

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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 \$2.50 if not paid in six months from date of subscription, and \$5 if not paid within the year.

Transit advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents per line for the first insertion, and 15 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

Table with 4 columns: 3m, 6m, 1yr, 3m, 6m, 1yr. Rows for 1/2 page, 1/3 page, 1/4 page.

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Legal Advertisements.

SHERIFF'S SALES. BY virtue of a writ of F. A. Vend. Exp. and Lev. Fa., to be directed, I will expose to public sale at the Court House, in Huntingdon, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877, at one o'clock P. M., the following described Real Estate, to wit:

All defendant's right, title and interest in and to all that certain lot of ground situate in West Huntingdon, north part of the borough of Huntingdon, fronting 50 feet on Millin street and extending in depth at right angles to the same 150 feet, bounded on the east by the lot of J. B. Miller, on the west by the lot of Wharton, Anderson and Miller's addition to said West Huntingdon, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, and stable.

Also—All defendant's right, title and interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Puttison, Huntingdon county, Pa., fronting 20 feet on main road, adjoining the lot of J. B. Miller, on the west, and bounded on the east by the lot of Hattie Putt on the north, and on the south by the lot of Hattie Putt on the north, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, carpenter shop and stable.

Also—All defendant's right, title and interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Puttison, Huntingdon county, Pa., fronting 20 feet on main road, adjoining the lot of J. B. Miller, on the west, and bounded on the east by the lot of Hattie Putt on the north, and on the south by the lot of Hattie Putt on the north, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, carpenter shop and stable.

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The Muses' Dabber.

Reveille and Tatoo. A quiver and shriek, and the train is in motion— Away like an arrow! away like the wind!

From that time forward I kept a close watch on Leslie Brown, and I soon found that he spent four evenings each week with Lucy Barrett.

Always the programme was the same: he sat close beside her, reading, or listening to the love sick verses such occasions always demand while Mrs. Barrett sewed near by, or the old grandfather sometimes took her place and played properly, though the old man always fell asleep.

At other times she might be seen in her little bedroom, standing by the window in an attitude of deep dejection, as if longing for her lover.

Little cause had she for dejection, however, for Leslie Brown was as devoted as he could be without exciting his mother's suspicion. He too, wrote long letters, (I could see him plainly enough, for he occupied the second story front room, and he almost always left his windows wide open during the first part of the evening.)

What he could have found to write about so continually was a mystery to me, as he met so often; but I suppose lovers' nonsense always is, and always will be, until they are married.

Just about this time I made another and a most significant discovery. I was selecting some Berlin wools for a new footstool, when Lucy Barrett entered the shop and asked one of the saleswomen if she could give me some handkerchiefs marked for embroidery.

"Ladies' or gentlemen's handkerchiefs?" asked the girl. I picked up my ears and listened.

"Gentlemen's" was the answer. "Of course! The book of patterns was taken down and the letters selected. By dint of close attention, while I appeared to be looking for a shade of crimson, I heard the girl say, 'L. B.—all right, miss: you can have them to-morrow,' and then Lucy left without observing me.

"L. B. was just what I expected—that name Leslie Brown, beyond a doubt; and I felt that would be his name," I began to feel that I had a duty to perform in the matter, for only the day before I had heard from a friend of my own, who knew the Browns slightly, that Leslie was supposed to be engaged to a young lady who was present in Europe, but who was expected soon to return.

By the subject of my own hands, for Rosa, my maid, although an excellent woman, has an unfortunate curiosity which sometimes prompts her to take undue liberties with my letters, and I knew the address of this one would attract her attention at once.

The next morning I was on the watch for the next morning, and I was sure to find the explosive matter. The post man delivered his budget at the Browns, and Mrs. Brown, leisurely nipping the dear leaves from her geraniums at the parlor window, took the letters and began reading them at once.

Suddenly she started, crumpled the one she had read in her hand, and vanished from the parlor, to reappear in another moment in her son's room above. My letter, beyond a doubt.

Breathlessly watching, I saw her seize the young man by the arm and point to the just-read page. He caught it in her hand and studied it attentively, and then they talked excitedly together for some moments.

It happened in this way I was sitting by my parlor window at dark, with no lights in the room—as I am fond of doing, because the dimness is favorable to meditation—and when I chanced to see young Mr. Brown come out of his own house and ascend the Barrett's steps.

One of the children admitted him, and he went into the parlor, where immediately a light appeared. Some one drew down the shades, but they were very thin, and I could see the shadows of the inmates so clearly that there was no mistaking them as they were thrown upon the linen.

The Story-Teller.

SHADOWS. Pope tells us that "the noblest study of mankind is man" and I believe Pope, with an addition. I have always believed that the study of mankind, when supplemented by the study of womankind, is the legitimate occupation of gifted souls like my own, and so I have shaped my life upon this conviction.

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There sat Mrs. Barrett on one side of the centre table, sewing diligently, and opposite, with their chairs close together, and their heads almost touching, sat Lucy Barrett and Mr. Brown.

