

Cambridge Freeman

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.

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70. SPRING, 1870.
I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
SEET-IRON & COPPER WARE
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Consists in part of every variety of
Tin, Sheet-Iron,
COPPER AND BRASS WARES,
ENAMELED AND PLAIN
SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c
SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL
WARE, HOUSE-FURNISHING HARD
WARE OF EVERY KIND.
Specials: Anti-Dust
EATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELIOR COOKING STOVES,
TRIPLE TRIUMPH AND PABLOO COOK-
ING STOVES.
Every Cooking Stove desired I will get
at ordered at manufacturer's prices.—
Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for re-
pairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; they
are ordered when wanted. Particular
attention given to
Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,
which will be made out of best mate-
rial and put up by competent workmen.
Wick Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Call particular attention to the Light
burner, with Glass Chimney, for giving
the light than any other in use. Also, the
Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.
WICK KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.
Special attention given to
Spouting in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,
at lowest possible rates.
WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS
ready, and will be sent on application
by mail or in person.
Hoping to see all my old customers and
my new ones this Spring, I return my
sincere thanks for the very liberal pa-
page I have already received, and will
ever to please all who may call, whether
buy or not.
FRANCIS W. HAY,
Ebensburg, March 7, 1867.

REAL ESTATE
SAVINGS BANK,
No. 63 Fourth Avenue,
Adjoining new Merchants' and Manufacturers'
National Bank.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1862.
ISAAC JONES, President.
WM. H. SMITH, Vice President.
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D. C. PARKE, Accountant.
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Isaac Jones, D. W. C. Bidwell,
Nicholas Veeghtly, Jr.
Statement of October 30, 1869.
ASSETS.
Bonds and Mortgages, being first
liens on Real Estate, \$502,957 00
U. S. 1861 Bonds, at par, 25,000 00
U. S. 10 40 Bonds, at par, 25,000 00
Real Estate, 2,730 47
Real Furniture, 418 60
Cash, 51,400 32
Total, \$607,496 39
LIABILITIES.
Amount due Depositors, \$550,103 71
Nov. 1, 1869, Interest, 14,027 79
Contingent Fund, 43,364 89
Total, \$607,496 39
INTEREST ALLOWED ON Deposits, at
SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM, payable to
Depositors in May and November, which, if
not drawn, will be added to the principal, and
compounded.
Open for Deposit from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
daily; also on Saturday Evenings, from 6 to
9 o'clock.
Money loaned on Bond and Mortgage
only. Slips for the use of depositors who can-
not visit the city, and copies of Charter and
By-Laws furnished by mail.
S. S. CARRIER,
Secretary and Treasurer,
No. 63 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
November 25, 1869. Sm.

THE GREAT FLOOD.
A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.
How long was it, do you ask, little
Benny? Sixty-one years, if it was a
day. It is now June. I was seventy-
nine the tenth of last April; and that
worst day of the Great Flood was on one
other tenth of April, exactly sixty-one
years, too; I remember it as well as any-
thing else that happened. For that matter
I remember it all well enough; it's not
very likely that I shall forget such a time
as that was until the sods cover me.
Come here to my knee, little Benny, and
I'll tell you all about it.
The country was new then—not so new
that the Indians or wild animals troubled
us much, for there were only a few of the
Delawares very near us, and they were so
much civilized that they cared for nothing
but whiskey; and a stray wolf or cat-
amount was all that troubled our pigs or
chickens. When I say it was a new
country, I mean that it was pretty much
all woods, with very few settlements, and
not many people in them. They were
mostly along the banks of this river, for
almost every one was lumbering or raft-
ing; and that was what brought father
here from Vermont. My mother died
away up among the Green Mountains; and
it always seemed to me as if he could-
n't bear the old homestead after that.
He grew very restless and uneasy; and
one day he came home early in the
afternoon and said to me:
"Daughter, I have a chance to sell the
place at a bargain. Shall I do it? This
hasn't been like home to me for two
months. I think I'm wanting new scenes
and new faces to blunt the grief I have
for her that's left us. Shall we go to
Pennsylvania, Bessy? I've a plan to go
into the lumber trade; and maybe I'll
make so much money in a year or two
that we'll go to Philadelphia, and you'll
be a fine lady the rest of your days.—
Shall we go, Bessy?"
