

THOMAS CARLAND, Wholesale Dealer in Groceries, Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Stationery and Notions, Salt, Sugar Cured Meats, Bacon, Flour, Feed and Provisions, 1233 Eleventh Avenue, between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

GEORGE W. YEAGER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Heating and Cook Stoves of every description, Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware, Millinery Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and all other work in his line.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO., WASHINGTON STREET, Pa. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Millinery Goods, Hats and Caps, Iron and Nails, Ready-Made Clothing, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE, PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS, and all other work in his line.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO., ZAHM & SON, DEALERS IN Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and all other articles usually kept in a Country Store.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDING! Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys Wear.

### THE GREAT OAK HALL CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

241 Main Street Johnstown.

### S. J. HESS & BROTHER

THE LARGEST, BEST MADE AND MOST DURABLE Stock of Clothing EVER KEPT IN JOHNSTOWN, consisting chiefly of MEN'S COATS, MEN'S PANTS, YOUTHS' COATS, YOUTHS' PANTS, BOYS' COATS, BOYS' PANTS, BOYS' VESTS, MEN'S VESTS, YOUTHS' VESTS.

### GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.

### NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

COME AND SEE! GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS FOR THE READY CASH!

### STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

### REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

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

### WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in ALL KINDS OF CABINET FURNITURE.

### SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices.

### MUSIC! MUSIC!

The "SISTERS" of St. Joseph will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO, MELODEON or GUITAR.

### Original Poetry.

#### KITTY LEE.

BY J. GIL LINDEN.

I linger by thee, little stream; thy melodies I hear; Like the voice of distant loved ones it falls upon The bosom of thy silvery waves reflect the stars above.

And all thy songs of gladness are messengers of But thy murmur holds a sadness, around which memories play. (hood's day; And it teaches me to love thee as I did in child- For you seem to ask me fondly, in a language of thine own, Why I wander near thy shady banks so weary You have often seen a maiden by the name of Kitty Lee, (hood's hour with me. Who sat upon thy soft green banks in child- Who cast the tiny pebbles, and watched them Or gathered flowers that sweetly grew upon thy as they sank, [moosey bank.

It was here I learned to love her, as we listened to thy song, [could'er be wrong. And no impulse ever taught us that to love It was here we strayed together, and when we older grew [would be true. We promised to each other that we always Kitty's parents they were wealthy, while mine were seeming poor, [could endure; Yet the sneering blows at poverty I always For Kitty fondly loved me, despite my clouded sky. And bid me to have patience, 'twould be bright- But we parted from each other upon this self- same spot. [be forgot; And vowed our ties of friendship should never Then with trembling voice she whispered:— Remember that you have the prayers of little Kitty Lee.

I met the world as others do, all friendless and alone. [mine own; Yet 'mid it all I often found a heart befriend And Kitty often wrote to me to battle with the ill. [remembered still.

For though we lingered far apart, I was re- I strove the harder then to win the baubled boast of fame, [honored name. That I might bring to Kitty Lee a proud and Thus years went by, success was mine; within a distant land. [favoring hand, I had been blessed by many smiles and fortune's And thus I wrote to Kitty Lee, of wealth and proud success, [thru happiness. And breathed the old love o'er again, with fu- She answered me and simply said, "I love you as a brother, [father. But ere you get this little note I must obey an- Think not my love shall perish though, for with angel hosts above [sinless love. Lies the record of my childhood—a bright and They may weep my hand to fortune, but my heart shall still be free. [you be; To hold thy cherished image, where'er in life This is a life of happiness so often cast away, Like the withered flowers of autumn that grew upon our way.

For oft bright hopes do perish by a simple turn of heart, [depart. And leave a lingering sadness that never will So your beauty holds a sadness around which memories play, [hood's day; That teaches me to love thee as I did in child- And the bosom of thy silvery waves reflect the stars above, [love. That I may see reflected my childhood's holy —London's Wildwood Song.

### Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

#### THE GIFTED FROG.

The following story is told in a style more suited perhaps for children than for those who are older grown; but there is a lesson in the story which none will fail to admire and accept, notwithstanding the simple language in which it is taught:

It was such a pretty pool. Every sort of water-plant grew there, from the tall purple loosestrife and crimson willow-wood to the creeping money-wort, with its golden blossoms. The great white water-lilies liked to lay their sleepy heads on its calm, clear surface, and forget-ments nestled along its banks. In the evening the May flies could not resist the pleasure of dancing there, though they were there not numerous pink spotted trout watching for them below, and ready to dart on them at a moment's notice?

One evening at sunset a lively little trout was employing himself in this way with great success, when he observed an intelligent looking frog sitting on the bank, half in the water and half out, and croaking.

"Why don't you come right in?" called the trout. "You can't think how lovely it is. And the May flies are just in perfection. Come along!"

"No, I thank you," said the frog; "I'd rather not."

"Perhaps you can't swim?" suggested the trout, apologetically.

"Can't I, though?" answered the frog. "Let me tell you that when human beings try to swim, it's me they imitate, not you!"

"I should think not," said the trout; "why, the poor things haven't got any fins! Well, come along, froggie, and let's see how you perform."

"No, thank you," said the frog again; "I had enough of the pond when I was a young thing, with a large head. I am too old to make such exertions now."

"Too old? too lazy, you mean?"

"That's ruled," said the frog.

The trout darted upward and caught a fine May fly, then dived, and presently appeared again, saying in a conciliatory tone:

"Aren't you hungry, old fellow?"

"Very," answered the frog.

"Don't you like May flies?"

"Rather! Don't you see I keep opening my mouth in hopes one will fly in by mistake?"

"You might wait long enough," said

the trout, "though your mouth is pretty wide;" and with that he disappeared.

Early the next morning, before the dew was off the ground, a sparrow in search of worms observed the frog sitting in the same spot.

"Why don't you come right out and look for your breakfast, froggie?" said she.

"Much too early to be stir one's self," answered the frog.

"Perhaps you can't hop?" said the sparrow.

"Can't I, though?" said the frog. "If I chose I could hop a good deal farther than you."

"If you could hop, I should think you'd have a try for that bluebottle sitting on the thistle near you."

"I'll open my mouth wide," said the frog, "and perhaps he may come in.— Why, there he goes right away. What an unlucky fellow I am, to be sure!"

"Dear me," said the sparrow. "Do you call that being unlucky? I'm sure my nestlings at home open their mouths wide enough, but nothing drops into them but what I put there. But I must be off."

"That evening when the trout came up for his supper, there sat the frog in the same place.

"Good evening, froggie," he said.— "How many flies have popped down your throat since I saw you last? Not many, I'm afraid. Why, you are getting thin; your yellow skin hangs quite loose, and your eyes look positively goggle!"

"Personal remarks are never in good taste," answered the frog; and as he showed no inclination to continue the conversation, the trout went about his own affairs.

Next morning the sparrow appeared again, and there sat the frog as before.

"Halloo! froggie!" said she; "you're still! What are you waiting for?"

"I am waiting for Providence to send me a fly," replied the frog; but this time he spoke rather hesitatingly, for he was beginning to feel weak and hungry.

"Providence only helps those who help themselves," said the sparrow. "I don't believe the fly will be sent."

"I certainly am a most unlucky beggar," said the frog, "considering the number of flies that passed this way, and not one of them comes in, though I open my mouth so wide that my jaws ache."

The sparrow hopped up to him, and looked at him for a moment with her head on one side.

"Well, you are a queer fish!" she said.

"I am not a fish at all," replied the frog, with a calm dignity; and the sparrow picked up a fine worm, and flew off to her nestlings.

After she was gone the frog observed a little blue butterfly sitting on a blade of grass near. The pangs of hunger induced him to stretch his yellow neck for it, but so slowly that the blue butterfly had time to escape. "Just like my luck!" so- liloquized the frog. What's the use of exerting one's self? Nothing ever comes of it."

