

H. A. SPEIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, \$2 per year in advance.

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1871. Fall Trade. 1871.

I am now prepared to offer SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS OF TIN SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

My stock consists in part of every variety of Tin Sheet-Iron, COPPER AND BRASS WARES, ENAMELLED AND PLAIN SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c.

Special Anti-Dust HEATING AND COOKING STOVES, EXCLUSIVE COOKING STOVES, NOBLE TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors, all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron, at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person.

Francis W. Hay, Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH CUSTOMERS! AT THE EBENSBURG HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS.

FAMILY GROCERIES, such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl-Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Paste, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Bed Cord and Manila Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

GEORGE W. YEAGER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in HEATING AND COOK STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE, And GENERAL JOBBER IN SPOULTING and all other work in his line.

ALTOONA, PA. The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect, complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE - PRICES LOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colwell Row, Centre street. (Jan 30-ct.)

THOMAS CARLAND, Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, STATIONERY AND NOTIONS, FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS, BACON, FLOUR, FEED AND PROVISIONS, 1323 Eleventh Avenue, Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND COME AND SEE! GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM AND STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY, we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as we can get.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO., WASHINGTON STREET, Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN 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, Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

WHOLESALE and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO., GEO. 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 TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS! STORE ON MAIN STREET, Next Door to the Post Office, June 10, 1869. EBENSBURG, PA.

CAMBERIA COUNTY BONDS.—The Commissioners of Cambria County are now prepared to sell to those desiring the same, the BONDS of said county, in sums of \$10, \$20 and \$50.

Parties desiring to invest in this Loan will please call on the Commissioners at their office in Ebensburg. Witness our hands this 10th day of April, A. D. 1871. MAURICE MCAMARA, JAMES NEASON, FRANCIS O'BRIEN, Attest—J. A. KENNEDY, Clerk. (Apr. 15-ct.)

[From Catholic Record (Phila.) for November.] THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

It matters little, perhaps nothing, how Widow Walsh came to be so sadly reduced in her worldly circumstances as to resolve one fine autumn morning upon placing her eldest daughter Emily in service.

Such, however, was the fact; and though it had cost the poor widow many a pang, the more she thought of it, the more she felt convinced that, if she would ward off starvation or the "union" from her household, "Emily must 'go out'."

This sacrifice to stern necessity was not the less felt, from the fact of the family having formerly been in easy circumstances. The wrecks of better days might have been, and still may be traced scattered about their stricken home.

Emily was not old—barely fourteen—yet she remembered her better days; she had not forgotten the noble house and beautiful garden; she had a distinct recollection of her many charming dresses and pretty ribbons; and a composition doll of the ancient regime was still in the possession of one of the junior members of the family, to be looked at but not played with.

We have said it was autumn. It was; and it was the prospect of a hard and long winter that determined the widow upon placing her daughter out in the world. But where was she to go? Their village was but a score of miles from the city, yet they were as much strangers to it as though a thousand leagues distant; in their own neighborhood there appeared to be no opening for her.

The Sharpes, to whom Emily was now engaged, is what is ordinarily termed "respectable people;" that is to say, they kept a gig; and Mr. Sharpe had an office—not a shop—somewhere near the Monument, up a very narrow, business-like lane. He was in the hardware line of business; and not only so in profession, but in nature.

Weeks, months passed away, and Christmas came. There had never been such a holiday time in the Sharpes' house ever since it had been a house. Why, little Emily, pretty, fairly-fingered Emily, made as many beautiful things for the Christmas-tree as would have furnished many a small fancy bazaar.

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sunlight were a brighter, sweeter look than did Emily amidst the little children on the lawn. Her happy laugh rang amongst the shrubs and flowers; her pretty figure might be seen darting along the gravel walks in pursuit of some recreant little Sharpe; and altogether the widow's daughter scattered so much mirth and happiness around, and appeared so essential to the domestic welfare, and the difficulty was to imagine how they had ever contrived to live without her.

At length spring waned, and the birds and sunny cloudless skies gave promise of a joyous summer. Just then Emily was flung into an ecstasy of delight by the arrival of a cousin and former schoolmate and companion of younger and better days, who, having learned her new abode, came to renew the old friendship.

From that day a new life dawned upon the widow's daughter. Hugh was in all her thoughts and aspirations. She dreamed of him; she thought of him; she talked about him to the children. He was so finished in dress and manner, and had seen so much of which she had not even heard; and when Emily contrasted her own simple scant dress with his ample and fashionable garments, a blush of vexation stole across her face, and tears dimmed her blue eyes.

