mbria Freeman.

DAY, : : : JUNE 30, 1870

OCAL AND PERSONAL.

PRINKINGS AND PENCILINGS — look for the *Freeman* next week, as d to celebrate the Fourth.

e new jail injunction will be disposed mmon Court, July 15th.

here was killed by the cars between and Lilly's one day last week.

e removalites and their cause may ally said to have gone to *Pot*-ts.

ty-seven living children call grand- mes Moore, of Rayne township, In- unty.

N Foltz, of Wheatfield township, county, has been committed to jail arge of attempted rape.

little child was run over by a butcher and severely injured at Allegheny , Blair county, on Saturday.

h Thomas has a new soda fountain ation, and great is the number of pilgrims thereto. Bully for Bob!

ed named Kelly, of Rostraver town- Westmoreland county, accidentally mself through the head on the 15th He expired instantly.

learn from the *Alleghanian* that Corey, of Punxsutawny, committed by *killing* himself. A novel method, of shuffling off this mortal coil."

e our last issue we have been swel- ther some of the Hottenteottest that has been experienced in this for a considerable "length of pe-

the removal candidate is permitted , he will be the cleanest "wiped out" that have ever been known to pass the drenching ordeal in this neck ber.

n Amburgh & Co. lost $5,000 at gh, Indiana county, on Friday week, sequence of one of their tigers giving plant. We have heard of men los- er than that by merely "fighting the

ill the Southern rebels "wipe out" on *Pots* by withdrawing him from test, or will they allow him to stick of dirt) long enough for the unterrified sh him into political smithereens? the question.

We had expected that the removalites to make some show of a fight, but when come at us with dilapidated *Pots* we ed to conclude that their strength is *smell* than *felt*, and that their only ly to raise a little *stink*.

A lecherous scoundrel named James about 18 years of age, outraged the s of a 12 year old girl in Mifflin county esday week. The life of the little girl at one time despaired of. Long is in where he should *long* remain.

If pin-tucking will suit you on the 4th , you will find Carrolltown, Loretto, gustine, Summit, Wilmore, and many places, ready to welcome and enter- you in tip-top style. Excellent treat- and real enjoyment will be found at place.

We have been requested by Wm. Lin- Esq., County Treasurer, to notify those es who have not yet paid their mercan- tax, that costs and trouble will be spared by *attending* to it on or before the day of July, proximo. This notice ld be promptly heeded.

A man employed as a coal digger by Peter Campbell, of Carroll township, whose name we did not learn, was pros- by sun stroke on Tuesday, while en- g corn, and although not his condition, when last heard from, considered very precarious.

An old man named Adam Rusk, of In- county, was committed to jail here to the charge of stealing a gold watch Mrs. Susannah Keith, some time in mber last. The robbery is alleged ave been committed at the house of h Kerlinsey, in Susquehanna township.

The first number of the *Industrial Bul-* , an emanation from the Johnstown office, has reached us. It is admi- y printed and probably as well edited, the poet laureate, Cyrus Ekler, Esq., who its talm, knows theoretically all that is th knowing about American industry several other things.

The exhibition at St. Francis' College St. Aloysius' Seminary, Loretto, were attended and passed off to the entire fit of all concerned—pupils as well as ers. We would willingly publish full ports of the proceedings at both institu- s if they were furnished us, but do not w enough of either to undertake the task lf.

Upwards of half a million dollars worth and other property was destroyed at Henry Foster, brother of the late Ste- n C. Foster, the eminent story writer, s literally roasted alive by a terrible fire Pittsburgh on Tuesday last. The fire was mmunicated to an oil refinery by lightning d from thence spread to other refineries joining.

To the Cumberland Valley Insurance pany is due the credit of having settled mptly and without objection the claim of A. A. Barker, of this place, whose ing mill, recently destroyed by fire, s insured in said company to the extent $1,455. This little incident speaks vol- es in favor of the reliability and safety of s Company in question.

A negro whose name we did not learn, g who seems to have been a stranger in vicinity, was struck by the Pacific Ex- s west, near Tyrone, on Wednesday ning of this week, and very severely in- ed, though we could not learn that any nes were broken. Being without money d without friends, he was sent to the Blair nty poor house for treatment.

Our young friend John C. Boland, of field county, furnished us with the full particulars of the drowning, in the Muncy m, on the 14th inst., of a raftman named Pyles, of that county, but as the news ne a little too late for our last issue, and somewhat old now, we have thought it best not to give details. The body of Pyles was subsequently discovered and sent home for interment.

We never bragged much on our patron- e, but we had no idea that it was so outrageously ugly as it looks to be when the Sun shines full upon it. *Vide* our name the list of editors published in Wednes- day's edition of the Altoona *Sun*. We con- fess we have no hankering after a divorce, but we wouldn't allow our wife to live with a man named "H. A. M. McPipe" and still consider her as belonging to us. Nary a once.

