

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 name of Durborrow & Nash, at \$2.00 per annum in advance...

Printing.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—IN— THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

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

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E. J. GREEN, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap25, '77]

C. L. ROBB, Dentist, Office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 212, Fifth Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap25, '77]

W. H. MICHANAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 228, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [mch17, '76]

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J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19, '77]

S. GEISINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19, '77]

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School and Miscellaneous Books.

GOOD BOOKS FOR THE FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The following is a list of valuable books, which will be supplied from the office of the Huntingdon Journal...

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.

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

Those who patronize its columns are sure of getting a rich return for their investment.

Advertisements, both local and foreign, solicited, and inserted at reasonable rates.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

With Best Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cards and all kinds of material necessary for the printing of all kinds of business cards, circulars, booklets, etc.

COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY.

THE JOURNAL STORE.

Is the place to buy all kinds of

AT HARD PAN PRICES.

All business letters should be addressed to J. R. DURBORROW & CO., Huntingdon, Pa.

The Muses' Bower.

Forbid Them Not.

There is not a sweeter story told In all the blessed Book, Than how the Lord, when his arms, The little children took. We love him for the tender touch That made the leper whole, And for the wondrous words that healed The tired, six-sick soul.

The Story-Teller.

MY BEST FRIEND.

I was twenty-one—the possessor of eighty thousand dollars in cash, and owner of a handsome residence on one of the stylish thoroughfares of a large city. No governor, no guardian, no maiden aunt, no bachelor uncle to object to my disposing of myself and means according to my fancy.

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Loss of Life.

The waste of human life is everywhere. After the waste by war, in no field of human activity is it more strikingly illustrated than among the toilers of the sea.

Red Wine.

A TRUE STORY WELL TOLD. It was growing dark in the city streets; men and women hurried along, as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they knew that the day's work was over, and they enjoyed the prospect of rest.

Fast Young Men.

Fast Young Men. We often hear the phrase, "a short life and a merry one." It sounds pretty, but it is a very expensive one.

The Physique of our Presidents.

SOME MEN OF REMARKABLE PHYSICAL APPEARANCE—THE REVOLUTIONARY PRESIDENTS—"OLD HICKORY"—THE REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE WEST.

Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which whithered away to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once firm as granite, dissolved to a jelly, and there was no way to water, only because of this; love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven, and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them; and a husband and his young wife, estranged at the heart, in the beginning had been the good bond of a God blessed love, set mournfully by the side of the grave, where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this.

The Lord's Prayer.

Did you ever think, short though it may be, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! And like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand gems in one.

Select Miscellany.

Social Tragedy in London.

In the last issue of the London Court Circular is narrated a queer social tragedy. Among the guests who were assembled at a dinner party was a lady of excellent form, whose delicate plumpness was the theme of unusual admiration.

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man with a good constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece is rich.

Poor Girls.

Poor girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor, and depend on others for a living, and are perfectly helpless.

Profratly.

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it is not to us that are on the topmost car. One cannot go to the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle aged alone, for it is a fact that the younger portion of the community are most profane in degrading language.

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