidewalk would be disposed of to the highest bidder."

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old-fashioned article that was standing among other furniture; "but I never bought anything at auction in my life, and I see no women here; I don't know what to do."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked, "if you wish it, I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I will be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing I should go?"

"I don't know exactly how much it is worth, but if it sells for three or four dollars you may buy it."

"I shall speak to a hand carman to leave it at your house?"

"No, sir; I will call at noon and settle for it and take it away. What could we do?"

"See it sold, and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. Six dollars were offered by another, to our astonishment; but when our hand was in, we seldom let another bid us, and so we offered until the bureau was run up to ten dollars—and we purchased it for a half a dollar more. Certainly we would not have given four dollars for it to use ourselves. However, we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer that if a lady should call for it to inform her where it might be found. We examined it again and again, and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done; but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dark, as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in, with an apology for intruding, and remarked: "You bought the bureau—the auctioneer informs me."

"Yes, I thought it at an extravagant price, I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

I supposed it was foolish in me to give so much for it; but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's—and I noticed a text come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal—but she is dead now and I wished to keep it in remembrance of her."

Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her that she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay for us if when she found it convenient.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but would rather you would keep it until it is paid for."

"We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying, 'I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you,' and bidding us good evening, she left."

There is something very mysterious about this woman, though we may say so, but she is poor, and perhaps in very destitute circumstances. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more about her character and circumstances—perhaps her name, which we felt anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called on us again, and with tears in her eyes she remarked, "I do not know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars; this I have brought you towards the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me." "So saying she placed the money before us in silver."

"I shall not take the money at present," we remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau if you want it; and when you are able at some future time, you may pay me for it."

How to Keep the Children Pure.

"Will you not use your influence in trying to deter large boys from contaminating the minds of smaller boys? Things which should be told in a wholesome manner and in solemn truths are distorted into vile shapes, and permanent injury is done to children's minds. Would it not be better for the body to be poisoned than the mind, that parents might see the harm done, and thereby be enabled to use correctives and avert the mischief?"

But I am sorry to say that I think the trouble lies deeper than with the big boys. I have been looking around and an quite sure that it does. A jury might acquit them with the verdict, more sinned against than sinning. It is the men that I am coming at, for just so long as they meet in groceries, on street corners, and in shops, telling stories unfit for the ears of their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, just so long will I fret and think it cunning to emulate the filthy example. It is not a terrible thing to look into a young man's face and think of the impurities his mind must be loaded with unless he has had strength to cast off the unclean thing and be a nobleman?"

No subject more vital in its bearing on the morals of the young could have place in this column, says the New York Tribune, in reply to the above letter. There are parents who recognize among the duties they owe their children that of instructing them with respect to the origin of life. This is left shrouded in impenetrable mystery, and all manner of lies are told in reply to the questions which so early age children will ask.

The mother leaves this matter for her language to be told about by any chance schoolmate, who, with the few grains of truth she may communicate, is more than likely to sow tares that never can be weeded out. The innocent learner from the rough companions what his own father or mother would have told him with perfect simplicity and ingenuousness, and learns a great deal that would never have had his mind from the teacher. As between husband and wife, so between parent and child there is no place for shame. Where virtue reigns shame cannot come.

A child thus taken into sacred intimacy with its parent will instinctively revolt from whatever is vulgar and base and obscene. In every period in the development of the young life the parent should be before every body else in preparing and fortifying his son or daughter against the dangers which lie in his or her path.

There is nothing that so strongly binds a child to virtue and honor and chastity, as perfect and unrestrained intimacy between the father and mother. We are careful lest the source of our hopes, and our venturing them, see to it with diligence that every nook and corner is kept neat and sweet. Let us carry the same thing into character and open all the doors and windows of the soul by frankness and transparent simplicity, that the pure air and sunshine of heaven may have access to them and keep them pure.

One more note. If honor is made so attractive that boys and men prefer it to the corner groceries, an ounce of prevention will be found better than many pounds of cure.