A little daughter of Mr. John Kirshner, of this place, fell into one of the vats at her father's tannery, on Tuesday of this week, and had it not been for the prompt arrival of her mother, who, with that watchful care which mothers alone know how to exercise, had missed her daughter from the front porch of the house, where she had been amusing herself, the little unfortunate would undoubtedly have been drowned. As it was, she had sank twice before her mother succeeded in rescuing her.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, June 27, 1870.

A bird of a peculiar plumage, about the size of a robin, has been in the habit of visiting our premises since Van Amburgh's menagerie was here. It comes almost every day and one day it attempted to alight and perch on one of the little girl's shoulders, but she became frightened and thus alarmed the bird. It must have escaped from its cage when the show was here.

There will be a splendid pic-nic at Mineral Point on Saturday, July 2d. Mr. Parsons, Mr Miller and others are doing all they can to make it a great affair. A large number are going up from Johnstown.

Local is very scarce hereabouts, this week. No doubt people are keeping it up for the 4th of July, 1870. The District Court opens here on that day, the first Judicial celebration we ever had. Then comes several pic-nics, and local items will be abundant.

The monotony of town life here was broken by the Silver Cornet Band of this place, which on Saturday evening last appeared on the Public Square, about 8 o'clock, and discoursed sweet music to the people, forty or fifty of whom had convened for the purpose of listening to its swelling strains. Potts, Kopelin, Barnes and M'Laughlin made congratulatory speeches, after which the *band* adjourned.

A little girl of Mr. Hamilton's, 6th Ward, was bitten by a dog on last Sunday in the following manner: Two dogs were fighting and she was so near them that one of the dogs mistook her for its antagonist and caught her arm, biting it severely. A physician is attending to her case.

The gipsies held a pic-nic on last Thursday at the Whisky Springs, a place that corresponds in all respects to its name.—After the usual convivialities, they adjourned to their respective homes in their respective wigwams, &c.

Last Monday was called sultry in these "diggins" and ice was in great demand.—We hope the weather will not get much warmer until after the Fourth.

The pic-nic at Woodvale on last Saturday was a grand affair and netted quite a handsome sum of money.

As we passed Benton & Wayne's hardware store last Monday, we were called in and made the recipient of a golden-headed cane. Bless the firm that has this much sagacity. Benton & Wayne will sell a thousand dollars worth of hard-ware at No. 210 just on account of that *caning*. They keep all sorts of hardware at the Opera House, Main street, Johnstown.

They say brevity is the soul of wit, and we wish to be witty, so good bye.

ROB ROY.

A WHOLESOME FIELD DRINK.—The excessive use of cold water during the sweltering heat of summer often results in serious and alarming illness. It is therefore advisable that some beverage should be substituted for it, of which those oppressed can partake with safety. For this purpose I am aware of no better or more refreshing drink than the following: Take of the best white Jamaica ginger root, carefully bruised, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; water, six quarts, to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained; to the strained liquor add one pound of sugar, and again place over the fire; keep it well stirred until the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthern vessel, into which you have previously put two drachms of tartaric acid, and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a lukewarm temperature; then add a table spoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, and bottle for use. The corks must be well secured. The drink will be in high perfection in four or five days. This is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results even in the hottest weather.

SUDDEN DEATHS.—Mr. Joseph Richter, a well known and respected farmer residing in Carroll township, who had reached the age of 70 years or upwards, was stricken down by *coup de soleil*, or sun stroke, on Monday last, while engaged in sowing buckwheat, and instantly expired. The only person present in the field at the time was a boy about nine years of age, who, seeing Mr. R. fall, hastened to his side and found him lifeless. He gave the alarm and immediate efforts to resuscitate the deceased were made, but without effect—the vital spark had fled.

—Elizabeth McGuire, a maiden lady aged 69, who resided half a mile from Loretto, was found dead on the floor of her house on last Tuesday morning. It is supposed that her death was caused by apoplexy.

—An old lady named Gross, living with her son-in-law at the Cherry Tree, Indiana county, was stricken with apoplexy on Friday night last and expired on the following morning. Her remains were taken to Blairsville for interment in the Catholic cemetery

—David Defenbaugh escaped from the Western Penitentiary on last Tuesday week, but was recaptured three or four days afterwards in Beaver county. David is an old and hardened offender. In October, 1851, he was convicted of larceny in the criminal court of this county, under the name of John Mouse (it should have been *Rat*) and sentenced to the Penitentiary for the period of one year and six months. After that he represented several other counties in the same institution, but under different names. At the last September Court in this county he was indicted and convicted of burglary in robbing the store room of Mrs. Jane Mullin, at Hemlock, and senteaced to imprisonment for a term of four years. It would seem that he has been almost constantly in prison since his first conviction in this county in 1851.

