

The Huntingdon Journal.

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by A. A. NASH, at \$200 per annum IN ADVANCE, or \$250 per annum for the year, in advance, or \$250 per annum for the year, in advance.

Advertisements are published at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first insertion, 7 cents per line for the second, 5 cents per line for the third, and 4 cents per line for the fourth and subsequent insertions.

Regular notices for the second and third insertions will be charged at the following rates:

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| 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
| 10 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 |

THE SPACE BELONGING TO THE SQUARE-DEALING CLOTHING HOUSE.

Is occupied this week and can't name the half we would like to tell you. My counters are stacked with

NICE, FINE, WELL-MADE, SPLENDID-FITTING, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

FOR CHILDREN, BOYS' YOUTHS' AND MEN'S WEAR.

My goods have been selected with the greatest care and bought at the very lowest Cash Prices. I have a splendid assortment

OF THE LATEST STYLES, FOR MEN, Youth, Boys and Children. A COMPLETE LINE OF SHIRTS OF ALL KINDS. A SPLENDID STOCK OF FINE FANCY NECKWEAR OF THE Newest Styles.

Also, Collars, Cuffs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gauze Underwear, Scarf-Pins, Suspensives, Shoulder Braces, Working Pants, &c.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF SAMPLES OF GOODS FOR SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

MEASURES TAKEN AND FITS GUARANTEED.

Ready to Please; Willing to Try; Come See my Goods, and Learn my Prices Before you Buy.

Don't Forget the Place: Store Nearly Opposite the Postoffice.

T. W. MONTGOMERY.

The Muses' Bolver.

Ecstasies of Poesy.

Dear mother, I've important information— Sing her the story of the man who is— About a certain relation— Sing her the story of the man who is—

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My darling, in constrains you are speaking— Sing her the story of the man who is— The answer to them vainly I am seeking— Sing her the story of the man who is—

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Dear mother, Charles Augustus is a sighing— Sing her the story of the man who is— He darts with Laura as to town his caring— Sing her the story of the man who is—

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My darling, you have given a tender warning— Sing her the story of the man who is— I'd ride to town with Laura in the morning— Sing her the story of the man who is—

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Chicago Tribune.

Scientific Miscellany.

Feet Distortion in China.

From Chamber's Journal.

The binding of a child's feet is not because she has learned to walk and do certain things herself, as it would be difficult, if not impossible to teach her afterwards. The rich bind their children's feet from the sixth or seventh year, but the poor do not begin until they are twelve, or even older. Parents who have been forced by poverty to sell a daughter as a wife when she was a child, will bring her back afterwards if they can, and even, no matter how old she is, they bind up her feet and marry her as a lady. But the pain of binding a full grown foot is said to be most intense. Strong white bandages two inches wide, are manufactured for the purpose. Those worn the first year are two yards long, and about five feet is the length worn afterwards. The following, according to Miss Field, is the method adopted. "The end of the strip is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, then carried over the top of the toes and under the foot drawing the four toes with it down upon the sole; thence it is passed over the foot and around the heel; and by this stretch the toes and the heels are drawn together, leaving a bulge on the instep and a deep indentation in the sole, under the instep. This course is gone over in successive layers of bandage until the strip of cloth is all used and the final end is sewed tight down." To please a Chinaman, the "indentation" must measure about an inch and a half from the part of the foot which rests on the ground up to the instep. The toes are then completely drawn over the sole, and the foot is so squeezed upward that in walking only the ball of the great toes touches the ground. Large quantities of powdered alum are used when the feet are first bound, and always afterward to prevent ulceration and lessen the offensive odor. The bandage is taken off only once a month. At the end of the first month the foot is put in hot water, and after it has been allowed to soak sometime the bandage is carefully unwound, "the dead cuticle, of which there is so much, being abraded during the process of unbinding. When the foot is entirely unbound, it is not unusual to find the feet very small. The feet are then bound again, but the bandage is not so tight as before. The feet are then bound again, but the bandage is not so tight as before. The feet are then bound again, but the bandage is not so tight as before.

