

# The Huntingdon Journal.

HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1876.

NO. 9.

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## 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 Friday 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 \$2.10 if paid for in six months, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless accompanied by the postage.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1m	2m	3m	4m	5m	6m	7m	8m	9m	1yr
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100

## Professional Cards.

**BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law,** Office 21 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.

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April 5, 1871-72. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

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**SEED STORE 151 FIFTH AVENUE,** Feb. 11-21.

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10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

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, such as excursions, excelling five lines, will be charged FIVE 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 notices are due and collectible at the expiration of the term named.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, Plain and Fancy Cards, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blankets, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed in the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

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## The Muses' Bower.

By Request.

### The Doomed Man.

"Epithet is joined to his noble, his noble, 'HOMER. There is a time, we know not when, A point we know not where, That marks the destiny of men, To glory or despair."

There is a line, by us unseen, The crosses every path; The hidden boundary between God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die, To die as if by stealth; It does not quench the burning eye, Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease, The spirit light and gay; That which is pleasing still may please, And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set Indelibly a mark, Unseen by man, for man as yet Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below, Like Eden, has its bloom; He did not, does not, will know, Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows he feels that he is wrong, And every fear is calmed; He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not only doomed, but damned.

Oh where is this mysterious bourn, By which our path is crossed; Beyond which, God himself hath sworn, That he who goes is lost!

How far may we go on in sin? How long will God forbear? What does he hope, and when will he begin The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent: "Ye that for God depart! While it is called 'TO-DAY,' repent! And harden not your heart."

"MY SPIRIT SHALL NOT ALWAYS STRIVE WITH MAN," - GEN. VI.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

### Alone.

In all the varied scenes of life, As we wander o'er and o'er, Each one is busy with his strife, Intent on gaining more.

Each one is hoping, watching, waiting, For the better time to come; And all swaying with the multitude To their eternal home.

How few there are who stop to think, As in life's path they roam, That each before the bar of God, Must stand himself "Alone!"

Pass, then, and see, my wandering friend, Upon what ground you stand, Choose ye the straight and narrow way, And when to God's right hand.

And when at last the change shall come, The judge of all shall call us home; The angels will open the portals wide, And we enter "Alone!" on the other side.

E. E. HALL, Philadelphia, Feb. 16th, 1876.

### Reading for the Million.

Our New York Letter.

Social Topics - New Amusements - A Sale of New England China - A Busy Woman - The Last from Brooklyn - etc.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23rd, 1876.

The week may be summed up thus, in brief: weather in extremes, amusements insatiable, business wedged in between times. With Lent already in view, the gaieties of the season whither faster and faster, and there is no end to the fun this winter, though it may not be the grandest yet kind. Still there is much social and public life to stir the latest refinement in receiving. People might very truthfully send out invitations which would read, "to meet the new dinner service," or to exhibit the new drawing-rooms, refurbished by Cottier, who is the fashionable high art furnisher, for those who eat, sleep and drink according to a standard.

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

The young folks, of course, belong to a musical dramatic society of the selectest sort, which give exercise for dozens of the lightest evenings at rehearsal, and a grand finale, and a gratifying dash at public appeal in the name of charity, which as of old breath a multitude of sinners and otherwise. Dickens parties, where one dresses after some character from the novelists, are more elaborate than ever. The characters are more deeply studied, and their dress, manner, and speech are carefully taken from the pages of the "Household," or the "Globe" editions of the novels. The more one can look like one of Crankshanks designs the better.

ROBBERY PARTIES.

But for fun alive, and deepest disposition, go to a robbery party, to which all the ladies invited are seeing their first season in society - that is if you can get a card for it. No favor dispensed by a kind and charming hostess is so coveted as an invitation to such a party. For the most part, the robbery party is a social affair, and considers you one of the eligibles of her acquaintance. Going, you find the drawing-rooms - nobody says parlors anymore except an old fashioned fellow like myself, we take so closely after the English - hung with fern and spirea, and feathers, feathered blue and red, and a score of debutantes in pink and cream color flouncing about, with all the mischief they learned at Mrs. Meares' or Madame Chiquery's at five hundred dollars a quarter, fresh in their pretty heads. These pretty beauteous, fresh from up town boarding-schools, waltz the wildest, flirt the deepest and sip champagne the most defiantly of any belle class, unless we except a few of our pretty married women - and do this with more freedom than they will ever find at command again.

POUND PARTIES.

This form of amusement is bound to be caught up at once for the use of church parties and ladies' charities, it is so cheap and so delivering at once. It has the advantage of fashion this winter, for it is a favorite form of spending a social evening among matrons and elderly business men who are not above having some fun of an evening in their good clothes. So while the young people are off in their pink gauze and dresses for a dance - say the "Elks" ball, or that of some select and expensive regiment - the rooms of the cozy Madison avenue house are thrown open to a hundred or so friends without any special preparation of the way of flowers or music, but with a hot sit down supper to follow in comfort for everybody. The guests come well-dressed - not over-dressed, for the end and aim of a pound party is to have a good time. Each one is expected to bring with him or her a package of something or anything to weigh exactly a pound, done up that nobody can tell what it is in. The fun is to hold a parlor auction, with the gibbets speaker as auctioneer, and the par-

els are sold to the highest bidder unopened, for the benefit of some charity which the hostess has at heart.

Fun, is it? You never saw such fun as when the packages are opened, and the Wall Street man who bid five dollars for a tissue paper parcel finds that it contains a bologna sausage, bought on the way up town by a fun loving matron, or the still bachelor bids of a girl's purse and rousing but of a rousing tobacco in hers. Not a very great or high-toned amusement, like the informal cotillions, upon Park avenue, where the elct decide the movements of powers and parties in the interval of serious flirting and composing serene epigrams.

LEAP-YEAR PARTIES.

Are discreetly indulged in, with the name of two or three married ladies of the highest standing at the head of the invitation cards, as vouchers for decorum, and the chic of the affair.

The Centennial had nearly put it out of people's heads that this is leap-year, with its perils and privileges. But since the "cabinet young ladies" in Washington were seen the example of honoring the occasion by a ball, the young men will vary the monotony of kettledrums and the glare of public balls.

A KETTLEDRUM IN NEW YORK.

Did I hear a quiet old lady (not to mention a young one) say that she would like to know what is meant by a kettledrum? With all the pleasure in life. It is an English custom of inviting one's acquaintance to a fashionable five o'clock tea, to which the ladies go in their bonnets, to gossip an hour with their friends in the old way. It is essentially a city institution by which a good many persons who see each other often are got together, and an hour is made to do duty for a good deal of civility. For the country, the old fashioned tea drinkings are in better taste, and are given with zest by ladies in suburban towns who like to play at being neighbors in the old way.

Did I ever mention the friend who used to call his wife's kettledrums Beecher parties, for he declared their sole purpose was to get her friends together in their best bonnets, to talk over the latest of the Brooklyn scandal. That was long ago, however. At a kettledrum-to-day, like that to which my pretty neighbor has gone this afternoon, one will meet a dozen magazine people, with their best manners on, and their prettiest things to say, two dozen handsome rich women who get the literary ones, and laugh at their nice things, or two women afflicted with a desire to be managing something, and who are stirring their acquaintances upon the momentous question of having a woman's magazine.

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