



A. McPike, Editor and Publisher.

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

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FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN?
AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO
OBEY THE SUMMONS!

PETER CAMPBELL'S IMPROVED BEE HIVE.
The undersigned has secured letters patent of the United States, dated December 14, 1869, for an improvement in the construction of Bee Hives, and claims for his invention advantages possessed by no other heretofore patented.
The principal feature of this Bee Hive is the arrangement by means of which it is thoroughly ventilated, thus precluding the possibility of the bees smothering, the comb moulding or the honey souring. This desirable end is accomplished by a vertical perforated tube, running centrally through the hive and open at the top and bottom. All persons interested in apiculture will at once see the great advantages secured in this improvement. The ventilator is for the increase of bees.
The peculiar construction of the box, particularly in the arrangement of the inner compartments, whereby it can be cleaned at any time without disturbing the bees, is another valuable improvement which will be obvious to any person who examines this Bee Hive. An examination of the workings of the bees or the condition of the interior can be made at any time, as the sides are cased with glass. Bees can be transferred from a different hive to the improved one without any difficulty whatever. It would require too much space to enumerate here all the advantages claimed in this invention, but full information will be promptly furnished by applying in person or by letter to the patentee. I am now prepared to dispose of territory for the sale of the Improved Bee Hive in any portion of the United States.
PETER CAMPBELL,
Carlisle, Pa.

AUTOMATIC RAILWAY GATE.
The patentee of the above has also invented and patented an AUTOMATIC RAILWAY GATE, to which he invites the attention of railroad men. Full information will be furnished on application, and Company Rights will be disposed of by the inventor. Address as above.
[Jan. 11, 70.]

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY AGAIN IN FULL BLAST!
NEW FIRM, NEW BUILDINGS, &c.
HAVING purchased the well known EBENSBURG FOUNDRY from Mr. Edw. Glass, and rebuilt and enlarged it almost entirely, besides refitting it with the most modern machinery, we are now prepared to furnish COOK, PARLOR & HEATING STOVES, of the latest and most approved patterns; THRESHING MACHINES, MILL GEARING, ROSE and WATER WHEELS of every description, IRON FENCING, PLOUGHS and PLOUGH CASTINGS, and in fact all manner of articles manufactured in a first class Foundry. Job Work of all kinds attended to promptly and done cheaply.
The special attention of Farmers is invited to two newly patented PLOUGHS which we possess the sole right to manufacture and sell in this county, and which are admitted to be the best ever introduced to the public.
Believing ourselves capable of performing any work in our line in the most satisfactory manner, and knowing that we can do work at lower rates than have been charged in this community heretofore, we confidently hope that we will be found worthy of liberal patronage.
Fair reductions made to wholesale dealers.
The highest prices paid in cash for old metal, or castings given in exchange.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH ON DELIVERY.
CONVEYER, VINROE & CO.,
Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

FARMERS, Look to Your Interests,
AND BUY ONE OF
SPROUTS COMBINED
HAY FORK AND KNIFE.
THE BEST AND ONLY PERFECTLY COMBINED
Hay Fork and Knife Manufactured.
EVERY FORK WARRANTED.
As only a limited number can be supplied for this county, orders for it is celebrated.
Hay Fork and Knife should be sent in early to
GEORGE HUNTLEY, EBENSBURG, PA.
Sole Agent for Cambria County,
Who can also supply WOODEN PULLEYS, which are far superior to Iron Pulleys. Also, STEEL GRAPPLES for fastening Pulleys to Beams or Rafter—the most convenient fastenings yet introduced, as they can be put up or taken down without the use of ladders.
Ebensburg, Dec. 9, 1869. 6m.

REVERE THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED!
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.
The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the
Loretto Marble Works,
all kind of MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line. None but the best American and Italian Marble used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to all cases at prices as low as like work can be obtained in the cities or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits cheapness of my work.
JAMES WILKINSON,
Loretto, March 12, 1868. 1y.

FARMERS AND OTHERS SHOULD NOT FAIL TO GET ONE OF THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED Lima Double-Geared WOOD-SAWING MACHINES,
FOR WHICH
GEORGE HUNTLEY,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
Is Sole Agent for Cambria County.

