

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE!

D. W. HARSBERGER & CO.,

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE SCOTT HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

Keep constantly for sale the largest and best assortment of pure

DRUGS & MEDICINES

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Alcohol, Turpentine,

Pure Wines and Liquors, best brands, 4000 Lbs. White Lead,

DYES, DYESTUFFS, GLASS, PUTTY,

And in fact everything kept in a first-class Drug Store, all of which will be

SOLD AT CITY PRICES.

WISHLER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS, by the dozen or by the gallon.

OUR STOCK OF

Perfumeries and Toilet Articles

is acknowledged by all judges to be the

LARGEST IN QUANTITY AND FINEST IN QUALITY OF ANY IN OUR TOWN.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

SHARP'S MOUNTAIN HERB BITTERS

AND SHARP'S MAGIC OINTMENT!

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED AT LOWEST PRICES.

Johnstown, Aug. 15, 1867-1y.

BEYOND COMPETITION!

ESTABLISHED 1856.

THE OLDEST

DRUG STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

C. T. FRAZER

Keeps constantly on hand the

LARGEST, CHEAPEST

AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF GOODS PERTAINING TO THE

DRUG BUSINESS

In the County, which he offers

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

TO THE TRADE AND PUBLIC

AT LOWEST RATES!

C. T. FRAZER,

Franklin Street,

(OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.)

JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

GEIS & REUTH,

Johnstown, Pa.

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS

AND BOOK BINDERS.

MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS,

PORTFOLIOS, PAPER BOXES

AND LOOKING GLASSES.

Looking Glass and Picture Frames always

on hand, and made to order. A large and

most complete assortment of Drawing Room

and Miscellaneous Pictures, consisting of

Chromos, Paintings in Oil, Steel Plate En-

gravings, Plain and Colored Lithographs,

and many other articles of art and taste.

1867. FALL TRADE. 1867.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN & SHEET-IRON WARE!

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c.,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL

CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARD-

WARE OF EVERY KIND.

Specialty Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOK-

ING STOVES,

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get

when ordered at manufacturer's price.—

Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for re-

pairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others

will be ordered when wanted. Particular

attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best ma-

terials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light

House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving

more light than any other in use. Also, the

Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SPENCER'S SEIFER!

It recommends itself.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS

now ready, and will be sent on application

by mail or in person.

Having to see all my old customers and

many new ones this Spring, I return my

thanks for the very liberal patronage

which I have already received, and my

endeavor to please all who may call, whether

they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY,

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.—6m.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

TO CASH BUYERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

THE GHOST HUNTER.

On a fine evening in the spring of 1830,

a stranger, mounted on a noble looking

horse passed slowly over the snow-white

limestone road leading through the Black

Forest.

Just as the sun was going to rest for

the day, when the gloomy shadows were

beginning to stalk, he drew rein, as he

said—

"This must be near the spot, surely.

I'll stop here, any how, for awhile, and

see what I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted and entered

the parlor of the inn, where he sat down

beside a small table.

"How can I serve you, meinheer?"

said the landlord.

"See to my horse outside," replied the

guest carelessly, but at the same time

eyeing the landlord from head to foot;

"and let me have some wine—Rhine

will do."

The landlord was turning to withdraw

from the stranger's presence, when he

stopped and said—

"Which way, meinheer, do you travel?"

"To Nannstadt," replied the guest.

"You will rest here to-night, I sup-

pose," continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three

hours, but I must then be off, as to reach

my destination there in the morning. I

am going to purchase lumber for the

market."

"And you have considerable money

with you, no doubt?" asked the land-

lord innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest,

sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

"Then, if you will take my advice,"

said the landlord, "you'll stay here till

morning."

"Why?" replied the stranger, looking

up curiously.

"Because?" whispered the landlord,

looking around as if he were disclosing a

great secret, and was afraid of being

heard by somebody else, "every man that

passes over the road between this and

Nannstadt for the last ten years, has been

robbed or murdered under very singular

circumstances."

"What were the circumstances?" asked

the stranger, putting down his glass

and preparing to fill it again.

"Why you see," the landlord went on,

while he approached his guests table and

took a seat, "I have spoken with several

who have been robbed, all I could learn

from them is that they can remember

meeting in the lonesome part of the wood,

something that looked white and ghastly,

and that frightened their horses so that

they either ran away or threw their riders;

they felt a choking sensation and a smother-

ing, and finally died, as they thought, but

awoke in an hour or so to find themselves

lying by the roadside robbed of every-

thing!"

"Indeed," ejaculated the stranger, look-

ing abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling,

as though he was more intent upon

counting them than he was interested in

the landlord's story.

The innkeeper looked at him in astonish-

ment. Such perfect coolness he had not

witnessed for a long time.

"You will remain then?" suggested

the landlord, after waiting some time for

his guest to speak.

"I?" cried the stranger, starting from

his fit of abstraction, as though he was

not sure that he was the person addressed.

"Oh, most certainly not; I'm going

straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-

night."

Half an hour later, the stranger and a

guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the

road, going at a pretty round pace toward

Nannstadt.

During a flash of lightning the stranger

observed that his guide looked very un-

easy about something, and was slacken-

ing his horse's pace as though he intended

to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger, don't be

afraid.

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the per-

son addressed, continuing to hold his horse

in until he was now at least a length be-

hind his companion. "My horse is cow-

ardly and unmanageable in a thunder-

storm. If you will go on though I think

I can make him follow close enough to

point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A

strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his

hand sought his breast pocket from which

he drew something. The guide saw the

movement and stopped alac.

"Guides should lead, not follow," said

the stranger, quietly, but with a firmness

which seemed to be exceedingly unpleas-

ant to the person addressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my horse

went go."

"Went he?" queried the stranger, with

mock simplicity in his tone.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw

something gleam in his companion's right

hand. He seemed to understand perfect-

ly, for he immediately drove his spurs

into his horse's flanks, and shot ahead of

his companion without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position,

however, than the stranger saw him give

a sharp turn to the right and then disap-

pear, as though he had vanished through

the foliage of the trees that skirted the

road.

He heard the clatter of the horse as he

galloped off. Without waiting another

instant, he touched his horse lightly with

the reins, gave him a prick with the

rowels, and off the noble animal started

like the wind in the wake of the flying

guide.

The stranger's horse being much super-

ior to the others, the race was a short

one, and terminated by the guide being

thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy

hand which was laid upon his bridle, stop-

ping him.

Ye turned in his seat, beheld the stran-

ger's face, dark and frowning, and trem-

bled violently as he felt the smooth, cold

barrel of a pistol pressed against his

cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away

with me," cried the guide, composing

himself as well as he could under the cir-

cumstances.

"Yes, I know," said the stranger dryly,

"but mark my words, young man, if your

horse plays such tricks again he'll be the

means of seriously injuring his master's

health."

They both turned and cantered back

to the road. When they reached it again,

and turned the heads of the animals in

the right direction, the stranger said to

his guide, in a tone which must have con-

A NOVEL RACE.

Some years ago a race was run at the

Hague, in Holland, which for its novelty

excited more than ordinary interest. It

was between a fast trotting horse in har-

ness and a full grown hog—single heat:

distance, six English miles—for a wager

of one thousand guilders.

The circumstances which led to this

unique trial of speed were as follows: At

a sporting club at the Hague a young

member expatriated upon the beauty, sym-

metry and extraordinary speed of a trot-

ting horse he had that day purchased, ex-

pressing an eager desire to get up a match

to prove the superior qualities of his horse.

A gentleman engaged in a hand at cards,

but whose attention had been attracted by

the ardent and