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THIRTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS PAID.—The Travelers' Life and Accident Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, paid \$20,000 on the late Jas. B. Bink, mayor of Worcester, Mass., and \$8,000 on the late S. I. Lewis, of Atlanta, Ga. All these accidents occurred within a few months—each claim being paid within a few days before the terms of the policy expired. The Travelers' Life and Accident Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., grants all the terms of LIFE and ACCIDENT INSURANCE on exceedingly favorable terms. Agents in all parts of the country.

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The Poet's Department.

[From the Lancaster Intelligencer.]
AT PITTSBURG.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNING.
[During the disaster at Pittsburg, McDermott, the Engineer of the Breaker, stood at his post of duty, braving the men from below, until his hair was burned from his head, his clothing from his body, and the flames had disabled his engine. Does history record a higher heroism?]

THE LITTLE WHITE LIE.
I was in trouble, beyond any doubt—
I was in trouble—and how to get out?
"Tell a little white lie," said the devil to me,
"Tell a lie 'oh, how dreadful! But what if I should be caught, though I never shall tell one."
"Don't be frightened," said he; "we won't call it a lie—
A few words in their way quite as good as the truth.
And for this one occasion, far better, forsooth!"

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.
THE EMIGRANTS.
A TALK OF CANINE FIDELITY.
"Don't father; do let faithful Neptune go with us. He will be so much company on board the ship, and so little trouble. I'll give you every sixpence that I have been gathering to help to pay any expense he may be for his passage, and never grudge the outlay. It will grieve me for many a day to come, if you destroy our old and trusty servant."
It was in this way that Fanny Welsh, a little girl, the youngest daughter of a countryman of the principality, pleaded in behalf of their household dog—a most sagacious Newfoundland—on her learning that it was decided the animal should be put to death immediately preceding the embarkation of the rustic family for a foreign shore.

out to Canada, as gave him the prospect of settling as a small farmer in that colony—supposing that he husbanded his means in the most economical manner. According to this economical view, it was determined not to take with him across the seas his dog, a sagacious animal and a great favorite, but now well advanced in years, every one of the number acquiescing in the resolution as a matter of propriety, if not obvious necessity, with the exception of little Fanny, a girl of some ten years of age, whose affection towards the faithful brute went beyond all pecuniary considerations.
"I think it will break my heart, father, if you put poor Neptune to death," said the weeping girl, as she saw her parent preparing to carry the dog's sentence into execution, by having him expeditiously drowned. "Oh, spare him, spare him—and when I grow big and able to earn wages, I'll serve you without asking any until you say that I have made up for all that the noble creature has cost you in taking him to our new home."
"Fanny, my dear, it must not be as you would have it with poor Neptune," answered the father, "although it pleases me to hear you talk and plead as you have done. The faithful creature, you know, is getting old; it cannot be very long before it will be an act of kindness to him to put an end to his days, unless he should happen to die suddenly of some natural death. In fact, I think it would be cruel rather than otherwise to take him to America with us, even although the expense of his passage were left out of view; a thing, however, which I cannot overlook when considering our straightened circumstances and my duty to my children, you yourself amongst the rest, Fanny. Neptune is not like one of us, for whom there is another world and an after life. He has not an account to give of deeds done on earth. He dies and perishes forever; and if that death be dealt him from proper motives, as a matter of prudence, and with sparing him all needless alarm and pain, no wrong is done the poor brute. They say drowning is the easiest of deaths; and I'll just take him out to the lake, and having fastened a cloth around his neck with a stone in it, fling him from the top of one of the rocks at the side of the water, and he'll be dead in a few seconds."