Select Miscellany.

Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvesting time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either side; the gas-colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; in one night more than in all the days of the week the city begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of distraction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses are whirlpools that make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Professional Cards.

WILLIAM W. BERRIS, Attorney-at-Law, 403 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 2nd Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

D. E. A. BURMAN, Office his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington Street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. (Jan 17, 77)

D. H. FISKE, has permanently located in Altoona, Pa., to practice his profession. (Jan 17, 77)

D. C. STANTON, Surgeon Dentist, Office in Ladies' Building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. Green, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

R. O. B. O'NEAL, Attorney-at-Law, 403 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

J. A. BARR, Real Estate and General Agent, Office No. 403 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

G. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 403 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Four Street, three doors west of 2nd Street. (Jan 17, 77)

J. W. MATTERS, Attorney-at-Law and General Agent, Office No. 403 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

L. GRAINE ASHMAN, Attorney-at-Law, Office No. 403 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. (Jan 17, 77)

J. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, Office, No. 239 Penn Street, opposite Court House. (Jan 17, 77)

S. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., Office in Junior Building, Penn Street. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. (Jan 17, 77)

W. P. & R. A. BRIDSON, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 231 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All business promptly attended to. (Jan 17, 77)

BLACK'S JEWELRY STORE,

The Largest Assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, SILVERWARE AND SPECIALTIES IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

423 Penn St., Huntingdon.

American Watches, Howard Watches, Elgin Watches, Springfield Watches, Hampden Watches, Fine Swiss Watches.

IN GOLD AND SILVER, KEY AND STEM-WINDING CASES.

Very Large and Varied Assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Gold & Plated Chains, Rings, &c.

AGENT FOR THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED ROCKFORD QUICK-TIME WATCH.

Conflict and Victory.

Oh! Heaps of men worn and weary, With suffering and an old distress, Con't thou leave half surrenders so dreary To a deeper despair we are here!

To this ear comes the cry of sharp sorrow That rings through the pitiless world; And know'st thou how out with the sorrow To a deeper despair we are here!

For the dawn brings no light that can lead us, For the birds sing no songs that can cheer, Nor does harvest give food that can feed us, And the winter's gloom reigns through the year.

We've been led by the voice of the siren And caught in the deep embrace, Have found that the heart may be iron, Tho' 'tis made of the softest of lace.

We were weary with chasing the shadows And weary with losing the day, For our way was not laid through the meadows, We have chosen the dust and the glare.

Yet, savior, on thee in our anguish We've found our way out of the night, For the sorrow of soul 'thou dost vanquish The foe that fill life with such drear.

We have need for ourselves 'stead of others, We have need for our own hearts of men, Held no cup to the lips of our brothers, Or with pain often mingled our wine.

We bless thee who can't come down in glory To follow our path, and to be here, By thy cross to shine bright in life's story And triumph over death and the grave.

We'll fight with the world then no longer; It can bring us no nothing but bliss, We're here in our heart ever stronger To God, not to man, but to this.

The Story-Teller.

A DEADLY FOE.

Two persons stood side by side in the little forest glade. There was a man and a woman—a man tall, dark and muscular, whose deep-set wrinkles were the exact symbol of his character; and a woman, whose hair, when neither wind nor rain nor storm could daunt, who feared neither white bandit nor red rover; whose whole life, in fact, had been passed beyond the limits of the white man's haunts, and whose only training had been in the use of the bow and the knife.

The woman beside him was a Utah girl. Even among the wild red men there were sometimes found a rarely beautiful woman. The girl was all symmetry and grace. Her large, dark eyes assimilated well with the rich brown of her dusky cheek, and the flowing masses of jetty hair fell in lustrous folds over the beautifully rounded shoulders. One hand rested lovingly upon the young man's shoulder, as she lifted those glowing eyes to his.

Strange that so strong a mixture of sentiment had gotten into this young hunter's disposition. Whether it were the babbling brooks, the sighing winds among the trees, this life-long association with the beauties of nature, young Ned Merlin had drunk in with his life a feeling of tenderness of romantic sentiment, which all along had made him no less a brave, free hunter, and had developed him more and more into a noble-hearted man. So his love for the pure, brave-hearted Indian girl who stood beside him was of the deepest, truest nature.