Hugh had asked her to accompany him to see some flower gardens in the neighborhood, and enjoy a stroll through the park; and as her mistress had given permission, Emily prepared for that delightful evening. She looked through her scanty wardrobe, to see what she should wear. Had she been less regardful of appearance, had she loved and admired Hugh less, or had her own person been less attractive, she might have felt contented with the humble dress and few simple adornments she possessed.

But the difficulty lay in obtaining this ribbon. Her last month's salary, save a few pence kept back for the children, had been sent to her mother, and she should have no further means until the following week. Pondering this in her mind, it occurred to her how easy it would be to obtain what she required at the shop where her master dealt, in the next street, if asked for in his name; she could pay for the ribbon next week, and no one would be the wiser.

That evening came, with a gorgeous sunset and a mellow summer air. They strolled through the parks, and passed the most magnificent gardens; but Emily had heard and seen nothing but her cousin, who had entertained her with such delightful stories of so many charming places and people, that she was perfectly amazed and disappointed when she found herself back at the Sharpes' door, shaking hands and bidding adieu—her last—to Hugh.

What could Mr. Sharpe want with her in his library next morning early? Alone, seated at his desk, with a more than usual severe countenance, he bade her close the doors, with a hard metallic echo in his voice that made it sound like a human gong. Flinging on the table the fatal purchases of the day previous—ribbon, gloves and handkerchief—the metal voice inquired when he had given her authority to use his name at the haberdasher's, and how many more swindling transactions of a like character she had been concerned in. The wrong she had committed, the offence against the law, worked out by her in that evil hour, came full, and vividly, and painfully before her, magnified even beyond its proper proportion by her ignorance. Confusion gave place to terror, vague and oppressive; and sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, and gave full vent to her passion in a flood of tears.

Mr. Sharpe being a very virtuous and remarkably upright and good man—in his way—delivered himself of a long oration upon the depravity of human nature as existing in the lower orders, and upon the great necessity which existed for nipping in the bud every germ of vice and

crime amongst the said orders. He laid some emphasis upon the duty which men at the head of families, and of elevated station—like himself, for instance—owed to society in general, and to themselves and children in particular; and although Emily, amidst her tears and sorrows, could understand but little of all this harangue, she caught the sound of the words "felony" and "jail," and "majesty of the law."

Some people would have been weak enough and silly enough to have sent the weeping girl to her room, with an injunction as to her future conduct, under the impression that justice would gladly have connived at such an arrangement. But, then, how could the "majesty of the law" have been upheld! How was outraged society to have been vindicated! True, we had forgotten that. The hardware master did not, however. His memory, like his wares, was of an enduring kind; and he did not in this instance forget to stand up for the outraged grades of society against the criminal enormity before him.

The children cried a good deal; Mrs. Sharpe did not know what she should do; and the servants declared it was monstrous when they learned that poor, pretty little Emily had gone off in a cab to a terrible prison. It so happened at that very identical time the sessions were on, and Mr. Serjeant Kain was in the very thick of his very flourishing business, he was busily engaged in upholding the majesty of the law. The widow was not long in making her way to her poor child's side; and a sad scene was that of their meeting, even for jailors and such stony people to witness.

The terrible, dreaded day of trial came. Emily was led into court in a state of hysterical terror, which Mr. Serjeant Kain, in the fullness of his judicial wisdom, pronounced the very essence of hypocrisy. Her mother remained as near to her as she dared, whispering in her ear comfort: that she herself scarcely dared to feel. The process of hearing the case was not by any means a tedious one, and might have been quickly dispatched, had the bare facts been quickly gone into. But the learned Serjeant having been just previously defrauded of two noted pickpockets, whom he had inwardly reckoned on as his particular property, determined to wreak his disappointed "majesty" upon the next comer, which, unfortunately, happened to be Emily.

There were no witnesses beyond the tradesman and the master, and their story was soon told. The prisoner did not deny the act of obtaining the goods under false pretences—which was the charge—and would have said more, but was too terrified. The foreman of the jury—a mild looking man, no doubt the father of a family—began to observe that the case was scarcely such a one as should have been brought on, but was cut short and frowned down by the serjeant, who trembling for the safety of justice and the legal majesty aforesaid, proceeded to sum up the evidence—not a very abstruse affair, one would suppose. But Mr. Serjeant Kain worked it up so artistically, judicially, and threw in such a heap of horrors and monstrosities, that the gentlemen of the jury scarcely recognized the case. When people listened to the learned serjeant's denunciation of serpents, and vipers, and pests of society, and at the same time cast their eyes on the youthful form and sorrowful face of the prisoner at the bar, they must have thought it one of the least venomous and dangerous specimens of the serpent tribe they had ever read or heard of; or seen in picture-books.