Poor father! The dear, kind soul
lived and died with the wish nearest his
heart to make me a fine lady. I'm thank-
ful that he never saw it accomplished;
but he did see me become a useful woman,
and I hope and trust, a good wife and
mother. How that happened, Benny, is
the story that I'm telling you now.
Look from the north window, there,
boy; I'd come and look with you, but my
rheumatism is bad to-day. No matter.
Do you see that long point of land, a
mile up stream, that runs out into the
water? Yes! Well look a little closer at
it. Farthest from the shore it spreads
out into an acre of good, high land, but
the narrow neck that joins that to the
shore is commonly almost as low as the
level of the stream. There are great high
stepping stones across it now, that father
laid there when we first came; and we
used to walk dry-shod over them when
the spring rains had raised the river. I
remember but one solitary time when the
water covered the stepping stones as well
as the neck of land, and that was the
time of the great flood.
Our little house was built on that high
land in the middle of the river—a two
story frame affair, with two rooms down
stairs and two up; and, after all, it took
all the neighbors to raise the roof. It was
an odd notion of father's in putting it
there; he used to say that the day would
come when he could sell off valuable
water privileges around his acre. That
day hasn't come yet, Benny; but some-
times, when I think of poor, dear father,
and all his plans and schemes for me, and
of what happened, I really think that
something like Providence put it into his
heart to fancy that queer little corner out
there in the river, and to build our house
there. I am going to tell you what I
mean right away.
After the little house was built and fur-
nished, I stayed at home and kept it, and
father took to the woods with the loggers.
He led a hard enough life from that time
on till he died; summer and winter he
was at work with his men—sometimes at
the logger's camp, then hauling the logs
to the river and rafting them down to the
bay, where he sold them to the contractor.
There were weeks when he wouldn't
be at home a day but Sunday; but when
he was rafting I often heard his shout on
the river, and could see him waving his hat
from the raft as it went slowly down the
stream with the current. I hope I was
a good daughter in those days; I kept
my best to do all I could for him. I kept
the house neat and tidy, and mended his
clothes; and regularly once a day I cook-
ed a great mess which was taken up hot
to the logger's camp in a great tin pail
that was got from the city.
I was lonesome-like often enough, for
there were whole days that I did not see
a human being to exchange a word with,
but Ben Sample, who almost always came
for the dinner. Heigh ho! Its long
enough ago that I'm telling you of, and
handsome Ben Sample was then hardly
twenty-one. I don't know, my boy, but
the lads are as handsome and sprightly
as good now as they were threescore
years ago; if I say not, it may be because
I see them through an old woman's eyes,
and that I can't see the charm that I
could once. However that is, I know I
never saw so fine a lad every way as that
one was. He was not over tall, nor yet
short; he was of middling height, with
broad shoulders and big hands, and was

as strong as any two of them—so father
said. He had curly chestnut hair, and
red and white cheeks, like a girl, though
sunburnt; and his eyes were great blue
eyes, and his teeth shone so when he
laughed, (and that was often,) that any-
body would have liked him. And then
he was so honest and clever, and so kind
and obliging, that before I had seen him
many times I came to like him right well;
and one day I happened to say to father
that I thought Ben Sample was an excel-
lent lad, and that I wished I could have
more of his company. I never saw father
look stern all of a sudden, as he did then;
and I never heard him speak so stern,
either.
"Better leave him to his place, Bessy,"
he said, very quick and sharp like.—
"He's naught but a poor lumberman,
after all," and he's not likely to be aught
else. So don't be tender with him,
daughter; I bid you naught. If you've
felt any too kind to him you must check
it in time. Have little to say to him,
daughter; it's your father's wish."
Poor Ben! There had been no talk of
love between us before this morning, and
I do not know that I had thought of him
at all as a lover; but by and by, after a
few weeks more, when I had tried hard to
obey my father's command and treat him
coldly, he lingered one day over the great
tin pail long enough to press my hand,
and whisper bashfully—
"Dear Bessy!"
