

The Huntingdon Journal.
J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

The Huntingdon Journal,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,
No. 212, FIFTH STREET,
HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

The Muses' Bower.
Under the Violets.
BY OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES.

Select Miscellany.
Words of Wisdom.

Dressing the Baby.
MAN'S MEANS AND WOMAN'S WAYS—YOU KNOW HOW 'TIS YOURSELF.

Toothache.
Wonderful Invention.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday morning at 10 o'clock, and is sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance. Transient advertisements will be inserted at 25 cents per line for the first insertion, and at 15 cents per line for the second and third insertions. Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

3m	6m	1yr
\$1.50	\$3.00	\$5.00

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

Professional Cards.
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That Clock.
BY MERRIE C. BALLARD.
I have listened to the clock
That hangs above my head;
I've ticked away the living day,
And curious words it said.

Distress Under the Confederacy.
In the course of a spirited and interesting paper on "Home Life in the Confederacy," which appears in the Philadelphia Times, Mrs. M. P. Handy says, regarding the formation of correct habits in early life is comparatively easy. In a word; if you would become model characters you must discard all bad habits, all old habits, all that is ungracious or ungrateful in word or deed, or manner. In order to do this you must study constantly yourselves, and, if possible, be under the influence and the influence of the noblest women. Read in hours of recreation, good books. Shun, as you would a deadly poison, the impure literature that is more or less abroad. Pass by on the other side, always when invited to take a social glass with a friend. Bear about with you the conscious dignity of manhood, not in a vain, but a modest, yet positive way. Never sacrifice principle for place. Know in no business scheme that has not a fair promise of moderate returns. Never spend that which you have not got. Don't discount the future, it may not be yours.

Evening Damps.
One more fruitful cause of disease remains to be noted, and that is, excessive diurnal changes of temperature. The range of the thermometer from noonday to morning is not only greater in the country, but the heavy dews consequent upon this render the changes more perceptible and less easily resisted by the human system. During the day the heat is more severely than in the city, who shelter during the day, and when evening comes on with its cool breeze, incalculable persons expose themselves with little or no additional clothing. They came into the country to be comfortable they say, and they ride or sit in the open air till thoroughly cooled if not slightly chilled. At the same hour on the next day they are again chilled, and so on until in the morning some of our kindred diseases so cordially invited, steps in and takes full possession. We by no means repudiate the malarial origin of these diseases, but we do say that such a course of conduct strongly predisposes the system to the influence of that dread unknown destroyer.

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It has been said that Science is never sensational, remarks the Scientific American; that it is intellectual not emotional; but certainly nothing that can be considered would be more likely to create the profoundest of sensations, to arouse the liveliest of human emotions, than once more to hear the familiar voices of the dead. Yet Science now announces that this is possible, and can be done. That the voices of those who died long before the invention of the wonderful apparatus are forever stilled is too obvious a truth; but whether spoken or whether may speak into the mouthpiece of the phonograph, and whose words are recorded by it, has the assurance that his speech may be reproduced audibly in his own tones long after he himself has turned to death. The possibility is simply startling. A strip of indented paper travels through a little machine, the sounds of the latter are magnified, and our great grandfathers or posterity centuries hence hear us as plainly as if we were present. Speech has become, as it were, immortal.

The Nobility of Labor.
Blood never makes a nobleman. The blood of a king is as poor as that of a peasant, and the blood of the noble is as poor as that of the peasant. The blood of the noble is as poor as that of the peasant, and the blood of the noble is as poor as that of the peasant. The blood of the noble is as poor as that of the peasant, and the blood of the noble is as poor as that of the peasant.

Camp Meeting Experience.
In a camp meeting in this State a woman related her experience in giving up certain articles of ornament and gay attire that she had loved. She said that at first she resolved to wear no more artificial flowers, gaily colored ribbons, handsome silks, ornaments, nor brooches; but one idol remained. It was her wedding ring. At last she resolved to throw this away, too, and when she did it the blessing of sanctification came. The Methodist says: "As she stood in the audience relating the change that had come over her, she displayed an immense mass of false hair wound up on the back of her head, upon which was mounted a top knot of hair, neither protected from sun or cold, nor ornamental to behold. She disclosed her proportions as to appear painfully abnormal, supported padding, puffs, pannier, and pinkie, and a dress skirt ill-draped to a depth of the several inches which it dragged upon the ground. As she sat down after her testimony and an exhortation to erring sisters to renounce all pomp and glory of the world, she plied her hair and parted very like a ball-room belle who had waltzed too long and was dressed too tightly to breathe with ease. When at the close of the meeting the woman walked away, she had a parasol, a fan and a hymn book to hold in one hand, and the other was employed in gathering and holding the front breadth of her skirts high enough to enable her to step, while the limit of her mending gait was determined by her contracted pinkie and stilted boot heels. And away she went a sanctified woman."—Philadelphia Day.