On last Thursday Mr. Henry Foster, of the Cambria House, served up new potatoes of his own raising for dinner. They were of the "Early Rose" species, and were not "small potatoes" either. New potatoes on the 23d of June have not been known here more than once in a quarter of a century. Mr. F. is one of the best gardeners and cultivators of vegetables in this or any other county and is perfectly at home in the necessary articles wherewith to supply a first-class hotel.

P. S. Since the above was written we learn that Mr. Thomas Callan, of this place, has been indulging in "Early Rose" potatoes, grown in his own garden, since the 10th of June, and in size and quality they were pronounced excellent.

—Mr. George Storm, the talented artist, now visiting his mother in this place, has just completed a most magnificent and perfect picture of one of the finest landscape views in this vicinity, or indeed in the world. It is a charming picture, and although it was not needed to establish the reputation of Mr. Storm as a painter, it is indeed a gem of which the artist may well feel proud. The painting is to be disposed of at raffle—chances two dollars and fifty cents each.

EXTREMES.—A prince and a peddlar may be equally well fitted out at Oak Hall.—You can get there a coat for two dollars, or a coat for sixty dollars.

The Last Great Meeting.

The Removalites in Council---B. B. & Co. Unanimous.

[*From our special reporter and emissary.*]

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

The last great meeting was ushered in with music. The music had been procured (at great expense) to gather together a crowd. It had been done by the joint counsel and joint labor of the whole Company. The instructions given by the Company to the Band were minute and specific. These instructions were that the Band should march around town and blow and beat and gather a crowd.

It was regarded as important that a crowd should be gathered.

Accordingly the Band marched and blowed and beat. It first appeared on Main street and consisted of two big drums and two little horns, one big drum and one little drum.

It blew and beat down Main street, and disappeared in the distance, for the crowd was to be gathered from all quarters, and to all quarters the Band marched blowing and beating.

The space of fifteen minutes passed away and then two sharp-eyed little boys once more detected the sound of music and shouted with gladsome voices, "Here they come!"

And the two big horns and the two little horns and the big drum and the little drum marched and marched, even up on to the speaker's stand.

And behold the crowd had not been gathered!

The full space of one quarter of an hour went by amid ghastly silence, when an Humble Follower of the Company—the great B. B. & Co.—appeared on the ground and told the Band they had better play and gather a crowd.

And the Band hearkened to the advice and played, but the crowd did not come; whereupon the H. F. rushed precipitately for the great leaders of the great Company.

And behold the great Leaders of the great Co. forthwith appeared upon the scene. They were desperately in earnest, and in their earnestness they convened a council. That council was harmonious and united, and without a dissenting voice it was decided that the Band should play and gather a crowd.

So the Band played.

Scarcely had this particular blowing and beating subsided, however, before the nominee—the champion—the standard-bearer—the great K. U., (which means Kitchen Utensils,)—appeared upon the stand.

He was the sole arrival, but *he* had been "in the fight" for *twenty* years. Much counsel had made him wise—much practice had made him perfect in the prosecution of such campaigns. So unto him the assembled wisdom appealed as with one voice.

His decision was sharp, decisive, original. He merely propounded this sublime and startling conundrum: "Why don't the Band play and gather a crowd?"

All recognized in the suggestion the voice of long experience, and thereupon and without delay the horns and drums, both big and little, were sounded long and loud.

And the crowd came!!! The crowd consisted of Snuff-Box, Cutting-Box, In-a-Box, and fourteen boys who boasted that have had their ears boxed for being in such a crowd.

This was encouraging, and it was determined to proceed at once to

AN ORGANIZATION,

but when they looked around it was discovered that there was not present at the presidential, the presence of a Vice President or a Secretary at these Removal meetings is not absolutely necessary, nor indeed usual, but to dispense with a President was simply impossible.

So *Farm Stables*—one of the great leaders of the Co.—in fact, one of the busy B.'s—was despatched to hunt up a President. And while he was away the Band played, just to *keep the crowd* together, and when he returned behold he had brought with him the much coveted President.

How F. S. secured the President is not known to this day, but when he returned it was evident that he felt triumphant. He determined to take charge of the whole meeting. Without consulting his co-laborers he proceeded to organize. He nominated (in a low tone) Thomas Quinn for President—he put the motion to the crowd (the Boxes aforesaid)—he voted for the motion—he declared the motion carried—he escorted the President to his seat.

He then nominated R. R. Davis for V. P.

A member of the Co. in a tragic whisper remarked, "Edwards—R. R. Edwards."

F. S. reiterated, "No, no, Davis."

Member of Co.—"I tell you there is no such man with us as R. R. Davis—it is Edwards."