"How weak I feel, to be sure! I think it's the effort of holding my mouth open so long that makes me ill. I'll go to sleep." But he scarcely closed his eyes when a rustling sound close to him made him open them. There between him and the sunlight looked a dark figure with cruel eyes. It was a great shrike, or butcher bird. Poor froggie! While he was thinking what an unlucky fellow he was, the butcher bird pounced upon him, and put an end to his existence, after which he deposited him on a thorn till he should feel inclined to eat him.

"Well, froggie, you're still!" cried the trout, when he came up in the evening. "Why, he's gone!—fairly starved out!"

"Killed and spitted?" said the sparrow, who had watched the whole proceeding, concealed in a bush.

"Poor fellow!" said the trout; "I was afraid it would end so." —Osteoig Press.

#### "The Star-spangled Banner."

HOW IT WAS COMPOSED AND SET TO MUSIC, AS RELATED BY AN OUTGOVERNANIAN.

"And you knew Francis Key?"

"Knew him! Why he lived but a few doors above my father's house.— There were two brothers, John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British army during the Revolutionary war, while John was in that of the United States. John lived on Pipe's Creek, near Taneytown, Frederick county, Maryland, where Francis and his sister Anna, John's only children were born. There was an exiled Scotchman, Mr. Bruce—said to have been heir to the throne of Scotland—who had built a mill on Pipe's Creek, and there, in the company of this noble old aristocrat, Frank spent his very early boyhood. The brothers, Philip and John, were large, manly looking fellows, but Frank and Anna were of much smaller mould. Anna Key was a beautiful little girl, with the cheeriest ways and most pleasant face I ever saw. When they moved into town, near my father's Frank was half grown, and ready to enter as a law student with Roger B. Taney, then at the head of the Frederick bar. Roger was a tall, gaunt fellow, as lean, they used to say, as a Potomac herring, and as shrewd as the shrewdest. He married bright little Anna. It was like the union of a hawk with a sky lark; but she lived to be the wife of a Chief Justice of the United States, and I never heard that either repented of their marriage. Mr. Taney was a strict Catholic, and Frank an Episcopalian, not considered very zealous and sharp in his profession, and much given to dreaming. He went to Virginia, and brought home a wife much larger and taller than himself, went to housekeeping on Market street, and had a couple of little children when I left home in 1809 to seek my fortune in Lancaster, Pa.

"You have heard of Admiral Cockburn, who commanded the British fleet? The atrocious scoundrel! Words can never paint the miserable coward and boaster in his true colors. After his depredations along the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the battle of North Point, and the attempt of the enemy to take the city of Baltimore by water, as they had failed to do by land. You know all about the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, September 13th, 1814. I have gone over it again, in fancy, hundreds of times, and I'll tell you Frank Key, patriotic as he was to his heart's core, could not help composing that poem. It was forced out of him. Just think. He was a prisoner on the fleet, which was anchored two miles from Fort M'Henry the city's main defense. He could watch all the enemy's preparations and he knew the danger they foreboded. Through the terrific cannonading of that midnight fight, while the sky was lit up with the fiery courses of the flying bombs, do you think he could sleep? As the struggle ceased upon the coming morning and he looked through the dim twilight for the flag of his country, his heart sick with fear and doubt, could he help the outburst of the first verse? And then, as through the mist of the deep the banner loomed dimly in the morning sun's first rays, and he exclaimed,

"'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

It was prayer and praise all in one; and there has never been anything like it since."

Mr. Hendon stopped to wipe his sweating face with his red bandana handkerchief, and take a rapid stride across the floor. He had forgotten his cane and the weight of his eighty years in this reminiscence of his strong young manhood; and if Admiral Cockburn had that moment stood before him, in the flesh-and-blood of his real self, I would have been the chronicler of his fate.