Original Poetry.
MAY FLOWERS.
Long years ago, beside the wide, deep sea,
The budding Spring had brought its gifts to me
Of early flowers, by softly whispering rains
And silent sunlight scattered o'er the plains.
But April days were sweet to me no more,
For now alone I walked beside the shore;
The smile, the hand in friendly clasp denied
Of her I hoped one day would be my bride.
A careless word, by me too lightly weighed,
By her too gravely—and the vision fled!
The happy past was buried, and it lay
Without a hope to crown it for the May.
I yet retained, more precious far than gold,
A treasure left me in the days of old;
The past was dead—I felt I dared not send,
Could this remembrance of the past offend?
It was a basket of artistic make
That I had found and treasured for her sake;
A little basket, dainty as the hand
That growing careless dropped it on the sand.
Arranged within, most fresh and fragrant, were
The rare sweet flowers to which I liken'd her,
And these I sent, without a word, the day
Whose glorious dawning brought the month of May.
They all were emblems of her perfect life
With deeds of gentleness and goodness rife,
And for the rest, what need of words to tell
What one red rose could say to her as well?
I hoped at last some token to receive—
And, oh! my heart, it came to me at eve,
When to the sands we all had turned away,
To watch the boats come floating up the bay.
Her eyes went forth like doves across the sea,
But soon returning, brought a sign to me
Of peace and trust—the net she spoke no sound
But so I read it—we were reconciled.
Ah! oft since then I've walked the beach alone—
Oft has the grass above her true heart grown—
And now I call no flower upon the day
Whose silent dawning brings the month of May.
LENNET.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.
AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.
In the latter part of the year 1862 I was residing in Fredericksburg, with my mother, an old lady suffering from a complicated form of spinal disease, which had confined her to her bed for a very long period. The doctors had pronounced her case hopeless, and indeed, there were times when the slightest noise in the room, or her feeblest effort to move, brought upon her such paroxysms of pain as were heart-rending to witness.
We lived completely alone, in a small cottage in the suburbs, not a relative or protector near us, for my father had long been dead, and my two gallant brothers had both fallen in the first battle of Manassas.
While thus unfortunately situated, the neighborhood of Fredericksburg became the scene of hostilities. Gen. Barnside, with an immense force, appeared on the northern bank of the Rappahannock, and endeavored to effect a crossing of the river.
Some time before the main part of the population of the town had deserted it; but my poor mother, more weak and ill than usual, could not be removed to any place of safety.
Imagine our position, reader, if you can! Two feeble women, with a small keg of stale biscuits to sustain us, left without the remotest prospect of help, in a city under nearly a hundred Federal cannon! A dull lethargy, like that of despair, overpowered me. I could only listen, stupefied, to the moanings of the invalid and to the frequent crashing rolls of musketry lower down the river.
With the flight of hope every vestige of apprehension and fear seemed to have left me. I was absolutely certain we should both perish, for to abandon my helpless parent was a thought which never once entered my mind.
Suddenly, on the morning of the 11th of December, just as I was trying after a sleepless night to prepare some food for our breakfast, the dreadful bombardment broke forth in all its fury.
"Ah, it has come at last, and we shall be out of our misery," I thought, stepping quietly to the window and looking out upon the terrible scene. No words could convey a picture of what I then saw—the air filled with flames, and hissing deadly missiles; the crash of buildings struck by round shot, and torn open by bursting shells; houses momentarily catching fire in all directions; and what was more horrible than all the rest, the frantic shrieks of women and children, who, too late, were seeking safety in flight.
As I stood by the window—heaven knows how long, for I was dreadfully fascinated by the spectacle—I witnessed what even now, as I recollect it, makes me shudder.
A butcher's cart, drawn by an immense gray horse, with a man driving it, and a little boy holding fearfully to the skirts of the man's coat, had just come rattling in view. I had hardly caught sight of these figures when a shell burst directly under the animal's feet—or possibly two of them—for the horse, the vehicle, and the human beings in it were literally torn to pieces! I could see the mangled limbs of the poor boy quivering on the sidewalk.
At once, and utterly, I lost all my resolution. In fact I must have fainted, since the next thing of which I was conscious was my mother's voice pitifully begging me to answer her, and say whether I had been wounded.
I staggered and attempted to assure her; but as may be supposed, unsuccessfully. For a whole hour after this we