So a council was called to find out who it was they wanted, and the council determined it was Edwards. And thusly Edwards became V. P.

Then F. S. caused Cutting Box to be made Secretary.

And behold the great meeting was organized.

THE FIRST REMOVAL.

Now during all this time the mightiest of all the leaders—the great McGer|L. himself—had been in the rear talking to the Band. He was trying to convince George Hahn that he ought to play in order "to gather a crowd," but Geo., having played all the tunes he could get out of the big and little horns and the big and little drums, couldn't see the point, and McGer|L.'s arguments, if not his fragrance, were wasted on the desert air.

Intent upon his fruitless efforts to obtain another tune, McGer|L. was entirely oblivious of the silent and masterly manœuvre which F. S. had organized the meeting without any of the elect knowing anything about it but himself.

Yet the great McGer|L. realized that the meeting should be organized, and he at once proceeded to do it. Advancing, therefore, to the front of the platform, his clarion voice soon sounded in the air. His utterances loud and clear cut off a sneeze from Snuff Box and almost straightened out his compeer, Cutting Box. For be it known that McGer|L. was desperately in earnest. (I know he was in earnest, for he told us so at the first big meeting, and at the big convention, and at this big meeting, and he is understood to have made the same remark on divers occasions in private conversation.)

His voice was therefore loud and earnest when he delivered himself thusly:

"Fellow citizens, I move that one of the oldest citizens——" and the Company at once realized that he was going to organize the meeting over again. As this would never do, K. U., F. S. and Little Head "went for him" and with one accord cried out, "Stop!" But McGer|L. was in earnest (he told us so) and stop he wouldn't and didn't. In fact he went on in this wise: "One who has grown venerable in our midst be made Pres——"

Great emergencies require great men. The emergency was here—the men were not wanting. The big meeting *must not* be organized over again. This was the unanimous and simultaneous conclusion of the great Trio. K. U. seized one tail of McGer|L.'s coat, F. H. seized the other, and L. H. laid violent hands on the sitting down part of the speaker's breeches, and thus was he borne back from the front.

Some time was then lost in explanation, but the explanation proved satisfactory. In so important a movement "little unpleasantnesses" will arise and must be compromised peacefully.

But McGer|L. was aroused, and having lost one point, he determined to gain another, and therefore advanced on the music with all the commanding dignity of his majestic proportions and promptly and firmly demanded "a tune to gather a crowd"—said crowd being still ungathered.

George saw the flash of McGer|L.'s eye, and he then and there wilted, and the horns and the drums once more poured forth their richest melody on the slumbrous air of night.

THE SPEECHES.

At the conclusion of the tune the retiring modesty of the great Company became painfully apparent. None of the firm wished to usurp the distinguished honor of introducing the great champion. But the thing had to be done, and to Little Head was finally assigned the duty.

Little Head (German—*Klein-Kopf* or *Kopf-Leine*) advanced to the outer edge of the platform and informed the assembled multitude (*i. e.*, the Boxes aforesaid) that there had been a convention—that that convention had nominated—that the nominee was a man—that that man was present, and that being present "he would speak for himself."

Thereupon Kitchen Utensils, the great champion and standard-bearer, appeared in full view of his admiring and awe-stricken constituents.

It had been determined to greet him with double tender and patient. His conclusion was reached at the same meeting which decided that, without any combination whatever, he should be unanimously declared the nominee. The Trio accordingly raised their hats and attempted to cheer. The effort would have been a failure had it not been for that greatness of perception which seizes upon just such emergencies. The big drum and the little drum were brought to the rescue, and three times with thump and roll did they greet the great K. U. with tremendous enthusiasm.

So far the will of the Co. had been attended to.

And now the great K. U. opened his mouth and spake: "Fellow citizens, there has been a convention—so I have been informed. That convention has made a nomination—so I have been told. It has nominated ME! (It had been decided to have applause just here, and applause there was. Cutting Box and F. S. made it by striking the floor of the platform with their canes.) I accept the nomination. (Applause as aforesaid.) I have been informed that there was a platform adopted. If so, I accept that platform. (Applause as above set forth.) You will hear many things said against your nominee. For the last thirty years—indeed ever since I have become known—this has been done by a great many people of all kinds and degrees. (The Trio assented.) They will call me a broken down political hack. (Assent.) They will call me a renegade. Yes, verily, they will even apply to me the epithet of old granny. (Renewed assent.) But you must stick to me, especially when you know that I never wanted this nomination and that it was entirely unsolicited on my part.—(The Trio were dumbfounded, but whether the originality or mendacity of the assertion did it I could not determine.) What do I care about going to Harrisburg? Did I ever ask any convention to send me there? Fary time! Yet now I am willing to immolate myself for the sake of this great cause. (Applause in the manner above described.) I don't intend to make a speech now. We will have many meetings, and I will hunt up the MS. of that speech that I delivered with such effect ten years ago. (Little Head shook his head at this allusion to the former contest, and thought that the fact should not be revived.) That was a first rate speech, and will do me as much good now as it did at that time, when I came within 500 of being elected, and had four men to run against, besides the Rolling Mill. So, gentlemen, stick like wax to your nominee." (The great K. U. here retired amidst renewed applause as before said.)