"Have you heard Francis Key's poem?" said one of our mess, coming in one evening, as we lay scattered over the green hills near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, written in a scrawl which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Ferd. Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One called "Anacron in Heaven" (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it.) struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and a shout, he exclaimed, "Boys! I've hit it!" and sitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first time the song of the "Star-spangled Banner." How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music under such inspiring influences! Getting a furlough, the brothers sang it on the stage of the Holiday Street Theatre soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sung around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and when peace was declared, and we scattered to our homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most pro-

rious relic of the war of 1812. Ferdinand Durang died—I do not know where—and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Fredericktown; but I guess that song will live as long as there is an American boy to sing it.—Mrs. Nellie Kyster, in Harper's Magazine for July.

#### AGRICULTURE A FRAUD!

NOT BY H. G.

The basest fraud of earth is agriculture. The deadliest ignis fatuus that ever glittered to beguile, and dazzled to betray is agriculture. I speak with feeling on this subject, for I've been glittered and beguiled, and dazzled and destroyed by this same arch deceiver.

She has made me a thousand promises, and broken every one of them.

She has promised me early potatoes, and the rain has drowned them. Late potatoes and the drought has withered them.

She has promised me summer squashes, and the worms have eaten them; winter squashes, and the bugs have devoured them.

She has promised cherries and the curculio has stung them, and contain living things uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste.

She has promised strawberries, and the young chickens have enveloped them, and the eye cannot see them.

She has promised tomatoes, and the old hens have encompassed them, and the hand cannot reach them.

I rose before dawn to set out sweet potatoes; the eggs seized me; I had thirty chills and three pecks of potatoes. I toiled in the heat of the day to cultivate cabbages; I raised twenty-two blisters, but nothing more. I labored with the latest twilight to hoe my melons, but found the rheumatism.

No wonder Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he had no grandfather to kill. No doubt his Early Rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam seven dollars a barrel, had been cut down by bugs, from the head waters of the Euphrates. His Pennsylvania wheat had been winter killed, and wasn't worth cutting. His Norway oats had gone to straw, and would not yield five pecks per acre, and his black Spanish watermelons had been stolen by boys, who had pulled up the vines, broken down his patent fence, and written scurrilous doggerel all over his back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he saw Abel whistling along with his fine French merinos, worth eight dollars a head and wool going up every day. No wonder he wanted to kill somebody, and thought he'd practice on Abel.

And Noah's getting drunk was not at all surprising. He had thrown away magnificent opportunities. He might have had a monopoly of any profession or business. Had he studied medicine there would not have been another doctor within a thousand miles to call him "Quack;" and every family would have bought a bottle of "Noah's Compound Extract of Gopher Wood and Anti-Deleuge Syrup."

As a politician, there is no doubt he might have carried his own ward solid, and controlled two-thirds of the delegates in every convention. As a lawyer he would have been retained in every case tried at the Anarat Quarter Sessions, or the old Ark High Court of Admiralty. But he threw away all these advantages and took to agriculture. For a long time the ground was so wet he could raise nothing but sweet flag and bullrushes, and these at last became a drudge in the market. What wonder that at last he did get half a peck of grapes that were not strong to death by Japheth's honey bees, he should have made wine and drowned his sorrows in a "shoving bowl."

The fact is agriculture would demoralize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it. I'm a demon now. I'm at war with everything. I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to lie still till seven. I fight myself into the garden to work like a brute, when reason and instinct tell me to stay in the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, the chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms—everything in which is the breath of life. I fight the does, the burdocks, the mallows, the thistles the grapes, the weeds, the roots—the whole vegetable kingdom. I fight the heat, the frost, the rain the hail—in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle. I have no more admiration to waste on the father of George Washington for forgiving the destruction of his cherry tree. A cherry tree is only a curculio nursery, and the grandfather of his country knew it. I have half a dozen cherry trees, and the day my young George Washington is six years old I'll give him a hatchet and tell him to down with every cherry tree on the place. —Cincinnati Times.

A DRUNKEN fellow with a box of matches in his pocket lay down on the sidewalk in Muscatine, the other day, to enjoy a quiet snooze. While rolling over in his sleep the matches took fire. Awakening, he snuffed the air conspicuously, smelt the burning brimstone, and ejaculated, "Just as I expected, in h—ll (hie), by hokey."

