



H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1869.

NUMBER 23.

1869. A NEW THING, 1869. A BIG THING.

ROYALTY SUPERCEDED! The "House of Tudor" Surrendered TO THE SMALL FRY!

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS! New Inducements!

High Street! Low Prices!

A. G. FRY Has taken possession of the rooms on High Street, (three doors from Centre Street,)

DRY & DRESS GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, &c.

SOLD VERY CHEAP FOR CASH! OR IN EXCHANGE FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

NO DEALER KEEPS BETTER GOODS! NO DEALER SELLS CHEAPER! NO DEALER SELLS MORE!

TRY FRY! TRY FRY!! TRY FRY!!! Buy from Fry! Buy from Fry!!

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY the finest Dress Goods at the fairest prices.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY Madras, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Shirting, Denims, Drills, Jeans, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sateens, Delaines, Lawns, Prints, &c., &c., and wish to get the full worth of your money.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY House and Store for Men's, Ladies' and Children's wear, unexcelled in quality and nowhere undersold in prices.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., of the handsomest styles at the lowest figures.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY Hats, Suits, Shoozers, Mess Pork, Fish, Salt, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Soap, Candles, Spices, or anything else in that line.

TRY FRY IF YOU WANT TO BUY anything and everything worth buying, and be sure that at all times you will be supplied at the LOWEST CASH RATES.

Oh my! my eye! it is no lie That at the Dry Goods Store and Grocery Just opened by A. G. Fry, On the street called High.

More for your money you can buy Than from any other place, far or nigh.

I design to keep a full line of DRESS GOODS of the most desirable styles and textures, and as I am determined to sell as CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST, I respectfully solicit a call from all the ladies, and especially from those who have been in the habit of visiting other places to make their purchases. Whatever you want to buy, be sure first to visit the store of A. G. Fry.

Ebensburg, May 27, 1869.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogue, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner. Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS, Ebenburg, April 29, 1869.

MONTGOMERY & SCHLEGEL, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS AND RECEIVERS OF FLOUR AND PRODUCE,

STAR FRONT, 337 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CONSIGNMENTS OF PRODUCE SOLICITED.

PITTSBURGH REFERENCES.—Hart, Daugherty & Co., Bankers, Arbuckle & Co., Wholesale Grocers, C. H. Love & Bro., Dry Goods Merchants, W. D. Cooper & Brother, Wholesale Grocers, Reyer Brothers, Confectioners.

Circulars with Brands and Prices sent on demand. [May 13, 1869-Gm.7.]

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE

BUCK'S MILLS, Allegheny Township.

The subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends and the public in general that he has just opened at Buck's Mills a large and superb stock of seasonable merchandise, consisting of all kinds of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, and all other articles usually kept in a country store.

Having paid cash for my goods I am determined to dispose of them either for cash, or on country produce at as low prices as the goods can be bought from any dealer in the country. A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited. W. M. J. BUCK, Buck's Mills, April 29, 1869, 4f.

The Poet's Department.

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

How simply fall the simple words Upon the human heart, When friends long bound by strongest ties Are doomed by fate to part!

Calcs, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

"THE LAST SPIKE"

BY PAUL PARALLEL.

As everybody knows, when a great event takes place during the day, it is the subject of conversation in all the family circles during the evening.

The other day I took supper with a few friends at the Maison de Tipkins. We sat down at nine o'clock, and lingered long and lovingly over our broiled oysters and wine.

But as I shouted, a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, and in gruff tones I was admonished to be quiet.

"We are passing through a dangerous country, and the Indians are thick and ferocious." I became aware that our speed was slackening, and I looked up and around.

oysters.) I was cognizant of making some sort of a noise, and of a waving of the air with my arms occasionally—but what other remarks I made I have no distinct remembrance.

I was bidding my friends good-bye at the corner, under the street lamp, the rays from which had but a sorry effect in dispelling the darkness around.

Then there was a hiatus, as it were, of unconsciousness, until the shrill shout of the brakeman announced, "Altoons—fifteen minutes for breakfast!"

But as I shouted, a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, and in gruff tones I was admonished to be quiet.

"We are passing through a dangerous country, and the Indians are thick and ferocious." I became aware that our speed was slackening, and I looked up and around.

On top of an upright post, about eight feet high, was nailed a strip of pine board, bearing the legend, in letters of black: "Promontory Point."

led me to the railroad track, and as I approached my suspicions took a different turn. I was not to be burned, but to be tied to the rails, to be run over and mangled by the next train.

