

The Huntingdon Journal

J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH.

PRINTERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

THIS HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. R. Durborrow & Co., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, and all arrears are paid in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at twelve and a half cents per line for the first insertion, and at ten cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements for real estate, business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

Table with 3 columns: Length (3m, 6m, 1yr), Rate (1yr, 2yr, 3yr), and Total Cost.

TERMS: \$2.00 per annum, in advance; \$2.50 within six months, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

Professional Cards: CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, 111, 3rd Street.

DEBORD, Attorney-at-Law, 111, 3rd Street.

STOCKTON, Surgeon-Dentist, Office in Laidley's building.

ORRILL, Attorney-at-Law, 406 Penn Street.

THORNTON, Dentist, Office in S. T. Brown's new building.

BURBANK, Surgeon-Dentist, No. 227, Penn Street.

MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 1, Penn Street.

FRANCIS SHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

W. MATTHEW, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent.

DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

REISINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.

ARRISON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

Miscellaneous: MARK THESE FACTS! The Testimony of the Whole World.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. RUD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, SORES AND ULCERS.

All descriptions of sores are removable by the proper use of Holloway's Ointment.

ADVERTISING MEDIUM. 5000 READERS WEEKLY.

The JOURNAL is one of the best printed papers in the Juniata Valley.

5000 persons, thus making it the best advertising medium in Central Pennsylvania.

DISCRETIONS OF YOUTH—SORES AND ULCERS. Blisters, as also swellings, can, with certainty, be readily cured by the Ointment.

INDISCRETIONS OF YOUTH—SORES AND ULCERS. Blisters, as also swellings, can, with certainty, be readily cured by the Ointment.

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Original Poetry.

A Farmer, a Poet, a Preacher, a Fool.

By J. R. DURBORROW.

Awake! arise! from thy lethargic slumber.

We shall not attempt all the poet to assemble.

Two weeks, and three dragged on, and no word, not even an answer to her letter.

What cause Frank could have to treat her so strangely she could not imagine.

He poured his flattery and honeyed speeches into Nina's ears, delighted in his selfish heart that her lover was treating her so.

Six weeks had now gone by, and yet no word from Frank.

Nina gazed upon him with a look of surprise.

She was looking her prettiest, intending to make her lover very much attracted to Mr. Huntington.

Frank was promoted by his employer to a higher position and post of trust.

He was looking her prettiest, intending to make her lover very much attracted to Mr. Huntington.

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The Story-Teller.

TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

By J. R. DURBORROW.

"Dear Frank, I do hate to have you go away to that great big city. There will be so much going on, so many attractions, and you will meet new faces, and—Nina, Carlton hesitated and looked down—

"No, no, Nina, dearest, don't be so unjust to me. You know I love you devotedly, and you said you loved me in return, and under no promise to be true to each other? Do you think I could forget my promised word?"

"No, Frank, I know you will not. Forgive me for thinking so for an instant; but you will write me a long, long letter every week, won't you?"

"Yes, Nina, you must keep me posted on all that happens here, and I will send you a glowing description of city life. I hate to go and leave you, but this is such a fine position for me and I shall get a good salary, and be able to lay by money, and then my darling, after a time I'll be back again to claim this dear little hand and my promised wife."

And Frank threw his arm around her, and as she stood together, on a bright May night, under the twinkling stars, drawing her close to his breast and imprinting tender kisses on her upturned lips.

Nina clung closely to him, as if she would never let him leave her, and sobbed as if her very heart would break.

"Don't cry, Nina, darling—it only makes me grieve doubly hard. There, cheer up, and be a brave little woman, for my sake."

One more embrace, two or three long loving kisses, and Frank started off, leaving Nina standing by the little garden gate, not daring to linger any longer.

Early the next morning saw Frank Howard started on the first train for the city of New York.

Nina wondered all day long if there wasn't a letter for her at the little post-office, while Frank had scarcely yet reached the city.

Weeks passed by, and with them long, loving letters from Frank, describing all that was going on in the gay metropolis, the attractions of city life, describing his employer's store, and that part of the work which belonged to him. They were beautiful letters to Nina, breathing the tenderest devotion and love.

In return, Nina wrote about the old routine of country life, how she passed her time, of the tourists and visitors stopping at the village, speaking especially of the Hamiltons, Mattie Brooks' her particular friend and chum's aristocratic Southwestern cousin, who were spending a few weeks at the Brookers' farm, and the delightful pleasure parties and picnics they had in the woods.

On these pleasure parties Charlie Huntington generally played the devoted to Nina, and seemed to all appearances, wonderfully taken with her beautiful face. In fact, Nina's laughing, roguish blue eyes and dimpled, rose cheeks were enough to captivate any nice young man, and she had coquetry enough in her to be very well pleased with the admiration and attentions of the handsome, winning young Southerner.

One bright morning, Nina started earlier than usual to the post-office to get her letter, and found, to her great astonishment, there was none. What could be the mat-

A Love Story.

By J. R. DURBORROW.

He was young, he was fair, and he part his hair like the average beau, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold, but the truth must be told, he played like a fiend on the fiddle. Barring his voice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender, that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of a cat lying down by the tender. He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf, and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarrelly meeting. He cut quite a dash with a dashing moustache, which he learned to adore and cherish; for one girl had said while she dropped her proud head, "would kill her to see the thing proper." On Sundays he'd search the straight road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scouter; and demurely he sat like a young tabby cat, with the saints in the open corner. He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging at the ears of the old men, and the truth was that he was so good, that this youth could out-sing a hungry mosquito.

She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud, but not bold, yet the truth must be told, the way she chafed wax was a pity. Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world-admired her bustle, and the Huntingdon boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle. She cut quite a swell, did this wax chewing habit, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito. So she bemoaned and she howled, and she sighed and she "chawed," till her fingers were so sore, that she could not walk by the store, while he stood at the door awaiting some lovely token. She raised her eyes with mock surprise, and tried to enact the scouter; but to tell the truth, she grinned at the youth who loved the met-crow.

They met—alas! what came to pass was soft and sweet and precious, they wooed, they courted, they loved, good gracious! They had to part, he rose to start; her grief could not be painted; these are the facts, she swallowed her wax, then choked, then screamed, then fainted; her jaw appeared, her beaux quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch dog spied his tender hide, and bit him where he "ought-er." The tale is old, and the sequel steps—she thinks the youth thus bitten. He sighs no more, as oft of yore—he gave the girl the mitten.

She pined away, her pretty face looked slender and dejected; her father kind, but somewhat blind, beheld her and reflected. His income tax he spent for wax—she smiled and called him clever. She went to work, but that clerk, and chawed in bliss forever.

CECILIUS OF LEBANON.

Upon the slopes of the snow-mountain of Lebanon stood those gigantic cedar trees—whose forests of them then—now only one small group remains, but a few tellers still, even in their decay. Whence did they come? There are no trees like for hundreds, I had almost said for thousands of miles. There are but two other patches of them left now on the whole earth—one on the Atlas, one in the Himalayas. The Jews certainly know no tree like them; and no tree so old, so venerable, so full of life.

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