

## The Huntingdon 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 \$2.50 per copy for the first month, and \$2.00 for the remainder of the year. No paper discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at twelve and a-half cents per line for the first insertion, and at ten cents for the second and third insertions, and at eight cents for the fourth and fifth insertions. Regularly published weekly 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
2	4	6	8	2	4	6	8
3	6	9	12	3	6	9	12
4	8	12	16	4	8	12	16
5	10	15	20	5	10	15	20
6	12	18	24	6	12	18	24
7	14	21	28	7	14	21	28
8	16	24	32	8	16	24	32
9	18	27	36	9	18	27	36
10	20	30	40	10	20	30	40

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications, or Letters of Individual Interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged ten cents per line.

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

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of the advertisement.

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

JOB PRINTING of every kind, Plats and Fancy Colors, and all business advertisements, Handbills, Blank Books, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most accurate manner and at the lowest rates.

## 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. MARCH, Agt.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

The Cheapest Place in Huntingdon to buy Clothing,

Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks

and Valises, CHEAPER than any other store in

town. Call at Gwin's old stand. S. MARCH, Agt.

S. Wolf's 505 Penn Street.

March 28, 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 pertaining 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.

March 14th, 1879. JOHN L. ROHLAND.

New Advertisements.

New Advertisements.

## The Muses' Power.

Hiram Skimmerhorn Reviews the Situation.

"Well, yes, I was a Democrat,

And so was dad and mam;

But now the thing's kinder mixed

I can't say that I am;

I'm not a Democrat, neither, Jim,

But, jest, 'twixt you and me,

What use is it to get it blind,

I'm turned of I can see.

"Now, jest look back some twenty years,

The party tought us then,

And made us ignorant causes think

That niggers were not men;

And that they hadn't any souls!

"I talked so 'most, too,

That I'd of tuck my Bible oath

That what they said was true.

"A man had better not said,

That slavery wasn't right,

Unless he had his weapons on,

Or Democrats would raise

In holy wrath a virtuous mob,

That kinder hurts, I know,

To put a rope around his neck,

And hang him out to dry.

"You mind the time when no one dare

Say slavery wasn't right,

Unless he had his weapons on,

Or Democrats would raise

In holy wrath a virtuous mob,

That kinder hurts, I know,

To put a rope around his neck,

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"I'm not a Democrat, neither, Jim,

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What use is it to get it blind,

She would go out into the street with

this rose and its bud, and some one would

give her enough to buy a loaf of bread, or

at least a roll for little Jane.

She would do it—she would.

God would give her strength.

She tied on her hood and wrapped her

shawl about her, and plucking the flower

and a leaf or two, and that bright bud

that seemed perhaps the fairer of the two,

bade Jane be good and wait for her, and

went down stairs and out from the dingy

cross street into Broadway.

There every one save herself seemed

gay and happy, and well dressed.

She seemed to be a thing apart—a black

dot in all this brightness.

She stood at a corner and held out her

flower, but it seemed that no one heeded

her.

At last she gathered courage to touch

one of the ladies that passed, and say:

"Buy a rose, lady—buy a rose! Please

buy a rose."

But the woman hurried by as the rest

did.

It would not do to stand still.

She walked out slowly.

Whenever she caught a pleasant eye

she held out her bouquet, and repeated her

prayer.

"Buy a rose? Buy a rose?"

But the man was setting, and she was

opposite the City Hall Park, and still no

one had bought her flower.

She was growing desperate.

Some one should buy it.

Jane should have bread that night.

"Buy a rose! See! Look at it! See

how pretty it is!" she cried, in a voice

sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look!

You don't look at it, or you'd buy it."

"These street beggars should be sup-

pressed," said the stout man she had ad-

ded. "Young woman, I'll give you in

charge if you don't behave yourself."

"He don't know, he don't know," said

Millicent to herself. "Nobody could guess

how poor we are. Oh, what a hard

world!"

Then she went on, not daring to speak

again, and her rose drooped a little in her

fingers, and still no one seemed disposed

to buy it.

In her excitement she had walked fur-

ther than she knew.

She was far down Broadway, and before

her was the Bowling Green, with its new

granite and grass plot and its silvery

fountain.

A little further on the Battery, newly

restored to its pristine glory, and on its

benches some blue-bloused emigrants with

round faces, and their bare-headed wives

with woolen petticoats and little shawls

crossed over their bosoms and knotted at

the waist.

There she sat staring into the little fire

on which their last atom of wood was burn-

ing, and seeing in the red ashes, into

which the light wood dropped so quickly,

pieces of the past. They had never been

rich people, but always comfortable.

when once a month its blossoms fill the

air with their fragrance they crowd about

it as about the shrine of some sainted

thing and whisper:

"But for this we should still be parted."

considered her symptoms very unfavora-

ble. The good news brought by her late

mistress had fortunately a beneficial effect,

in combination with the greatest kindness

and attention that could possibly be

showed on her; and ere many weeks had

passed she was perfectly restored to health.

The young lady's marriage took place, and

in her new home a comfortable situation

was found for the girl, whose happiness

was still further increased by the appoint-

ment of her mother as gate keeper at the

pretty lodge belonging to Hartfield Hall.

And so the matter ended to the satisfac-

tion of every one concerned; but it might

have been far otherwise, and people should

be exceedingly cautious how they make

an accusation which they have no means

of proving, lest they bring lifelong misery

upon the accused, and perhaps repentance,

when too late, upon themselves.

Big Family Babies.

To our mind that foolish habit, so dear

to certain weak parents, of keeping a full-

grown boy or girl as the baby of the fam-

ily, is infinitely pernicious. The boy, in-

deed, if he has any manly instinct in him,

takes the matter into his own hands, and

despites the wrath to come, cuts off his

luxuriant curls, whittles his attire, and

tries to make his school and school compan-

ionship till he gets his own way, and is

emancipated from the weak society which

was sapping the foundation of his future

manhood. But girls, who are more plastic

and less daring, suffer themselves to be

manipulated at the will of the fond moth-

er, so that they remain the babies which it

is her pleasure to make them, and carry on

into womanhood the weakness and inap-

teachness which she has been so careful to

nourish during her girlhood. Baby can

do nothing for herself, and is not allowed

to learn. When she is twelve years old

she has her shoes and stockings put on for

her, all the same as when she was two;

and at sixteen is washed in the Saturday-

night bath by nurse with reluctance or

compulsion. She is encouraged in all

childish amusements long after the natural

age for them has passed. She plays with

her dolls when she is seventeen, like that

little French wife who so powerfully ex-

ercised the jealousy of her husband, till

she found out that his formidable rival was

a large wax doll; and she finds her childish

treasures and playthings as pleasant now

as they were when she was short frocked

and lisped broken English.

What was the consequence of all this?

Baby grows up into womanhood without

any qualification for her career. She has

never been taught to do anything for

herself, and has never been trained to

think. She has been the petted plaything

of her family, who find it amusing to keep

up a baby among them, no matter what

number of pounds or breadth of inches it

may run; and the after destruction of the

girl's character and usefulness counts for

nothing. That she should some day be a

wife and mother on her own account is of

no consequence to them compared to the

pleasure of playing at babydom; and that

she might be called on to act, to direct,

to think for others, does not disturb their

mind or set them to calculate rationally.

She is baby; and baby she remains to the

end. When, therefore, she marries, what

does her husband find her? Innocent cer-

tainly. But innocence, if a girl's chief

charm, is not everything in a woman; and

the pure, sweet strength which can