I snatched my hand away and looked
hard at him, and told him that he must
never say or do that again. He left me,
looking as grieved as I ever saw another
mortal look; and when he was gone, I
went out to the log seat by the river and
cried as though my heart would break.
I didn't know my feelings till then, but if
Ben Sample could have seen me that half
hour!
Ben did not come with the great pail
after that; another man took his place,
and things went on in the old lonely way
all the rest of that winter and through the
next spring. It was the first week of
March, I think, of that year, that father
brought young Mr. Cardle to the house.
Young Mr. Cardle was the only son of
old Jacob Cardle, the millionaire, who
lived in Philadelphia, and was contract-
ing with father for all his logs for years
to come. The old man meant that young
Jacob should succeed him in business in
a few months; and he thought it would
be an excellent thing to send him up to
the logger's country for awhile, to get ac-
quainted with the different kinds of lumber
and the process of cutting it and getting it
to market. Father thought it would be
an excellent thing for himself to entertain
him at the house while he remained; and
so for the next five weeks they were regu-
larly at home morning and night, sleep-
ing in the house and spending the day in
the woods or on the river. But it wasn't
hard to see that young Mr. Cardle grew
tired of this very soon; and presently he
began to come back to the house in the
middle of the day, and fish or shoot in the
neighborhood until night.
You'll want to know what kind of man
he was. He was pale and slender; hand-
some enough for those that like such beau-
tiful as that in men; and rather foppish,
with his diamond ring and his silky mous-
tache. He was very polite, too, and he
would talk and chatter as city folks can;
but I never thought there was much heart
or good feeling in anything he said or did.
Yet he seemed to like me from the first,
and poor father whispered to me ten times,
if he did once:
"Play thy cards shrewdly, Bessy, and
thou'll catch him! He'll make thee a
lady, girl, and a rich one!"
And stranger things have happened, I
know, than my marrying him would have
been; surely affairs were rapidly drifting
towards it, and I had almost succeeded in
crushing the thought of Ben Sample out
of my heart, and playing the part that my
father wished me to play to young Mr.
Cardle, (for I never could have persuaded
myself to love him,) when that fatal Tenth
of April came that brought my eighteenth
birthday and the Great Flood together.
The river had been rising slowly for a
week before it, and there had been much
rain with us. We heard reports of tremen-
dous rains in the mountains two hun-
dred miles north of us, which lasted for
days and days; and the river continued
to rise steadily and slowly, though up to
that day it was not over the stepping-
stones across the neck.
On the morning of the tenth the rain
came down at first steadily, and Mr. Car-
dle thought he would not leave the house.
Father went over to the camp just after
breakfast, saying that he would return as
usual to-night; and so we two spent
the day alone together. I tried to talk
with him and interest him, but he was
restive and uneasy, and half the time was
idly turning over leaves or drumming with
his fingers on the window-panes.
It was about the middle of the after-
noon, when I was wondering what I should
do next, (and thinking a little of poor Ben
Sample, I believe,) that Mr. Cardle turned
short around to me and said, very abruptly:
"I'm going back to the city to-morrow,
Bessy. I want to know if I can come
back here in three months—that'll be the
middle of July—and make you my wife?"
I looked straight at him and said not a
word, but, oh, my boy, how I did think
of Ben!
"I'm rich enough for both of us, and
to spare," he went on; "and you're every-

thing I want in a wife. You know you're
handsome, Bessy, and I suppose you are
good. Will you marry me when I come
again?"
I never thought of myself or my own
feelings; I put all thoughts of Ben out of
my head, remembering my father, and
said, "Yes!"—nothing more. I don't
know whether Mr. Cardle would have
kissed me or not—he had no chance—
for hardly had I spoken that word when
there was a knock at the door, and I open-
ed it to admit—Ben Sample himself!