Thus they stood communing with each other, their eyes fixed on each other, they stood there in their shanty covert, while the sun crept down behind the tree tops and bathed the western hills with his fast-retreating splendors. There they stood, heart to heart and life to life, in this dream of love and happiness.

But while these two thus stood together, this happy quiet was roughly shaken by an unlooked-for event. The bushes parted on the north side of the glade, and a dusky chief's stride, rifle in hand, toward the pair. Ned Merlin threw his rifle to his shoulder, but Lotus Flower struck the barrel upward, and the chief's life was saved. The next moment they were surrounded by a gleaming circle of up-lifted knives and hatchets, and despite his desperate struggles, Ned Merlin was securely bound.

"The pale face hunter has turned aside the heart of a red maiden," said the chief. "She no longer looks upon the young men of her people with favor. Her brow is sad when she looks upon the Great Bear, her father, and the Great Chief, and she weeps with the Lotus Flower. The white hunter has done this, and he must die."

"Yes; let the pale face die!" said the young man, who had turned aside his rifle and held it pointed toward the chief.

"This was Tiger Slayer, the bravest warrior of his tribe. He was renowned among all the nations of the Utah. Keen-eyed, sagacious, a dead shot, a great traitor, he was feared by the majority of his people. Unscrupulous and unprincipled in the attainment of his purposes, he had reached his eminent position as leader of his tribe by violence and difficulty. Although not yet a chief he was an eager aspirant for that position, and there were many, the worst spirits among the rising young men, who were secretly aiding him in the attainment of his purpose.

The Tiger Slayer was in love with the daughter of the chief, Great Bear. Lotus Flower had been the one bright star, the one ray of sunshine in his bold, bad heart. He loved her as well as his nature was capable of loving. Naturally jealous, he had dodged her footsteps at different times, and on one of these occasions had discovered her secret—the love she bore the young white hunter. This was enough to fire his most furious passions. The white man should meet death; he should go the way of all flesh, and he should do so by the hand of Tiger Slayer, his rival.

But he dared not slay him openly. Well he knew that Lotus Flower would then be left to him forever. So he employed stratagem, and worked his plans so well that the scene in the forest glade was the result.

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, I can guarantee satisfaction to those who may employ him. PRICES MODERATE. Orders may be left at the JOURNAL Book Store.

JOHN L. ROLAND.

March 14th, 1879-80.

CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!!! PAPERS, FLUIDS, CALUMS.

Buy your Paper, Buy your Stationery, Buy your Blank Books.

AT THE JOURNAL BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

"GUS." LETTERMAN

Respectfully informs the public that he has just opened a large stock of SEASONABLE GOODS, in the room lately occupied by Geo. W. Johnston & Co., corner of 9th and Washington streets, in West Huntingdon, consisting in part of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOWWARE CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, and every other article usually found in first-class country stores: Country Produce taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. By strict attention to business and an effort to please, he confidently expects a share of public patronage. [Apr 23-4]

THE FINEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES!

M. ROLLER,

In the room lately occupied by Graffius Miller, on the south west corner of the Diamond, Penn Street, has just opened a large assortment of Choice and Seasonable Goods, Which he is selling away down in price. His stock embraces DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, TRIMMINGS, LACES, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, QUEENSWARE, Etc. His stock of GROCERIES embraces everything in that line, and every article sold will be just as represented. His terms are

STRICTLY CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT IN COUNTRY PRODUCE.

He will do his best to please you. Go and see him, examine his goods, hear his prices, and you will be convinced that ROLLER'S is the place for bargains. [Apr 23-26]

BEAUTIFUL GLASSWARE,

By the piece or in sets, of the newest styles, in great variety, has been added to the elegant stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries at

F. H. LANE'S CASH & EXCHANGE STORE.

Handsome sets of GLASS as low as 35 cts. The place to buy QUEENSWARE by the piece or sets, is at F. H. LANE'S STORE. Handmade TEA SETS consisting of 46 pieces of White Stone China, can be bought for \$1, at F. H. LANE'S low price store.