But Serjeant Kain was not the man to be humbugged by crime, simply because it cried when detected. He knew what the world was made of; and he maintained that it was perfectly shocking to see young women of her age, seventeen years or more—the widow shrieked out for some other Adam to hold my Eve on general pity have stored them comfort, shelter, care, and food when others have been denied. The babe of Mrs. Shubert, of Paris, one of the Polish settlers, was carried from its burning home by its grandmother while its mother staved behind to fight the fire. The grandmother was compelled to lie down in a roadside ditch with 20 others, where her parents, it struck a rock just as it was getting under way, and went down.—The children were rescued and sent homeward by the cars. They have at last reached Port Huron after adventures by field and flood almost equal to Odysseus's, and it is hoped that they will arrive home without further accident.

The experiences of children during these dismal hours, are worthy of a special essay, if one had time to write it. One is curious to know how much they have felt, seen and realized, of the danger and the hardship; whether it thrills such an impression on those between two and five years, for example, that they will always remember it. On the whole they have been best cared for, for maternal love of the parents of the weakest to the general pity have stored them comfort, shelter, care, and food when others have been denied. The babe of Mrs. Shubert, of Paris, one of the Polish settlers, was carried from its burning home by its grandmother while its mother staved behind to fight the fire. The grandmother was compelled to lie down in a roadside ditch with 20 others, where her parents, it struck a rock just as it was getting under way, and went down.—The children were rescued and sent homeward by the cars. They have at last reached Port Huron after adventures by field and flood almost equal to Odysseus's, and it is hoped that they will arrive home without further accident.

Early on the following day, the kind jurymen obtained an instant interview with the Secretary of State, who had no

sooner heard an outline of the case, than he determined what course to adopt. There was no doubt in his mind, and a "free pardon" was mentioned as a matter of certainty, greatly to the joy of the kind-hearted jurymen.

She was buried in the quiet village churchyard; by the village far and near followed the sad procession to the grave, headed by the foreman and others of the jury.

The Child Voyagers who Escaped the Fire.

A Port Huron correspondent of the Detroit Post says: You have already been told the story of the escape of a load of children, carried from Rock Falls to Canada, and saved in spite of storm, and hunger, and exposure. I saw Mrs. Mann, the mother of these children, who arrived here yesterday morning on board the Huron. She had given up all of them for lost. But, mother-like, though four were saved, she mourned deeply for the lost one, who, half dead and shivering in the cold water in the bottom of the boat, sailed away upon an unknown and masterless sea, almost in sight of land and deliverance. There were five children in that boat, belonging to Mrs. Mann; and four to the owner of the boat, who took them away, making nine infant voyagers who, for three days, without food and drenched to the skin, floated across Lake Huron in a boat which was kept from going to the bottom by means of an old boat and a plank which was the only vessel or balling that these unfortunate travelers had on board. The mother's heart seemed deeply touched and troubled because no last offices and loving ministrations could, in the nature of the case, be paid to the little one whose voyage of life was at once so brief and eventful.

When these four children were put on a tug at Kincardine, Ontario, to be returned to their parents, it struck a rock just as it was getting under way, and went down.—The children were rescued and sent homeward by the cars. They have at last reached Port Huron after adventures by field and flood almost equal to Odysseus's, and it is hoped that they will arrive home without further accident.

JOHN BILLINGS ON FREE LOVE.—I believe in free love, especially among cats and dogs. I believe in free rides on a gate. I believe in freedom of every slave on earth. But freedom that it don't do to limber with. If this world was a garden of Eden and full of Adam and Eve, as they was when they was first launched, then I can imagine it might do for some other Adam to hold my Eve on general pity have stored them comfort, shelter, care, and food when others have been denied. The babe of Mrs. Shubert, of Paris, one of the Polish settlers, was carried from its burning home by its grandmother while its mother staved behind to fight the fire. The grandmother was compelled to lie down in a roadside ditch with 20 others, where her parents, it struck a rock just as it was getting under way, and went down.—The children were rescued and sent homeward by the cars. They have at last reached Port Huron after adventures by field and flood almost equal to Odysseus's, and it is hoped that they will arrive home without further accident.