We were all three of us rather ill at
ease for a moment. Mr. Cardle knew
Ben, I suppose, and must have heard
something about his old feelings for me,
for he stepped back to the window and
frowned, never speaking or nodding to
Ben, who stood there with his hat twirling
in his hand, awkward and abashed. He
only found his tongue when I asked him
to sit down; then he said:
"Nay, I can't stop. I only came to
bring your father's message that he won't
be home to-night. The rise in the river
has broken loose the great raft at Logan's
Ford, that was to be floated down to-
morrow morning, and he's gone up with
all hands to moor it. He can't be here
to-night."
That was awkward news to me. I
had never thought of staying in that lone-
ly place without father; and it was little
consolation to think of Mr. Cardle as a
protector. Just as I had a question on
my tongue, Ben spoke again:
"You don't know how fast the river is
rising," he said. "Out on the stones the
water is almost to the tops of my boots,
and is rising higher."
"Do you think there is any danger in
staying here to-night?" I asked, in some
alarm.
"Maybe not," he answered doubtfully,
"but I never knew the river to be so high
before."
"Ben, Ben, what shall I do?" I took
no notice at all of Mr. Cardle, and felt no
safety except from the presence of Ben.
"Didn't father send any other word?"
"None at all."
"And won't you stay?"
"After what has happened, Bessy? I
shouldn't think you'd wish it."
Then he must have seen how grieved
and sorry I looked, and how alarmed I
felt, for he added, right away:
"Yes, I will stay, Bessy, if you wish
it, though I trust and believe there's no
danger."
I thanked him with a look, and before
I could say anything more, Mr. Cardle
spoke.
"Do you think there's any danger of
the river upsetting the house?" he asked.
"It surely will if it rises high enough,"
Ben replied. "Hark, hear that!"
Generally, when the door was open, we
could hear a faint ripple of current, but
it now had a hoarse, loud sound that was
new to me. Ben looked dubious as he
heard it.
"I don't like that," he said. "Let me
go out and see."
He was not gone three minutes, and he
came back with his face full of trouble.
"The water is within twenty feet of the
door," he said. "I don't suppose I could
leave here from the bank. We must
wait here at once, and when you're safe,
I'll come back and save some of the things
if the water gains like this, all the floor
will be under in an hour."
He went out again; I knew what for.
The west foundation wall of the house
was next the river, and father always
kept a skiff tied there. I understood from
what Ben said, that he meant to bring
the skiff round to the front and take us to
the shore. I was putting on my hood and
shawl when he came back. His face was
as pale as ashes, and never noticed me at
first, but looked all round the room and
into father's chamber.
"Where's that fellow Cardle?" he asked.
I had not noticed that he was gone; he
had been standing by the window just be-
fore Ben went out the last time.
"I thought it," Ben cried, and his face
looked half sorry, half mad. "Bessy, do
you know what has happened? The skiff
is gone! and that man with it."
I looked terrified into his face, and then
followed him to the door and looked out
with him. It was almost night, but what
there was of daylight left showed us a
mad, white-capped torrent of water, rush-
ing through the channel between us and
the shore—so near to us that we could
have stepped off the lower step into it, and
roaring and whirling in a manner that
was fearful to see. The rain had ceased
and I didn't then see how the river could
rise so; but I understood it afterward,
when they told me that it was all owing
to a sudden thaw up in the mountains that
had melted the snow in the gorges and
poured hundreds of new streams into the
river all at once. We looked a moment,
and then came back into the room. I
was afraid, I suppose; but not so much as
I thought at first. Somehow I felt a
sense of security with Ben Sample there,
that robbed the situation of all the terrors
it would have had without him. I hard-
ly thought of Jacob Cardle, and how mean
and heartless he was to abandon us so
and deprive us of the means of safety,
when Ben wanted to save us together.—
"Ben will save me," was all I could think
of; and I suppose I repeated the words to
myself a hundred times. Once I must
have spoken aloud, for he said:
"I will, Bessy—God willing. I will
pray for strength that I may."

He knelt there on the floor and prayed
—and I knelt beside him and took one of
his hands in both of mine. When we
arose we heard the first low washing of
the water against the east side of the
house, mingled with the louder rushing
and brawling of the torrent beyond.—
When it grew so dark that I could not
see Ben's face, I lit a candle; and we sat
there together in silence, I holding his
hand. My heart was too full for speech,
and Ben said nothing but a word of com-
fort now and then.
