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The Huntingdon Journal.

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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,

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

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.

BEAUTIFY YOUR

HOUSES!

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Calcutting, 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, 1879-1880.

The Muses' Bower.

"Keep a Stiff Upper Lip."

There has something gone wrong,

My brave boy, it appears,

For I see your poor struggle

To keep back the tears.

That is right, when you cannot

Retain the tears,

Then bear it, still keeping

"A stiff upper lip!"

Though you cannot escape

Disappointment and care,

The next best thing to do

Is to learn how to bear.

When for life's prizes

You're running, your trip,

Get up-start again,

"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Let your hands and your conscience

Be honest and clean;

Scorn to frown or to think of

The thing that is not true.

But hold on to the pure

And the right with firm grip;

And though the world be dark,

"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Through childhood, through manhood,

Through life to the end,

Struggle bravely, and stand

By the things that are true.

Only yield when you must;

Never "give up the ship";

Be true to the last and the best,

With "a stiff upper lip."

He Told a Woman.

A REMINISCENCE OF WINCHESTER—HOW

SHERIDAN WAS INFORMED OF EARLY'S

STRENGTH—BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE

AND HOW IT ENDED.

The Confederates had it all their own

way for a long time in the valley, and

Grant was beginning to fear a mis-

take had been made in placing Sheridan

there. The Southern army were massing

about Winchester, evidently for an

attack on Maryland. Affairs had a dis-

couraging outlook for the Federal army's

retreat. A round moon, warm and

golden, shone on the quiet old town of

Winchester, Va., one evening in the

middle of September, 1864. In the wine-

covered porch of a house, whose broad, bro-

oding roof enveloped it in sombre shadow,

sat a young man, and a woman, waiting

for a visitor. A man erect and soldierly,

wearing a gray uniform came up the walk.

The moonlight glistened on the folds of

his epaulet and sword knots as he

advanced. They talked of the then all-

absorbing topic, the war, that war, that

was being fought in the shadowy

valley at their feet with ashes of home-

spleads, the charred skeletons of mills and

forges and foraged lands. The officer was

a member of General Early's staff, a Louis-

ian, fervid with hope and fierce with

desire to drive the Union soldiers back.

The girl was a Virginian of that simple

grace which belied its strife and war,

and her name was Rebecca. She was

another "Rebecca of the well," with

the difference that she drew out of the

glittering of the number and position

of General Early's army, their in-

truments and batteries on the Opequan,

and what troops had been withdrawn.

This was done in the most natural manner

possible, for to know these things was

to know the heart of the matter, and

to know the heart of the matter was

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The Love that Lives.

LOOKING FOR A SON WHO FELL BY A

REBEL BULLET.

The Scranon Republican tells this

touching story: Among the crowd of

persons who moved about the D. L. & W.

platform yesterday, waiting for the after-

noon train from New York and Philadel-

phia, there appeared a middle-aged woman

who frequently gazed up the track with an

anxious and restless look that seemed to

say she was waiting for some one. She

walked about nervously and seemed im-

patient as the time drew nigh for the train

to arrive, and any one who studied her

countenance could not fail to see that she

was in mental misery. At last the loco-

otive dashed round the curve, and the

face of the woman brightened with a

momentary ray of hope. She hastened

forward to that point of the platform

which the train would be likely to reach

first, and as the cars swept by she peered

into the windows, anxiously scanning the

faces of the passengers. When the train

halted and the living stream of humanity

poured out from the different doors of the

platform, she mingled with the crowd as

if in search of some dear friend, but those

intent on business little knew the sorrow

at the heart of the pure obscure woman

who was tossed about in the bustle of life.

When the platform was cleared she with-

drew with a sigh, but turned back again

as she quitted the door to take one more

look at the train and see if the face she

sought was not still there. A gentleman

who lives a short distance from her home

in the suburbs of Scranon, told our re-

porter the woman's sad history. During

the civil war, her only son, a young man

upon whom she fairly doted, was killed in

one of the hottest engagements, and the

news of his death so preyed upon her mind

as to disturb the poor woman's reason.

Ever since then she gazed at the depot en-

tering a week to meet the incoming

trains in the hope that he will come to

her. At other times and on all other sub-

jects she seems entirely sane, but she

sometimes thinks that her son will come

back, and to satisfy the hope that never

dies, and in the depth of that love which

never fades, the poor mother continues to

live on her sad mission with as much

zeal as though she were performing a

solemn religious duty.

On the following Friday, while sitting

on the same porch, she heard a bird call,

low and tremulous, in the shrubbery of

her lawn. She answered it by clapping

her hands softly, when a man as black

as the shadows she sat in, came up, and

The Debt to Mother.

Mothers live for their children, make

self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their

gentleness and love so freely, that it is

in vain to think of the mother in human

terms. And yet sons, youthful and

aged, know but little of the anxiety, the

thoughts of sleepless and painful solitude

which their mothers have spent over their

thoughtless waywardness. Those loving

hearts go down to their graves with those

hours of secret agony untold. As the

mother watches by night, or prays in the

privacy of her closet, she weighs well the

words which she will address to her son

in order to lead him to a manhood in honor

and usefulness. She will not tell him all

the griefs and deadly fears which beset

her soul. She warns him with trembling

lips she says: "God bless you, and may

He give you grace to keep His command-

ments, and to be true to His will."

How strange is destiny! She alone of

the young men living sons in Winchester

know that the harassed cavalry commander

desired. To put the information down and

roll it into the same receptacle did not

require many moments, when she again

appeared upon the porch clapping her

hands, and she said to the young man

of the earth: "He has just been in the

packet in his mouth, and without a word

or gesture disapproved.

Before daylight on the 19th of Septem-

ber, 1864, the Confederate pickets were

charged on the Opequan, and Sheridan

made like an avalanche upon Winchester.

A terrible contest followed, the two armies

driving and retreating. The battle raged

until sunset, when the sun was setting

and the victor of the battle of the Opequan,

a series of disasters pursued Early, and

on the 19th of October—a month later—

was fought the memorable battle of Win-

chester, which brought peace to the val-

ley of the Shenandoah. I talked with the

gentle Quaker lady yesterday. She said

she would contribute to the relief of the

poor, and she would do so as long as

she could. She said she would do so

as long as she could. She said she would

do so as long as she could. She said she

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Local History.

THE

OLD FOOT-PRINTS OF THE RECORDING REB MAN,

AND THE

EARLY LAND-MARKS OF THE COMING WHITE MAN

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO

The Juniata Region.

BY PROF. A. L. GESS, OF HUNTINGDON, PA.

'Tis good to muse on Nations passed away

Forever from the land we call our own.

ARTICLE XVII.

FOR A TIME UNNOTICED.

It may seem strange, that from the time

when the Tuscaroras left Carolina until

they were finally adopted, and became one

of the Six Nations, that so little is said of

them, that we have trouble to find evi-

dence of their location. But this is ex-

plained partly by their being in a frag-

mentary condition, too dispersed to be

regarded as a nation; and partly by the fact

that the body of them were then living far

beyond the range of the white habitations,

and among mountains, perhaps then not

yet penetrated by the ubiquitous trader,

and again, partly because of fear of further

trouble with the white people, they were

for a season retired and circumspect.

EVIDENCE FROM MAPS.

Among the evidences of the locations of

tribes, that furnished by ancient maps is

most important and satisfactory. That