This discovery—of I felt it was nothing less—amazed and excited me beyond expression. Here was evidently a love affair, and how angry Mrs. Brown would be if she knew it! To be sure, the diligent pen of my opera glass enabled me to see some books on the table, from which the young people pretended to be reading, but that amounted to nothing. Poetry, most likely; and wasn't poetry always the language of love-making?

Well, my sympathy with Mrs. Brown was on the watch for nearly two hours, and during an that time Mrs. Barrett sat quietly sewing, and apparently unconscious of the frequency with which those two young heads came together over the book before them.

But at last Mr. Brown rose to go, and then the mother seemed to wake up, for she went with him to the door, instead of letting her daughter go, as I quite suspected she would. But the moment his back was turned, what does that girl do?

Select Miscellany.

Home, Sweet Home. COURTNEY AT HOME—HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY—TRUE POLITENESS—LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON—THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITENESS—POLITE AND VULGAR.

When poor John Howard Payne wrote those verses which have made him immortal, we are sure his animating motive was to make those who were blessed with a home, happy those who were not.

Lucy's reply was almost inaudible, but I caught "happiness in the future," and "more than I can ever deserve."

Then Leslie finished a long speech with "an excellent time for the politeness;" and I heard no more. No need, you will doubtless say.

But the next morning I found myself really ill; my throat was sore, my head ached, and a violent chill was soon followed by high fever.

"I was really suffering so much that I forgot my neighbors, and it was not until the tenth day after my seizure that my interest in my fellow creatures was sufficiently revived to prompt me to ask Rosa a single question.

"Well, indeed, mum, I've had little time to spare since you've been sick that I can't tell what's going on even next door. But I think you're better now, and I must be going this morning over at the Barretts, for the young lady went away in the carriage two hours ago, all dressed in a new traveling-dress, and young Mr. Brown and another gentleman went with her, and all the children was standing on the steps in a thronging old shoes after them, and Mrs. Barrett was half laughing, half crying, at the parlor window."

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Can Women Keep a Secret?

George Francis Train renders judgment as follows: Men say women can't keep a secret. It is just the reverse—women can't. Women carry with them to their graves secrets that would kill any man. Women never tell; man always does. Women suffer and die; man always lives. Man cannot keep a secret; woman cannot make it known. What is sport to the man is death to the woman. Adam was a sneak. Eve would have kept the apple business a secret. Be ye fruitful, ye who ever heard a woman talk about her love fascos? Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his little secrets; woman would out her tongue first. Men can boast in their own parlor talk; women are refined in their parlor conversation. Who ever heard of a woman telling of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of the men? Men boast; women do not. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always blabbing. So down with the old adage, woman can keep a secret.

THE THREE "TENTIONS." 1. Intention.—If a boy has a heart to work out, or a lesson to learn by him, he will not be apt to succeed unless he goes at it with a will, or unless he "intends" to do it.

2. Attention.—If he is successful, a boy must withdraw his thoughts from tops, balls, kites, and such like; he must not chatter with his school fellows, but must give his time give his whole mind, or "attentions" to the lessons before him.

3. Retention.—It is of little use to learn anything unless we remember it, or "retain" it in the mind.

How to Build a House.

Troy, N. Y., Times: A week ago we commented upon a paragraph from Harper's Bazar relating to Mr. Hubbard, a good man, who had been a success in the money which he had made in indulging in the expensive habit of smoking. A reliable correspondent, who is personally acquainted with Mr. Hubbard, verifies all of the essential statements made, and furnishes the following additional particulars: "He was about eighteen years of age when he determined to lay aside day and day the money which he would have spent for cigars, had he been a smoker. At the end of each month he deposited, at interest, the sum thus accumulated in a savings bank. As the price of good cigars advanced he correspondingly increased the amount of money to be laid away each day. From time to time, when his savings in the bank reached a few hundred dollars, he would draw them out to make a better investment, and would invest the same in a small business, and would manage the fund amounting to \$15,000 to \$18,000 a few years since. Mr. Hubbard then took this money and with it purchased a charming site on the Greenview Hill, and built a commodious and comfortable home for himself and his family. The place overlooks the city, and commands one of the widest and finest views that can be found along the Connecticut shore.

THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITENESS, written by Lord Chesterfield more than one hundred years ago, is still regarded by the reformed and cultured as the highest authority in our language on genuine politeness, while his "Letters to His Son" are charming examples of the earnest solicitude of a father to "train up a child in the way he should go." This work we earnestly commend to our readers as one well worthy of perusal wherein they will find not only lessons of politeness, but also many practical lessons for their guidance through life.

In conclusion, we would quote the old adage, "A man's manners commonly make his fortune," and certainly we would say, looking at the many examples we have of the practice of true politeness in business, that it is a capital "stock in trade," which requires no previous investment of dollars and cents, but yields returns a thousand fold, and leaves the pleasing recollection of not only delighting our friends by our good manners, but also of pleasing the public, thus attaining the "glorious privilege of being independent." We, therefore, heartily commend to our young friends of both sexes strict attention to the study of good manners, and we assure them that vulgarly in disgusting in the extreme, whilst good breeding and good manners commend themselves to every true lady and gentleman.

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