"There's nothing for us to do but to
stay here and hope for the best," he told
me once. And then added, "While there
is life there's hope; and when there's none,
I'll not leave, Bessy."
Dear, noble Ben! I wanted to throw
myself on his breast and tell him my se-
cret, but something prevented—I don't
know what—and I only pressed the hand
that I held. There was no slacking to
the river; it rose higher and higher every
moment, and by ten o'clock the water was
over the floor where we stood. Ben
had carried the trunks and the things I
cared most for up stairs; and then we
took to the second story. Here we stayed
for two hours more, I listening all the
time for the sound of oars and voices, for
I hoped that father would come and take
us off. Midnight came, and I grew im-
patient, and complainingly asked Ben if
he could tell why father did not come and
rescue us.
"I'm afraid I can, Bessy," he answer-
ed with a grave face. "The great raft
went down the river two hours ago; I
heard the voices of men shouting, and I
don't doubt your father is carried away
with the rest. But don't be afraid; they
are all safe, I hope, and they'll get to
shore when morning comes."
I couldn't help crying when he told
me that, and I nestled up to him as if I
had been a child, and he put his strong
arm around me. It was not long after
this that we felt the house settling and
tipping, and not much longer when it car-
eened half-way over, and was whirled
away into the river, by the torrent that
was under undermining the foundation.—
That was an awful hour my lad! Ben
held one hand around me, and with the
other hand grasped the window sill, while
he braced his feet in the corner of the
room; and the rising and the falling of
the poor wreck under us, as the heavy
current swept us along, gave me at first
the feeling that we were going first to the
bottom. The wind moaned outside, the
beams cracked and gaped as though the
poor old house was falling apart. Long
before daylight we both saw it was set-
tling down deeper and deeper into the
water, which rose over the upper floor;
and when Ben had succeeded in knocking
out the skiff, he dragged me out on the
roof—how, I don't know. I only know
that he did it, and but for him my drown-
ed body would have floated there in that
old wrecked house when morning came.
And I don't know much about the rest
of how that dreadful night passed. Ben
sat upon the ridgepole, and held me on by
main strength; and in the cold and dark-
ness I believe I slept; certainly I forgot
where I was for a long time, and forgot I
was cold too. But then I didn't know,
until I woke up at broad daylight, that
Ben had taken his coat off and put it
around my shoulders. The house had
sunk so low that one of the eaves was
tipped clear out of the water, and the
water was three feet under. We were
drifting slowly down the centre of the
stream; and the shore was almost a mile off
on either side, and there was not a sail nor
sign of help in sight. I looked at Ben
perfectly hopeless and calm in my despair,
and he looked back with hope and cour-
age.
"There's one hope yet, Bessy," he said,
cheerily; and his finger pointed to an ob-
ject floating ten rods behind us—an object
the sight of which filled my heart with
gratitude to God, that He had heard and
had answered our prayers. It was my
father's skiff, with the oars lying in the
bottom of it, following along in our tracks
as if to save us from destruction. I un-
derstood at once how it was: Jacob Car-
dle had drawn it up on the shore after
deserting us, and the rise of the flood had
carried it out; and falling into the strong
current of the neck, which set towards the
middle of the stream, it had followed us
all night. Ben looked wistfully at it, and
measured with his eye the distance to it.
The roof to which we clung was alternately
sinking and swaying, and the water
sucked and eddied ominously around it.
"This old thing can't swim many min-
utes longer," he said. "You hold on
here alone, Bessy, while I swim out to
the skiff and bring it to you!" He did
not wait for me to reply, but lifted me to
the place where he had sat, and showed
me how to grasp the bare rafters, where
the boards had been strained off. When
he had done this, he stopped, just as he
was going to let himself into the water,
and looking at me with a tender, mourn-
ful look that I can never forget—no, not
if I should live to be twice fourscore—he
said—
"You'll be safe in ten minutes, I hope;
may God speed me for your sake! Yet
if anything should happen to either of us,
that we shouldn't meet again in this world,
I must tell you now, Bessy, that nobody
has loved you as I have—that nobody
loves you now as I do. Believe me dear,
for it is true."