In about two minutes and thirteen and a half seconds a voice from the stand called for Little Head, whereupon the great K. U., who in the magnitude of his new honors thought he had forgotten a part of the programme, rushed forward frantically and exclaimed: "Bless me, I forgot to introduce Little Head!" but L. H. interrupted him by shouting, "No, no; wait till we hear the Platform!"

F. S. thereupon advanced to the front—he drew some papers from his pocket—he looked at them—he stared around with amazement—he felt his pockets deeper than ever—once more he stared wildly about him—he call a council, and the quartette promptly assembled.

There was a breathless suspense for fully two minutes and twenty-seven and a half seconds by the watch, and then F. S. announced

THE GREAT CALAMITY!!!

"The Platform was lost!!!" But if the music would play to *keep the crowd*, he would try to find it. And he started on the hunt.

The music ceased, and L. H. advanced. He stretched forth his hand towards the West. It was a grand, majestic, impressive gesture.—"Behold," he said, "a small cloud not bigger than a man's hand. It grows bigger and bigger. It covers the horizon. It rains, and everybody is drenched that has the misfortune to be out." Even the great K. U., who never before travelled in the same boat and spoke from the same platform as L. H., didn't see the point of this abrupt opening. But L. H. soon explained himself.) "Behold," he continued "this little crowd," and he pointed to the Trio,) "it will swell itself, each one doing his own swelling, until it covers the horizon of the county and drench the whole people with the wateriest kind of speeches" (applause by C. B.—F. S. didn't see it.) "There are," continued L. H., "in the world constitutional grumblers. Such men can grumble over the great Company's course and course. They even grumble at our nominee. You have heard this almost all this day on the street corners. One would almost suppose that this whole town was made up of constitutional grumblers. But, gentlemen, we must not be deterred by this. We must forget our candidate's foibles—his numerous weaknesses—his manifest unfitness and his manifold faults. We must remember the cause and go for him, notwithstanding all this. Only thus can we become free from Ebensburg. For now, gentlemen, it costs the community $70 per annum, in fare, faro and whisky, to pay expenses at Ebensburg, and therefore, gentlemen, we are the "SLAVES OF EBENSBURG." (The poetical commencement and mathematical conclusion of this speech was received with applause as aforesaid.)

McGer|L. was the next speaker. He commenced by saying he was in earnest. He said that the people of Ebensburg knew *him*. He was bold—he was in earnest. "Our candidate," he continued, "has his frailties. The great K. U. would not himself have the temerity to say he was without blemishes. If he did the speaker would call him a liar, for by doing so the great K. U. would be contradicting the founder of Christianity. But we must still support him. He was the best man we could get and with prophetic vision I saw long ago it would dwindle down to K. U. or nobody. And let me tell you," said the orator, "this fight is going on. We will drag our candidate all through this county.—We intend to bare our chests to the contest in Chest. We will have a clear field and a fair fight in Clearfield. We intend to carol a *morning* lay in Carroll. Yes, fellow citizens, unless we learn that a cell has been completed in the new palatial penitentiary we will invade the sterile village itself and on that very spot demonstrate the superiority of our puffy and pulpy *Boggs over their* dry and rocky swamps." (Long continued applause, as aforesaid, during which the Band left the stand and the *Boxes* disappeared.)

F. S. was going to speak, but when he got up he found *the crowd* gone, and therefore announced that if they could get a crowd on Court week they would have another meeting, as they had himself and other orators in reserve. And then the great meeting silently and slowly marched off of the stand.

THE POOR HOUSE.—That the following report of the late Grand Jury did not find earlier publication was owing to the fact that it was not handed to us in time:

The Grand Inquest, inquiring in and for the body of the county of Cambria, at June Sessions, A. D. 1870, respectfully do present: That having visited the County Poor and House of Employment, we find it in good condition. The inmates are comfortable and appear to be well treated, and so far as we can observe, the affairs appertaining to said House appear to be conducted in a satisfactory manner. On the farm we find that there are about twenty-five acres of good grass, about twelve acres in corn, and about sixteen acres in oats.

Some of the fences are in very bad condition. The fields should be subdivided, and we respectfully recommend that this be done.

The well should be also dug deeper, as we learn that the water becomes exhausted during the summer season.