What is a Good Education.
Edward Everett, the gifted orator, never spoke more truthfully than when uttering the following words: "To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and to master the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of one, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard this as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them. They are the foundation, and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other oligies and oolopies are ostentatious rubbish." It is generally the custom among the schools of to-day to neglect these so-called "common branches." They omit the foundation, and build up a vast and imposing structure of showy accomplishments. No sooner does a pupil of one of these schools attempt to enter upon the busy scenes of life, than he finds his "castle in the air," built at so great a cost of time and money, come tumbling down upon his ears.

MAN: "Do you think it would be safe for me to cross this pasture?" Maid: "Well, the old bull don't like red gaiters, but if you chalk your nose I guess he won't attack you."
"The funeral was all that could be expected," says an aged lady who looks upon these events with an artistic eye. "The display of flowers was grand, and the widow wept like a born angel."

MAN'S MEANS AND WOMAN'S WAYS—YOU KNOW HOW 'TIS YOURSELF.
When a woman goes to work to dress a two-year old child she does it in a systematic, business-like manner, and without any noise or fuss; and before you know it the youngster is laid out her hands with his face washed and hair combed, his clothing in ship shape order, and a \$10 crown under his arm. This all comes from knowing how. With a man it is different. He makes elaborate preparations and puts on the air of one who is getting an eighty-four gun ship ready for a two-year cruise. He collects the youngster's duds together in a heap, gathering them up from pretty much all over the house, and after a great deal of bawling for that, and sharp inquiring for that, and an unlimited amount of getting down on his knees and looking under the furniture for the other (all of which comes from his having undressed the child the night before), he at length sits resignedly down in a chair with a feeble attempt at good-nature says: "Come, Freddie, come to papa, and have your eyes out."
The child, who is just then traveling around in his night-dress, and playing with a damp towel and a stove wrench, makes a bee line for the door, full of a desire to escape into the next room.
"Come, Freddie, come to papa, like a good boy," says the father, with a brave effort at patience.
The child keeps on his course.
"Fred!"
This sounds so much like business that the youngster stops, turns and tracking slowly up to the noisy browed parent, gradually gets within reach, when a den and dog of his arm brings him into position where the damp towel slaps around on the father's clean shirt front, and the stove wrench plumps solidly down on the top of his foot.
"Immortal Julius!" he screams in agony nursing his foot with one hand and shaking the innocent with the other; while upon the innocent sets up an accompanying yell.
A voice from below, where the wife and mother is busied in getting breakfast, joins in the chorus.
"Olmsted Molleson, what on earth are you doing to that child?"
"Oh, you be darned!" goes back the quick reply in a short, ugly, desperate growl that causes all further inquiry to cease.
Then the father, after rubbing his foot and groaning awhile, squares the child around and begins the process of dressing him, which is mostly made up of dreadful struggles between clumsy fingers and smooth porcelain buttons, a general misplacing of garments hind-side before, upside down, searches after the missing articles, and talk like the following:
"Turn around!"
"Stand still!"
"Hold your arm up!"
"Thunder and lightning! Can't you let things be?"
"Stop reaching!"
"Up, I say!"
"Can't you keep still?"
"Where's that other skirt?"
"Shut up!"
"Let go!"
"Blas't that button!"
"Now, where the blazes is that pin?"
"Stand up!"
"There, by thunder!"
"Why don't you fall down and be done with it?"
"Stop your howling!"
"Ouch! Devil take that pin!"
"Let that be!"
"Behave!"
"Great scud!"
"Say, why don't you have four or five thousand more buttons on your clothes?"
"Now, where's that stocking?"
"Keep your foot still!"
"Say, keep—your—foot—still!"
"By jove in Jerusalem!"
"Gimme the other foot!"
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"Can't you see?"
"Sanctified Solomon! what do you want to spread your toes all over for? How do you suppose I'm going to put your stocking with your foot in that shape?"
"Stop it, I say!"
"Prow, wow! e—e—! Who stuck that pin in that way?"
"You of course," says a cold, thin cutting voice; and he glances up and sees his wife looking down on him in a taunting, exasperating sort of way. "I'd be ashamed to let you continue." "Read in the way and get so out of patience with a little bit of a baby. You've been making noise enough to raise the dead, and the clothes look as if they'd been thrown on with a pitchfork. Gimme him!"
And he gets up sheepishly and sullenly, and after slapping and stamping around the house after the linen, bottle, and banging the doors and making as big a noise as he can, he works himself into such a state of meanness and mortification that, to spite himself, he goes off downtown without his breakfast.

