

# The Huntingdon Journal.

HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1878.

VOL. 42.

New Advertisements.

New Advertisements.

## War, War, and Rumors of War!

JOSEPH R. CARMON

TO THE FRONT WITH AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

## SPRING AND SUMMER DRY-GOODS.

We offer a nice line of Black and Drab, Gros Grain and Striped Silks, at 75 cents per yard, All-Wool Cashmeres from 50 cents to 90 cents, for goods 48 inches wide. We offer also 100 pieces new styles Dress Goods, Melange, Debege, Armures, Alpacas, (all colors), Coburg Poplin, &c., from 15 cents to 25 cents. We call attention to our nice stock of Plaids, from 6 cents to 12½ cents, have just opened 4000 yards of best Prints, from 4-40 cents, Chapman, 7½ cents, Fruit of Loom, 4-40 cents, Chapman, 4-40 cents, 4-40 cents.

**Notions! Notions! Notions!**

Our stock of Hosiery for Ladies, Gents, and Misses is complete; we have the cheapest Hose from 5 cents a pair to 75 cents for the finest lisle thread. A large stock opening of Silk, Sun Umbrellas, Counterpanes, Jacquard Quilts, Silk Handkerchiefs, Hamburg Edgings, Cheap, Cheap.

### Ladies' and Gents' Shoes!

We keep constantly on hand a full line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers. For Men, we have Brogans at \$1.25, and \$1.75, for Plough Shoes, Ties and Congress Gaiters. Call and be convinced that we sell the cheapest.

### Groceries! Groceries! Groceries!

The Best Syrup at 70 cts., Choice Syrup at 50 cts., 10 pounds A Sugar for \$1.00, best Green Coffee, 20 cts., best Brown, 23 cts. A liberal discount allowed persons buying a large quantity. Goods delivered free of charge to all parts of the town.

### Fish and Salt a Specialty!

J. R. CARMON,  
420 Washington Street.

### CARPETS, CARPETS, CARPETS.

OIL CLOTHS,

OIL CLOTHS,

OIL CLOTHS.

Another tumble in the Price of Carpets and Oil Cloths. We are just in receipt of another invoice of Three-Ply, Extra Super—Super—Ingrain, Hemp and Rag Carpets, and the Prices are lower than ever.

We have just received a full line of samples, of the latest designs in

### Body Brussel and Tapestry Brussels,

at greatly reduced prices. We have just received a beautiful line of

### FLOOR OIL CLOTH

1 yard wide, 1 1-4 yard wide, 1 1-2 yard wide and 2 yards wide, at Prices that defy competition. If you need a Carpet or Oil Cloth, come and examine our stock before you purchase. It will pay.

We are the sole agents in the county for the celebrated EIMEIG WHITE SHIRT—can't wrinkle.

### HENRY & CO

March 22-3 mos.

### GRAND OPENING

—AT—

### MARCH'S OLD STAND, NO. 615 PENN STREET, HUNTINGDON, PA. ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF SPRING GOODS

#### Great Bargains Offered for Cash or Trade.

We respectfully invite the public generally to call and examine the large and entire new stock just received and ready for inspection.

#### Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries,

QUEENSWARE, WILLOWWARE, TINWARE,

OIL CLOTHS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

and a great variety of other goods, which were purchased for CASH, at bottom figures and will be offered at small profits for CASH. If you desire to buy GOOD GOODS and at prices lower than any other place, come and see our stock and learn our prices. We mean to do a business of

#### SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES.

We guarantee our goods to be A No. 1, and at prices cheaper than the cheapest. In conducting our business, we shall be governed as follows:

1. Justice and one price to all.  
2. Goods sold at same price.  
3. No room to make profits.  
4. Cash or Trade only taken for goods.  
5. All mistakes willingly corrected.  
6. No extra profits on products.

11. Goods delivered free in town.

### LUMBER.

All kinds of Lumber on hands, such as Hemlock Boards, Scantling, Plastering and Roofing Laths, Shingles, Etc. Any kind of BUILDING MATERIAL furnished at short notice, at prices to suit purchasers.

A Share of the Trade of Huntingdon and Vicinity Solicited.

April 26-6 mos.

#### Mrs. J. MARCH.

Professional Cards:

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd street, Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [april 71]

R. A. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 422 Washington, one door below the Catholic Parochial School. [april 71]

E. C. ROCKTON, Surgeon, Office in Letters, building, the room formerly occupied by Dr. R. J. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [april 71]

GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 409 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [nov 17, 75]

G. N. BROWN, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, 500 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [april 71]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No.—Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [april 71]

J. SYLVANUS BLAINE, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, third floor, above Dr. Steele's. [april 71]

J. W. MATHERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Counsel, Huntington, Pa. Soldier's claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions, and to wit, with great care and promptness. [april 71]

L. G. GRISWELL, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntington, Pa. Office, No. 220 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [april 71]

S. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office in Monitor building, second floor, Prompt and careful service given in all legal business. [april 71]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, 220 Penn Street, giving all care and promptness. Office, No. 220, Penn Street. [april 71]

## The Muses' Bower.

Spring.

