

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

A. M. PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME 4.

New Advertisements. OCTOBER, 1870. J. & P. COATS' BEST SIX CORD ONLY...

TRAVELERS' LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn. Cash...

THE PRACTICAL FARMER—The leading Agricultural Monthly of the United States...

HOMES, HEALTH, HAPPINESS! How to locate a home in the best...

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY. Prizes cashed and information furnished by...

FORBES' I suffered with Catarrh thirty years...

Newspaper Advertising. A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued...

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT. COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES, TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the new building on High Street...

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES of the most approved designs.

SHOOTING AND ROOFING made to order and executed perfectly in manufacture and material...

LADIES' FANCY FURS! JOHN FAHREIRA 718 Arch St., Philadelphia.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE. 167 ACRES OF CHOICE LAND, 130 Acres of which are cleared...

ESTATE OF JOHN KINGSTON, Administrator's Notice.—Letters of administration...

REGISTRAR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been audited...

The first and final Account of F. D. Storm, Administrator of the estate of Andrew Miller...

The first and final Account of Chas. B. Ellis, Administrator of Hugh Mackin, late of Johnston township...

The first and final Account of Patk Rodgers, Administrator of Anthony O'Donnell, late of Millville...

The first and final Account of David Hildebrand, Administrator of the estate of John Hildebrand...

The first and final Account of John Shambaugh, Esq., acting Administrator of Conrad Hess...

The first and final Account of C. B. Ellis, Guardian of Dan Morgan Parks, a minor child...

The first and final Account of Geo. M. Road, Tutor to the estate of Thos. M. Road...

The first and final Account of John Bennett, Administrator of the estate of John Bennett...

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NOTICE.—In the matter of the sale of the Real Estate of John Scriber, Jr., on Vend. Expt. No. 10, June Term, 1870...

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expt. on the part of the Sheriff of the County of Cambria...

All the right, title and interest of Martha Pringle of, in and to a piece or parcel of land...

All the right, title and interest of John Dunlap of, in and to a piece or parcel of land...

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The Post's Department.

THE MAN THAT WAS MARRIED.

Not a sign was heard nor a funeral note. And the man to the bride was hurried;

Not a woman discharged her farewell groan. On the spot where the fellow was married.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest. Nor over dressed we found him.

With open and eager eyeing. How the meaneat stranger had cut out.

With only half his trying. Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone.

And out for the past upbraided him. But little tell for it, we let him live on.

In the house where his wife conveyed him. But our heavy task at length was done.

When the clock struck the hour for retiring. And we heard the spiteful quib and pun.

The girls were suitably fring. Slowly and sadly we turned to go.

We had struggled and we were human. We shed not a tear, we spoke not our wo.

But we left him alone with his woman. Macaulay remarks that absent-mindedness is the mark of either a genius or a fool.

We think that Lord Macaulay was a little too severe on one of its sides. A man's mind may be so intensely occupied...

With lofty intuitions and inspirations that his senses, seemingly, are scarcely awake to the realities of this tangible world.

A certain Scottish professor was not more remarkable for his writing on political economy than for his frequent unconsciousness of what passed before him.

His absence of mind was so remarkable that his wife once wagered that she would accost him in the street, inquire after the health of herself and family, and that he would not recognize her.

She actually went taking a solitary walk on the banks of a canal, into which in his abstraction he walked. Within a yard of the centre...

A honest woman washing clothes behind him bawled out, "Come out, come out, foul body, or ye'll be drown't!"

The warning sounds invading the tympanum of his professional ear, had the effect of making him turn right about, and forthwith recover the dry land.

The good woman, concluding him to be an idiot, sympathetically exclaimed: "Pair body, they nae muckle to answer for that lets ye gang yer lang."

upbraiding for showing him to a bed room already occupied by a woman!

One Sunday morning he was dressing in his bed room on a chair in which lay a tray containing half a dozen shirts, done up with fitting clerical stiffness.

He progressed leisurely in his dressing, till he came to attempt fastening his waistcoat, when he found the operation impossible.

After many ineffectual struggles, he called his wife to his aid, who likewise found the waistcoat difficultly insurmountable.

She was at a loss to explain the phenomenon, till she happened to cast her eye on the shirt tray. It was empty.

The minister, in his absence of mind, had put on the whole half-dozen shirts, one top of another, and it was no wonder that his waistcoat would not button.

On another occasion he and his wife were under invitation to dine at the mansion of the laird of the parish. The minister had been out for a long day's work, and when he came home, a little too late, he found his mistress already dressed and waiting.

