

VOL. 43.

The Huntington Journal.

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. A. NASH, at \$2.00 per annum in advance, or \$3.00 if not paid for in six months from date of publication, and \$5 if not paid within the year.

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

Transit advertisements will be inserted at twelve and a half cents per line for the first week, and at ten cents per line for the second and fifth cents per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

3m	6m	9m	1yr	3m	6m	9m	1yr
10	20	30	40	10	20	30	40
20	40	60	80	20	40	60	80
30	60	90	120	30	60	90	120
40	80	120	160	40	80	120	160
50	100	150	200	50	100	150	200
60	120	180	240	60	120	180	240
70	140	210	280	70	140	210	280
80	160	240	320	80	160	240	320
90	180	270	360	90	180	270	360
100	200	300	400	100	200	300	400

All resolutions of Associations, Communications, or limited or unlimited interest, all party announcements, and notices of marriage and death, exceeding five lines, will be charged ten cents per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside the advertisement is not inserted.

ALL PRINTING of every kind, Plain and Fancy Colored, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blank Books, Pamphlets, etc., of every style and size, printed at the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing Office will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards

WM. P. & R. A. ORRISON, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 321 Penn Street, Huntington, Pa. All kinds of legal business promptly attended to. Office, 321 Penn St.

D. R. G. H. HITCHKIN, 825 Washington Street, Huntington, Pa. Office, 825 Washington St.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 8th Street, Huntington, Pa. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williams.

D. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 525 Washington Street, one door east of the Public Square.

D. R. HYSKILL has permanently located in Alexandria, Va. Office, No. 100, Main Street.

D. E. STROCKTON, Surgeon Dentist, Office in Lester's Building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. R. J. E. Jones, Huntington, Pa.

G. B. R. O'LEARY, Attorney-at-Law, 465 Penn Street, Huntington, Pa. Office, 465 Penn St.

L. B. BOBB, Dentist, Office in S. B. Brown's new building, No. 525 Penn Street, Huntington, Pa. Office, 525 Penn St.

H. S. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 1, Penn Street, Huntington, Pa. Office, 1 Penn St.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors east of the Court House.

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntington, Pa. Solicitor's claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widows' and invalids' pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Penn Street.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Huntington, Pa. Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House.

E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa. Office in the new Journal Building, Fifth Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Office, 5th Street.

New Advertisements.

S. WOLF'S.

HERE WE ARE!

At Gwin's Old Stand, 505 PENN STREET.

Not much on the blow, but always ready for work. The largest and finest line of

Clothing, Hats and Caps,

AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

In town and at great sacrifice. Winter Goods

20 PER CENT. UNDER COST.

Call and be convinced at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn St.

RENT AND EXPENSES REDUCED,

At S. WOLF'S. I am better able to sell Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises, CHEAPER than any other store in town. Call at GWIN'S old stand, S. MAIN ST., AGT.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

The Cheapest Place in Huntington to buy Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods is S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn Street, one door west from Express Office. S. MACH, Agent.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I have removed my Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods store to D. P. Gwin's old stand, 505 Penn Street. Expenses reduced and better bargains than ever can be got at.

S. Wolf's 505 Penn Street. March 25, 1879.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES!

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING, Calcimining, Glazing, Paper Hanging,

and any and all work belonging to the business. Having had several years' experience, he guarantees satisfaction to those who may employ him. PRICES MODERATE.

Orders may be left at the JOURNAL Book Store.

JOHN L. ROHLAND. March 14th, 1879-1f.

The Muses' Dohver.

Alcander and Septimius.

By J. HARRISON GEISSINGER.

O Muse attend to aid my flight!

Up Helicon's immortal height!

Make sweet my quaffings from the fount

Castalia pours down from the mount

Eternal! Now my lyre dispose

To thine pleasure, voice the pain

Of friendship and of love restored;

Declines his life in happy ease,

While helping hearts are bent to please,

And ending, night receives to rest,

Victorious, the faithful breast.

Obtain through virtue sweetest rest!

In Athens, queen of olden days,

First young Alcander took his praise

For manlike virtues; great, and strong,

He moved the lord of the throng

That met within his famous mart

Of Greece learning; subtle, skilled

Above his fellows, soft and stilled

Against other voices when he spoke,

And naught his silver speech e'er broke

Save praises, from the peopled fane

That met his tread at every strain

Proud-hill'd above the yellow beam

Of Tiber's stream, had sought the grove

Where the winds sigh and the birds

From young Alcander joined his own.

The flame had strong and stronger grown,

Until the lives of both seemed cast

In self-same noble firm and fast

That met his tread at every strain

Here grew the twin to man's estate

When came their steps to touch the gate

Of friendship and of love restored;

Declines his life in happy ease,

While helping hearts are bent to please,

And ending, night receives to rest,

Victorious, the faithful breast.

Obtain through virtue sweetest rest!