"I know it, Ben—I know it!" I sobbed,
and I put my face up to his. He bent
over and kissed me, with such a look of
mighty surprise and overwhelming joy as
I don't believe any man ever had before;
and crying out, "Hold hard, Bessy—hold
fast girl!" he jumped into the river and
struck out for the skiff!
I did not tell him when he left that my
hands were cold, almost numb; and I
held tight to the rafters, and watched him
while the pain in my hands and arms was
dressing me sorely. I saw him reach
the skiff, and balance himself, and then
carefully over its side to get in without
everturning it; and when he had accom-
plished this my strength was almost gone.
My hands were giving, slipping; I made
one last spasmodic effort to retain my
hold, and shouted wildly to Ben. I heard
the splash of oars, and his loud, cheery
voice encouraging me; darkness overtook
me as my hands slipped their grasp.—
Clutching at the shingles, I slid down-
ward, down, but not to my watery grave.
The skiff shot past me. Ben Sample's
arm snatched me from my peril, and I lay
safely in the bottom of the boat, while his
stout arms rowed me toward the shore.
"Look there," he exclaimed, and I
looked my last at the poor old house. The
roof heaved and settled, the waters wash-
ed up over it, and it sank in a wild whirl-
pool that sucked it down.
"That was the last of our danger. We
got to the shore and found a house; and
before night we had a chance to take a
schooner up the river. In a day or two
father came up with most of his men;
and such a meeting as we had! The raft
had been carried off by the flood, as Ben
thought, and two of the men had perished
by drowning. And when I had told him
the true story of our night in the house
afloat, he took Ben by the hand, with
tears in his eyes, and begged his pardon
for thinking that anybody could be better
than such a brave, noble fellow as he had
proved himself.
"And especially that cowardly sneak,
Cardle," father added, with a savage slap
of his hand on his knees. "Plague take
me! what a fool I would be, sometimes,
if I had my own way."
As for Jacob Cardle, I never heard a
syllable more of him. I never wanted to.
I am not sorry that I met him, for he
served to show me the difference between
Ben Sample and the little creatures the
world of fashion and wealth calls men.
Well a day! It's many a long year
that I have lived as the happy wife of
that same Ben Sample, and it's not many
since God took him before me. How
old are you, little Benny? Nine, indeed!
Then he died just nine years ago; you
were named for him, boy, for you were
born the morning that he died. He was
your own grand-father, little Ben; and I
can give you no better wish than you may
be as brave, as strong and as good a man
as his was.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

70. SPRING, 1870.
I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
SEET-IRON & COPPER WARE
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Consists in part of every variety of
Tin, Sheet-Iron,
COPPER AND BRASS WARES,
ENAMELED AND PLAIN
SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c
SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL
WARE, HOUSE-FURNISHING HARD
WARE OF EVERY KIND.
Specials: Anti-Dust
EATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELIOR COOKING STOVES,
TRIPLE TRIUMPH AND PABLOO COOK-
ING STOVES.
Every Cooking Stove desired I will get
at ordered at manufacturer's prices.—
Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for re-
pairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; they
are ordered when wanted. Particular
attention given to
Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,
which will be made out of best mate-
rial and put up by competent workmen.
Wick Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Call particular attention to the Light
burner, with Glass Chimney, for giving
the light than any other in use. Also, the
Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.
WICK KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.
Special attention given to
Spouting in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,
at lowest possible rates.
WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS
ready, and will be sent on application
by mail or in person.
Hoping to see all my old customers and
my new ones this Spring, I return my
sincere thanks for the very liberal pa-
page I have already received, and will
ever to please all who may call, whether
buy or not.
FRANCIS W. HAY,
Ebensburg, March 7, 1867.

5-20'S AND 188'S
BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED
ON MOST LIBERAL TERMS.
