

## 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 firm name of J. R. Durborrow & Co., at \$2.00 per annum in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for six months from date of subscription, and if not paid for the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at twice as much as regular rates for the first insertion, and at a special rate for the second and fifth insertions.

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

3m 6m 9m 1yr 3m 6m 9m 1yr  
1st \$3.00 4.00 5.00 6.00 2nd 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 3rd 1.50 2.00 2.50 3.00 4th 1.00 1.50 2.00 2.50 5th .75 1.00 1.25 1.50 6th .50 .75 1.00 1.25 7th .40 .50 .60 .75 8th .30 .40 .50 .60 9th .25 .30 .40 .50 10th .20 .25 .30 .40 11th .15 .20 .25 .30 12th .10 .15 .20 .25

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged five cents per line.

And all other matters will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these rates.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is published.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, Plain and Fancy Cards, done with neatness and dispatch, exceeding five lines, will be charged five cents per line.

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## The Muses' Bower.

For the Journal.

Hypocrisy;

BY A RIGID FRIEND.

Hypocrisy, accused here  
Of life, divine and social,  
The mind may trace its origin,  
To Eden's bowers ambrosial,  
When man, in pristine purity,  
Beheld in those shades primal;  
In favor and security,  
Was practiced by the devil.

When Love devised the holy plan  
Of man's complete salvation,  
Behold! right in redemption's van,  
Accursed dissimulation.  
And now that Zion's walls assume  
Significant dimensions,  
This demon of eternal gloom,  
Sows broad-cast fell dissensions.

It penetrates the holy air  
That fills the church's altar,  
And overwhelms with black despair  
The souls of those who falter.  
It intercepts the soothing tide  
Of Love's emollient river;  
Behold! snatched from the crucifix,  
Beneath the martyr's quiver.

Though mercy's tears in torrents fall,  
It bars the church's portal;  
Pollutes salvation's cup with gall,  
And slays the soul immortal.  
Disgorges Deity, and spills  
The blood of Christ's water,  
Each avenue of mercy fills,  
With unrelenting slaughter.

Hews down the Cross of Calvary,  
And on its site upraises,  
A steeple that reaches to the sky,  
For man's impotent praises.  
Let Zion's heralds still condemn  
The Devil's glittering pageant,  
But don't forget my present theme,  
His most successful agent.

## The Story-Teller.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

### RESCUED.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"I don't like it at all," said Miss Estcott. "The flowers are vulgarly massed; the feathers are ho-ho-king, and that rope of Roman pearls stretched across the crown is perfectly horrid, and I shall not take it. Pray, who trimmed it?"

"At this question, Madame Bassompierre looked inquiringly at the tall, slender girl who had brought the box into the room. She colored deeply; the tears sparkled out under her long lashes.

"I am perfectly in the name," she faltered, in a tone that was almost inaudible.

"Take it back again in the work-room," said Madame Bassompierre, savagely. "Miss Estcott is not suited with it; and let Mrs. Farley bring in some of those exquisite hats that we imported from Paris in the Belle Helene, last week."

But, apparently, Miss Estcott was determined not to be pleased with anything that morning, and she finally swept out of the show room without having made a choice.

Madame Bassompierre followed her to the door, with the sweetest and most engaging of smiles; but the instant Miss Estcott was gone she frowned darkly.

"Spoiled, arrogant thing!" muttered she, setting her teeth close together. "O! she need have the patience of Job to cope with a New York heiress! Farley, send Miss Wynde here!"

"Once more the tall, slender girl, with the hazel brown eyes, that were heavy with tears, and the pale cheeks, came into Madame Bassompierre's presence."

"You are discharged," said Madame, sharply. "No, don't attempt to argue the question—indeed, it isn't worth while. A girl who can't trim a hat to suit my best custom, can't expect to be retained in my employment. Mrs. Farley will settle with you up to date."

"But, madame," gasped the poor girl, looking like a frightened hare, into whose hands an arrow had been flung. "I have need of your help, and I have need of your help."

Madame Bassompierre lifted a warning finger.

"Pray spare my poor nerves," said she. "I am compelled to discharge you. Be so obliging as to leave the room!"

And Coral Wynde obeyed.

Miss Estcott's claret-colored brim had rolled up to the door next day, and Miss Estcott came to all smiles, with her eyes fixed on the tall, slender girl, who had brought the box into the room.

## HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878.

Victoria Estcott went home in no envious mood that night.

It was scarcely a week afterward that Miss Estcott was crossing the Brooklyn Ferry, toward twelve o'clock at night.

Miss Estcott's Brooklyn ferry-boat was rather an unusual sight, but she had been spending the evening there, and in consequence of some misunderstanding between her own maid and the coachman, her carriage had not been sent, as ordered, and St. George Fawcett, the brother of the young friend she had visited, had volunteered to escort her safe home.

