

The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1875.

NO. 28.

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street. THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday morning, 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 in advance, 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 TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions. Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 line	2 50	4 50	6 50	8 50	10 50	12 50	14 50	16 50	18 50	20 50
2 lines	4 50	8 50	12 50	16 50	20 50	24 50	28 50	32 50	36 50	40 50
3 lines	6 50	12 50	18 50	24 50	30 50	36 50	42 50	48 50	54 50	60 50
4 lines	8 50	16 50	24 50	32 50	40 50	48 50	56 50	64 50	72 50	80 50
5 lines	10 50	20 50	30 50	40 50	50 50	60 50	70 50	80 50	90 50	100 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 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 collection outside of these figures. All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING: Cards, Blanks, Pamphlets, etc., of every kind 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. R. T. 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.

H. W. BUCHANAN, D. S. W. T. GORDON, D. S. R. D. S. BUCHANAN & GORDON, SURGEON DENTISTS, 228 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, PA.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 1st street, formerly 1st street, by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12, 71.]

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.]

E. DEBBUN & 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. Parties contemplating work of the above nature are requested to communicate with us. Office 260 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Feb. 17, 20.

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, Over Wharton's and Chaney's Hardware store, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap17, 71.]

J. GREENE, Dentist, Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Jan. 17, 71.]

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HUGH NEAL, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, Cor. Smithfield and Eighth Avenue PITTSBURGH, PA. Second Floor City Bank. Feb. 17-19.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 1, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19, 71.]

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

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K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MESSER, LOVELL & MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. 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. 7, 72.]

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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. 7, 74-Smo.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business connected with real estate. Office, No. 29, Hill street. [ap19, 71.]

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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. Aug. 12, 1874.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-75.

Miscellaneous. H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 813 Millin street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [Oct. 1, 72.]

Printing.

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The Story-Teller.

Our Second-Floor Lodger.

When John and I first began house-keeping we were doubtful whether to live in apartments or take a house and let them. We finally decided upon the latter; for as John remarked, lodging housekeepers were such pilferers that one never knew when one's expenses ended; like a lawyer's bill, there were so many items.

We began to fancy we had chosen ill, however, when the little embossed card hung for three weeks in the little sitting-room window without getting one application, save from an old lady in the neighborhood, who I am certain came only out of curiosity.

But at the end of that period an elderly gentleman, in delicate health, called to look at them with his niece and decided to rent three rooms at once.

I was very glad for they appeared to be quiet people, and meeting John with a hearty kiss that evening I told him we were in luck at last.

"I am pleased to hear it, my girl," answered John. "Only take my advice; 'don't be on more friendly terms with them than need be. Keep to your place. All persons have their little faults and peculiarities, and when these become antagonistic one house cannot hold both parties. The warmest friendship with lodgers generally turns to the bitterest dislike. Mrs. Jones, presuming upon Mrs. Brown's good nature, borrows her electro teapot. She makes a dent in the lid and this strikes the first nail into the coffin of their friendship."

I stopped John's mouth with a muffin—a falling of his—but promised to do as he recommended.

That, however, was not so easy. Mr. Fortesque's niece—Miss Kathleen Milbrooke—was such a quiet, sweet, amiable girl, and seemed so alone, that I was irresistibly drawn to her, and when we met, always had a little conversation, which, I felt sure, gave her considerable pleasure.

Indeed, her life was terribly monotonous. No one visited them, and Mr. Fortesque, a confirmed invalid and a hard, austere man, was irritable from disposition as well as delicate health, and I, for, led his poor niece so wearying an existence that, I imagine, she could get away for a chat with me she found it a wonderful relief.

Well, they had been with us nearly a fortnight, when late one evening, a gentleman called to see the room we had on the second floor back, and which he had heard of at the stationer's. He was very good looking, tall, with a pale face and heavy dark hair and mustache.