GOLD
BOUGHT AND SOLD AT MARKET RATES.
COUPONS CASHED,
PACIFIC R. R. BONDS
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION ONLY.
Accounts Receiv'd and Interest Allow'd
ON DAILY BALANCES.
SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.
De Haven & Bro.
No. 40 South THIRD Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Samuel E. Emors, Pres. — Francis D. Douglas, Sec'y.
THIS COMPANY ranks among the first
class Life Insurance Companies doing busi-
ness in Massachusetts, and by complying with
the laws of that State, insures perfect safety
to her Policy Holders. It grants 50 per cent.
loan of premium on Life Policies to its Insured,
and by applying all the cash collected from its
members to insurance, gives the largest insur-
ance attainable for the amount of money in-
vested. Its profits are divided among the Policy
Holders, and its Dividends have never been
less than 50 per cent., thus bringing the net
cost of the insurance within the most limited
means, and affording the protection of a Policy
on terms not excelled by any Company.
Trustworthy and reliable men are wanted
to act as agents for this Company in Cambria
and adjoining counties, and with such the most
liberal arrangements will be made. To those
who may be unacquainted with the business,
full instructions and aid will be most cheer-
fully rendered whenever desirable or available.
COPE & JOHNSON,
Agents for Cambria County,
Johnstown, Pa.
Horn & Norton, General Agents, 64 Fourth
Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Apr. 14-17.)

AMERICAN
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Organized 1850.
ALEX. WHELDON, Pres. — JOHN S. WILSON, Sec.
All policies non-forfeitable. All policies are
payable at death or 90 years of age.
Economy in management, CARE in the selection
of risks, PROMPTNESS in the payment of
death claims, and SECURITY in the investment
of its immense funds, are rigidly adhered to and
have always characterized this Company.
J. FRANK CONDON,
Special Agent.
Nov. 11, 1869-ly.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.
Estate of Jane Rowland.
The undersigned, having been appointed
Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of
Cambria county, to make distribution of the
money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from
the sale of the real estate of Jane Rowland
(late Jane Rodgers) and Isaac Rowland, her
present husband, hereby gives notice that he
will attend for that purpose at his office in Eb-
ensburg, on TUESDAY, THE 17TH OF MAY, at 2
o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons in-
terested may attend. JOHN S. RHEE.

THE GREAT FLOOD.
A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.
How long was it, do you ask, little
Benny? Sixty-one years, if it was a
day. It is now June. I was seventy-
nine the tenth of last April; and that
worst day of the Great Flood was on one
other tenth of April, exactly sixty-one
years, too; I remember it as well as any-
thing else that happened. For that matter
I remember it all well enough; it's not
very likely that I shall forget such a time
as that was until the sods cover me.
Come here to my knee, little Benny, and
I'll tell you all about it.
The country was new then—not so new
that the Indians or wild animals troubled
us much, for there were only a few of the
Delawares very near us, and they were so
much civilized that they cared for nothing
but whiskey; and a stray wolf or cat-
amount was all that troubled our pigs or
chickens. When I say it was a new
country, I mean that it was pretty much
all woods, with very few settlements, and
not many people in them. They were
mostly along the banks of this river, for
almost every one was lumbering or raft-
ing; and that was what brought father
here from Vermont. My mother died
away up among the Green Mountains; and
it always seemed to me as if he could-
n't bear the old homestead after that.
He grew very restless and uneasy; and
one day he came home early in the
afternoon and said to me:
"Daughter, I have a chance to sell the
place at a bargain. Shall I do it? This
hasn't been like home to me for two
months. I think I'm wanting new scenes
and new faces to blunt the grief I have
for her that's left us. Shall we go to
Pennsylvania, Bessy? I've a plan to go
into the lumber trade; and maybe I'll
make so much money in a year or two
that we'll go to Philadelphia, and you'll
be a fine lady the rest of your days.—
Shall we go, Bessy?"
Poor father! The dear, kind soul
lived and died with the wish nearest his
heart to make me a fine lady. I'm thank-
ful that he never saw it accomplished;
but he did see me become a useful woman,
and I hope and trust, a good wife and
mother. How that happened, Benny, is
the story that I'm telling you now.