Now slowly rounding on its axle old,  
The boughs of the trees are now mold the spring;  
A halo of freshness fills the dewy mold;  
Of furrowed fields; white clouds follow the wind.  
Through the quiet beach  
The sunbeam trickles down the rocky beach  
On whose blue calls the floating gull is seen;  
Inland the rocks call clamorous for rain;  
Then from the dusky twilight upland soon  
The nightingale salutes the cloudy moon.  
M. Y. Evening Mail.

## Edison Speaks for Himself.

HE TELLS WHAT THE TALKING PHONOGRAPH AND WHAT IT WILL DO.

In the current *North American Review* is an article by Thomas A. Edison, describing his curious and valuable invention, the talking phonograph, with whose general construction and capabilities the readers of *The Graphic* are tolerably well acquainted. Of its utility, Mr. Edison says that the possibilities are infinite, and the probabilities are so numerous that he—though subject to the influence of a familiar contact—is himself in a somewhat chaotic condition of mind as to where to draw the dividing line. In point of fact, such line cannot with safety be defined, ordinary inventions at so early a stage of their development. In the case of the invention of the nature and scope of the phonograph, it is practically impossible to indicate it to-day, for to-morrow a trifle may extend it almost indefinitely.

"The stranger covered his face with his hands, while a deep sob heaved his many bosom. Then, uncovering his face, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, he looked up, and said softly,—

"Mother, don't you know your boy?"

I am Charlie Maynard!"

"A mother's arms were instantly thrown around him. A mother's kiss fell thick and fast on his swarthy face, and amid the exclamations of joy from herself and Lottie, the poor wanderer felt that he was indeed welcome.

"I knew you wouldn't know me," he said to his mother, after the first burst of joy had subsided. "My beard has grown so unusually for one of my age, and my face is so burnt by being in the tropics, that I thought I would practice a little piece of deception, and it worked, as I expected, to a charm."

"Your face and voice seemed strangely unfamiliar to me," said his mother, "until you uttered those magic words, 'Mother, don't you know your boy?'" Then the tone seemed to thrill all the more as of old. "I feel sure it was indeed my long lost son."

"Well, my dear, if you cannot go, you must not feel dissatisfied, but be thankful that you have a good home to shelter you from the storm without. How many poor creatures are exposed to its fury, and perhaps they have no home in which to take refuge?"

"I wonder where poor Charlie is to-night?" said Lottie, sorrowfully.

"God only knows," replied the mother, drawing a deep sigh, "but I trust His sheltering arms are around him, wherever he may be. It is not almost three years since he went away."

"Oh, I remember it all so well," said Lottie, "you know, mother, he did not come down to his breakfast that morning, and you sent me up to his room to see if he was sick, (for he never needed calling) and when I opened his door he was no place to be seen."

"He was a thoughtless, wayward boy," said the mother, tears starting into her eyes, "but he was ever kind and affectionate toward his mother, and I am afraid your father was a little too stern with him."

"Do you think he will ever come back?" said Lottie, in an earnest voice. "Oh, how glad we should all be to see him again, and I am sure that father would rejoice at his return."

"I am always hoping and praying that he may return to be a blessing to us all," said Mrs. Maynard. "Often I lie awake a great part of the night, thinking about him. Sometimes I fear the cruel sea has swallowed him up, and all the fond hopes that were centered in him. Then again, how whispers to him that he yet lives and will gladden our hearts again with his presence. And oh! what a sweet thought it is! I trust this trial may be blessed to us all, for God's ways are not our ways, you know. It looks very dark now, but light may dawn upon us, and fill our hearts with joy."

"He is quite a young man now," said Lottie, meditatively.

"Yes," said her mother, "age and experience often brings wisdom."

Silence reigned supreme for awhile, for both mother and daughter seemed inclined to think rather than talk. The big drops of rain beat down upon the window pane, and the wind whistled around the snug dwelling, making them realize the comforts by which they were surrounded. They thought of the dear one far away, and wondered whether he was shielded from the pitiless storms, and above all, whether he was safe from the many temptations which beset the pathway of the young and inexperienced when they are out in the cold unfeling world, away from the benign influence of home and friends.

"Indeed I will forgive you if there is anything to be forgiven," said his father affectionately. "But come, let us go into the house, and we can hear all about your wandering."

