

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the second Monday of each month, to remain one week. Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER, Altoona, Pa., Operative and Mechanical DENTIST. Office on Caroline street, between Virginia and Emma streets. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. (Jan. 21, 1869, ft.)

DR. D. W. ZIEGLER, Surgeon Dentist, will visit Ebensburg professionally on the SECOND Monday of each month, and remain one week, during which time he may be found at the office heretofore occupied by him, adjoining Huntley's Hardware Store. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Hang's tin and hardware store. (May 9, 1867.)

DEVEREAUX, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Summit, Pa.—Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office. (my 28, ft.)

J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUSH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.—6m.

FRANK W. HAY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MANUFACTURER OF TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE, Canal street, below Clinton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly hand.

D. McLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—opposite. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. Jan. 31, 1867.—1f.

J. S. BUCKLE, J. S. SWANLAN, JOHNSON & SWANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House. Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.—1f.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin streets, opposite Mansion House second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867.—1f.

KOPELIN & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonsdale Row. (Oct 22, ft.)

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co. January 31, 1867.—1f.

F. P. TIERNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonsdale Row. Jan. 5, 1867.—1f.

JOSEPH McDONALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel. (Jan. 31, 1867.—1f.)

JOHN PENLON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan 31, 1867.—1f.

GEORGE W. OATMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonsdale Row, Centre street. January 31, 1867.—1f.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonsdale Row, Centre street. Jan. 31, 1867.—1f.

C. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

W. M. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colonsdale Row, Centre street. (Aug. 27.)

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. (Aug. 27.)

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan 31, 1867.

H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claims Agent.—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., dec'd., on High St., Ebensburg. [12.]

J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa.—Office on the corner of Market street and Locust alley, second Ward. Dec. 12, by

M. L. OATMAN, EBENSBURG, PA., Is the sole owner of the Right to Manufacture and sell THE UNEQUALLED METROPOLITAN OIL!!

PACIFIC RAIL ROAD NEARLY FINISHED. 1450 MILES BUILT! THE UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO. AND THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAIL ROAD CO.

Have added Eight Hundred (700) Miles to their lines during the current year, while doing a large local passenger and freight business.—The through connection will undoubtedly be completed next summer, when the through traffic must and will be very great. Forty thousand men are now employed by the two powerful companies in pressing forward the great national highway to a speedy completion. Only 200 miles remain to be built, most of which are graded and ready for the rails.

DE HAVEN & BROTHER, DEALERS IN Government Securities, Gold, &c., No. 40 S. Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.

CHEAP REAL ESTATE—I will sell for cash, or on time, the following described Real Estate: FINE HOUSES AND LOTS in the Borough of Ebensburg. SIXTEEN ACRES of Land lying immediately south of Ebensburg. A FARM of 120 ACRES in Blacklick Township, about 30 acres cleared. An excellent Corn Crop on the tract. FOUR TRACTS UNIMPROVED LAND in Sumner Hill Township. A TRACT OF UNIMPROVED LAND in Washington Township. A HOUSE and LOT at Henick, now in possession of Mr. Moreland. A TRACT OF LAND in Washington Tp., in name of Ruffler. Also, various other LANDS or LOTS OF GROUND in different portions of Cambria Co. A good title will be given in all cases. ROBERT L. JOHNSON, Ebensburg, Jan. 14, 1869.—1f.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, WESTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, PITTSBURGH.—This is to give notice that on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1869, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the Estate of AUGUSTINE D. CRISTE, of Manchester, in the county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt in his own petition; that the payment of any Debts and delivery of any property belonging to such Bankrupt to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that the Meeting of the Creditors of said Bankrupt, to prove their Debts and to choose one or more Assignees of his Estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be held at the office of the Register in Bankruptcy in this city, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1869, at 10 o'clock A. M. THOMAS A. ROWLEY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger. W. P. BATHURST, Deputy. (Feb. 18, 4f.)

