

## The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

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THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL,  
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-IN-  
THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,  
No. 212, FIFTH STREET,  
HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

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## Original Poetry.

### An Item of News.

From reading constantly the lines,  
Produced by college scribes,  
I've learned the object of his muse:  
To leave the world to his heirs.

His single aim appears to be,  
By words and all contrivance,  
To stamp the idea on our mind  
That knowledge hatches fiction.

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## The Story-Teller.

### STORY OF A WILL.

"Thrown off his horse and killed!" I read, in the city weekly paper just issued, as I sat in my law office one morning in Wellington, the county seat of a certain Franklin county.

It was on Thursday morning, in September, and the paragraph went on to say that on Wednesday morning, Stephen Edwards, a wealthy farmer, who had lived near a place called the Cross Roads, three or four miles from Wellington, was found dead on the road, within half a mile of his house, and the appearance indicated that he was thrown from his horse and killed on Tuesday night, on his way home from the latter place.

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## MARK THESE FACTS!

### The Testimony of the Whole World.

#### HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

BAD LEGS, BAD RHEUMATISM, SORES AND ULCERS.

All descriptions of sores are remediable by the proper application of this ointment. To attempt to cure bad legs by any other means is to court disaster. The ointment is a sure remedy for all sores, whether they be the result of burns, scalds, or any other cause. It is a sure remedy for all sores, whether they be the result of burns, scalds, or any other cause. It is a sure remedy for all sores, whether they be the result of burns, scalds, or any other cause.

## TO ADVERTISERS:

### Circulation 1800.

#### FIRST-CLASS

#### ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

#### 5000

#### READERS

#### WEEKLY.

#### The JOURNAL is one of the best

#### printed papers in the Juniata Valley,

#### and is read by the best citizens in the

#### county. It finds its way into 1800

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#### are sure of getting a rich return for

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## The Jokers' Budget.

### Shaking Up the Old Lady.

Two nice old people, man and wife, sat in the Dorset and Altrincham depot, having come from Canada, and waiting to go further West. She called him "George" as she ordered him to look out for her. "Dolly" was as safe as a wife to a man. By and by he wanted to smoke, and he went out and lit his pipe, and strolled into a barber shop. Left alone in a strange town, the wife became nervous and fidgety after a few minutes, and walking over to where a serious looking chap was reading a paper covered novel, entitled "The Bachelor's Daughter," she asked:

"You don't think my husband has got lost, do you?"

"Is your husband of phlegmatic disposition, ma'am?" he asked, in reply.

"She looked at him in a puzzled way, and then hesitatingly said:

"He's good natured, and I never heard him swear 'cept the time when I forgot and left his boots in the oven."

"Are your conjugal ties still tender and sentimental?" he asked.

"I'm his lawful wife," she replied, looking rather indignant.

"Yes, yes, I know; but perhaps your husband has urgent reasons for desiring to sever his conjugal ties?"

"Jugal what?"

"Have it occurred to you, madam, that your husband may have run away?"

"Good gracious, no?"

"It has to me," I was studying both of you before he went out. I saw that he was of phlegmatic temperament, while you are vivacious?"

"Yes, ma'am. I saw him looking at you as you were looking at the lady who tends the eating stand. I could almost read his thoughts. I heard him sigh. I saw him draw away from you, as if your presence was disagreeable."

"You did?"

"And I saw him elevate his nose."

"Did he stick up his nose at me?" she demanded.

"Yes, and as he passed me going out I heard him whispering to himself: 'I'll leave the old jade and hunt me up a blooming wife. I'm sorry for you, ma'am.'"

"You needn't be so slowly snid, drawing off her ears and buttoning up her waterproof," she burst out. "What do you mean by that?"

"Call me an old jade, did he?"

"It was 'ma'am,' continued the stranger, as he saw her eyes snapping. "But of course you can't do anything about it."

"I can't do a thing," she replied, as she began stacking up the baggage.

"No, ma'am. All you can do is to pass your journey, sell your baggage and return home."

"Stranger, will you keep an eye on them things?" she asked, pointing to the baggage.

"I will, ma'am; but I hope you will take my advice. You don't want to make a public scandal, do you?"

"Watch those things," she said, waving her hand, and she went out upon the street. Nothing was to be seen of George.

"She started up the street, looking very pale around the mouth. He sat in the window of the barber shop, smoking away, and reading a negro minstrel programme. She saw him as she was walking past, and she cried the electric battery was on the street."

"What on earth! Dolly! who, Dolly!" he yelled, in his olden jubilee.

"Yes, it's your old cousin," she cried, trying to get hold with the other hand, to avoid the electric wire.

"What's this—who-hold on!" he exclaimed.

"For de Lawd's sake! What's all dis business about?" he asked, holding his hat against the wall.

"What wife—what air ye—are ye goin' to?" he yelled.

"Now, dew spot dis yer blasted, or I'll call de police!" cried the barber, waving his hair brush around.

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"Woman, are you mad?" asked the man.

"If she hasn't done gone crazy as a fool, den I never seed a 'possum'" put in the barber.

George returned to the depot with her. The baggage was there, but the strange man with a novel nose, who sat George down, sat down beside him, and in reply to his explanation she ground her lips and said:

"You are right where you are, or there'll be broken bones, no?"

"But, Dolly—"

"You tell Dolly alone! We'll be alone time by, and you'd better git ready to shove."

The stranger was a nice man. Dolly will never believe there wasn't something in it.—Detroit Free Press.

SUCKED EGG.—"Want a shock, a shock, sir. Only cost you two cents, and the electric battery uses an old-fashioned street this fashion, as an elderly gentleman,"

"What's that you say?" demanded the party addressed, trying the lightning dispenser over his glasses.

"A shock, sir—only cost you two cents, sir—take one."

"No, sir, I don't want any," replied the elderly gentleman, gruffly. "I am to do as I please, and you shall not touch me."

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