MACKEREL.

A large stock of choice Mackerel, consisting of Deep Sea, Extra Shore, New Fat, and all the best varieties and numbers known in the market. Also Large Roan and Lake Herring, Cod Fish and Shad in season.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

F. H. Lane does not buy or sell short weight packages of Fish. You do not want to buy salt at Fish prices. CANNED GOODS, including California Choice Fruits, Evaporated and other Dried Fruits, Green Peas, Foreign and Domestic, All kinds of choice TEAS, from 15 to 20 cents per quarter, Good Sugar from 8 cents per pound to the best Maple Sugar in bottles or granulated at 12 cents per pound. SALT MEAT, FLOUR, NOTIONS, CONFECTIONS, WOOD AND WILLOWWARE, and in short, about everything to be found in a first-class Grocery and Provision Store, can be bought at F. H. LANE'S Cash and Exchange Store, near the Catholic church, on Washington Street, Huntingdon, Pa. NOTE—GOOD QUALITY—FULL QUANTITY—SMALL PROFITS.

Origin of Amber.

Nearly 2,000 years ago, Pliny, the naturalist, wrote that amber was the fossilized remains of an extinct coniferous tree, and modern science can say of it but very little. The original amber-producing forest, which swayed the pines in this lofty valley.

The Manitou, whom Lotus Flower loves, will save us from that man. Lotus Flower is alone now. The Great Bear is slain. On the hand of Tiger Slayer sought his life, The Lotus Flower will leave her people and go with her pale face lover to his home. Their eyes are blinded by hate, and Tiger Slayer will rule the people. The young braves now follow him upon the trail.

The whole of the late terrible tragedy was told in these brief words. The attempt of Great Bear and his guards to save the pale face hunter, so long his friend; the vengeance of Tiger Slayer and his turbulent allies; the destruction of Great Bear and his band, and the flight of Lotus Flower and her lover amid the darkness of the storm—all this was portrayed too vividly in the countenance of each as they stood face to face that terrible night in the little forest glade.

The hand of Merlin was raised in alarm. A wild cry was pealing through the forest. Tiger Slayer had struck his trail.

"We must fly!"

Like a mountain doe the Indian girl sprang forward, her faithful friend beside her. Thus for an hour, while the storm howled around them and the darkness grew more intense, they fled. But the waiting eyes of the hunters reached their eyes with more and more distinctness, and they realized with each moment that they must stand and await the destiny which was so near, the fate which seemed to hover over them.

Long and lean was the hound which sprang from the sheltering bushes and leaped straight toward the pair who faced him as calmly as if he had been a dog, but the chief's rifle was low, but ere the echoes of the gun had died away in the distance, two stalwart Indian runners broke cover, tomahawk in hand.

The struggle was short and decisive. Lotus Flower's gun brought one down, as the bullet of the other whizzed harmlessly overhead. An instant later the hatchet of the hunter sank deep within his brain. Then the two turned to flee.

"Too late!" The sharp report of a rifle broke the stillness, and with a low cry the Indian maiden sank forward into the sheltering arms reached out toward her. He strained her to his heart; he kissed the dimming eyes and quivering lips of her he loved so well—loved even to her destruction.

"Lotus Flower goes. The Great Manitou calls her away."

She was dead a moment after. Tenderly Ned Merlin laid her down. Then he lifted his face, stern and savage.

Tiger Slayer's hand sped the fatal bullet, and Tiger Slayer was close upon the pale face, for hatchet in hand, like an avenging spirit, Ned Merlin rushed to meet the murderer. His eyes gleamed like coals; his hand opened and shut upon his hatchet with a twitching motion that boded ill to whomsoever stood before it.

"The pale face dog shall die!"

