

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.

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.

Ladies' and Gents' Shoes! We keep constantly on hand a full line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers.

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.

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.

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.

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

GRAND OPENING AT MARCH'S CHEAP STORE, 615 PENN STREET. MARCH'S OLD STAND, NO. 615 PENN STREET, HUNTINGDON, PA. ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF SPRING GOODS.

LUMBER. All kinds of Lumber on hands, such as Hemlock Boards, Scantling, Plastering and Roofing Laths, Shingles, Etc.

Professional Cards. D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd Street. J. E. A. BRUBAKER, Attorney-at-Law, Office No. 101, Penn Street.

The Muses' Bower.

When beeches bristled early May, And young grass shines along his way; When April willows meet the breeze...

Will He be Home To-Night? The light fades from the purple hills, The woodlands are turning brown...

My eyes are bright—it is because they see And mirror with faithful shine, The stars of love that will bring with thee...

"Look well," you say? I am glad the while, And I hope he will be the same, And the lighted eye, and the sunny smile...

The Story-Teller.

A WHARF RAT. He was a leech "Rat," and his name was Dick. A child he managed some...

CHEVINGTON COAL. In quantities to suit purchasers by the ton or car load. Kindling wood cut to order, Pine Oak or Hickory.

NOTICE—Application will be made by the Board of School Directors of the Borough of Huntingdon to the Court of Common Pleas...

being a just man, had no more to say. It is very provoking. He is going to sail to-morrow, and these men will come on board either drunk or stupid from the effects of drink.

"The weather for the last few days has been oppressively hot, and now there is hope of rain. The sky is dark and low, and the faint evening breeze has gone down."

"All right, and clean for once in his life, but rather weak," is the medical report of the Rat.

"The first thing they do is to release poor Mr. Andrews, whom they find still insensible from the effects of the gas."

"The Florida we care nothing for, but the May-day games have lasted nearly to our day, and some relics of it survive in our young country."

Save the tin fruit cans and convert them into tasteful flower pots in the following manner: With a can opener cut off any rough or projecting portions of the cover...

The Benefit of Laughing. In his "Problem of Health," Dr. Green says that there is not the remotest corner of the human body that does not feel some variety from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter.

THE HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, of Boston, has been organized and will close up its affairs. Assets \$741,880; liabilities, \$1,449,193. Outstanding risks at present \$900,000.

Then the Captain takes her aside and explains. "He's been at school ever since he got well, and has learned more than other boys in double the time."

"My own. My wife thinks as much of him as I do; and we've no children of our own, why—"

"I thought so. Well, Cap'n, Phil Wood and the more are after that these specious, and there are fourteen of them—eh, Mr. Mansfield?"

"The human race changes in the same way that each one of us does. The race had its childhood when men and women played the games that are now left to our youngsters."

When the Romans came to Britain to live, many hundred years ago, they brought, of course, their own customs and festivals, among which was one in memory of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers.

There were two women across the water the melancholy of whom is well calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. Carlotta, the widow of Maximilian, hopelessly insane in her castle, and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, the widow of the assassinated President, living secluded in an interior town of France, declining to return to America.

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During the last ten years billiard and whisky saloon keepers have increased four hundred per cent in this country. This increase has been increased by twenty-five per cent. These figures show better than anything else the tendency of the country.

ST. LUCIEN, supposed to have been a native of Syria, was martyred on the rack in Nicomedia.

Little Martin Craghan's Sacrifice.

About six years ago, in one of the Pennsylvania mines, several chambers in the upper tier or vein were discovered to be on fire. It was feared that the flames, which were raging fiercely, would reach the shaft before they could be extinguished.

"O Johnny," he exclaimed, "we must go tell 'em men in No. 4, or they'll never get it out."

"But it will kill those men, too, and they're families to support. There's poor Bill Craghan, my cousin, with an old mother and seven little children. If we run fast, we can get back before they roast the elevator."

"What ever is it, right, excepting man's own sinful self. Characters never change; opinions alter; characters are given developed."

"The mine inside trembled as they listened to the poor boy's sob, and many a rough black hand was drawn across their eyes; and at last tender-hearted Bill rushed to the barricade to make an entrance for the little fellow."

"Bill! Bill Craghan!" he cried, "won't you make them let me in? I would have been safe at home now but for you! Tom Reese, your brother Johnny would not do, to tell you of the danger, and he was saved. Now you are going to let me die out here!"

"I am going back to poor old Rosa. I'm going out safely, bid good-bye for me to father and mother and little Eddie. There, turning away, he went to the stable where his mule was peacefully feeding at her stall, unconscious of any danger. Martin's lamp was still burning, and the smoke had not yet penetrated the wooden barriers between them."

They were walking arm in arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a new princess dress. The setting sun was gilding the western sky, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said in a subdued tone: "Isn't it lovely?"