It is very foolish, I know, but I have always been mistrustful of dark beards and mustaches. Dear John's face is as smooth as an egg. But the stranger spoke so pleasantly and fairly enough; gave me reference to his last landlady and to the firm where he was employed, while, to clinch the matter, he put down the first two weeks' rent in advance, as he wished to come in that night.

I felt I ought not to have left him, but I was yet nervous in the part of landlady, and hadn't the courage to refuse. And when, in about an hour, he returned, carrying his own portmanteau, and I, having lighted him to his room, came back to my own room, I could not help speculating a little tremulously upon what John, who had been detained in the city, would think.

John thought I had done a very foolish thing, and so terrified me out of my wits by saying our second-floor lodger was no doubt a burglar, who, when we were in bed, would break open all the cupboards and drawers with the skeleton keys, and "Jimmy" (yes that was what John called it), which he had concealed in his portmanteau, that I couldn't get a wink of sleep through the night.

I found everything secure, however, the next morning, and our second-floor lodger quietly waiting for his breakfast. He took it at half-past seven, leaving home at eight, and seldom returning until nearly the same hour in the evening, when he rarely went out again, doing this so regularly that John began to leave off joggling and terrifying me about "my burglar," and once, happening to meet him on the doorstep, he asked Mr. Airle to have a cigar and a glass of ale.

Our lodger accepted the invitation, and sat and talked for over an hour, during which he saw John trying to learn something about him; but ineffectually.

"My dear," I said, smiling, when we were alone. "I suspect you know now about as much about our burglar as I do."

"Near about the same," he answered. "He's as close as the two shells of a walnut. But I know this—"

"But he is exceedingly good looking," I broke in.

"Good-looking! Bah! That is all you women think of!"

"Exactly, or perhaps I shouldn't have married you, John."

"That made him laugh, and, getting up, he gave me a kiss for my compliment."

"No," he went on, resuming his seat. "What I meant to say was that he has something upon his mind. Though he can't be more than twenty-seven at the most, he hasn't a bit of spirit, and talks with all the air of a preoccupied man, who is ever brooding over some trouble. Perhaps," said John, extending his slippered foot to the fire, "he has robbed or is about to rob his employers."

"John!" I cried, "you horrid monster! How can you say such dreadful things? It's only out of spite, because 'my burglar' has turned out to be the very pattern of lodgers."

I stopped, checked by a single tap at the door. It was Miss Kathleen Milbrooke. Her niece was asleep, and she had made an excuse to come down for a chat, I know, poor child; so, as she was a favorite of John's, I asked her in.

When she again went up stairs, after a pause, John said:

"I say, Meg, suppose Mr. Airle and that young girl should fall in love?"

"Nonsense, John! Mr. Fortesque would never hear of it."

"Why not?"

"Because I am certain, from what I have caught here and there, that he is much richer than he lets be seen. So it is scarcely likely he would permit his niece, who is his heiress, to marry a man who has probably robbed his employers."

"You have me there, Meg; so we had better have supper."

What subject is more prolific of ideas to a woman than marriage? John had put a thought into my head, which, though small as a pin's head at first, soon grew to large dimensions. Whenever I saw Mr.

Airle I thought of Miss Milbrooke, and whenever I saw her I thought of him, until, in my mind, at least, they were united. And I began to hope that John had "supposed" might be possible, for the more I saw of the two the more I liked them. They appeared more in need of happiness, I reflected. One might bring it to the other.

But how could it ever be brought about? Love at first sight is possible. But love at no sight at all is assuredly not; and owing to his early departure and late return, Mr. Airle and Miss Milbrooke never met upon the stairs.

"Ask them both down to tea," suggested John, as we sat in our cozy parlor. I at work and he doing some writing.

"Mr. Fortesque would not let her come," I said.

"Ask Airle alone, then, and make an excuse to get her down afterward. At any rate it will be a little fun, seated moping up in that little room every evening, with not a friend with whom to exchange a word."

"That might do," I pondered, pressing the tip of my needle thoughtfully to my lips; then gave such a start that I pricked myself, as I exclaimed: "Good gracious! John, what is that?"