He at once went up stairs to make his toilet with strict injunctions from his good lady to be quick. He was so slow, however, that she got impatient, and went to see what was the cause of the delay.

Entering the bed room she found the worthy man placidly enjoying his first sleep. Having undressed, it seems that in his absence of mind he had taken it for granted that the natural sequel was to go to bed, and he lay totally oblivious of the dinner party at the laird's.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton that his horse forgot to eat his dinner, which his housekeeper was accustomed to leave in a closet near his study door.

His head was so much in the Heavens to mind the earth; so a friend knowing his peculiarity, one day slipped his dinner out of the basket and ate it.

When at last the philosopher came out and greeted his friend, he asked to be excused till he took his lunch. On looking into his basket and finding it gone, he simply exclaimed, much to his friend's amusement, "Oh, I forgot I had eaten my dinner."

An absent-minded man, Mr. A—hand of Troy, receives a letter; knows the handwriting—he wants to read it in haste—it is already dark—he strikes a light, tears a paper and lights a lamp, but the letter is gone—he has used it to light the lamp.

There is a late striking instance given of Pere Graty, who had just been nominated Director of the Academy of Paris. One day, when going to the Sorbonne, where he lectured on theology, he imagined he had forgotten his watch, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go and fetch it.

It is said of Neander, the learned lecturer, and ecclesiastical historian of Germany, that his sister had to watch him daily, to see that he did not start to the university with his night cap on, or with his study-gown and slippers; and it was not uncommon for him, when moving aside from the jostling crowd in the street, to step into the gutter, where he walked on and on, seemingly unconscious of where he was stepping.

The following anecdote illustrates several things, among others the presence of mind of medical students, and the absence of ditto sometimes in cabinmen: A medical student returning home late in a cab, recollected, upon finding he had no money to pay his fare, that he had dropped two sovereigns at the bottom of the cab.

He told the cabman, in an agitated manner, of his losses, and begged of him to wait till he got a candle to look for them. He went into the hall to look for one, but while falling over the chairs in search of a "candle" he heard the cab go off.

He ran to the door, and to his astonishment, saw the cab galloping as fast as it could down the street. He halted, and called, and shouted, but the cabman was so deaf that he could not hear him.

The medical student, however, went quietly to bed, and, instead of reproaching himself for the deception he had practised on the cabman, he laughed at the ingenious way in which he had got home for nothing.

A story is told of a very good elderly gentleman, an affectionate husband and father, who, upon a fire breaking out in his home, rushed across the street and earnestly begged a friend who lived opposite to take care of—his nightcap!

People have been known to throw glass or crockery out of first or second floor window in order to save it, when human lives and real valuables were in jeopardy.

LOVE AND A FARM.

Quite a number of old and amusing scenes frequently occur with parties who visit the probate court for the purpose of securing the necessary document to legalize their marriage.

But the other day a young man, about twenty-one, accompanied by one of the opposite sex, equally as young, ascended the main steps of the court house, and then, on being directed to the probate court, took up the line of march for its hallowed precincts.

Reaching the door, he refused to enter. The rustic maiden, who was extremely anxious to see the marriage programme carried to a successful issue, looked upon him with pleading eyes, and then, taking him by the hand in the most tender manner, beseeched him to enter the court and obtain the license.

"Oh! come along, Jake; what's the use of jacking out?" fell in dulcet tones upon Jake's ear.

"Melindy, I can't. The old man will give me fits if I marry you."

"Have you told me a thousand times that you would marry me in spite of the old man?"

"Yes! yes! but there is—" "What?" "Why, the farm."

"Plague take the farm." "Yes, but, Melindy," reasoned her lover, "hadn't we better wait till the old man dies, and then I'll have the farm sure?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Melindy. I'll say to the old man, 'I'll have the farm sure.'" "Well, spit her out."

"If the old man holds out again my having you till Christmas, I will marry you then, farm or no farm."

"Sure." "As sure as my name is Jacob."

"Well, let her go then till Christmas, but if you back out then, Jake, look sharp."

"I'll toe the scratch then, by jingo, if the old man runs off the farm with a double barreled shotgun, certain." And Jake looked as if he would.

This reassured on being married by Christmas, Melindy drew off with her Jake, fully satisfied, doubtless, with the postponement. But if Jake does prove recalcitrant to his promise, we will wager any amount of nickel, that Melindy will go for him, to use the vernacular of the uneducated, "like a thousand of brick."

"KISS ME, MAMMA!"—"KISS me, mamma, before I sleep." How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little supplicant is that soft, gentle kiss!

The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all its peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is reeling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence.