remained motionless in our chamber, while the firing appeared to increase in violence. The windows rattled like skeleton-bones, and the very foundation of the house trembled and shook at every discharge.
I was fast becoming calm again—despairingly calm—when I heard somebody rapidly walking up stairs, and then a well known voice shouting our names. It was old Robin, our negro servant, whom I had sent the day before in the country, to seek for provisions. My father's slave, and my grandfather's Robin, now seventy years of age, but more athletic than many a young man, had clung with pathetic devotion to the poor remnants of the family as he called us. My heart leaped up when I saw his honest black face, and the notion that we might be saved, after all, brought back my strength of will and courage.
"Saved! but how? People in times of desperate danger think quickly, and are apt to resort to singular expedients.—Glancing about the room, my eye fell upon a large, but exceedingly light straw chair, which I had prepared for my mother's convenience when she was strong enough to sit up.
Ah, a lucky conception! We would wrap the invalid carefully in a double set of blankets, strap her gently to the chair, and if she could endure the pain of removal, Robin would take her on his back (she was scarcely as heavy as a child), and leave the city for the first place of security that offered.
Hurriedly I proposed this plan to my mother, who, to my inexpressible relief, accepted it eagerly. Her pale face flushed a little, and she actually looked better at that moment than I had seen her look for years. Tenderly, as if she had been a baby, Robin placed her in the chair, secured her frail person by passing several cords and a broad strap across her chest and knees, and lastly, taking the burden with no apparent effort upon his back, he went down stairs, bidding me follow him.
But oh! that walk of three miles, first through the burning streets of Fredericksburg, with the roofs crashing above our heads, fire darting between doors and windows, the hiss of balls, and a peculiar singing of the great shells as they passed in curves of flame through the thickening smoke; and then these great dangers avoided, our plodding along the country roads, choked up by overturned carriages, and scattered goods of every description, with horses escaped from their owners, galloping madly along the debris of many a ruined homestead—can I ever forget it all—ever erase from memory the frightful pictures of that time!
At last we reached a farm-house, the people of which were our friends. My mother, with exclamations of amazement from the whole family, was taken at once to bed, but strange to say, she did not seem at all fatigued.
This delicate woman, who had not left her chamber, scarcely her couch, for years, had braved the horrors of bombardment in the open streets—ridden on a negro's back for three or four miles, and yet had not succumbed. And what is more, from that night my mother's health improved, until now, five years after, I have the satisfaction of seeing her seated comfortably near me, and engaged upon some delicate sewing work, upon the very chair which formed so important a part of the rescue of December, 1862.
Her comparative recovery has puzzled the faculty, excepting one physician, an acknowledged genius, who declares it was the most natural thing in the world.
"Did you ever read 'Little Dorrit,' Miss Martha?" he asked me yesterday. I replied that I had. "Well, then, recall that scene which represents Arthur Clement's mother, under the influence of a great mental shock, throwing off the paralysis of twenty years, and rushing through the town to find little Dorrit, and entreat her mercy.
"Ignorant critics laughed at Dickens for introducing what they called *travaux de force*, but Dickens, as usual, knew what he was about. Such shocks, especially in nervous diseases, act often with the subtle force of 'galvanism,' and the cases are numerous where what you have sworn must kill the patient outright, results in a temporary, and in some cases (look at your mother) a permanent cure."
What, meanwhile, of old Robin! He still lives with the family, and in his hale old age delights to repeat to his cronies the minutest particulars of the event of which he was the unquestionable hero.
Every week he gets more garrulous concerning it, so that, in due time, the flight from Fredericksburg promises, under his creative fancy, to develop into quite an "Hiland" of adventures.—*Appleton's Journal.*

