

**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 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$5 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.  
 Transient advertisements will be inserted at twenty cents per line for the first insertion, and at half rates 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	1yr	3m	6m	1yr
10	18	30	10	18	30
15	25	45	15	25	45
20	35	60	20	35	60
25	45	75	25	45	75
30	55	90	30	55	90

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged five cents per line. Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.  
 Advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.  
 JOHN PRINCE, of the Union, and Fanny Coler, Cards, Pamphlets, etc. of every description, printed at the shortest notice, and everything in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

**Professional Cards.**

**D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law.** No. 111, 3rd Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williams. (Jan 12, 71.)  
**D. B. A. BURBAUGH, Attorney-at-Law.** Office in the old door east of the Catholic Parsonage. (Jan 7, 71.)  
**D. R. HYSKILL** has permanently located in Alexandria to practice his profession. (Jan 7, 71.)  
**D. C. STOCKTON, Surgeon-Dentist.** Office in Leister's building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. J. C. Green. (Jan 7, 71.)  
**Geo. R. O'LEARY, Attorney-at-Law.** 405 Penn Street. (Nov 17, 78.)  
**G. L. ROBB, Dentist.** Office in S. E. Brown's new building, No. 221, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 27, 71.)  
**G. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law.** Office, No. 220 Penn Street. (Jan 27, 71.)  
**J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law.** Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. (Jan 7, 71.)  
**J. W. MATTHEW, Attorney-at-Law and General Counsel.** Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldier's claims against the Government for back-pay, bounty, widow's and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. (Jan 7, 71.)  
**J. OKANEY, Attorney-at-Law.** Office, No. 200 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 7, 1879.)  
**J. S. GEISINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.** Office, No. 200 Penn Street. (Feb 7, 71.)  
**J. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law.** Huntingdon, Pa. S. E. office in Leister building. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. (Jan 7, 71.)  
**W. M. P. & R. A. O'BRIEN, Attorney-at-Law.** No. 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All kinds of legal business promptly attended to. (Sept 12, 78.)

**New Advertisements.****SQUARE DEALING!**

I rise to inform you that MONTGOMERY'S SQUARE-DEALING CLOTHING HOUSE is now opening the LARGEST AND FINEST LINE OF READY-MADE CLOTHING For Men, Youths, Boys and Children that has ever been brought to Huntingdon. If you would save money and wear fine clothes, buy your clothing at the Square-Dealing Clothing House. Nearly all the goods have been bought at bottom prices and will be sold cheaply for cash. The Square-Dealing Clothing House is at the first line of OVERCOATS.

For Men, Youths, and Boys of any Clothing House in the County, and I will say right here that I am not the prices of any Clothing House in the County. I have also the famous CHELSEA SHIRT COLLARS, one will last for six months and no washing, price 30 cents. Also, a full line of

Overall, best make, Working Shirts, various prices, Navy Blue Shirts, Cassimere Shirts, and a splendid line of Underclothing, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Neckwear, Umbrellas, and a splendid line of HATS, GLOVES, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, Shawlstraps And the Genuine Pearl Shirts. Also, the finest line of Samples for Suits made to order, that is to be found outside the city of Philadelphia. Measures taken and Suits made to order a specialty. Good fits guaranteed.

Don't fail to Examine my Goods and Prices before purchasing. It will be to your interest to do so.

T. W. MONTGOMERY.

There is no "Powder in the Cellar," BUT THERE ARE TONS OF IT IN OUR MAGAZINE.

**DuPont's Powder.**

WE ARE THE AGENTS FOR THE

**CELEBRATED DUPONT POWDER**

IF YOU WANT

Immense Bargains

don't forget to give me a call, corner of Fifth and Penn streets, Huntingdon, Pa. D. JACOB.

**MILL FOR SALE.**

Being desirous of retiring from active pursuits, I will sell my GRIST MILL, situated one-half mile from McAlvey's Fort, in Jackson township, Huntingdon county. The mill is comparatively new, only having been run four years. It is 28x35 feet with two run of burrs, and an additional run ready to start at tripping cost. It is located in one of the best wheat-growing districts in the county. There are also two good houses on the property, one of which is finished in good style, every room being papered. For particulars inquire on the premises. Aug. 23-3m.] ROBERT BARR.

**Iron City College.**

PITTSBURGH, PA.  
 Exclusively devoted to practical education of young and middle aged men, for active business life. School always in session. Students can enter at any time. Send for circular. J. C. SMITH, Jr., B. & M., Principal. Sept. 20-3m.

**JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!**

Young and Old! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, the "JOYFUL NEWS" BOOK. It contains 1000 pages of Fun and Scrolling Sawing, Turning, Bores, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Sewing Outlets. Price \$5 to \$25. Sent 6 cents for 100 pages.

**COME TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING.**

If you want sale bills, If you want bill heads, If you want letter heads, If you want visiting cards, If you want business cards, If you want blank checks, If you want any kind of printing, we will do it for you. We will do it for you in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, leave your orders at the above named office.

**H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor.**

No. 813 Millin street, West Huntingdon Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. (Oct 1, 79.)

**DR. J. J. DAHLEN, GERMAN PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**

Office at the Washington House, corner of Seventh and Penn streets. HUNTINGDON, PA. April 4, 1879.

**DR. C. H. BOYER, SURGEON DENTIST.**

Office in the Franklin House, HUNTINGDON, PA. Apr 4-7.

**New Advertisements.****S. WOLF'S New Stock of Clothing**

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, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods is at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn Street, one door west from Express Office. S. MARCH, Agent. TO THE PUBLIC.—I have removed my Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods store to D. P. Gwin's old stand. Expenses reduced and better bargains than ever can be got at

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 a 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, 1879-4c.

**OLD RELIABLE, DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.**

A Standard Family Remedy for Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates.—It is Cathartic and Tonic. To have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order. It is the best medicine for Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other Disorders. It is a safe and reliable Remedy for all these and other ailments. It is sold by all Druggists and Grocers. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sent by circular.

Dr. J. W. Sanford, M.D., 122 Broadway, New York City.

**PERLA PATRIA!**

"My son, you talk foolishly. I do not doubt that you love Rita, that she loves you; I am sure she does; but what can come of it? You can never marry! You are two different elements of life, and Rita is above you. Do you imagine for a moment that she can be yours? No—no, my son! It can never be!" and as the old priest spoke, he glanced compassionately at the handsome young man kneeling before him.

It was a confession that was thus taking place. Antonio, a poor peasant, had come to the old priest, and confessed his sin. During the recital he avowed his love for Rita Montebello, the daughter of one of the richest and proudest gentlemen in the village.

The old priest endeavored to reprove the young man's audacity by saying the words which began this narrative.

"My son," he said, "I understand, when the priest had finished. 'Padre, I thought that love levels ranks—that all people are equal.'"

"In the sight of God, yes. That of the world, no," answered the priest, calmly. "My son—my son, talk wisely, not foolishly. All people equal? People never were equal—they never will be. There must be a high, there must be a low. Even in the republics that we hear about there is no equality, and there never will be! The republic has no ranks, no titles; but it has gold. Gold is powerful—gold is omnipotent. It will not acknowledge a God, because it is a God itself, whether it be a God of gold, or a God of Evil. Then, whoever has gold, or the republics, is not ruled by his fellow beings—he is his ruler. In fact, he is an aristocrat without a title. Equality!" a scornful laugh followed the word. A moment of silence passed, then the old priest continued in a low voice: "My son, we are only equal in one thing, and that is when we bow to the will of the Most High."

"Oh, God! he cried. 'Is it true, then?'"

She bowed her head in assent, for she could not speak. Antonio shuddered and stared at her as if she had been a loathsome thing. He turned as pale as death. He shivered and pressed his hand to his side as if his heart was bursting—He gave one glance at the beautiful, tearful face before him, and then walked swiftly away without speaking one word. He could not do it.

Rita called to him to come back, he heard not. She saw him leave the garden, and his disappearance from sight. Choking down a great sob, she, too, left the garden.

They were parted forever.

A mass was being said in the church that evening when Antonio passed by it. The old sexton, who was standing near the doors of the church, was surprised to hear Antonio ask:

"Why do they say mass?"

"For the repose of the dead," some one answered.

Antonio uncovered his head. Then turning on his heels he walked away, saying to himself:

"They do well."

It was a beautiful day. The sun shone with all its splendor. The stillness of the hot, stifling air was broken by the roar of the cannons, the sound of the trumpet, the shouts of the combatants, the cries, curses and prayers of the wounded and dying.