Yes, kiss it, mamma, for that goodnight kiss will linger in the memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart.

For, remember life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams.

The parched and leaved lips will become duffer again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love—a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.—If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which, in the whole, make the pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession. It is a free masonry. Wherever one goes, there are the little brethren and sisters of the mystic tie. No diversity of race or tongue makes much difference. A smile spreads the universal language.

JOAN OF ARC.

Just at this time when a new Joan of Arc is reported as appearing at Tours, Miss Anna Dickinson's lecture on the historical Joan is of interest. The following is a synopsis of the lecture:

"Miss Anna Dickinson commenced by speaking of women in France from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, and their disabilities, legal, social and otherwise. Passing from this, she said that among the many names which would pass down to eternity was that of Joan of Arc, who ended strife and won victory for France, the nation that had brought untold misery upon itself by excluding women from the throne. In 1316, when a young woman was sole heir to the throne, many believed then, as since, that as women had not the power to enforce the law, she should have no voice in making it, and the young girl, the rightful heir, was thrust aside and a man placed on the throne. Little did the people then think of the revolutions that were to ensue, and that great victories would be won and peace established by another young girl. In 1422, at the death of Charles the Sixth, France had been stripped and bared to the skin. The peasants were impoverished and famine followed. Charles the successor was a weakling, while Bedford, who represented England, was the most powerful monarch of his time. It was the power of weakness against strength. The nation stripped herself in her poverty, and the gay young French nobles threw themselves into the struggle to win or die. Here was the last stand to be taken for French nationality, but the test of hunger and cold gnaw through the strongest resolutions, and Orleans stretched out her hands to the King for help. Suddenly, through the dark a light came, and a voice like a tempest was heard saying: 'I am come from God to save you.'

"The speaker then proceeded to give a biography of the celebrated subject of her lecture. Joan of Arc was born in 1411, in Domremy, a little village of Lorraine. Her father was a poor but independent peasant, a man whose independence came from actual ownership of the soil. Her mother was an industrious and pious woman, and a skilled workwoman. Joan as a child was tender, benevolent, pious, earnest and unselfish. She was not content in being at church simply at matins and vespers, and she was so impressed with church bells that she gave her scanty earnings to the bell-ringer to prolong their melodies. While her companions played she prayed, and in the great forest of the Vosges, near her father's house, she often strayed, gathering vague inspiration from the solemn undertone of the trees. Her home stood at the crossing of two great roads, where many travelers passed, and the tales of France they told grew sadder and sadder as years passed by. The girl was intensely loyal. Her sentiment for France was not a sentiment, it was a divine passion. She loved France, believed in France, and was entirely devoted to her country. As she hears the proverb that France, lost through a woman, shall be restored through a girl of the marshes of Lorraine, solitude, nature, prayer and faith fed the awful hope, and she believes she is destined through God to relieve France of her enemies. In a vision, she tells us, St. Michael appeared, and told her God had chosen her to crown the King, Henry VII., and drive out the armies of the victorious English.

"Miss Dickinson then gave a glowing portrayal of the visions of the deliverance of France, which fastened themselves upon the mind of the young girl. But the parents of Joan of Arc did not believe in her visions, and finally an uncle, who loved her, took her to his house, and then went as her ambassador to the Governor to say that his niece was sent by God to raise the siege of Orleans and crown the King. The Governor derides both uncle and niece, but finally the King sends for her to come into his presence. Armed and equipped she traverses one hundred and four leagues of territory, every fortress of which is in the hands of the enemy, and crossing eight rivers which have no bridges, is finally received by the King, who disguises himself, and appears among his courtiers. She at once recognizes him, and as a last hope he listens to her plans, and she is placed in command with the title of general.

"The details of the famous siege of Orleans, the terrible attack on Paris, in which Joan was wounded, and the crowning of the King at Rheims were then given, and after a thrilling and feeling account of Joan's betrayal, imprisonment and death at the stake, the fair lecturer closed with an appeal to women to live in such a manner as to be worthy to belong to the sex of which Joan of Arc was the spotless, innocent and modest representative, and to keep her in recollection with that remembrance which is more than fame."

"A genius in Toledo has constructed a miniature house, eighteen by twenty inches, and twenty-two inches high, two stories, with Mansard roof, with parlor, dining room, kitchen, hall and bed room, all furnished elegantly with real furniture, and peopled by small figures. The foundation is of stone. Around the building is a fine yard, laid out in drives, and planted with flowers and shrubbery. The whole affair is valued at \$1,200.

"WHAT is the difference between the captain of a base ball nine and a prize fighter? One heads the butters, and the other butters the heads.