POOR MATTY KILBURN.
In Walpole, New Hampshire, there is a very ancient tree, which is an object of interest to visitors, for there is a sorrowful tale connected with it.
Long ago, when the settlers lived in fear of the Indians, who often came down the river to rob and kill, a fort was built near the town, and there the people hurried for protection the moment the alarm was given.
Between this fort and the town stands the old tree, which was a vigorous young oak at the time the story begins.
For a long while the settlers had been at peace, and began to think that the Indians would never come again, for their last repulse had been a most disastrous one.
But one autumn day, when the men were busy harvesting in the fields, a boy who had been fishing came flying home, pale and frightened, to report that the Indians were coming in a whole fleet of canoes, paddling down the "long river of peace," as they called the Connecticut.
Then the panic began, and all hurried to the fort, taking their women and children, their cattle, and as much of their precious harvest as they could gather in that short time.
The inmates of a few solitary houses on the outskirts of the town were left to their fate, for there was no time to warn them except by the bell.
Some of the women fled to the fort, leaving the men who were away in the fields, or on the hills, to defend themselves as they best knew how.
Some hid in the woods, fearing to try to reach the forts, for the canoes were very near now, and the keen eyed savages could see the fugitives.
In one of these lonely houses lived John Kilburn and his twelve year old daughter Matty, who kept house for him like a noble little woman as she was.
On that sad day John was looking for his sheep at the foot of Fall Mountain, and Matty was alone at home. He did not hear the bell, but he saw the Indians; he thought of his dear little girl all alone in the solitary house, and leaving his sheep to their fate, he ran home through by-ways, hoping to reach the settlement before the light began. He knew it would be a bloody one, for the revengeful Indians had not forgotten their last defeat, and had turned out in full force to destroy their conquerors.
They were already on shore when John Kilburn, breathless and exhausted, reached his home to find brave little Mary preparing to defend herself with his gun in her hand, and the dogs at her side.
"Why don't you run to the fort, child?" he panted, as she let him in.
"I waited for you; I knew you'd come, and now we will go together," she said, showing him her pockets full of the few precious things they owned; a little money, her mother's gold beads, the silver spoons, and the queer, big watch, which her father only wore on Sunday. Away they ran, leaving the dogs behind, lest they should betray them.
It was not far, but when they reached the hill that lay between them and the fort, they saw that it was too late to get in, for the fight had begun.
Glancing back, they also saw that retreat was cut off, for some of the Indians were already skulking about their house.
John Kilburn was a brave man, but he trembled as he stood there among the bushes, so helpless in the midst of his relentless enemies. He trembled, not for himself, but for the little girl who clung to him, full of faith that he could save her from every danger.
A shout from the hills made him look up to see a party of settlers, armed with sickles, scythes and guns, charging down upon the Indians, intent on fighting their way into the fort.
If he were alone, John could join them and do good service with his gun; but Matty could do nothing and would only impede his steps and endanger herself.
He thought a minute, and then swung himself into the oak under which they had paused. Leaning down he drew the child after him, and without a word let her carefully down into a deep hollow, made by the breaking of a great limb struck by lightning some years before.
The tree had decayed inwardly, while outwardly it looked hale and strong, for young shoots had sprung up around the broken place, and hid the hole with thick branches.
"Aren't you coming, too, father?" asked Matty, looking up from her dark hiding place.
"No, dear, I am going to fight; you are safe here; no one knows of the hole but me. Stay quiet till I come for you. Keep a good heart, my lass, and trust to father," answered John, leaning down to kiss the brave little face that looked at him from the green gloom.
Matty let him go without a word; for those perilous times taught stern lessons even to the children. She sat quite still, said her prayers with all her heart, and waited patiently for her father.
All that afternoon and night shots rang from fort and forest, flames from the lonely farm-houses, and blood flowed. By the dawn the fight was over, and the Indians slunk away, defeated.
John Kilburn was mortally wounded, and only reached the fort to die, trying to tell something which kept him from departing in peace. No one understood his

broken words, his imploring looks and his feeble gestures toward the hill. They thought he tried to tell them that Matty was carried off by the Indians; and he died with his secret fear darkening his last hour.
For many days no one ventured to leave the fort, fearing to be surprised by the Indians, so poor Matty's cries were unheard; and when at last the men ventured to return to their work, all was still under the oak, and the rustling leaves could not tell them of the pale little face lying dead in the green gloom. A long time after that last fight, a boy, hunting for a lost arrow, climbed the tree, discovered the hole, and saw something shining far down in the dark. He could not reach it, but told his father that he had found buried money.
The man went, and discovered not only gold and silver, but little bones, which none could doubt had been Matty Kilburn's, for the treasures that could not save her life proved who she was, and contradicted the belief that she had been carried away.
Many tears were shed over the remains of the once pretty, well-beloved child, and they were buried beside John Kilburn, whose dying trouble was now explained.
The old tree stands, broken, bare and solitary, but no one cuts it down, and children, as they pass it, look up with sad eyes, saying pitifully—"Poor little Matty Kilburn!"