D. A. CLARK, Foreman.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The Ursina correspondent of the Somerset *Standard* furnishes the following account of a great natural curiosity to be seen near Barnedsville, in that county:

Some thirty years ago seven little poplar trees were planted in the shape of a circle in a little grove on the farm belonging to William Hanna. A little girl that used to wander to this little grove took sick and died. Her dying request was that they should bury her in the centre of this circle, which was complied with. The trees grew rapidly, and in a few years united into one body over the grave. Growing as one tree to the height of ten feet each tree sprung up separately till now each one measures three feet in thickness. The gravestones were forced up with the growth of the tree and are lodged in the trunk. I defy the country to bring up anything to equal this.

—We learn that persons in some parts of this county are shooting grey squirrels at this early portion of the summer season.—We would call their attention to the act of the Legislature, approved the 21st of April, 1869, which prohibits the shooting of squirrels altogether between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of August, the penalty being five dollars for every squirrel so killed, and if the offender refuses to pay he shall be imprisoned in the county jail for ten days.

James J. Murphy, the prince of clothiers, holds forth at No. 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, where he invites all the readers of the "Freeman" to call and examine his splendid assortment of made-up clothing for men and boys.—James J. Murphy is a fair dealer. No furs and feathers about him. He just says his say, the bargain is made, money paid over, and the thing is done. Call at No. 109 Clinton street—meet a clever man—buy a nice suit and wear it.

Mayer's Clothing Store.—This is a great fashionable emporium of made-up clothing, at No. 214, Opera House, Johnstown, where men and boys may fit out in splendid costume. Let no lover of dress pass by their door without calling in and examining the style and make of their clothing, and let no one go away without purchasing a suit. The reader will find the proprietor a gentleman and a scholar and a very obliging salesman. Be sure and call at 214.

N. F. Carroll keeps pushing away goods by the car load, both dry goods and groceries. He has on hands, at his large establishment, No. 215 Main street, Johnstown, some as choice specimens of ladies' dress goods as we ever saw. We are pleased with the success of Mr. Carroll, as we consider him an obliging and deserving man in every respect, and we trust our readers will not forget to call with him whenever they go to that place. Such a call will surely pay.

C. H. P.—Cheap Hat Parlor, No. 237 Main street, Johnstown, kept by L. Cohen & Brother, is the place to get the worth of one's money in hats, caps, collars, and gent's furnishing goods. The advantage of buying from them is that one has a very large number of hats to choose from, and also a great variety of styles, so that the most fastidious taste can be pleased. Those needing hats and caps should give this firm a call.

Can't be Did.—One of the impossibilities of the present day is to undersell Messrs. H. A. Shoemaker & Co. in any and all articles of merchandise with which their mammoth establishment is constantly stocked. This assertion is not done up in style, but it is true nevertheless, as can be abundantly proven to such persons as favor them with their custom; and you, reader, will do well by going there to buy.

Right.—No man or woman has a right to do as they please unless they please to do right. One of the most desirable ways of doing right is for all classes to buy what they need in the line of dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., at the unsurpassable cheap store of A. G. Fey, who is ever anxious and willing to do the greatest good to the greatest number of people seeking the very best bargains.

Cherries.—We invested in a couple quarts of cherries the other day, and when they came to the table sandwiched between two cakes of baked dough, made of the very best flour sold in this market by E. J. Mills, we found that they formed a more delicious *pie* than printers are generally used to. Cherries are excellent, but Mills' flour can't be beat, no matter in what shape it may be baked.

Nice Place.—A cool and comfortable place to visit these hot days is C. T. Roberts' superbly fitted up and neatly arranged clock, watch, jewelry, stationery, book and variety store, where many handsome and useful articles are constantly tempting people to invest their money to good advantage by handing it over to Cham. and getting a full return and compensation therefor.

An Eruption.—A fierce eruption of Ætna has been going on for some time past. We mean of course the Ætna mowing machine, with which George Huntley has been of late supplying farmers hereabouts at a very rapid rate. Huntley is the only man who has a right to sell the Ætna in Cambria county, and it is the only machine really worth buying.

Successful.—Judicious advertising and a superb stock of all kinds of goods at moderate prices is making the share of A. J. Christy the great centre of attraction in Loretto. Lots of goods are being sold at that establishment and lots of people find it the right place to buy.

Just Now.—If there is any one time more than another that people feel like getting their pictures taken, it is about the 4th of July, and if there is any one man more than another that knows how to take them, it is T. R. Evans, Ebburg's brag photograph artist. Try him!

Arrived.—Those new goods which Vallie Barker went all the way to Philadelphia to buy, have been received and opened at his great bargain store, and any person with cash in hand will find a clear field for investing in merchandise of the best quality by calling at that popular low priced dry goods, clothing, notion and grocery emporium.