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, WESTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, PITTSBURGH.—This is to give notice that on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1869, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the Estate of JOHN M. KING, of Johnstown, in the county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt in his own petition; that the payment of any Debts and delivery of any property belonging to such Bankrupt to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a Meeting of the Creditors of said Bankrupt, to prove their Debts and to choose one or more Assignees of his Estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be held at the office of the Register in Bankruptcy in Hollidaysburg before John Broderline, Esq., Register, on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1869, at 10 o'clock A. M. THOMAS A. ROWLEY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger. W. P. BATHURST, Deputy. (Feb. 18, 4f.)

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.—Will be sold at private sale, that valuable property situated at the corner of Horner and Mary Ann streets, in the borough of Ebensburg, containing nearly one acre of ground, with a large and commodious Frame Dwelling House, outbuildings and a stable—all in excellent order. The property embraces a wood-house, wash house, and an excellent cellar, and there are on the premises a large number of selected fruit trees. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as those wishing to purchase will call and examine for themselves. The title is indisputable. For particulars inquire of R. L. JOHNSON, Ebensburg, January 7th, 1869.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale the FARM on which they now reside, situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, within two miles of Loreto, (formerly owned by James Meade,) containing ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SEVEN ACRES, more or less, 100 Acres of which are cleared—the balance well timbered. There is erected on the premises a good DWELLING HOUSE and splendid BARN, together with other necessary outbuildings, such as Blacksmith Shop, Corn Crib, Sheep House, &c.; also, an excellent ORCHARD of choice fruit. Title perfect. For terms apply on the premises to PHILIP J. SANDERL, Executor. Loreto P. O., Aug. 20, 1868.—1f.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Sanders, late of Mansfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in Galitzin township, in said county. Persons having claims against said estate will present them properly proven to the undersigned; and those owing the same will make immediate payment. PHILIP J. SANDERL, Executor. Galitzin Tp., Feb. 2, 1869.—6f.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Joseph Springman, late of Susquehanna township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, all parties indebted to said estate are required to make payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them for settlement. F. A. SHOEMAKER, Administrator. Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1869.—6f.

The Post's Department.

MY MOTHER'S DEATH. They told me, in my early years, Life was a dark and tangled web; A gloomy sea of bitter tears, Where sorrow's infelix had no ebb. But such was vainly taught and said, My laugh rang out with joyous tone; The wolf possessed one brilliant thread Of rainbow colors, all my own. They talked of trials, sighs, and grief, And called the world a wilderness, Where dazzling bud or fragrant leaf But rarely spring to bliss. But there was one dear precious flower Engrailed in my bosom's core, Which made my home an Eden bower, And caused a doubt if Heaven held more. I boasted—till a mother's grave Was heaped and soothed, then I found The sunshine stricken from the wave, And all the golden thread unwound. Where was the flower I had worn So fondly, closely, in my heart? The bloom was crushed, the root was torn And left a careless, bleeding part. Preach on who will—say "Life is sad," I'll not refute as once I did; You'll find this eye that beamed so glad Will hide a tear beneath its lid. Preach on who will: the time hath been I'd praise the world with shades and brow; The dream is broken—I have seen A mother die; I'm silent now. FREEKING H. CALK.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A DOG'S WARNING.