We reached the track and the Indians gathered around. I looked down and saw that they were right at the joining point of the eastern and western branches of that great road.

Six of them, by the aid of crowbars, which they picked up from the ground, loosened the tie from its position.

"Get up, here," growled a serious voice, "you'll catch cold!" I looked up. I was lying across the top of the marble steps in front of my lodging house, and a policeman was vigorously punching me in the breast with his club.

EXPERIMENTS WITH RAIN WATER.—The Lowell, (Mass.) Courier says that on the 4th of June, 1828, Mr. Jas. V. Atkinson, of that city, caught some rain water from the roof of the house, put it in pans and let it settle for twenty-four hours, and then corked it up in two gallon demijohns.

An English paper gives the following from a Quaker in the country to a friend in the city: "Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called an attorney, and let him take an instrument with a seal fixed thereunto by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green and bring him before the lambskin men (the judges) at Westminster and teach him to do as he would be done by. And so I rest thy friend in the light."

SNOOKS HAS AN INTERVIEW.

I was sittin' in my office, speculatin' in my own mind whether on the whole it wouldn't be best for me to give myself away for the benefit of my family, when there came a knock at the door.

There, says I, is some one anxious to subscribe for the El Paso Journal, so I uttered in a loud voice, "Come in."

A smile perused her features for a moment, and then she said, "I am willing to suffer for the cause."

"You air an impulsive femail," said I. "Your nature is at once spontaneous and out-breakin'.

"I should be pleased," she said, "to go in arm with you to the poles."

MOLASSES BEER.—Six quarts of water, two quarts of molasses, half a pint of yeast, two spoonfuls of cream tartar.—Stir all together. Add the grated peel of a lemon; and the juice may be substituted for the cream tartar.

With these words I arose, and tellin' her to set still until my return, I stole softly down stairs.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY A DETECTIVE.

The Italian revolution was at its height. The mountain defiles were swarming with marauders, and the nobility had flocked to the capital, or sought refuge from imperial avarice in another land.

Their many accomplishments, their high rank and fame, gave them a place in the best society. The wife was flattered and admired, the husband the observed of all who did honor to virtue or loved a patriot.

But one night the child disappeared. The mother was frantic—the father wild with apprehension. The city had been searched through and through.

My conclusions were correct, I had no time for delay. The affair demanded haste. Before midnight we had searched the coast from the Barracks to the Forts.

WHAT do travellers visit Egypt for? To peer amid the pyramids.

Josh Billings' Natural History.

It is not the most delightful task few rite the natral history of the Louse; thar iz enny quantity of thorbred folks who would consider it a kontaminashun, uz bluck az paten leather, to say louse, or even think louse, but a louse is a fact, and aul facts are never more at home, nor more unwilling to move than when they git into the head.

Book edukashun iz a phatting thing, it makes a man stick out with other folks opinyuns, and is a good thing to make the vulgar role up the white of their eyes, and wonder how enny man could know so much wisdom.

Schooling, when I was a colt, didn't lis around so loose as it duz now, and learnin' was picked up oftener by runnin' yore head against a stun wall than by enny other kind of mineralogy.

But all this is remote from the louse. The louse is a familiar animal, very sedentary in his habits, not apt to git lost. They can be cultivated without the aid of a guide book, and with half a chance will multiply and thicken as much as pimples on a goose.

There iz no ground so fruitful for the full development of this little domesticated collateral as a distrik ge'ool house, and while the yung ideas is breaking its shell, and playin' hide and go seek on the inside of the dear archin's skull, the louse is playin' tag on the outside, and quite often gets on the school man.

I hav alwuz had a veneration for the louse, not because i consider them ez enny evidence of offencin, or even neatness, but because they remind me of my boyhood innocence, the days away back in the alphabet of memory, when i was set on the flat side of a slab bench, and spelt out of Webster with one hand, and stirred the top of my head with the other.

Philosophically handled, the louse are gregarious, and were a complete success at one time in Egypt. Bible historians don't hesitate tew say that they were aul the earth simmered and biled with them, like a pot of steamin' flaxseed, they were a drug in the market.

Az for me, there is only one piece (thus far) of vital creation that i actually hate, and that is a bedbug. I simply di-pize snaiks, fear musketoze, avoid fleas, don't associate with the cockroach, go round toads, back out square for a hornet.

The most startling essay on man—woman attempting to marry him.