LITTLE FISH have a proper idea of business. Not being able to do better they start on a small scale.

#### BREACHING A MINE.

Among the many dangers the Cornish miners have to battle against, one of the greatest arises from accidentally carrying the excavations too close to some disused pit, that perhaps many years since has been boarded and earthed over, and in course of time forgotten.

When miners have reason to suspect that such is the case—a suspicion generally caused by a greater exhalation of water than is usual—they at once proceed to what is technically termed "hole it;" and the following description of it may best be given in the words of an old Cornish miner, one of the principal actors in the undertaking:

"Well, you see, sir, we were working two hundred fathoms down—running a level due north—and to our surprise the further we went the more moist the earth got, till on going to work one morning, we found the whole end of the wall covered with drops of dew. Seeing this, it struck all of us at once that there must be a pit at no great distance, and (as they 'most alius are) full of water.— Fancy this, sir; a body o' water reaching many fathoms above; you are working only separated from it by a thin crust of clay, putting you in the momentary fear of this giving way, and the water rushing in upon you!

"However, there it was, and must be got rid of, and this, too, by 'driving' or 'holing' right into it; for if left we should never be safe, or tell when we might come unawares across one of the many levels or shafts which run such numerous ways and depths.

"When the captain of the mine learned of its existence an offer was soon made of tolerable generous terms to any who choose to empty it; which offer six of us accepting, we at once proceeded with our dangerous task.

"The first thing we did was to put up strong frame work with doors attached, opening inward toward the old pit, so that the instant the mine was holed, by running and closing the doors in passing, the mass of water would be kept back for a time—long enough, at all events, as we hoped, for us to reach the ladders.

After placing three of these safety valves, as we called them, along the level at short distances apart, we proceeded slowly and cautiously with the more dangerous part of the work. Bit by bit we got nearer and nearer to the old mine, at every blow of the sledge on the borer expecting the rush of water to follow, often fearing to strike more than one blow before running for our lives, till the constant dread which we were all in so worked on the nerves of the bravest that even a falling stone would be sufficient to put every one of us to flight.

"Never shall I forget the morning when at last we did get through; and I can fancy seeing one of my mates as he then stood with the borer laid up for another to strike, the rest of us watching for the blow to fall, and prepared to run if necessary.

"At last, while every eye was fixed on 'em, the steel hammer rang on the borer, which in another second was sent whizzing far away down the level, as with a horrible roar the water came tearing and crashing through the earth.

"It was a run then for life, sir; and in a far shorter time than I can tell it, we were through the first door way, and in the act of swinging to the next, when the first was dashed against it; but, thank God, this for a time resisted the pressure of the water, or I should not be here telling of it.

"On we sped, our only hope of safety lying in gaining the ladders before the last door gave way; and what a distance they seemed, when even a few moments gained might rescue us from death!—Breathless, at last we reached them, and had ascended but a few rounds when, with a bang—whirl—crash—the water was upon us, and, fast as we climbed, like some horrid monster seeking our destruction, it glided up step for step with us.

"Even now a shuddering feeling creeps over me as I call to mind the fierce struggle it was to climb faster than the water rose. Faint and weary, we still tore upward, for to rest only for a few moments would, to a certainty, have been 'death.' Up, up, with our dead enemy gaining on our flagging footsteps; now with cold water gliding to our knees, yet still with renewed desperation struggling on.—Thank Heaven the spit was at last reached, and we were saved. Dragging our exhausted limbs a few feet higher, we watched the dread torrent rushing through this outlet. Then it was that, giving a glance toward my comrades, I find there are but two left. Yes, sir, six of us went down; three only came up. Whether they were overtaken in the level or washed from the ladders none could tell, for death was too closely following us at the time to allow of us bestowing a thought on our poor mates. However, we thought a deal more about them on reaching the mouth of the pit, where stood their pale-faced, anxious wives scanning us on coming to grass, and asking, with a frightened cry, 'Where are our husbands?'

"We could only point down to the roaring gulf, for our hearts were too full to utter even the simple word—'dead.'"

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.