The women of Peru are extremely beautiful. Some of the handsomest women I have ever seen were natives of that country. One of these was Inez Zanteona—a very young in appearance. She was scarcely sixteen when she married Juan Solano, a merchant of Lima, a warm personal friend of my own, who had acquired an almost princely fortune while yet a young man. Like all handsome women, the Senorita Inez had many admirers. Among these was a first cousin of hers, Antonio Miguel, who had inherited wealth from his parents, but was fast squandering it. The lady preferred my friend Juan, and their marriage exasperated Miguel to such a degree that, but for the intervention of friends, he would have challenged his more successful rival. Having at last run through his inheritance, he soon after left the city, no one knew whither. About six months after marriage Juan purchased a silver mine in a remote section of Peru, away to the eastward; and, having built a house such as would suffice to live in for the time being, went thither, accompanied by his wife. Juan took his number of miners and one servant, an old negro woman. I presented him with a hound that I took with me from home, a noble dog, and well trained, one that I had since a pup. The dog soon became much attached to his new master, Juan wrote me. The mine he said was doing well, and promised to be very remunerative. This was some months after they had become settled there. His letter ended with an urgent appeal to me to make them a visit, offering me such fare as their humble dwelling might afford. I promised to avail myself of the invitation, and in the month of June, having no business to detain me, started on my way toward the mountains. I was three days in reaching there, having performed the journey almost entirely on horseback. My reception was a welcome one all round. "You see," said Juan to me, "we are sixteen miles from the nearest town, so you can imagine how little we see of any one but ourselves. During the day I am usually at the mine, which is good seven miles from here. There I have the society of the miners, but that is not the most cultivated in the world, as you know." During the afternoon, as I had expressed great interest in the mine, Juan proposed, if agreeable to me, that we should ride over and look at it. We arrived in good season at the mine, where the men were busy at work, under the directions of an overseer. Some hours were consumed in examining the progress which had been made, and night overtook us ere we were through. "Are you armed?" asked Juan, as we prepared to go. "I have my revolver," I replied, placing my hand behind me, to see if it was safe. "It is well to be prepared," said my friend. "I seldom travel at night, and it is said there are some lawless people around, though there is little chance of being molested between here and the house." "Perhaps I had better accompany you," said the overseer, whose name was Beson. "You might and return with me in the morning," replied Juan, who seemed pleased with the proposal. "In that case we might take a bit of something before we go." "Wait till we get home," answered Juan. In less than a quarter of an hour we

AN EPISODE.

On a hill that sloped away to the blue sea stood a little white cottage. Trailing vines crept over the porch, and the snow white curtains waved idly in the summer breeze. Here lived May Ellis, a rustic beauty. She had been sought after by all the young men in the surrounding country; but, heart whole and fancy free, she still went on her way, treating them as friends—nothing more. She was not of a lively disposition; but loved to be alone. She would sit for hours in a favorite nook looking out over the dancing waves, and watching the far off ships. She would gather shells on the shore and watch the moon rise dripping from over the sea. Thus her life glided by, until, at length, in the full bloom of her glorious beauty, she met the fate that warped her after years. The night was wild with wind and rain, and the storm king reeled on the sea in all his terrible majesty. Amidst the rattle of the thunder came the boom of the minute gun; then high above the roar of the tempest was heard the crash of a ship as she went to pieces on the rocks. In the morning the wreck lay scattered on the shore, and ghastly forms lay rocking in the long swells of the treacherous sea. One form was found far up the beach in which there was still signs of life. He was attended to, and soon recovered. Then commenced that new life which brought a deeper color to her cheek and a warmer glow to the wily lustre of her eyes. Together they walked on the shore and listened to the mysterious song of the waves. And through all the pleasant days of that beautiful summer they were together constantly. Then the sorrow of separation came; he went away and she was left to wait. The days and months grew into years, and still no word came to the waiting heart. There was another storm, another wreck, and other forms lay scattered on the shore. In the grey dawns of morning May Ellis walked down to the beach, and in the same place where the waves had cast him years ago, she now found him for whom she had been waiting, but oh how cold and still. They carried him to the little cottage on the hill; and through the still hush of the summer day and the long hours of the windless night she sat by the dreamless head, hearing only the sobbing of the waves and the dropping of her tears. All the old days came back to her, and memory only made her pain greater. Then they laid him away on the green hillside, where the warm south wind stirred the sweet wild flowers, and near the murmuring sea, though he could not hear its mystic song. If you go there the simple country folks will tell you the legend of the cottage on the hill. Of how the dead lover is seen by night walking by the sea, and a maiden with wonderful wily eyes come to meet him; and how they sing strange sweet strains in the still moonlight. But when the storm is abroad on the deep, they stand on the hill and wail in apparent agony, their voices rising high above the roaring tempest. At certain times (so runs the legend) shadowy forms are seen carrying a corpse into the house; and then lights are seen flashing, and wailing and lamentation is heard, a girl with great lustrous eyes and nut-brown hair stands by the window; then the lights and forms vanish, and still is silent as before. No one lives in the house now. The vines have crept all over the roof and birds have made their nests there this many a year. The dust lies thick on the floors, and the grass grows green on the unused hearth. Time and decay are at work, and soon the old house will pass from remembrance, for the sea will not tell the grief it brought to a waiting heart. This is the story and the legend. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. "Only this and nothing more."

