

# The Huntington Journal.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1875.

NO. 17.

VOL. 50.

## The Huntington Journal.

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

Office in new JOURNAL BUILDING, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3.00 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 unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWENTY AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

1 inch	3 mo	6 mo	1 yr	3 mo	6 mo	1 yr	1 1/2
2 "	5 00	9 00	16 00	7 50	12 00	20 00	2 00
3 "	7 00	12 00	22 00	10 00	16 00	28 00	2 50
4 "	9 00	15 00	28 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	3 00
5 "	11 00	18 00	35 00	15 00	25 00	42 00	3 50

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

Legal and other notices will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

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

JOBS 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 in the shortest time, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

### Professional Cards.

S. V. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY.

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 to the collection and remittance of claims. [Jan. 7-71.]

J. W. BUCHANAN, D. S. R. W. T. GEORGE, M. E. P. D. S. BUCHANAN & GEORGE, SURGEON DENTISTS.

Office, 223 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa. [Jan. 7-71.]

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law.

No. 111, 8d street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [Jan. 12-71.]

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

Office, No. 223 Washington street, door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 7-71.]

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, &c.

Parties contemplating work of the above nature are requested to communicate with us. Office 229 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Feb. 17-71.

GEO. B. ORLANDY, Attorney-at-Law.

Over Wharton's and Chaney's Hardware Store, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 17-71.]

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill Street Huntingdon. [Jan. 7-71.]

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 229, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 12-71.]

HUGH NEAL, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue PITTSBURGH, Pa.

Second Floor City Bank. Feb. 17-71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law.

Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 12-71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOOK, Attorney-at-Law.

at-Law, Huntingdon, 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.

at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, near doors west of Smith. [Jan. 7-71.]

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law.

at-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. 17-71.]

J. W. MATTER, Attorney-at-Law.

and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and orphans' pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill street. [Jan. 4-71.]

O. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law.

at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of Mr. Speer's office. [Feb. 1-71.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSHER.

LOVELL & MUSHER, 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 fidelity and dispatch. [Nov. 6-72.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law.

at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, 321 Hill street, near Bank. [Jan. 21-71.]

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law.

Huntingdon, Pa. Office 219 Penn street, near opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. [Aug. 7-71.]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law.

at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 39, Hill street. [Jan. 19-71.]

### Hotels.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Corner of 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. [Jan. 1-75.]

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

J. M. CLOVER, Prop.

April 5, 1871-75.

### Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 213 Millin street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [Oct. 16-72.]

### COME TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING.

If you want sale bills,

If you want bill heads,

If you want visiting cards,

If you want business cards,

If you want blank forms of all kinds,

If you want envelopes neatly printed,

If you want anything printed in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, leave your orders at the above named office.

## Printing.

### TO ADVERTISERS:

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

PUBLISHED 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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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

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., ETC.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO,

## The Story-Teller.

### CAPTURED BY TELEGRAPH.

During the winter of 1869 I was employed as night operator in the railroad office at Chicago, Iowa. The principal road between Chicago and Council Bluffs runs through D---, and the great irregular night trains, and the constant danger of collision resulting therefrom, rendered the position of night operator by no means an easy one. It may be well to mention here, as necessary to the following story, that besides the railroad office, there was also at D--- a business office of the Union company. This we always spoke of as the "down-town" office.

One stormy night, not far from eleven o'clock, I sat at my desk—and for a wonder, idle. The wires had not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair, listening to the wind outside and reflecting on the loneliness of my situation. The eastern train had crossed the river more than an hour ago; all the depot offices had gone off home, and so far as I knew, I was entirely alone in the vast building.

Finally, tired of thinking, I picked up the evening paper, and glanced listlessly over its columns. Among other things, I read the detailed account of a fearful tragedy that had occurred fifty miles up the river on the previous night. Three railmen, well known as desperate characters in that vicinity, had entered the cottage of an isolated spot—butchered the farmer and his children, terribly maltreated his wife, and then departed as they came, having taken with them whatever plunder was handy. What interested me most was a full description of the chief of these villainous trio, Tim Lynch. Here it is:—

"Five hundred dollars reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ringleader of the Matthews tragedy. Lynch is a remarkably large man, six feet four inches in height, very heavy, and broad across the shoulders. Eyes greenish gray with a deep scar over the right eye. Hair wavy, black, and beard of same color. When last seen, he was dressed in a black Kossuth hat, faded army overcoat, pants of gray jean, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing positive information of his whereabouts."