The Wrong Name.—One of the prime movers in the removal ratification meeting would have it that R. R. Davis should be one of the officers of the meeting, when it is well known that Mr. Davis was busily engaged at the time in dealing out bargains to the host of customers who visit his popular store in the East Ward.

Leopold & Brother. Johnstown, rank among the foremost business men of that place in the clothing line. They are men of energy and keep an eye to the latest fashions and the neatest styles. Having a partner in the city, they can order any kind of made-up clothing at the shortest notice, or take one's measure, send it to the city and get suits or parts of suits made to order, warranted to fit and to please. They are clever men, and have a fair share of business. Give them call.

Last Saturday was a great day at Mayer's Dry Goods Store, Johnstown, No. 212 Opera House, Main street. Heavy sales were made and lots of money taken in. Cause why: Mr. Mayer keeps choice dry goods, hats and boots, nets, trimmings, etc., and the people are preparing for the 4th of July, and he keeps up his vast stock of goods by daily purchases, so that people can always obtain what they need, and at the lowest possible prices too.

Nice Beef.—Akers & Baumer, one door from the post-office, Johnstown, keep daily for sale the choicest meat that the market affords. It is preserved by the use of ice, and is as fresh and sweet as butter all the time. They have every convenience both for slaughtering and preserving meat, and they sell a great quantity daily. They keep constantly on hand steak and roast beef, choice mutton, excellent veal, besides puddings and ham, both salt and fresh. They deserve as they receive a large patronage.

A New Sign.—John J. Murphy, determined not to be excelled by any other man, has caused a huge new sign to be painted on the front wall of the Mansion House Corner, Johnstown, calling attention to the fact that he keeps dry goods, dress goods and carpets, fancy goods and notions for sale. The sign contains about one hundred square feet, and is done up in a fanciful style. Mr. Murphy understands both how to buy goods and how to advertise them. Take a look at his sign.

The Very Best.—Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod, with Spiral Flanges, has been erected on thousands of buildings in all parts of the United States; and in a test of thirteen years, no instance of their inefficiency has occurred. It has received the first premiums at many State Fairs and Institutes, and was never beaten in any scientific contest. It has been endorsed by over five hundred Professors of Colleges and scientific men, as the best rod ever invented, possessing all the elements required to protect buildings from lightning. Its power surpasses twenty iron rods, or a solid copper rod an inch and a half thick. It does not get out of order, but will endure as long as the building stands on which it is erected. No holes are made in slate or tin roofs, and in every respect the utmost satisfaction is guaranteed.—The attention of Architects and Builders is respectfully called to the merits of this rod. Manufactured by LOCKHART & CO., 324 Penn street, Pittsburgh, and put up in Cambria county only by RICHARD JONES, Johnstown, Pa., who will promptly execute work entrusted to him in the most perfect and satisfactory manner. P. O. Box 50, Johnstown, Pa.

Cheapest—Simplest—Best!—Gearing all enclosed and warranted in McLanahan, Stone & Isett's (Hollidaysburg, Pa.) *Mower*, which they deliver free of freight for $110. They have also the best *Independent Spring Tooth Hay Rake, Emory Mower Knife Grinders, Self-Raking Reapers, Grain Spring Drills, Combined Mower Hollers, Separators, Cider Mills, &c., &c.* McLANAHAN, STONE & ISETT, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [m.12.3m.*]

STONEROAD'S CATHARTIC SYRUP, used in all cases instead of PILLS, EPSOM SALTS, CASTOR OIL, &c. Highly flavored. Pleasant to take. Children like it. Price 50 cents. Wholesale, R. E. SELLERS & Co., 45 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [June 16, 1870.-1y.]

MARRIED.

TODD—GLASS.—On Tuesday last, at the Catholic church in Loretto, by Rev. E. A. Bush, Mr. WM. A. TODD, of this place, and Miss ANNIE E. GLASS, of Munster township.

We have heard of older men and richer men than our friend Todd taking themselves up in the matrimonial harness, but we have never been called on to record the marriage of a more worthy or more clever fellow than our young friend, the hero of the above adventure. He has won the good will of all who know him, and we have only echoed the sentiments of his many friends when we wish him all the blessings and comforts which pertain to the most exalted state of double blessedness. Will, has secured an exemplary and devoted wife, and Annie has won a husband kind, industrious, loving and generous, and hence there can be no room to doubt but that their future lives will be pleasant, peaceful and prosperous. Figuratively speaking, we toast the newly wedded pair in a *Glass* of hot *Todd*-y, and wish them many happy days in the land.

HILL—WILSON.—In this place, on the 23 inst., by H. Kinkead, Esq., Mr. JAMES HILL and Mrs. SUSANNA WILSON, both of Pine township, Indiana county.

DIED.

LITZINGER.—In Clearfield township on June 21st, 1870, CARRY M., oldest daughter of James and Elizabeth Litzinger, in the 26th year of her age.