Smiggins' Pants.

Last October, young Smiggins went with some young ladies cheating. Now Smiggins is polite and bashful and a great admirer of the ladies and his own personal appearance, and even on such an expedition as cheating he could not forbear detesting as though he was going to attend a wedding or ball. With his three female companions he wandered through the woods for an hour or two. They met with indifferent success in finding chestnuts. There were plenty of them on the trees, but none on the ground. Finally one of the fair ones, who is to Smiggins as the "apple of his eye," suggested he could climb a tree which was loaded with nuts, and knock some of them off. This was an order which our friend had not anticipated, he would do anything to please her. He accordingly divested himself of his coat, and hugging the trunk of the tree, he began to work his way up. It was a tough job. His pants were not made for such work, and their close fit brought him into the woods with flying tatters of intermingled hair. The ladies came home alone, and if any one finds a coat in the woods in this vicinity, that coat belongs to Smiggins.

Reading for the Million.

Marrying for Money.

Jennie June ventured some pungent criticism on a curious case that was tried in New York court the other day. It respected that young lady of eighteen married a widower with grown daughters, reputed rich, and according to his own statement, worth property amounting to \$150,000.

This property, just before his marriage, he surreptitiously conveyed to his daughters, thus depriving his prospective wife of any right or title to her share of it. Discovering this soon after her marriage, the young lady immediately sued for her right of dower, alleging fraud upon her and marriage under false pretences, he having prosed his claims on his standing and his possessions, and she having married an elderly man with a family, as she frankly admits, because of his money. The statement of the defence created a good deal of interest—both rather lamely declaring that he did it in consequence of a promise of this dead wife to provide for her daughters in that way, in case he should marry again. This statement had less weight, however, since he seems to have carefully avoided the mention of such a promise during his courtship. The judge was puzzled and reserved his decision, but the female critic shrugs her shoulders and declares that had she been in the judge's place she would have granted the young wife's petition without much hesitation. The fact that the mean old scamp conveyed the property stealthily away, shows that he was perfectly aware of what the girl was marrying him for, and it also shows that it was all his own work, and he performed a work for others, and there is a man in society so insignificant that God has not a special work for him to do. The other conception would be monstrous. The machinist makes no useless part of machinery. The builder places no useless timber in his building. There is an object for which every pillar is laid, every aperture is made. There is a reason why every part of a building is formed as it is. It is for strength and beauty, for the admission of light for ingress or egress. There is a reason for everything. And so the Great Architect of Creation, the Almighty God, in forming man, puts no useless man on this earth. Every man has his place, a foundation stone or a topstone—a part of the edifice. No man has a particle of intellect but God saw necessary for this world, and to be used for its advancement; and hence rests on every man the duty of doing what he can for the world.—Bishop Simpson.

LIFE—Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its opportunities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements. Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life.

We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting every part of our faculties and activities into it. It is the motto of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself"—lives chiefly for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.

Brownsville has no cooper shop and wants one badly.

Life Dan.

You see the people at the Post office soon recognize faces and names, and after a man or woman has appeared at the general delivery window three or four times, they are pretty well known. It is a real pleasure to hand out letters or see, while the clerks are little for the calls of others to get hold of their epistles.

One day a year or two ago, a funny-looking little old woman, wearing faded garments, but having a tidy look and a motherly face, appeared at the window and asked for a letter. There was one for her, sent from a distant city, and any one could have told that an unlearned boy directed the envelope. There was a little "d" in "Detroit," with a big "T" to end the word, and it seemed wonderful that the letter ever reached its destination.

The old lady felt so good that, with tears in her eyes and yet trying hard to smile she put her hand into the window and said:

"Thanks! It's from my boy, Dan, and you don't know how much good it does me."

The lady delivery clerk rose up to look at the old woman, and when a second letter came she was looking and watching for "mother" a whole day before the letter was passed out.