Importing Youth, in life's gay crown,

Alcander, weighing in his hand

And future, deemed of these a part

In keeping of a lady rare,

He sought to meet her in the bower

For beauty's richest-rare compare

For beauty's richest-rare compare

Exquisite charm adorned the face

That met his tread at every strain

That marked Olympian Venus there

About her form his heaven hue

Of loveliness, that gods alone

His happiness was prompt returned,

A sacred fire it brightly burned

Upon the altar of his soul

And not a thought of selfish stole

The time of days, with hope full stored

Their nuptial day drew on with speed,

And neither feeling but no need

To tell Septimius all his heart,

And freely, fully, impart

His happiness now he would share

O gods! why tempt ye mortal men?

Why shoulders human souls strain?

Why shoulder's human souls strain?

Why shoulder's human souls strain?

Why shoulder's human souls strain?

Why shoulder's human souls strain?

Why shoulder's human souls strain?

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The Story-Teller.

MIGNONNE'S HUSBAND.

"Then you have deliberately made up your mind that you won't marry Ransom, Mignonne? If you have—actually have—

all I have to say to you is, you are the silliest little fool that I ever had the misfortune to see."

Mignonne broke off another spray of half opening yellow rosbuds, and placed them in her dark hair as combs as though Mrs. Barth had not spoken.

Then she took up a hand-glass that lay on her dressing bureau, and carefully surveyed the effect of the floral arrangement upon her hair.

Then she looked at Mrs. Barth with an amused little smile in her eyes that her lips did not quite reach.

"Thanks, my dear. All the same, I have not the remotest intention of trying to retrieve my character in your estimation. All the same, I shall not marry Ransom, because—"

"She broke short off impatiently.

"Because what? St. Clair Austin, I dare say."

A little faint flush warmed the girl's cheeks for a second, then her frank eyes met Mrs. Barth's calmly enough to dislodge the suspicion that lady might have entertained, and which her words certainly implied.

"St. Clair Austin has nothing to do with it, Aunt Eleanor. What I did say was, no man could ever hope to have me for his wife whose life was so utterly devoted to the noblest of purposes as Ransom's."

Mrs. Barth gasped out her astonishment.

"What nonsense! What outrageous Quixotism! A man with the fortune Ransom has—"

Then Mignonne's brown eyes flashed all their rare bronze light in Mrs. Barth's face.

"That has nothing to do with it in the least! Ransom is idle, selfish, conceited—"

It was more than Mrs. Barth could endure to bear. She interrupted, impatiently:

"And Austin is industrious, generous and modest, and poor as Job's turkey!—"

How she knew I am not anxious for you to take Ransom, if you don't want him; but Mignonne, you must stop whatever is going on between you and St. Clair Austin, the man who works behind his husband's desk for ten dollars a week, and you young and beautiful enough to take your choice between princes! Mignonne, you are a fool!"

A few minutes afterwards, somebody laid a firm, detaining hand on Mignonne's shoulder, as she sat at the piano, playing softly some wailing tune.

"I have come for my answer, Mignonne," Ransom said, quietly, but the girl saw the intensity of his passion beneath the surface.

"And you can have it. I cannot wear your suits. Don't ask me again; it pains me to hurt you."

He waited a moment, as if trying to comprehend all that she meant.

"Very well. I will not ask you again."

"Only somehow the look of his eyes, as they met hers, the gravity and tender, hopeless patience in his voice, went thrilling to her heart, as she never had thought he had the power to affect her.

But she said nothing; only, as he went out the door, she turned back and caught the look of fleeting sorrow and surprise on her sweet face.

Only a second later, St. Clair Austin came in—a tall, handsome man, with a magnetism about him that the girl acknowledged the moment she felt his presence.

This time he came up to the piano—the very spot where Ransom had stood not a moment before.

"I have been waiting all day for this opportunity, Mignonne. I am bold, I am daringly bold, to seek you and tell you that I aspire to your love. Mignonne, I have seen something in your face, your eyes, that has made me so daring. Will you answer me, your uncle's clerk, a mere nobody in your social world? I love you—you know that, Mignonne. And you?"

To her dying day Mignonne can never understand the strange mesmerism of feeling that fascinated her, the romantic delight she felt in this handsome, gentlemanly fellow's presumption—the compelling power that made her, in that one moment, rashly promise to give herself to him.

But several hours after, when she thought it over, somehow the romance died out of it—somehow, instead of admiration of his manly independence, came a cold disgust and hatred, that grew upon her until, in almost insane terror, she tore his ring off her finger, fully resolved to take the first opportunity that presented to tell him what a disgraceful mistake she had perpetrated.

For several days there was no opportunity between the guests with whom Mrs. Barth had filled her house, and the consequent ceaseless round of gayety, no chance offered when Mignonne could see Austin, or when she could see Ransom, who pursued the even tenor of his way, until all of a sudden, one day Mrs. Barth came to Mignonne with the astounding news that some terrible financial difficulty had ruined all Ransom's prospects, and that he had left his friendly remembrances for Mignonne on his sudden, imperative departure several hours before.

So Clifford Ransom passed out of Mignonne's life, and away down in her heart she felt the void—almost exasperated with herself.