Look from the north window, there,
boy; I'd come and look with you, but my
rheumatism is bad to-day. No matter.
Do you see that long point of land, a
mile up stream, that runs out into the
water? Yes! Well look a little closer at
it. Farthest from the shore it spreads
out into an acre of good, high land, but
the narrow neck that joins that to the
shore is commonly almost as low as the
level of the stream. There are great high
stepping stones across it now, that father
laid there when we first came; and we
used to walk dry-shod over them when
the spring rains had raised the river. I
remember but one solitary time when the
water covered the stepping stones as well
as the neck of land, and that was the
time of the great flood.
Our little house was built on that high
land in the middle of the river—a two
story frame affair, with two rooms down
stairs and two up; and, after all, it took
all the neighbors to raise the roof. It was
an odd notion of father's in putting it
there; he used to say that the day would
come when he could sell off valuable
water privileges around his acre. That
day hasn't come yet, Benny; but some-
times, when I think of poor, dear father,
and all his plans and schemes for me, and
of what happened, I really think that
something like Providence put it into his
heart to fancy that queer little corner out
there in the river, and to build our house
there. I am going to tell you what I
mean right away.
After the little house was built and fur-
nished, I stayed at home and kept it, and
father took to the woods with the loggers.
He led a hard enough life from that time
on till he died; summer and winter he
was at work with his men—sometimes at
the logger's camp, then hauling the logs
to the river and rafting them down to the
bay, where he sold them to the contractor.
There were weeks when he wouldn't
be at home a day but Sunday; but when
he was rafting I often heard his shout on
the river, and could see him waving his hat
from the raft as it went slowly down the
stream with the current. I hope I was
a good daughter in those days; I kept
my best to do all I could for him. I kept
the house neat and tidy, and mended his
clothes; and regularly once a day I cook-
ed a great mess which was taken up hot
to the logger's camp in a great tin pail
that was got from the city.
I was lonesome-like often enough, for
there were whole days that I did not see
a human being to exchange a word with,
but Ben Sample, who almost always came
for the dinner. Heigh ho! Its long
enough ago that I'm telling you of, and
handsome Ben Sample was then hardly
twenty-one. I don't know, my boy, but
the lads are as handsome and sprightly
as good now as they were threescore
years ago; if I say not, it may be because
I see them through an old woman's eyes,
and that I can't see the charm that I
could once. However that is, I know I
never saw so fine a lad every way as that
one was. He was not over tall, nor yet
short; he was of middling height, with
broad shoulders and big hands, and was

as strong as any two of them—so father
said. He had curly chestnut hair, and
red and white cheeks, like a girl, though
sunburnt; and his eyes were great blue
eyes, and his teeth shone so when he
laughed, (and that was often,) that any-
body would have liked him. And then
he was so honest and clever, and so kind
and obliging, that before I had seen him
many times I came to like him right well;
and one day I happened to say to father
that I thought Ben Sample was an excel-
lent lad, and that I wished I could have
more of his company. I never saw father
look stern all of a sudden, as he did then;
and I never heard him speak so stern,
either.
"Better leave him to his place, Bessy,"
he said, very quick and sharp like.—
"He's naught but a poor lumberman,
after all," and he's not likely to be aught
else. So don't be tender with him,
daughter; I bid you naught. If you've
felt any too kind to him you must check
it in time. Have little to say to him,
daughter; it's your father's wish."
Poor Ben! There had been no talk of
love between us before this morning, and
I do not know that I had thought of him
at all as a lover; but by and by, after a
few weeks more, when I had tried hard to
obey my father's command and treat him
coldly, he lingered one day over the great
tin pail long enough to press my hand,
and whisper bashfully—
"Dear Bessy!"
I snatched my hand away and looked
hard at him, and told him that he must
never say or do that again. He left me,
looking as grieved as I ever saw another
mortal look; and when he was gone, I
went out to the log seat by the river and
cried as though my heart would break.
I didn't know my feelings till then, but if
Ben Sample could have seen me that half
hour