A COMMON GRIEVANCE.
A GROSS INJUSTICE INVOLVED IN BEING BORN.
Among all the grievances that are being attacked on every side, with more or less success, I do not remember to have seen any place given to one which, for its importance and universal pressure, most certainly deserves attention. I mean the grievances involved in the conditions under which we were born.
Just consider the case. You are never consulted about the matter, or never informed of it at all, but it is arranged behind your back, and one fine morning you suddenly find yourself pitched into the world, whether you will go or no, while, by a refinement of irony, the event is as often as not made a subject of rejoicing. Can anything be more unfair? It would be all very well if the world was a decent place to live in, but we know, from the universal testimony of moralists and philosophers, let alone our own experience, that it is nothing of the kind; and it is certain that anybody with an average amount of common sense, would at least think twice before being willingly brought into it, while it is more than probable that many would, if they could, unhesitatingly, refuse to be subjected to such a trial. Suppose that a hundred years ago the case had been put before one thus: "There is a place called the earth, a vale of tears, the only real and palpable products of which are wickedness and disappointment, unrelieved except by pleasures of the most fleeting and unsatisfactory character. If you go to this place you will be received, not with kindness, but with coldness at the best, probably with cruelty, and your whole existence will be passed in a state of warfare with the rest of the inhabitants. Will you then be born?" Had this question been put to me, I should most unhesitatingly have replied in the negative, and the longer I live the more clearly I see how unfair it is that I should not have had the option given me of doing so.
It may be said, however, that it is necessary that the world should be peopled. Without at all admitting that to be a necessity, I must say that even if it be such, even if it be requisite that we should be born somehow and somewhere in order to make up the population, then, at all events, the least that could have been done for us would have been to allow us a choice of circumstances. For not only are we born against our inclination, but we are not allowed to choose our own fathers and mothers, nor our age or country. The result is that the great majority of people get born at the wrong time, in the wrong place and of the wrong parents, and these original mistakes make successful life a simple impossibility. And yet by another piece of irony we are all of us expected to celebrate the time, to love the place, and to honor and obey the parents which have thus been imposed upon us, and to prefer them to all those others which would have been so much more appropriate.
Surely it is no light grievance this, but what makes it all heavier is that it is not in modern times held allowable to shake off conditions which have been thus compulsorily imposed. "Above all things," said Epictetus, "remember that the door is open;" and this, no doubt, so long as it was admitted, was a good answer to those who might complain. But the door is now declared to be shut, and those who would pass out of it are confronted, not only by the reprobation which the Christian religion has attached to such a passage, but by the terrors of actual fine and imprisonment. Thus, then, we are bound by an iron circle. Brought into our spheres compulsorily, and maintained therein arbitrarily, there is no escape; and yet, with all this, we are held to be liable to blame if we fail to fill creditably a situation which we have not chosen, from which we cannot escape, and which, in most cases, is the case of all others for which we are least suited.—*Vandy Fair.*