Then, a-top of this, came the announcement that the ladies had been almost feverishly awaiting for weeks the news that Carroll Nugent had come home to Nugent Hill at last, after his wanderings for

years—that he had come back unmarried, handsome than ever, and evidently destined to be in high favor wherever he went.

"And he's the man of all men I want you to marry, Mignonne. And, to speak plainer yet, I had a letter from your father to-day, and he lays his commands on you, through me, to accept him if he asks you. He has seen your picture somewhere, it seems, and is enraptured. Wear your hair in silk and the night cap, and diamond ornaments to dinner to-night, for I want Nugent's first impression to be the right one."

As Mignonne dressed that night, it seemed as if Fate were weaving a curious web for her feet to entangle. Here were three men, all of whom were more than usually interested in her. One had gone for good, and a little, sobbing sigh came with the thought; one—the shivered with indignation and repulsion at her folly, at the thought that all these days St. Clair Austin had been thinking she loved him. And here was Nugent, whom she had been taught all the days of her life nearly was the man among men most desirable. And she lettered to St. Clair Austin—the half loving Clifford Ransom.

There were little fires burning on her cheeks, when she went down to dinner that night, to be met in the solitude of the music room, as she was passing through, by Austin, who came forward smiling.

"My darling, congratulate me upon your own sweet self! Mignonne, how I have wanted to see you again, since—"

"Since the time an unconscious influence possessed me—Mr. Austin, this engagement is entirely out of the question. Consider yourself released, please."

As she spoke, she realized how she was in this man's power, how entirely at his mercy.

"I shall not release you. I have not only your consent to your marriage with me, but Mrs. Barth's and your father's. I will explain later."

It was not an hour later when all the blood in Mignonne's body seemed to curdle at her heart, to see Mrs. Barth and Austin come into the dining room, arm in arm.

"Did you ever hear of such a romance as this young man has been playing, Mignonne? Allow me to introduce—"

A deadly sense of helplessness and horror came over Mignonne as she met his smiling, sardonic eyes—eyes that told her, plain as words could speak, that she should stick by her bargain.

Those were dreadful days that followed, when Mignonne was introduced by every body who dare influence her in Nugent's favor—when she grew rebellious to her father, until, at last, a fortnight or so later, on a sobbing, storming night, she rushed out of the house in a perfect frenzy of helplessness, and ran through the wind and rain, bareheaded, so it might cool her brain, that was like hot lead—ran down to the pond that lay, like a dull black spot, in the very center of the grounds.

"I would rather die, God will forgive me, than marry that man, and God will forgive me! Oh, Clifford! Oh, Clifford! My punishment has come for the life I treated you!"

She stepped out nearer the sodden bank, and then two stout arms crossed around her, and a very cool, calm, matter-of-fact voice spoke:

"I wouldn't indulge in a plunge-bath here, Mignonne. Let me escort you back to the house under my umbrella."

"Umbrella!" From the very verge of self-destruction to walking clumsily along under—Clifford Ransom's umbrella! But she was shivering with nervous agitation as she looked at him.

"I will not go back to—that man! Oh, I hate him—I hate him—and you have been cruel enough to save my life for him!"

"Her voice rang out a perfect wail of helplessness."

"You need have no fears from that man, Mignonne. My object in coming here to-night was to tell your father and Mrs. Barth that he is an impostor and a villain. He is not the genuine Nugent; so you see, Mignonne, I have not saved you for such a wretched creature after all."

A half-lit, half-grown undertone was in his voice that touched her bewildered senses. Then she laid both her hands on his arms and pushed the umbrella back, so she could see straight in his face.

"Clifford—yes, it will be a life too wretched to endure unless you will glorify it—will you?"

And Clifford Ransom never regretted that night and that night through the howling storm—the errand which proved the fraud that so nearly wrecked Mignonne, that was the means of making her so blessed after all.

Select Miscellany.

He Hung Himself.

Jerry Mooney and his wife could never agree. Whether he did the condemned, or she did the would not permit him to utter a disparaging word.

"Mollie," said he one day, "I cannot please you while I live, so I will see whether my death will increase your happiness. I'll hang myself."

"Do, please," was the cool response. Half hour later she happened to go up stairs, and sure enough, there was Jerry hanging by the neck. It was not a slip-knot, however, but a sham circus man had hanged him. She gave a scream and rushed down stairs, while he caught her with his hands, and took a rest and laughed quietly to think how he had fooled his wife. He heard her rush up again, followed by a neighbor. Then they cut him down and took the rope from his neck, his wife, the man, and hanging luxuriously in grief. Suddenly he found his hands tied behind him and a tenuous plaster slapped over his mouth, his wife crying and moaning all the time.

"Now, help me with your nightgown," said she to Mrs. Barber; "these are the first to be done when a man is half hung; the plaster compels him to breathe through the nose when he comes to. Now, run for the hot flat-iron—burry!"

And then a system of torture for poor Mooney that would have put the Inquisition to the blush. They held hot irons to the soles of his feet until he screamed with pain; they applied a plaster to his chest that drew like a locomotive;