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When a woman goes to work to dress a two-year old child she does it in a systematic, business-like manner, and without any noise or fuss; and before you know it the youngster is laid out her hands with his face washed and hair combed, his clothing in ship shape order, and a \$10 crown under his arm. This all comes from knowing how. With a man it is different. He makes elaborate preparations and puts on the air of one who is getting an eighty-four gun ship ready for a two-year cruise. He collects the youngster's duds together in a heap, gathering them up from pretty much all over the house, and after a great deal of bawling for that, and sharp inquiring for that, and an unlimited amount of getting down on his knees and looking under the furniture for the other (all of which comes from his having undressed the child the night before), he at length sits resignedly down in a chair with a feeble attempt at good-nature says: "Come, Freddie, come to papa, and have your eyes out."
The child, who is just then traveling around in his night-dress, and playing with a damp towel and a stove wrench, makes a bee line for the door, full of a desire to escape into the next room.
"Come, Freddie, come to papa, like a good boy," says the father, with a brave effort at patience.
The child keeps on his course.
"Fred!"
This sounds so much like business that the youngster stops, turns and tracking slowly up to the noisy browed parent, gradually gets within reach, when a den and dog of his arm brings him into position where the damp towel slaps around on the father's clean shirt front, and the stove wrench plumps solidly down on the top of his foot.
"Immortal Julius!" he screams in agony nursing his foot with one hand and shaking the innocent with the other; while upon the innocent sets up an accompanying yell.
A voice from below, where the wife and mother is busied in getting breakfast, joins in the chorus.
"Olmsted Molleson, what on earth are you doing to that child?"
"Oh, you be darned!" goes back the quick reply in a short, ugly, desperate growl that causes all further inquiry to cease.
Then the father, after rubbing his foot and groaning awhile, squares the child around and begins the process of dressing him, which is mostly made up of dreadful struggles between clumsy fingers and smooth porcelain buttons, a general misplacing of garments hind-side before, upside down, searches after the missing articles, and talk like the following:
"Turn around!"
"Stand still!"
"Hold your arm up!"
"Thunder and lightning! Can't you let things be?"
"Stop reaching!"
"Up, I say!"
"Can't you keep still?"
"Where's that other skirt?"
"Shut up!"
"Let go!"
"Blas't that button!"
"Now, where the blazes is that pin?"
"Stand up!"
"There, by thunder!"
"Why don't you fall down and be done with it?"
"Stop your howling!"
"Ouch! Devil take that pin!"
"Let that be!"
"Behave!"
"Great scud!"
"Say, why don't you have four or five thousand more buttons on your clothes?"
"Now, where's that stocking?"
"Keep your foot still!"
"Say, keep—your—foot—still!"
"By jove in Jerusalem!"
"Gimme the other foot!"
"No, the other!"
"Can't you see?"
"Sanctified Solomon! what do you want to spread your toes all over for? How do you suppose I'm going to put your stocking with your foot in that shape?"
"Stop it, I say!"
"Prow, wow! e—e—! Who stuck that pin in that way?"
"You of course," says a cold, thin cutting voice; and he glances up and sees his wife looking down on him in a taunting, exasperating sort of way. "I'd be ashamed to let you continue." "Read in the way and get so out of patience with a little bit of a baby. You've been making noise enough to raise the dead, and the clothes look as if they'd been thrown on with a pitchfork. Gimme him!"
And he gets up sheepishly and sullenly, and after slapping and stamping around the house after the linen, bottle, and banging the doors and making as big a noise as he can, he works himself into such a state of meanness and mortification that, to spite himself, he goes off downtown without his breakfast.

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