If ever there was a happy household it was Farmer Maynard's on that memorable evening. After a bountiful supper (such as poor Charles had not tasted since the time of his leaving home), they all knelt down and returned thanks for the return of the long absent son and brother, and each member of the family felt that a load of sorrow had been lifted from their hearts, and joy infused into their inmost souls.

Suddenly Lottie exclaimed,—

"Oh, mother, do look at that poor man walking in the middle of the road. He must be drenched to the skin. I wonder why he is out on such a dreadful day—Where can he be going?"

"Perhaps he is on his way to some farmhouse to procure work," said her mother. "He's coming toward our gate," said Lottie, "and he's dressed like a sailor. I wonder what he can want?"

She watched him as he entered the gate, and walked up the path to the house. Then a loud rap was heard at the door, and she ran to open it. There stood the poor man, the wet dripping from his garments, and the cold wind was beating the rain in his face.

He made a little bow to Lottie, and said in a beseeching tone,—

"It is a very cold, wet day. Would you please allow me to warm myself by your fire a few minutes?"

Mrs. Maynard was not the woman to refuse so reasonable a request, especially when it came from one who needed so very much what he asked, and since her son ran away to sea, her heart had always been warmed toward the "sons of the ocean," although it was a rare sight to see one in their part of the country, and consequently it did not often lie in her power to befriend them. Now that this poor wanderer came to her door shivering with cold, and apparently so much in need of warmth and refreshment, she was not behindhand in her hospitality. She told Lottie to set a chair for him by the glowing stove, and also to set out some food on the table near him, of which he was cordially invited to partake.

After he appeared thoroughly warmed, and his hunger appeased, Mrs. Maynard turned to him, as she sat by the fire with averted face, and inquired why he had come to be out on such an inclement day.

"Why, you see, ma'am," said the stranger in a respectful voice, "I only landed at Philadelphia the other day. I've just returned from a long voyage, and I'm on my way to see an old friend who lives somewhere on this road."

"Have you been long at sea?" asked Mrs. Maynard.

"Well, not more than three or four years. I've made two voyages to China, two or three to Europe, and this last to the west coast of South America and back, and now I think I shall settle down on land, for it's a hard life, and you're treated more like a dog."

"It's a hard life, you say?" said Mrs. Maynard, sadly (she was thinking of her absent boy). "I suppose in your wandering you never met with a young man by the name of Charles Maynard, did you?"

thus learn to spell, commit to memory a lesson set for it, &c., &c.

"Music.—The phonograph will undoubtedly be liberally devoted to music. The song on the phonograph is reproduced with marvellous accuracy and power.—Thus a friend may, in a morning call, sing us a song which shall delight an evening company, &c. As a musical teacher it will be used to enable one to master a new air, the child to form its first songs, or to sing him to sleep.

"The phonograph will be used to record wills and to preserve the last words of the dying.

"For the preservation of languages and the study of philology it will be invaluable.

"Photograph Books.—A book of 40,000 words upon a single metal plate ten inches square thus becomes a strong probability. The advantages of such books over those printed to be easily seen to mention. Such books would be listened to where none are read.

"The phonograph sheet will supersede all music boxes, presenting the very words and music of the voice of the original singer. But, unless great improvements are made, the quality of voice will be inferior to the original.

"Toys.—A doll, which will speak, sing, cry or laugh in a natural voice, may be promised our children for the next Christmas.

"Clocks.—The phonograph-clock will call you to lunch, give you the hour, tell you when to take medicine, send the lover home at ten, &c.

"The phonograph will revolutionize the telephone and telegraph by giving them a voice and recording it for reproduction.

"A very simple device may be made by which the one vibrating disk may be made to do duty for both the telephone and the phonograph, thus enabling the speaker to simultaneously transmit and record his message. What system of telegraphy can approach that? A similar combination at the distant end of the wire enables the correspondent, if he is present, to hear it while it is being recorded. Thus we have a more passage of words for the action, but a complete and durable record of those words as the result of that action. Can economy of time or money go further than to annihilate time and space, and bottle up the ear the same sensation as if coming direct from the original source?

"Electrotypes of the embossing can be obtained which would preserve the record for use as long as type will last. Generally the utterance, to be reproduced, must be made with more sensitivity to the telephone and the telephone very slightly increased in the vibrating force of the receiver, and it is accomplished. Indeed, the Carbon Telephone, invented and perfected by the writer, will easily well-nigh effect the identification of sounds by the vibration of the plate of the receiver, and with almost equal certainty.

"The telephone company of the future—and that no distant one—will be simply an organization having a huge system of wires, central and sub-central stations, managed by skillful attendants, whose sole duty it will be to keep wires in proper repair, and give, by switch or shunt arrangement, proper attention to subscriber No. 923 in