Fanny was obliged to yield, and silence her objections; and this more readily on her father's quoting some lines from his favorite poet, Cowper, a copy of whose works he possessed; where that instructive and charming writer speaks of a needful act incurring no blame, but that he would not enter amongst his list of friends the man that wantonly set his foot upon the meaneast worm.
William Welsh proceeded to the fulfillment of his purpose with his dog, this being immediately before his departure from his old farm with such of his goods and family as were to accompany him to the new world. It was as a work of painful necessity that he set about the matter, forcing himself to it by an effort of the will rather than delegating the business, from a wish to save his own feelings, to any other person, who might, after all, bungle it, and cause the poor brute needless suffering. With a heavy heart the worthy man set forth towards the lake; Neptune, according to his wont, being fain to go along with him, and showing his feeling on the occasion by scampering away in advance of his master with a pioneer zeal.
"Poor brute!" said William Welsh to himself, on seeing the confiding animal conduct himself in his accustomed way, "how hast no notion of what is awaiting thee; and as little canst thou ever know how it vexes me to put an end to thee. But it is only one of many griefs which I have at this crisis to bear. In deed, were it not but one of my trials, and after all not by any means the chief of them, I should not be able to keep the stout heart for the painful performance that I actually have."
The grave silhouettes had now reached the side of the small lake that lay amid the uplands of his late farm, and Neptune has stretched himself at his master's feet, as that master for a few seconds ruminates upon the thing that is to be done; considering, too, of the precise spot into which to fling the animal. And now he has stooped to tie the piece of stuff around the dog's neck, having placed within the sort of bag formed by the pendant part of the cloth a fitting weight of stone; Neptune all the while kindly licking the worthy man's hand, as if in return for some understood piece of extraordinary tenderness of treatment. But what remains must be hurriedly accomplished, forbidding any waste of flattery or fawning. Strength is put to the needful work; Neptune and the appendages to his neck are speedily lifted up, and as quickly tossed into the watery element at the foot of the little eminence upon which the farmer has taken his stand, and who has wheeled round the instant he was delivered of his charge, even before the dog has well reached the surface of the lake. He has wheeled round, and hurries away from the brink, that he may not be near the scene of the painful operation to which he has forced himself, yet consoled with the idea that the animal's work was done forever, and that very brief would be its sufferings. He hurries away, and is pleased to see that little Fanny has an eye after him,

for she is running to meet her father, and to learn how it has fared with him and the dog.
"It is all over with the poor creature by this time, my dear!" says the worthy man. "I heard the plunge well enough; although I refused my eyes the sight of his sinking in the water. His life must have left him in a few seconds; and now let us neither think nor speak of the occurrence any more, especially as we have so many other things to concern us that are of far greater importance."
"His life must have left him in a few seconds, father?" cried Fanny; "and we are neither to think nor speak of the poor creature any more! Why, yonder comes Neptune, crouching toward us, with the cloth you took with you in his mouth!"
The father stood still in amazement until the faithful brute came up to him, throwing itself down at his feet in an imploring attitude, and as such as saying, "What had I done to cause you to treat me so? See, I have brought back the cloth that you tied around me, and have taken care that it should not be lost!"
"Poor brute!" ejaculated the father, on seeing all this. "Thou shalt not perish by my hands; but shall go where I go, and live where I live!"
These were gladdening words to the affectionate Fanny. Away, with Neptune led by her, she hastened to announce the relief that had been issued, and to tell of the wonderful escape of the faithful animal, in consequence, it was seen, of the stone's weight having caused the cloth into which it was put to burst, and thus to liberate the condemned dog, splendid swimmer that he was; the pleasant occurrence being accepted by every member of the family as an encouraging token, and serving to lighten the sorrow with which they looked for the last time on the place of their birth and up-bringing.
Next day the emigrants were upon the face of the mighty deep, ploughing their way to a land of promise, the sagacious Neptune being the object of not a few other caresses than those which little Fanny bestowed upon him. It was observed that the head of the family paid more attention to the mute creature than he ever before had done, and also that his kindness was joined to special favors to his youngest daughter. He was thankful that the dog had been spared and survived; nor in the Transatlantic home was he found to be unserviceable.
But time sped; age gained upon this faithful house-keeper, as it did upon William Welsh, and death was at length to overtake both. Two years had elapsed since the good man first set foot upon the soil of Canada. He and his offspring were now comfortably settled in their American habitation; and the prospect of independence, though not of idleness or opulence, were theirs; the father, already a widower, looking humbly yet trustingly forward to another and better world, beyond the grave. He sickened, and for weeks was bed-ridden; his cherished dog, as if endowed with some measure of human sympathy as well as foresight, every morning and evening seeking to pay the good man a visit, but never prolonging his stay so as to be troublesome. To meet the welcoming and extended hand; to respond as such creatures do to kindly words, and then to take its leave with a short lingering look thrown behind, was the uniform procedure of the old domestic on each visit.
William Welsh died; nor from that time did Neptune ever evince a wish to go to the chamber where lay the remains of his late master. It looked as if his grief was too great to allow him to approach the body from which the spirit had fled that had dealt so tenderly to the creature. From the hour of the farmer's decease, to that in which the corpse was carried to its last resting-place, the sagacious brute refused all food, hiding itself, it seemed, in a corner where it might mourn unnoticed and untroubled, yet not uncares for by the affectionate Fanny.
The worthy farmer had pitched upon a spot in the adjoining forest in which he wished to be buried, and had been at pains to enclose and lay it out in a manner fitting for receiving the ashes of his descendants and his people. Many a time had he repaired thither to do the needed or appointed work of fitting the locality for Neptune for a companion. The day of the funeral arrived, and now the dog left his fair for silent mourning, in order to follow the corpse to the burying ground; nor ever did a day pass, while the creature lived, that he was not to be found wending his way to and from the sacred spot; the grave on each and all of these occasions being lain upon by the animal, so that the grass never failed to show evidence of the temporary bed.
Three months had elapsed since the death, when one morning it was ascertained that Neptune had been missing ever since the forenoon of the preceding day, that being the time of his accustomed journeyings to the burial spot. What was more natural than to seek the creature there? Nor can the reader have failed to have anticipated the statement, when it is told, that upon the grave of its late master the dog was found to have died. And let it not be deemed to have been irreverent in Fanny Welsh, neither to be so in the writer of these simple recordings, when it is added that, at the affectionate girl's suggestion, the lifeless creature also had its grave within the en-