It was no battle, but a carnage that was being fought between the Italian and Austrian armies. Early in the morning the Italians—fighting for freedom—had advanced against the Austrians, and tried to drive them out of their fortifications. They succeeded; they were few in number—so when the reinforced Austrians in turn advanced upon them, they had to retreat, though they fought desperately for every inch of ground; they struggled for their liberty. Thus it continued throughout the day.

The Italians expected reinforcements, and they thought that they would have them on the sun was at the meridian. The sun approached the meridian but the reinforcements came not. Many and many times did anxious eyes turn in one direction, and despairing lips cry:

"Will they ever come?"

**The Muses' Vesper.**

Florence McDonald.

Died in the morgue there, nobody claiming her, Nobody watching beside the young head, Nobody nursing her, nobody naming her, Nobody turning her face to the wall, Nobody in the night-wind thrust lamp-flare wearily, Antonio leaves for their branches are whirled, Yonder, with dead eyelids folded down drearily, Poor human head drifted out of the world!

Nobody mourning her, no one at her door, Only a Christ darts to share such despairing, Murmur forgiveness, and 'Go, sin no more.' Youthful and fair once, and white-sooled and weeping, Pure as the purest that ever drew breath, Fresh as a flower in its bud and beginning, Love, with a kiss, stung its beauty to death!

Poor wretched creature with no arms to enfold it, Created and wronged of its tenderest needs, Like some frail vine with no good thing to hold it, Turning at last to its own kindred needs, Out on life's stage to find all the crowd hissing her!

Shuddering and striving to hide her poor face; Reaching for arms that forever are missing, her, Paunting and falling to ash and disgrace, But in the morgue there is no more to worry her; Charily, love nor uprightness drew near, Two clearly shining eyes to look at any her, 'Twas a soul to give her a tear.

Hark! the body bound from the ranks unrespected, Murmur of voices—a woman's kind tone—Saying, 'The shame and hands decently, right—Friendless, forsaken and dead here alone.'

"Come ye here, woman! Our fingers shall spin her Shroud while as any for saint in the land; We are all sinners—and she was a sinner— Her mother's forsaken Christian rises at her hand."

"Poor murdered creature! our hearts know the loving, The aching heart can give with a moer; All of us know just what emel forsaking 'Shattered this girl's life and hurried her here."

Coffin her tenderly—shroud her all white—Twin ye the mass in cross and in crown, Two clearly shining eyes to look at any her, 'So did these women there—they 'of the town.'

They to that shrine in the morgue brought the preacher—For her whom nobody would own, As fell the words of Christ Jesus, the Teacher, 'Who without sin let him cast the first stone.'

So did they bury her—they are unbury; So did they give her their pity and care; So they took her—the lost and the lowly Won the dead—no recognition up there.

Aye! on the page which the angel was smiting With sighs of the lost, a great glory swept down, Singing against them in luminous writing, The deed of the woman there—they 'of the town.'

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND, In New Orleans Magazine.

**New Stock of Winter Clothing**

For Men and Boys, of the latest style and best quality, which I propose to sell at prices lower than they can be purchased elsewhere.

I feel confident that I can offer greater bargains in Clothing and Furnishing Goods than any other dealer in the county. Nov. 14.

H. ROMAN.

**OLD RELIABLE, DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.**

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**The Presents and Trousseau at the Spanish Royal Wedding.**

The following description of the presents and trousseau at the wedding of King Alfonso and the Archduchess Christine, at Madrid, on Saturday, the 29th ult., will be interesting to our lady readers of the JOURNAL:

Among the jewelry presented to the Archduchess Christine by the members of the imperial family is noticeable, first, that of the emperor and empress. It is a diadem made in the form of a wreath of roses and rose leaves, and composed of diamonds and sapphires. On viewing it it is hard to say which is more admirable, the size and splendor of the jewels or the artistic perfection of the workmanship. Then there is a crown, about five inches high, made of the most superb brilliants, which are set in such a fashion as to make the crown look as if it cut out of one stone. The necklace belonging to this is composed of brilliants of the largest and rarest kind. These two articles are presented by the archduchess's mother, Elizabeth.

A superb piece of art is the hairpin and brooch which Archduke Albert made for his niece. They are made of diamonds set in such a fashion as to resemble the crown. The large flag-bearer held along to his flag until the last. His grasp on the flag was one of death. And lying there with the last sun-rays on his face, he died, died with the flag, that he had sacrificed his life for, in his grasp. As he died, a smile passed over his features, and he murmured with his last breath:

"Rita—Rita—Perla Patria!"