"Here's yer nice roast chicken," cried an aged colored man, as the cars stopped at a Virginia railroad station. "Here's yer roast chicken 'n taters, all nice and hot," holding his plate aloft and walking the platform. "Where did you get that chicken?" he asked a passenger. "I stole it from the intruder sharply, and then turns away, crying, 'Here's yer nice roast chicken, gen'm'n, all hot; needn't go into de house for dat.' "Where did you get that chicken?" repeats the inquisitive passenger. "Look-a-ye," says uncle, speaking privately, "is you from de North?" "Yes," "Is you a friend of de chicken?" "I hope so, 'em." "Den dem's you nether ask me whar I got dat chicken?" Here's yer nice roast chicken, all hot!"

Why are your nose and chin always at variance? Because words are continually passing between them. Golt is a fool's certain which hides all his defects from the world.

Another Incident of the Chicago Fire!

The papers all over the country continue to teem with accounts of and incidents connected with the great fire in Chicago. None sadder, however, has been told than that related at the mayor's office in this city this morning by a little boy, who says that both his father and mother perished in the flames, and that he himself barely escaped with his life.

He was now an orphan, and having been in Chicago but a month, knew no one. The only relative he had was an uncle, a trapper, whose home was in St. Louis; but when last heard from was in Philadelphia, and he determined to make an effort to get to Philadelphia, but he was unable to do so. He was now in Philadelphia, and he had agreed to pay his fare on. They took a train on the Erie railroad; and the conductor, to whom he related his story, took pity on him and purchased him a neat suit of clothes. The little fellow, when he escaped from the burning building, was in his night-clothes, and he had obtained only sufficient old clothing to cover himself.

When they arrived in Philadelphia George found that his uncle had left but a short time previous for St. Louis. Mr. Nelson left him on Market street and told him to go up to the Pennsylvania railroad depot, relate his story to the officials and they would pass him on to St. Louis. The little fellow went to the depot, but they disbelieved his story and wouldn't give him a pass. He then started to walk toward Harrisburg, expecting that he would come across somebody that could send him to his destination. He walked all the way from Philadelphia to Harrisburg without getting any assistance, being ten days on the journey. He said that he begged victuals at the farm houses, and slept in the woods at night. The latter he said, did not come very hard on him, as he once went with his uncle on a trapping expedition in Western Missouri, where he had to camp out at night. He reached Harrisburg day before yesterday, when he got on a freight train and stole a ride to Altoona. There he related his story to the railroad officials, and Mr. A. J. Cassatt, general superintendent of the road, provided him with a pass to Pittsburgh, with instructions that when he arrived here he should be turned over to the relief committee of the Chicago fire fund, who, if they believed his story to be a true one, could have him sent on to his destination. The boy arrived here this morning, and called at the mayor's office, where he related the whole story as above to Mayor Brush and the relief committee.

Little George is a bright, intelligent lad, and told his story very smoothly. When the names of his father and mother were mentioned, the tears came into his eyes.—The boy was closely questioned, with a view to seeing whether he was really telling the truth or not, and he answered everything so quickly and yet with such childlike simplicity that no doubts were left upon the minds of his hearers that he was telling the truth. Mr. Moorhead, of the relief committee, has procured him a pass to St. Louis, and will provide him with means enough to see him on there comfortably. The little fellow will start there this afternoon. He says his uncle resides one mile east of St. Louis, and that he will have no difficulty in finding him, as he was at his house at the time he started with him on the trapping expedition to Western Missouri.—(Pittsburgh Leader, Oct. 28th.)

A REMARKABLE SLEEPER.—Mary Robinson, aged 23, heavily looking, and weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, lives in Bicktown, a suburb of Reading. Last May she had an attack of varioloid; after her recovery she became dull and drowsy, and in the course of several days this grew upon her until she sank into a sleep, which continued twenty-eight days. After awakening, she was attacked with severe pains, which were of a somewhat, but recently they returned with their former severity. She became almost helpless, unable to do any work, and continually depressed in one form or another. She has acute pain in her head at all times, yet she is patient, and bears her suffering without complaint. On Monday she again became unconscious, and her sleep has every indication of being prolonged. Generally her appetite is good. She is comparatively strong in her limbs, and otherwise unaccountable feeling takes possession of her, and binds her down to sleep and keeps her there for weeks.

A NEGRO MEMBER OF THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE was met upon the street with a large roll of greenbacks in his hand, looking at the people and cackling as he went. He attracted the attention of a bystander, who said to him: "What are you laughing at, Jim?" Jim replied: "You see dat money?" "Yes." "Well, boss, I just got for my vote. I've been bought four or five times in my life, but dis is de first time I ever got de cash myself."