"Sheriff of --- county."

At the very instant I finished reading the advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stair, and then the door opened and there entered—Tim Lynch! The moment I set my eyes upon him I recognized him as perfectly as though I had known him all my life. The army overcoat and gray pants tacked down his heavy boots, the massive frame and shoulders, the slouched but pulled down over his right eye to conceal—I was sure—the scar; above all, a desperate, hunted look in his forbidding countenance—all were not to be mistaken. I was as certain of his identity as though he had stepped forward, pulled off his hat to show me the scar, and told me his name.

To say that I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation, alone in the depot with a hunted murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force of habit I arose and asked him to be seated. He turned to me and complied I succeeded in conquering my present fear. He drew a chair forward, and sitting down, threw open his coat, displaying by so doing a heavy army revolver stuck in his belt. Then he freed his mouth of a quantity of tobacco juice, and spoke:—

"Young fellow," he said, motioning with his head toward the battery, "that that machine is what yer call a tellygram, I s'pose?"

"Well," I answered, with a faint smile, intended to be conciliatory, "that's what we send telegrams by."

"Wal, I want yer to send a message to a friend of mine out there. I'll tell yer beforehand I ain't got no collaterals, but I kinder guess yer better trust me, young fellow." (Here he laid his hand significantly on his belt.) "I'll fetch it in tomorrow, ef it's convenient."

I hastened to say that the charge could just as well be paid at the other end by his friend.

"Uph! Plaguey little yer'll get of Jim, I reckon. Housumever, prodded." "What is the message, and to whom is it to go?"

"I want yer to tell Jim Fellers, of Coho, that the bull quit yer's night, and ther' sheep'll be close on yer heels."

As he delivered this sentence he looked at me as if he expected me to be mystified. But I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly:—

"I suppose yer a dealer in stock, and this is your partner? Ah, sir, the tellygram helps yer fellows out of many a sharp bargain."

"Y'es," he answered slowly, evidently pleased with the way I took it. "Y'es, that's 'em. I'm sendin' down a lot of stock. Bought it cheap over here in Genesee yesterday. Purty lot as ever yer see."

I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? Though ours was a railroad office, we often sent business messages; and if I did as usual now I should probably get rid of my unwelcome visitor without further trouble. But in my short conversation with him I had somehow recovered from my first alarm, and I now conceived the idea of attempting the capture of Tim Lynch.

I was only a poor, salaried operator, trying to save enough to marry in the spring. Five hundred dollars would do me a great deal of good just now—to say nothing of the rest of the thing. But how was it to be accomplished? Here was I, alone in the depot with a man big enough to whip his weight in such little men as I was several times over. Any attempt to secure him single-handed was not to be thought of. But could I not excuse myself, and going out fetch him in? No; well I knew from the distrustful look in his face that any proposal of mine to leave the room would be promptly objected to by him. What then?

Why, simply this: I would telegraph to the down-town station. But alas! That very day the connection between the two offices had been cut for repairs. It was seldom used at any time, of course. But what of that? It was only a question of a few seconds more. It was only a question of a few seconds more.

All these things went through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me with the corner of his uncovered eye with

suspicion that made me shake in my shoes. As I sat down he rose and came to my side.

"Look a here, young fellow," he hissed in my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor, "perhaps yer mean fair enough—I hope yer do, for yer own sake. But I don't understand nothin' 'bout them tellygrams, and jist want ter tell yer that yer'd better be equal—for, by the eternal God! ef ye go back on me I'll stretch ye on this vere floor as stiff as ever I did a man yet." And I felt the cold muzzle of the revolver on my cheek.

Perhaps my voice trembled a little, but it was still unmoved in my resolution, as I replied:—

"Never fear, sir; I'll tell him all about the stock." He muttered something to himself, and still remained standing over me.