closure, the preparation of which had been conducted, as it were, under the sagacious brute's inspection.
CAUGHT IN THE ACT.
BY GLENBOWER.
"Whenever I see a rat-trap," said Dick Waverley to me, as we passed a magnificent hardware store in Sixth avenue, in the show-window of which was displayed among other things, a rat-trap, "it reminds me of an incident that occurred when I was a clerk in a Binghampton dry goods store. The establishment had once been successfully entored by burglars, who made the visit a very costly one to the owner of the goods. To prevent a repetition of such visits, I was offered a slight increase in my salary if I would agree to sleep in the store at night. I was a bachelor then, and accepted the offer, making my couch on a cot bed in a small compartment in the rear of the sales-room.
"I had occupied this room as a sleeping chamber for three months without experiencing any incident worthy of note, when one night, some two hours after I had retired, I was awakened by hearing a slight rasping sound. Rising quietly in the bed, I listened attentively a few moments, and had no doubt that something unusual was about to occur. Noiselessly I arose from the bed, took my revolver from under the pillow, and in my bare feet crept in the direction whence the sound seemed to come.
"On tip-toe I cautiously entered the sales-room, and there the rasping sound was loud enough to indicate at once the very spot where the work was going on. It was at the door leading from the store to the cellar, which, by the way, was infested with rats. Sometimes the rats would make their way to the store, and to give them a fitting reception a steel trap, properly baited, was nightly placed near the hole through which it was supposed they entered. The hole was at the jamb of the door at the head of the cellar stairs, and the trap, with a chain about four feet long, was there deposited invitingly open, and to save the vermin the trouble of rambling further in quest of food. The chain was fastened to a staple fixed in the subbase, so that when a rat was not instantly guillotined, and lingered long in the clutches of the spikes which impaled him, he could not wriggle off to a corner where the trap might not readily be found.
"As I approached the door, I could see by the glare of the single gaslight which we always kept burning at night, the point of a saw about four inches long, and not more than two inches in width at its broadest part. This saw was being rapidly worked by some unseen power, and it was evident that the object was to make a hole large enough to admit a human hand, that it might withdraw the strong bolt which prevented the opening of the door.
"In a few moments I noticed the narrow blade bobbing in and out. My first idea was to wait until the bolt was withdrawn, and then boldly confront the burglar, with my revolver cocked for instant use. Then, fearing that the man who was sawing might have accomplices who would not hesitate to commit murder to prevent capture, I was about to hasten to the front door, pass out, and give the alarm, when I espied the rat-trap on the floor, and a novel idea at once suggested itself.
"I was standing at the side of the door, having taken this position to screen myself, deeming it likely that the operator on the other side of the door might place his eye to the aperture he was making, to see if the coast were clear.
"Cautiously lifting the trap, I held it in my left hand, with the revolver in my right, both ready for use.
"Rasp! rasp! rasp! The saw continued its movements, and as I peeped over the side of the door-frame I could see that the instrument was rapidly making a circle, about four inches in diameter.—When the saw was drawn in and a knife-blade clipped off a small strip of the wood.
"Then I saw one finger enter. The object was to seize the circular piece, and prevent it from falling to the floor on the outside.
"The wood readily split, and the piece which was broken off was carefully taken inside. Then another piece, and so on until the hole was perfect.
"Then I observed a human hand, the fingers of which began to grope for the bolt.
"Now for the trick, I thought, as I nervously extended my left hand, which held the trap, toward the aperture, but a little below it to prevent its being seen.
"Slowly the trap was moved, ready for a favorable opportunity to give the burglar's hand a warm clasp.
"The moment I saw the fingers extended I plunged the trap at them, and the hand entered to the wrist.
"Click! The spring was touched, the trap sprung, and a human hand was impaled! The burglar was caught—caught in the act! He on one side of the door and his captor on the other.
"A groan of agony followed as the spikes pierced the man's flesh, and he attempted to withdraw his hand; but the hole he had made, although large enough to admit the entrance of a man's hand, was not of sufficient dimensions to permit the passage of a rat-trap.
"He groaned, and muttered terrible oaths, but his profanity and wailings were useless. All his efforts to withdraw his hand proved unavailing.
"Feeling assured that he was securely held in this uncomfortable position, I hastened to the street door, unlocked it, and shouted for assistance. An officer soon came, and when I had conducted him to the cellar stairs, I withdrew the bolt, opened the door, and discovered the culprit who had to follow the door as it swung against the wall. He was a man of about thirty-seven, heavily built, with short-cropped red hair, a face of villainous aspect, and his features deeply indented with small pox. Before taking the trap from his hand, which bled profusely from five different punctures, the officer searched his pockets, and found therein two Derringer pistols, a long dirk, and a number of burglar's tools. Having disarmed him, his hand was released from the trap, and he was conducted to the police station.
"It was afterward discovered that he had entered the cellar from a window in the rear, having opened the shutters in the same manner as he was attempting to practise when caught.
"A trial followed some weeks later, he was convicted and for five years became a pattern of propriety in a public institution, never leaving his own chamber unless with the consent of his keepers, and otherwise leading such an exemplary life that for the time mentioned, through compulsion, he became a reformed man. Whether his reformation continued after his release from prison I am unable to state; but it is very unlikely that he again tried to grope for a bolt in the dark, or jeopardize his liberty by taking the chances of being caught in the act.

