



A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, \$2 per year in advance

VOLUME 4.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1870.

NUMBER 36.

SAVE MONEY!

BY PATRONIZING
H. L. OATMAN & CO.,
CHEAP CASH DEALERS IN

ALL KINDS DRY GOODS,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

Ready-Made CLOTHING,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

SATINETTS, JEANS,

RIBBON GOODS, NOTIONS,

And a Fresh and Complete Stock of

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

CONSISTING OF

DOUBLE EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR,

GRAIN, FEED,

BACON, SALT, FISH,

FRESH VEGETABLES,

DRIED & CAN'D FRUITS,

SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES,

CRUUPS, MOLASSES, CHEESE, &c.

Also, a large stock of the

Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco,

STORE ON HIGH STREET,

Two Doors East of Crawford's Hotel,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Opp. Pa. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

BRITISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

IRON AND NAILS,

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS AND FEED, ALL KINDS,

Wholesale and retail orders solicited

at the lowest prices and on the most

reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

Johnstown, April 28, 1870. Jy.

ED. C. K. ZAHM, JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES

usually kept in a Country Store.

Wool and Country Produce

WANTED IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

STORE ON MAIN STREET,

Next Door to the Post Office,

April 16, 1869. EBENSBURG, PA.

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.,

Sole Agent for Cambria County.

GREAT CHANGE

To Save Money!

Persons buying Goods from me

will be allowed TEN PER CENT. off

the price. No discount will be allowed

unless the cash is paid down at the time of purchase.

When cash is not paid down, and you wish to

save money, you can be saved by

paying for cash from

GEO. HUNTLEY.

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 agriculture 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 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,

Carrolltown, Cambria Co., 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. H.]

SAXON GREEN

Is brighter, will not fade, costs less than any other because it will stain twice as much as others.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN PAINTS.

J. H. WEEKS & Co., Manufacturers,

122 North 4th Street, Philadelphia.

PRICE REDUCED.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

ONE MONTH FREE ON TRIAL!

SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO.,

107 N. 3rd St., New York.

WANTED—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

Wanted—A man to sell in Pennsylvania

for cash and good stock. TOWNSEND

The Poet's Department.

FALLING LEAVES.

They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side,
Severed from the noble branches,
They are falling in beautiful pride.

Where they fall in the valleys,
Where the early violets spring,
And the birds in sunny spring time
First their dulcet music sing.

They are falling, sadly falling,
Close beside our cottage door;
Pale and faded, like the loved ones,
They have gone forever more.

They are falling, and the sunbeams
Shine in beauty soft around,
Yet the faded leaves are falling,
Falling on the mossy ground.

They are falling on the streamlet,
There the silvery waters flow,
And upon its placid bosom
Overhead the willows grow.

They are falling in the church-yard,
Where our kindred aye sleep;
Where the idle winds of summer
Softly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, ever falling,
When the autumn breezes sigh,
When the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.

They are falling when the tempest
Moans like ocean's hollow roar,
When the tuneless winds and billows
Sadly sigh for evermore.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams
Paled like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy streams.

The Poet's Department.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It was about the year 1820 that two young married people took a house in G—, a sea-shore town. The house was an old-fashioned one, but had been well built, and was in perfect condition. It was a pretty house, built in the irregular style of the day, of some fifty or more years back. A hall ran through the house from the middle of which sprang a broad flight of stairs. Half way up the stairs there was a generous landing place, with a large arched window. This hall and stairway were the only regular parts of the mansion—rooms and wings having been built from time to time.

The place was chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther, because it was retired, a bit lonely, and with nice woods about it—a little gloomy, to be sure, to those not in their honeymoon.

On a very sultry July night the pair stopped on their way up the old stairway, on the landing, and looked long out of the great window, for the landscape beneath them, either by the bright light of the moon, or the lesser brightness of the stars, was very fair. They had been talking very earnestly, when Mrs. Anstruther suddenly broke off from what she was saying, and exclaimed:

"George, dear, what a change there is in the air a moment since, I felt an icy, damp breath over my cheek."

"My dear child," he said, "the night is hot as the infernal regions. What an imagination you have!"

"Well," she said, "perhaps I am imaginative, but I thought I felt a shivering breeze over my face; but it's gone now."

Mrs. Anstruther thought no more of the circumstance, if indeed, circumstance it could be called. She and her husband had