Must I believe it? You have seen her fade—
Have marked the moments by her failing breath
Have watched the eyes that calm and clear
conveyed
Her meek acceptance of approaching death.

Have heard the words of hope and love that fell
From lips anointed and forever blest
By Him who came within her soul to dwell,
And on His bosom bear it home to rest.

And I have seen the lids so white and still
Shut down forever on her steadfast eyes—
Have touched her hands, and felt no pulses
thrill—
Her marble cheeks, and seen no flush arise.

Yet, yet, my thoughts recurring to the day
When last she looked and spoke and smiled for
me,
Would cast the present, like a dream, away,
And but in memory seek reality.

Would only see her as without a sigh
She said at parting, "We shall meet again,
Ere many days and until then, good bye!"
And heard me answering, "Good bye *till then*."

Not many days, and we have met again,
And we have parted—I in bitter tears,
But she unconscious, even now, as then,
To meet no more in all the coming years.

Oh God! my God! to meet on earth no more!
But let our hearts, by faith and trust upborne,
Be high and patient, life will soon be over
And blest and comforted be they who mourn.

Oh, stricken mother, she is yet your child;
Oh, father, brothers, sisters, though we dwell
Yet here on earth, where she was once exiled,
The light she followed shines for us as well.

Her parting words, so full of God's pure love,
Which taketh all His creatures in its arms,
Must give us courage, lifting us above
The world's light sorrows and its fleeting
charms.

Long shall be missed at home her thoughtful
care,
And long her loss, so young and fair be wept.
Pray God that she, so pure and good, for ever
In His remembrance and His love be kept.

JUNE 25th, 1870. M. J. McD.

Teachers' Advocate please copy.

WAGNER.—On the 23d inst., of congestion of the lungs, JANET, daughter of M. D. Wagner, aged 2 years, 4 months and 22 days.

AUDITORS NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the administrator of Josiah R. Brown, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on the *29th day of July*, 1870, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment, and where those interested are requested to attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund. T. W. DICK, Auditor.

June 30, 1870.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of FRANCIS GILLESPIE, dec'd. The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of R. L. Johnston, Esq., Adm'r *de bonis non cum testamento annexo* of Francis Gillespie, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 28th day of July*, 1870, at 2 o'cock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, and where those interested are requested to attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

WM. H. SECHLER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, June 23, 1870.-3t.

GRAND SOCIAL

4TH OF JULY FESTIVAL,

—AT—

Mrs. Gallagher's Grove,

NEAR LORETTO.

DINNER TICKETS, 50 CTS. EACH.

☞ A CORDIAL INVITATION ☜ to participate is extended to all classes.

THE COMING

Fourth and Fifth of July

CAN BE PLEASANTLY ENJOYED AND

A GOOD AND NEEDY CAUSE AIDED

BY ALL WHO ATTEND THE

WILMORE PIC-NIC!

☞ COME ONE! COME ALL!! and you will be cordially welcomed and kindly treated.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—Having been solicited to permit my name to be used in connection with the Democratic nomination for the office of COUNTY COMMISSIONER, I hereby offer myself as a candidate for said office, subject of course to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. If nominated and elected, I pledge myself to attend to the duties of the position with strict honesty and fidelity. JOSEPH CRISTE.

Washington twp., June 9, 1870.*

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—At the solicitation of many friends, I hereby offer myself as a candidate for COUNTY COMMISSIONER, subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention of Cambria county, or to the will of the Democratic voters of said county, in whatever other manner expressed. If nominated and elected, I pledge myself to perform the duties of said office faithfully and honestly and to the bett of my ability, keeping ever in view the interests of the tax-payers. PATRICK SMITH.

Munster Twp., May 12, 1870.-tf.

MEDICAL CARD.—DR. E. J. DIMBELL has commenced the practice of medicine in Chest Springs, Cambria county, Pa.—Office over the store of E. & H. Nutter. All professional calls responded to promptly at any hour of the day or night. [je-23.-3m.]

IN THE MATTER OF THE ACCOUNT of FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Adm'r of MARGARET M'KENNA, dec'd:

And now, June 15, 1870, on motion of Messrs. Johnston & Scanlan, John Fenlon, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of money in the hands of the Administrator to and among the parties entitled to the same.

In pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 23d day of July next*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purposes of said appointment, and where all interested are requested to attend.

JOHN FENLON, *Auditor*.

Ebensburg, June 23, 1870.-3t.

$700. FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale at the above price ($700) a TRACT OF LAND located in Clearfield township, Cambria county, distant about 3 miles from St. Augustine and 11 miles from Altoona. Said tract contains 114 Acres, about 14 Acres of which are cleared and have thereon erected a PLANK HOUSE, containing 4 rooms, and a large BARN—the