You have heard, perhaps, how much character and expression a telegraph operator can put into his touch. Why, there were dozens of different operators communicating with our office, and I could tell at the instant, without ever making a mistake, who it was signaling. You could tell a man was nervous from his telegraphing just as well as you could from his hand-writing. The call that I sent hurrying across the State to Council Bluffs, must have rung upon the ears of the operator like a shriek.

"O. B. Are you there?" was what I asked, and almost instantly came back a reply in the affirmative. Then with a trembling hand I rattled off my message:—

"For the love of God, telegraph to our down-town office at once. Tell them that Lynch is within two feet of me, and they must send help."

A short pause, as though my message occasioned some surprise; and then came the response: "All right," which assured me I need not repeat.

"Wal," growled the deep voice of Lynch, "are you going to send my message?"

"I have sent it, sir."

"What? Does all this tickin' mean what I told you?"

"Y'es, and if you'll wait fifteen or twenty minutes, you'll get an answer."

"Wal, I damn as I was an answerer. Jim, he'll understand it all right."

"But I'll tell you soon whether he is there or not. Sit down."

So Lynch reluctantly took his seat, looking around at the doors and windows one in a while in an uneasy way. I was determined to take him now at any cost; and I verily believe I should have planned myself in his path had he insisted upon going now.

"Tick, tick, tick!" the battery called out, and I listened to the message:—

"Keep cool. Gould has gone for the police. Strange it was, wasn't it, that I should sit there and talk through 250 miles of space with a man not half a mile from me?"

"What's that signify?" inquired my companion as the tickings ceased; and I replied that the clerk at Coho had just written off the message and sent it out. He seemed satisfied, and settled back in his chair, where he sat in sullen silence, his jaws going up and down as he chewed his teeth.

Oh, how slowly the minutes crept along! The suspense was terrible. I sat and watched the minute hand of the clock, and five minutes seemed as many hours. My companion seemed nervous, too. He moved uneasily in his chair.

"It's about time you heard from Jim?" he asked, at length.

"We shall get word from him in a few moments now," I answered, and fell to watching the clock again. Five minutes more passed. Lynch got up and began pacing to and fro across the room. At length he paused and said:—

"I don't believe I'll wait any more; I've got to be a man down at the Pennsylvania-house, and he'll be abed ef I don't get ther' purty soon."

"Hold on a moment, and I'll see what they're up to," I cried hastily, and I touched my key again. "Make haste," was my message. "I shall lose him if you do not."

"Straightway came the reply, short but encouraging: "A squad of police started for the depot five minutes ago." Thank Heaven! they ought to be here now. I looked at Lynch and their thought of the five hundred dollars.

"Wal, what's the word?" he growled.

"Your friend is coming," I answered, for wanting of a better name.

"Comin'! Comin'! What?"

"Comin' to the office at Coho. He probably has an answer for you."

"An answer for me? Jim Fellers? What should he answer for?" Lynch stood in stupid thought for a moment, and then he looked at me with a dangerous light in his eye.

"Look a here, young fellow!" he cried, "it's my private opinion yer're lyin' to me, and ef ye are—" here he uttered a horrible oath—"I'll cut yer skulking heart out! I don't know anythin' 'bout that that machine, but I s'war Jim Fellers ain't nothin' to answer. More likely he's got up and sent yer a message."

He stood glaring at me as he uttered these words, his hand on his revolver. I cannot account for it. As I before remarked, I am a timid man by nature, but this action only made me bolder. Everything depended upon keeping him a few seconds longer. It must be done at any cost.

"I had a new plan," I shouted, rising, "by coming into this office and talking in this style! Do you think I'll eddure it? Leave this room at once, sir, or I'll—" and I advanced threateningly toward him. My unexpected attitude seemed to amuse him more than anything else. But he silenced his suspicions. He put his hand in his pocket and delivered a loud laugh in my face.

"Wal, wal, my bantam, you needn't get so cantankerous. Who'd thought such a little breeches as you had such spunk? Haw! haw! haw! Why, I could chew you up 'bout making two bites of 'ye."

"Well, sir," I said, still apparently unmollified, "either sit down and hold your tongue, or else leave the office." And he good naturedly complied.