MENDING THE ANGEL.
A DARING CLIMB.
The church of St. Peter and St. Paul is remarkable for its spire, the loftiest of St. Petersburg.
An anecdote connected with this church, and not known, I believe out of Russia, is too remarkable to be omitted. The spire which rises
—"lofty, and light, and small,"
and is probably represented in the engraving as fading away almost into a point in the sky, is, in reality, terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which an angel stands, supporting a large cross. This angel, less respected by the weather than perhaps his holy character deserved, fell into disrepair; and some suspicions were entertained that he designed revisiting, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and the government at length became greatly perplexed. To raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more money than all the angels out of heaven were worth; and in meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.
Among the crowd of gazers below who daily turned their eyes and thoughts towards the angel, was a mijk called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses, (a slater as he would be called in countries where slates were used,) and his speculations by degrees assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented to the eye a surface as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchkine knew that the sheets of copper were not even uniformly closed upon each other, and, above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which projected from the side of the spire.
Having meditated upon these circumstances till his mind was made up, the mijk went to the government and offered to repair the angel, without scaffolding and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labor. The offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.
On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchkine, provided with nothing more than a coil of ropes, ascended the spire in the interior, to the last window. Here he looked down at the concourse of people below, and up the glittering "needle," as it was called, tapering far above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping bravely out upon the window, he set about his task.
He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two large stirrups, with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head and placed his feet in the others.—Then digging the fingers of one hand into the interstice of the sheets of copper, he raised up one of the stirrups with the other hand so as to catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, and stirrup by stirrup, till his starting point was undistinguished from the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled in his embrace till he could clasp it all round.
So far, so well. But he now reached the ball—a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The angel, the object of his visit, was above this ball, and concealed from his view by its smooth, round, and glittering expanse. Only fancy the wretch at that moment turning up his grave eyes and graver beard, to an obstacle that seemed to defy the daring and intrepidity of the man!
But Telouchkine was not dismayed.—He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.
Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girdled the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his wrist, and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, till the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken that at the first trial it fell in the required direction and he saw the end hang down on the opposite side.
To draw himself into his original position, to fasten the cord firmly around the globe, and with the assistance of this auxiliary to climb to the summit, were now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more he stood beside the angel, and listened to the shout that burst his sudden thunder from the concourse below, yet came to his ear only like a faint hollow murmur.
The cord, which he had an opportunity to fasten properly, enabled him to descend with comparative facility, and the next day he carried up with him a ladder of ropes, by the means of which he found it easy to effect the necessary repairs.

GOOD SIDE SHOW—A pretty girl

WOLF'S CLOTHING STORE.
DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN?
AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO
OBEY THE SUMMONS!

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT
Contains the largest assortment, the most complete assortment, and altogether the most desirable assortment of
BEST GARMENTS FOR MEN & BOYS
LADIES DISPLAYED IN ALTOONA.
OVERCOATS, from the lowest priced to the first Beaver—all sizes.
Full Suits of Clothing at from \$9 to \$30.
Also, a general variety of
CLOTHING & FURNISHING GOODS,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,
SHELLS, SATCHELS, TRUNKS, &c.
IN THE LADIES DEPARTMENT will be found a full stock of FURS, from the low priced Coyote to the first Mink and Sable.
GOLFAY WOLF,
Next door to the Post Office, Altoona City.

THOMAS CARLAND,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,
STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,
SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,
BACON, FLOUR,
BREAD AND PROVISIONS,
323 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

Each goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood
Ware, etc. Shiloh's and Stationery
will be sold from manufacturer's printed
prices, and all other goods in my line at
wholesale, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pitts-
burgh current prices. To dealers I present the
special advantage of saving them all freight
charges, as they are not required to pay
freight from the principal cities and no dray-
charges are made. Dealers may rest as-
sured that my goods are of the best quality and
prices as moderate as city rates. By doing
business with me, you will be promptly and
satisfactorily supplied with all the goods
you require. Satisfaction guaranteed
in all cases.
THOMAS CARLAND,
Altoona, July 29, 1869. 3t.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
PETTS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS AND FEED, ALL KINDS,
dealing with all manner of Western Produce,
as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT,
IRON OIL, &c., &c.
Wholesale and retail orders solicited
and promptly filled on the shortest notice and
reasonable terms.
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
Johnstown, April 28, 1869. 1y.

ANDREW MOSES,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
NEW BUILDING, CLINTON ST., JOHNSTOWN,
HAS just received his fall and winter stock
of fine French, London and American
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS,
and a full assortment of Gent's FURNISHING
GOODS.
Andrew Moses has been for eight years cutter at
Messrs. Morrell & Co.'s establishment, and now
wishes to inform his friends and the public gen-
erally that he has commenced business in Sup-
plying, on Clinton street, with a stock
of goods adapted to the fall and winter, which
he prepared to make up in the latest styles
at moderate prices for cash, hoping by at-
tention to business to merit a share of public
patronage, and maintain that success which
he has attained by his efforts in producing
fitting garments. Give him a call.
Johnstown, Sept. 2, 1868. 4t.

W. WELSH,
WELSH & WELSH,
Successors to Gay & Painter,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
PRODUCE, FISH, SALT, CAR-
BON OILS, &c., &c.,
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