The flag-bearer was dead.

News of the glorious Italian victory reached the village that Antonio had lived in. It carried joy and sorrow. Joy that some blow had been struck for Italy; sorrow for the dead; for there were many who had fallen and left the village to fight for their country, and would return no more.

There were many who cursed the victory, for they had either lost husbands, sons, brothers or lovers.

The old priest went from home to home, trying to console the unfortunates who mourned the death of Rita's new home—she was a countless now—and found her father. Approaching her, he gently said:

"Do you mourn for anyone, my daughter?"

Rita, who was seated with bowed head, looked up suddenly, replying: "No one, caro padre."

"No one?" the priest smiled incredulously.

Rita turned pale. Pressing her hand to her heart, she glanced with agony at the priest, and falteringly asked:

"Antonio?"

"Died defending his country's flag—died a true Italian!"

A great sob broke from Rita; she could not keep it back. Tears coursed down her beautiful cheeks. At last she regained her composure. She arose from her chair, seized the priest's hand, and said:

"He died for his country? Poor Antonio! Padre, say the mass for the repose of his soul!" She left the room.

The priest looked after her until she had disappeared from the room. Memories of his younger days rushed over his mind. He remembered that he had loved before she had become a priest. He remembered that, like Antonio, he had loved too well—not wisely. He remembered his agony when he gave up his love, the world, and became a priest.

And as he remembered, he drew a long, bitter sigh. Then, as he slowly left the room, he sadly said:

"Oh, yes! Altra! Did he die for his country?—perla patria!"

**Select Miscellany.****A Lucky Drink.**

A late California newspaper says, that four years ago two Italians left Naples for California, hoping to better their fortunes. They arrived within the Golden Gate with just money enough to convey them to the mines in the interior. They were advised to go to Downieville and seek work in the Sierra Butte Mine, where a large force was engaged in prospecting. They remembered that, like Antonio, he had loved too well—not wisely. He remembered his agony when he gave up his love, the world, and became a priest.

And as he remembered, he drew a long, bitter sigh. Then, as he slowly left the room, he sadly said:

"Oh, yes! Altra! Did he die for his country?—perla patria!"

A spider's suspension bridge.

A new feature in the way of a suspension bridge was recently seen across the Housatonic river, a short distance north of the Falls bridge. It was a single thread of a spider's web suspended from a tree on one side to some object upon the other between three and four hundred feet in length. How did the creature that made it get it across? It is conjectured that the engineering spider must have calculated the distance, span a thread of the required length, and then at the right moment have thrown it out, when it was carried on the wings of some favoring breeze to the opposite side, where it became attached. What was the spider's object, unless to have a modest tongue. Let us drink to those who dare and get to chase the care and keeping of their lives. Let us drink to all the living and to all the dead—no Sherman, and to Sheridan, and to Grant, the laureled soldiers of this world, and last to Lincoln, whose loving life, like a bow of peace, spans and arches all the clouds of war.

On the evening train from Albany, recently, was a woman bound for Westfield, who persisted in requesting the affable conductor to inform her when Chester was reached. Every time when the conductor passed through the car, he was greeted with: "Please tell me when we get to Chester." Courteous man though he is, even his patience was finally exhausted, and he politely requested the unfortunate female to maintain silence, as he had heard that the conductor mounted the car in which was his persecutor. "Will you tell me when we get to Chester?" she said. "This is Chester," he exclaimed, and grasping the bell rope, he had the train back up to the station. "I'm real glad you obliged me," said the daughter of Eve to the exasperated conductor, "My husband used to live here."

It is suggested that persons who go about with their cashmere shawls turned inside out to show that they are genuine, should adopt the custom of walking on their heads, to show that their boots are solid.

In a recent article on a fair in his locality, the editor of a Western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman mounted the car in which was his persecutor. "Will you tell me when we get to Chester?" she said. "This is Chester," he exclaimed, and grasping the bell rope, he had the train back up to the station. "I'm real glad you obliged me," said the daughter of Eve to the exasperated conductor, "My husband used to live here."

Not long since, at Sunday-school, the teacher, after trying hard to impress on the minds of a class of small boys the sin of Sabbath-breaking, asked, "Is Sunday better than any other day?" "You bet your boots it is!"

A SCRANTON household is enjoying an era of peace. The lady of the house put her tongue to a flat-iron to see if it was hot.

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