That fills the church's altar,  
And overwhelms with black despair  
The souls of those who falter.

It intercepts the soothing tide  
Of Love's emollient river;  
Behold! snatched from the crucifix,  
Beneath the martyr's quiver.

Though mercy's tears in torrents fall,  
It bars the church's portal;  
Pollutes salvation's cup with gall,  
And slays the soul immortal.

Disgorges Deity, and spills  
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## Petroleum V. Nasby.

SILVER AT THE CORNERS—MR. NASBY, FULL OF A FINANCIAL IDEA, ATTEMPTS, UNCLE MORE, THE FINANCIAL SALVATION OF THE CORNERS.

(From the New York Evening Mail.)

CONFIDENT X ROADS,  
(Which is in the State of Kentucky),  
January 4, 1878.

As a matter of course, the Corners is impetuous. There never was a time in the history of this place that it was in that state of financial health.

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## A Picture.

Two little souls, a boy and girl,  
Wandering on to the foot of the hill,  
Buses of green and blossoms of pearl,  
Laugh at themselves in the roadside rill.  
Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay,  
Flashed in the light of a flashing ray,  
Joining chatters—"Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid,  
(Sweet branches twisted above),  
Picking the daisies which sprinkle a glade,  
And trying their luck at a game of love.  
"This year, next year, what do they say?"  
And out of the beeches the curious jay  
Peeps out and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, at the end of the day,  
Follow them home to the foot of the hill;  
One late gleam which has wandered astray  
Breaks from a copse and dimples the rill.  
Autumn leaves are strewn the way,  
And hoarse from the arch the hungry jay  
Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some day!"

Two poor souls in the dead of night,  
Side by side lie stiffened and still;  
And the winter moon just softens her light,  
As it solemnly rests at the foot of the hill.  
Remembering the bees and the buds and the May,  
The summer gold and the autumn gray,  
And the warm green lane where the beetles play,  
In the crisp cold night the shivering jay  
Croaks out of his dream, "Some day, some day!"

Law a Hundred Years Ago.

The Albany Law Journal finds in Hall's History of Eastern Vermont some account of the laws which were in force a hundred years ago.

"Burglary was punished by branding with a B in the forehead, and mailing one of the offender's ears to a post, and cutting it off, and whipping; for the second offense there was the like branding, and mailing, and cutting off of the other ear; for the third offense the punishment was death, the offender being deemed incorrigible."

"Tavern keepers were punished by the right ear, branding with 'C,' and perpetual punishment. Forjery was punished by a fine of \$50 and imprisonment for six months, but if the offender could not pay the fine he was let off by sitting in the pillory two hours, and having both ears nailed and out of. Willful lying, to public prejudice or private injury, or deceiving or injuring the people with false news or reports, was punished by a fine, sitting in the stocks and whipping, the punishment being increased with each repetition of the offence, except in case where the stripes exceeded the number of thirty nine. Theft was punished by compelling threefold restitution, by fine and by a sort of temporary slavery, the offender being empowered to dispose of the stolen property to any subject of the State for such time as he should be assigned to the prosecutor by the court. "Unreasonable night walking, that is to say, after nine o'clock, was prohibited, as was also the convening of persons under the government of parents, guardians or masters after that untimely hour, by posting their names at the door of every tavern, and prohibiting the tavern-keeper from supplying them with anything in the way of strong drink. No clamorous discourse, shouting, hallooing, screaming, running, riding, dancing, jumping, swimming or blowing of horns, was tolerated on the Lord's day. Listening outside of the meeting-house during the time of public worship was not permitted. Secular meetings of any number of persons, in the street or elsewhere, on Saturday or Monday evening were forbidden, under penalty of a fine or stocks."

"Hall gives several notable instances of popular legal errors prevailing in Vermont in the early part of the century. One of the first of these was the practice of one dying in prison carried his remains beyond the boundaries of the jail yard, where they were accipit in an 'escape,' and liable to satisfy the judgment by virtue of which he had been confined. Another notion was that if one should bury the body of an imprisoned debtor, he thereby became administrator in his own wrong, and liable to discharge the debtor's obligations. In the case of Judge Chandler, who died while confined in jail for debt, his interment became a serious problem. In this predicament the jailer discovered that by stretching the chain he could include within the jail liberties a small portion of the adjoining burying ground. A grave was dug, commencing just outside the prison walls, and just within the jail yard, sloping down to the street, with a sufficient depth and obliquity was obtained. So Judge Chandler was buried after a Christian fashion, and yet no "escape" was suffered."

Treatment of Inverted Toe-Nails.

Every practitioner, probably, is acquainted with the various plans of treatment generally pursued for inverted toe-nails. Removal of