"It's from my little Dan again," cried the old woman, as she noted the superscription. "He's in Buffalo, learning a trade. He's only a bit of a boy, and there wasn't a show for him in Detroit, and he came to see me here in Buffalo, and he's doing so well. He's a fine boy, and he's a working hard and trying to be good. God bless my Dan! I'm a lone widow with only him to love, and I hope he'll be good."

"I hope so too," added the clerk, and after that the two were friends. Sometimes the letters were far between, and when the old woman would write every once in a while, and the big tears would fall, the lady would almost shed tears with her.

"Mother" would open her letters at the window, and getting along well, both would rejoice, while both would still be anxious if he complained and was anxious.

Almost every week for a year and a half the old lady received a letter, and just as regularly she came to post an answer. She wrote a quaint old hand, but the boy could make out every word, and once when he wrote that her writing was improving she felt all the pride which a school girl could have shown. He improved as well. By and by he wrote "Detroit" plain and fat, and he took extra pains to commences his "Dear Mother" with a grand flourish, and to add something extra after the words, "Your son Dan."

These letters were food and drink to the old lady, and she seemed actually to grow younger. Little Dan had many friends in the post office, and had the mother, because all carriers would have hunted till they might to find her and hand her the looked-for letter. Three or four weeks ago when she opened her letter she wept and smiled as over the first. He wrote that he was coming home for a week, and her heart was full. She said she'd have the postage looking like new for him, and she'd be at the depot to welcome him first of all. Everybody felt good with her, and the lady clerk was to go up some evening and have tea with her and see little Dan and praise and encourage him, for the more kind words a boy can have the better will he seek to do.

There was no letter the next Tuesday, and the two extended its absence by saying that Dan was getting ready to come home.

The next Tuesday there was a letter, but the handwriting was not little Dan's. It was a strange, business hand, and the clerk felt a chill go over her as she turned it over. It might be good news, but she feared not. "Mother" came in at the regular hour, and she turned pale as she saw the envelope. Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and she had to wipe the mist out of her eyes before she could decipher a word. She hadn't read over four or five lines when she uttered a moan and sank right down, like one crushed by some awful weight.

They lifted her up and took her home, the letter clapped in her stiff fingers, and though she came out of the faint after a while her heart was broken, and in a week she was in her grave.

Dan was dead! The letter said that he had been taken suddenly ill, and that nothing could save him. The blow was too heavy for one with her gray hairs and child, and she died in a few days, and her little old cottage is without a tenant.

No more letters concerning "Dear Mother," came for the dead, and the trembling hands which used to linger foolishly over the words "My dear boy, Dan," folded over a listless breast, there to rest till the angels unroll them.

TOUCH HER HEART.—A New Hampshire newspaper tells about a little six-year-old girl in a country town in that State, who went into a country store where her father was lounging, recently, and, shyly approaching him, said:

"Papa, you'd better buy me a new dress."

"What, my girl, you've a new dress, haven't you?"

"Yes, papa, you've a new one."

"Well, I'll see; I'll speak to your mother about it."

Eloquation to an alarming extent rapidly spread over the little fair, but a thought suddenly struck her, and with a smile she looked up into her father's face and said:

"Well, papa, if you speak to mamma about it, touch her ear, or she may want the new dress here."

The father at once saw the point, and the new dress was purchased without consultation.

PRAYER requires more of the heart than of the tongue, of sight than of words, of faith than of discourse. The eloquence of prayer consists in the fervency of the desire, in the simplicity of faith, and in the earnestness and perseverance of charity. Our trust and confidence ought to precede that which God is able to do for us, not that which we can say to God.—Quincy.

The preacher, eyeing him as he went out, observed:

"If that young man runs away with that money, he'll be damned!"

A deacon, looking in the window, seeing him make off down the street, responded:

"And if he hasn't run away with that money, I'll be damned!"

Fashion's follies. In a suit lately brought by Emmanuel, the London jeweler