Hufnagle's Elephant.
The following we find in a New York paper, but cannot say where it originated:
Mr. Hufnagle purchased an elephant in India, and brought it home under the care of a native keeper. The design was to teach him to do farm work. When the animal arrived, it was ascertained that he could not, or would not, do such labor, and so he was put in the stable of a country tavern, near New Hope, where he consumed enough sustenance to bankrupt a man of ordinary wealth.
One day his keeper died suddenly, and nobody else knowing how to manage the elephant, it was found impossible to get him out of the stable. The landlord raved and swore, and tore his hair about it, but there the elephant stuck, with the manifest intention of staying there till the day of judgment, and of battering down the stable, unless he was fed.
At last the landlord said the elephant must be got rid of some how or other, if he had to be blown through the roof with gunpowder. So an effort was made to sell him, but a menagerie man was induced to buy him for two thousand dollars. This man determined to bring that elephant right along with strategy. He got a car on the railroad track near by, and, after fixing a bridge to it, he lined the floor with a bushel or two of apples, gingerbread, oranges, etc.; then he made a regular pathway of apples and cakes all the way from the stable to the car. It cost him two hundred dollars for bait.—The elephant followed the trail slowly, eating it up clean as he went. He went up on the platform over the bridge, and gorging himself all the time. The menagerie man stood there, expecting every minute he would go clear into the car, and finish the thing up; but instead of this, the miserable beast deliberately stood still, and with his trunk reached all over the car, and ate every solitary thing in it. Then he turned and swooped down the road at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The landlord, meanwhile, was so glad to get rid of the beast, that he asked in all hands to take something in honor of the event. The party were just putting their glasses to their lips when a smash was heard at the bars-yard gate, and a thundering crash indicated that the stable door was knocked into diminutive flinters. The crowd rushed out, and there was that very same elephant in the very same old place!
The landlord was so mad that he could not swear with sufficient vigor to satisfy his feelings; so he got the crowd to listen to him while he read sixteen chapters of Horace Greeley's "Table Talk" out loud. This relieved him for the moment, but the next morning Hufnagle's elephant was found dead, and there was thought to be some connection between this circumstance and the fact that the landlord was seen rolling a barrel of rat poison up an adjacent hill upon the previous night.

A NEW ORLEANS colored man heard of another nigger who got several thousand dollars for being put off a railroad train, so he thought he would try it. He got on the ladies' car, expecting that the conductor would come along and throw him out. Before the conductor came in the darkey put his head out of the window, when a bridge came along and cut his head off. He didn't get a cent from the company.
A MICHIGAN doctor, who was arrested because his patient died, had been acquitted, on the ground that he did the best he could, giving all the medicines he knew the name of. He put in the plea that he never insured a case when he took it.

REMARKS
[Small text in the right margin, possibly a list of names or a commentary.]