Treasure Trove in North Carolina—A Singular Story.

A correspondent of the Wilmington (North Carolina) Daily Journal, tells the following curious story: "A very curious discovery has lately been made in a small islet situated in Big Swamp, about six or seven miles from Bladensburg, the particulars of which are as follows: "About sixty years ago there lived within about half a mile of this islet, on the eastern edge of the swamp, an Englishman, who was known among the settlers by the name of Elias Hugo. His first appearance in this region was in the spring of 1806, then apparently in his thirty-eighth or ninth year; and although his language and bearing denoted that he had been educated, yet his hard, brown features bore unmistakable evidence of a hard spent life—His manners were somewhat reserved and taciturn. Why he should seek a life so cheerless and secluded was a mystery often spoken of by his neighbors. Yet he proceeded to erect a cabin for himself in this secluded spot, where, he said, he earnestly hoped to pass his remaining years in perfect solitude. "The cabin fronting the swamp, and from its front door, with its frail step, a narrow walk led to the swamp; thence, in a westerly direction, by a narrow track to the islet. His furniture consisted of a chair, a bench, a rough pine table, a mattress, a bucket, and one or two cooking utensils. "Here, alone and uncared for, lived the mysterious stranger, until the 13th of May, 1809. On that day Elias Hugo died. "After the death of Hugo, strange stories were told of a spectre that was seen, and of strange sounds that were heard about the house and premises, and so deeply had a superstitious dread of the place taken hold upon the minds of the settlers, that the cabin was permitted to decay and fall, as did its mysterious occupant. "Not long since, however, the place fell into the possession of Mr. Joel H. Ester and son. A clearing away of the remains of the old cabin was at once deemed necessary by the owners, and to this purpose they applied themselves vigorously. They had not proceeded far, however, before they discovered, on raising the floor, a small tin box snugly encoiled in the base of the chimney under the hearth. It contained a copy of Raphael's Madonna, to which was attached a small cross; a razor, with the initials H. H. engraved on the handle, and the following letter: "BLADEN COUNTY, N. C., May 11, 1809. "SAMUEL W. HUGO, Cheapside, London, England—My Dear Brother: This is perhaps the last address I shall ever send you. Before to-morrow's sun has set I shall be in a spirit world, marching in the holy and wonderful company of the holy souls, who, for the honor of Christ and the Holy Mary, despised the things of the world. Even now I feel as if the foundations of life were drying up. "Then is a tremulous hand—"Come to America, as I urged you in a previous letter. I have buried all the money I brought with me, amounting to about one million three hundred thousand dollars, on a small islet, the direction to which I have already sent you. The amount is contained in seven different boxes, and buried in separate places on the islet. "Your affectionate brother. "ELIAS HUGO." "A box containing two hundred dollars in French money was found on the islet referred to, about three weeks ago."

Romance in an Almshouse.