Once more we were sitting listening to the ticking of the clock as the minutes dragged their slow length along. Would help never come? Three minutes more. Great heavens! The suspense was becoming intolerable. I must go to the stairs and listen if I die for it. I arose and took a step toward the door, but a voice stopped me.

"Hold!" shouted Lynch, standing upright, all his suspicions aroused once more. "Yer can't go out of that door afore me—come back here!"

"Sir!"

"Come back here, or by the eternal—" and the pistol muzzle lurked me in the face. He stood now half turned from the

door, and I was facing it. Slowly, and without a particle of noise, I saw the knob turn, and a face under a blue cap peep in. Thank God! Help had come! I felt a joy uncontrollable come over me. I must keep the murderer's attention an instant longer, till some one could spring upon him from behind. I walked straight up to him, but his quick ear had caught a movement behind. As he turned with an oath, I sprang upon him, and bore down his arm just as the revolver went off, the ball burying itself harmless in the floor—before he could free himself from my grasp half a dozen officers were upon him, and he was quickly secured.

The next morning the papers were filled with glowing accounts of the capture of the murderer, and praise of my conduct.

The principal business men of the town made up a purse of \$500 and presented it to me; and with the reward that was paid me the following week, enabled me to get married at Christmas. But I shudder at the remembrance of that half-hour I spent alone with Tim Lynch; and I don't think \$1,000 would tempt me to go through it again.

### Reading for the Million.

Sartoris will return from England the latter part of May, and spend the summer at Long Branch with the President.

The real name of Edward Strahan, who wrote the illustrated travels entitled "The New Hyperion," is said to be Earl Shinn.

The Hon. Horace Maynard, United States Minister to Turkey, has started with his wife for his post at Constantinople.

One hundred and four cardinals have been elected by the present Pope. Fifty-five are still on hand and five in *pelleo*—in breast.

Mrs. Mary Sellers and Mrs. Barbara Babst, of Milton, Mass., are probably the oldest twin New England, being eighty-five years of age.

Prof. Whitney, of Yale College, sailed for Europe on Saturday. He will spend the summer traveling in England, Scotland, and Germany.

Hon. Heister Clymer is recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and his friends all over the State will be glad to learn, is entirely out of danger.

A French critic says that American belles display many times a day toilettes "sufficient to ruin twenty husbands." They get them from France, though.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is the owner of some fifteen acres of valuable land near the residence of Mrs. Stowe. We merely note the fact to remind her that the tract is advertised to be sold for taxes.

The Empress of Japan has decided on the erection of a college for young girls who wish to devote themselves to teaching, and has given a liberal sum from her private purse toward the expense of construction.

Dr. Corneilus Fanning Brown, of Niles, Mich., has been appointed Surgeon General to the Khedive of Egypt, with an annual salary of \$7,000 in gold, a house, and servants. Dr. Brown was formerly in business in Chicago, and married there.

Why the Pope has conferred a cardinal's hat upon an American, a French paper says, is because "after the 20th of September, 1875, Monsignor Maclochy offered the Pope a magnificent palace in Brooklyn." Shows what that writer knows about it.

Carl Schurz has had a handsome reception at St. Louis, which city he proposes to make his permanent home, all sorts of reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Schurz sails for Europe in a few weeks, to bring home one of his daughters now at school.

The doctor of the workhouse, Indiana, has received a letter from the celebrated Vernon Gallery, died a few days ago at Richmond, Va. He was graduated at one of the English universities a few months ago, receiving special honors, and had come to Virginia to invest in land and make a home.

Mr. Willard Carpenter, of Evansville, Indiana, intends to establish in that city a magnificent charity, the object of which will be about \$1,000,000. The precise object the donor has in view is not yet made public, but the papers and plans are now being perfected, and it is understood that the work will be begun in one or two months.

Dr. Bagshaw, the new Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, England, revived on Good Friday a ceremony in commemoration of Christ washing the feet of his apostles before the Last Supper. A dozen boys dressed in white, and having bare legs, were ranged in a row, and the bishop, with great ceremony, washed each boy's foot and then kissed it.

### Industrial Notes.

The general business of the country presents an encouraging outlook.

The quantity of