The venomous words hissed between Tiger Slayer's teeth. But only for an instant did he speak thus boastfully. There was a lash of steel; a quick stroke back and forth; a dull thud upon the ground; a form bounding away amid a storm of bullets, as the air resounded with a chorus of savage yells, while upon the ground lay the body of Tiger Slayer, cold in death.

For an instant the moon came forth and shone upon the dead form lying in the forest glade; the calm, sweet-faced girl, with her serene countenance upturned toward the cloudy sky; and the same light fell upon the faces of the three Utah braves who had rushed so madly upon death—

A Test of Life or Death.

According to the London Medical Press, those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such a contingency, may now take courage for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with absolute certainty between life and death, for two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart the whole of the muscles of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When stimulated by electricity they no longer contract. If then, when Paralysis, as the treatment with induced currents of electricity for remedial purposes is called, is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after supposed death, there be no contractile response, it may be certified with certainty that death has occurred, for no faint, nor trace, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractibility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old tests were employed.

How to Catch Bass.

When casting for black bass in a river where there is a current, you should cast abreast the current and let the flies swing around with the current without drawing them in only just enough to get the line taut, and when it has swung round so far as to directly below you, draw it gently toward you as far as you can and recover your line for another cast. Great care should be taken to have your tackle as fine as you can and answer the purpose. You had better use a fine hook, a fine fly, a fine tackle. Suppose you not a man and he tried to hand you an apple and full of needles with the points sticking out. On first sight you raise your hand, but before it gets to the apple you see the needles and drop your hand. It is the same with the fish bait, they see the fraud and won't touch it. Then you meet another fellow and he hands you a nice apple. You reach and take it without any hesitation. It is the same way with fish. Have your bait as near to nature as you can, and use the same caution as you would to creep on game when you are hunting, and you will fill your basket, and people will say you are always lucky, when luck did not have anything to do with it. No. I tell you what filled your basket. It was plain common sense. If you are fishing out of a boat, so far from you that there is not a possibility of the fish seeing you, and have your tackle so fine that they do not see anything but the bait that the fish live on, you will fill your basket, and luck will not have anything to do with it.

A Wonderful Clock.

The most astonishing thing in the way of a time-piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah, as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealously regarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace. In front of his clock's work was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, all by-heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out of the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick, metallic click; and, as soon as completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately castle. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till, at noon and midnight, the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck, one after another, each his blow, making twelve in all, and then fell to pieces.

This is the kind of weather that makes a man wish either that Adam had been so successful as a backslider, or that some patriot would invent a pair of linen trousers that button on around the neck and have arm holes.

The corner stone of the new Catholic church at Plains was laid by Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, on Sunday in the presence of an immense audience.

Francis Osmond, the author of Osmond's school text books, died at New Castle Monday morning.

The Pennsylvania editorial association will go to Watkins Glen for their summer excursion.

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STAMPING!

Having just received a fine assortment of Stamps from the east, I am now prepared to do stamping for BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERING.

I also do Flanking at the shortest notice.

Mrs. MATTIE G. GRAY, No. 415 Millin Street.

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

Office at the Washington House, corner of Seventh and First Streets.

HUNTINGDON, PA., April 4, 1879.

DR. C. H. BOYER, SURGEON DENTIST,

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

R. M'DIVITT, SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, CHURCH ST., bet. Third and Fourth, HUNTINGDON, PA., Oct. 17, 79.

COME TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING

If you want a note book, If you want bill heads, If you want letter heads, If you want visiting cards, If you want business cards, If you want blank or any kind, If you want envelopes printed, If you want anything printed in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, leave your orders at the above named office.

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The most astonishing thing in the way of a time-piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah, as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealously regarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace. In front of his clock's work was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, all by-heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out of the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick, metallic click; and, as soon as completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately castle. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till, at noon and midnight, the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck, one after another, each his blow, making twelve in all, and then fell to pieces.

This is the kind of weather that makes a man wish either that Adam had been so successful as a backslider, or that some patriot would invent a pair of linen trousers that button on around the neck and have arm holes.

The corner stone of the new Catholic church at Plains was laid by Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, on Sunday in the presence of an immense audience.

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