A correspondent of a New York paper tells the following story, which transpired, in part, in the almshouse at Poughkeepsie: "Some months ago a woman, squalidly dressed, but the owner of a face singularly beautiful, was committed to the almshouse for vagrancy. A little child accompanied her. Her manners, though coarse, gave unmistakable evidence of former refinement. Her voice was soft and melodious, and her eyes lustrous and sparkling. She was miserably poor, both in dress and purse, and appeared to have suffered in past years much agony of mind. She claimed to have once moved in respectable circles, and registered her name in a beautiful band as Eloise Brentano. She performed all her duties in the almshouse faithfully, and frequently sung sonnets in French and Italian. It is reported that she was formerly an opera singer of some note. When spoken to on the subject, she gave an evasive answer, and preserved a long silence. Two weeks ago one Clarence Beaumont, tattered and torn, hungry and forlorn, was committed to the building on a charge of vagrancy. He was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, but seemed to be embittered by the trials of life, and his conversation was marked with coarseness and profanity. After being in the almshouse three days, he manifested a strong attachment for Eloise, and sought her company constantly, waiting upon her with the assiduity of a servant, and paying her the most respectful attention. He soon gained her heart and affection. On the day before his discharge they had a long interview and separated with mutual tears and caresses. Now, mark the sequel. Clarence Beaumont was discharged from the almshouse on Friday morning. Before he left, the pair had made preparations for an elopement. At 3 A. M., Eloise stole out of her cot, with her sleeping child on her arm, met her lover beneath the cold stars at the gate, and carefully crept away over the snow. At 7 A. M., they were seen, arm in arm, floating down the Dutchess county turnpike, since which time nothing has been heard from them. It now turns out that Eloise had fallen heir to some \$30,000 by the death of an aunt in Adrian, Michigan, and that Mr. Beaumont's attentions were paid with a view of securing the money."

HE CAME FROM NEW JERSEY.

There was an amusing scene on board the Louisville mail boat the other day. There was the usual conglomeration of passengers in the cabin just before the boat landed, and amid the general hubbub of conversation a man remarked incidentally: "Now, over in New Jersey, where I live—" Instantly an old man, who had sat moodily and silently pondering by the stove for some time, springing to his feet and exclaimed: "Stranger, are you from New Jersey?" "Yes." "And willin' to acknowledge it?" "Yes, sir; proud on't." "Hurra! give us your hand," cried the old man, fairly dancing with exultation. "I'm from New Jersey, too, but never felt like declaring it afore. Shake! I'm an old man; I've traveled long and far. I've been in every city in this here West—steamed onto the Ohio and Mississippi—been to California, over the plains and around the Horn; took a v'yage once to Liverpool; but in all my travels, hang me if this ain't the first time I ever heerd a man acknowledge that he kum from New Jersey!" Turning to the whole assembly, now augmented by railroad runners, hackmen, bootblacks, newsboys and apple girls, for the boat had by this time landed, he said: "Boys, let's ALL take a drink to New Jersey, the land of Freelinghaysen, Old Hyson, Young Hyson, Commodore Stockton and Dan Rice. Hip!"

THE EDITOR.

A schoolboy's composition on "The Editor" ran as follows, in a school not far from Cincinnati: "The editor is one of the happiest animals in the world. He can go to the circus, afternoon and evening without paying a cent; is also to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics, and strawberry festivals, gets wedding cakes sent to him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back in the next issue, which he generally does. I never knew but one editor to get licked. His paper busted that day and he couldn't take anything back. While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up late every night and see all that is going on. The boys think it is a big thing to hang on till 10 o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out late of nights. Then that will be bully. The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for him, knowing if they didn't he'd make them git up and git. In politics he don't care much who he goes for, if they are on his side. If they ain't he goes for 'em any way; so it amounts to nearly the same thing.— There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some of them have been in the profession for years. If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus rider, I would say, let me be an editor."

TEST RULE.

Divide the two last figures of the No. of the bill by four (4) and if the remainder is one (1) the bill will be marked A. If the remainder should be two (2) the letter will be B. If three (3) should remain, the letter will be C, and if there should be no remainder, the letter will be D.