"How can I tell, Meg?" he answered, rising quickly. "It is Mr. Fortesque's voice."

"He is quarrelling," I exclaimed in alarm, as I hurried after John to the door.

"The words which made me start were: 'You unmitigated scoundrel!'"

Openly John was about to hasten out; but, abruptly drawing back, motioned me to silence. Then, mute as mice, we listened. Remember, we were lodging-house keepers.

"As Heaven is my witness," replied the clear, firm tones of Mr. Airle. "I never dreamed you were under this roof; or, as I stand here, I would never have placed a foot in it."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"You must, seeing I could gain nothing by such proximity to you."

"Nothing!—nothing! You sneaking hound! Do you think I am blind?" cried the old man; and we heard the stick with which he walked strike sharply on the floor.

"Not gain Kathleen, I suppose?—How I know you would not persuade her to wed you on the sly and thus rob me of my money? How do I know that you have not done so? You are about capable of the trick."

"Beware, sir!" ejaculated our lodger, his voice all of a quiver. "Call me what you please—all terms are alike to me, coming from such a father's lips—but, by Heaven, you shall not malign that pure, noble girl, who has sacrificed herself to you. When you drove me—your son—from your doors, I offered to share my home with her, knowing the miserable life to which I left her, but she sacrificed life to gratitude; and because you had brought her up, poor orphan! from her cradle, bowed her gentle head to your cruel will, and remained under your tyrannical rule. You have used hard words to me, sir, and hard words to her whose memory is dearer to me than life; but I have managed to keep my hands off you. But take care! there are bounds to every man's forbearance. Do not speak ill of Kathleen."

"Dare you threaten me?" shrieked the old man. "True son of a shameless mother!"

"Oh! Heaven! have a care!" and the sound of Mr. Airle's voice showed the stupendous self-control he was exerting.

"You drove my mother from your roof as you drove me."

"Your mother left it of her own accord; she ran away, the scoundrel!"

The words uttered shall not be written. It was followed by a loud, fierce cry, and a sound which told Mr. Airle had fallen at the speaker. There was the noise of a struggle, the gasping cries of the old man, blended with his niece's screams for assistance.

"Help! help!" she shrieked. "Oh, Richard! Richard, let go. Reflect! He is your father; he is old—he is ill! You will kill him!"

We had rushed up stairs, but before we reached the landing those pleading words of his cousin had calmed the just ire of the man, and his passion was again subdued.

"Help! help!" she shrieked. "Oh, Richard! Richard, let go. Reflect! He is your father; he is old—he is ill! You will kill him!"

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"Merciful heavens!" I cried, "the house is on fire!"

It was so.

We thought of our lodgers and strove to ascend to them, but were driven back by volumes of dark smoke rushing down, through which the red glare of flame was visible.

The fire was in Mr. Fortesque's rooms. "Oh, poor Miss Kathleen!" I shrieked. "Help! help!"

I threw the street door open, and filled the place with fresh air for assistance. I was soon joined in the appeal by Mr. Fortesque and his niece from the upper window. They had evidently tried the stairs and found it impossible to descend.

John had just run off to the engine station, when, from the opposite direction, I perceived a man coming toward me.

I recognized him at once.

"Mr. Airle, thank heaven it is you!" I ejaculated.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" he asked.

I began to tell him, but the form of Kathleen Milbrooke at the window related it quicker than words.

In a second her cousin had darted into the burning house.

Three, four, five minutes it seemed now before he descended, with the old man wrapped in the coverlet, and clinging wildly around his son's neck.

We bore him into the open air, for he seemed suffocated and paralyzed with terror. Airle rested him on his knee; and Mr. Fortesque would not unclasp his arms from him.

His eyes were closed.

The crowd gathered. I had them kept back. The fire engine rattled up, but I could not leave that group.

Mr. Fortesque looked up, and his eyes rested upon the blackened features of Mr. Airle.

He started violently, then exclaimed: "Richard! was it you, then, who saved me?"

"I was so fortunate," he answered quietly.