

W. A. RYFKE, Editor and Publisher.

SHERIFF'S SALES.
NOTICE.—Persons interested in Sheriff's sales will take notice that the proceeds which have been realized from the sale of the property of the late John J. McLaughlin, in all sales advertised for Monday and Tuesday, the 24th and 25th of November, have been deposited in the office of the Sheriff, and will be paid out on Monday at the hour fixed for the sale.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fieri Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and returnable on the 24th of November, 1871, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 24th of November, 1871, at 10 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to-wit:

All the right, title and interest of John Knepp, of and to a certain lot of ground situated in Washington township, Cambria county, containing 10 acres, more or less, which are cleared, and a two-story plank house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of John Knepp, now in the occupancy of John Knepp, now in the occupancy of John Knepp.

All the right, title and interest of Peter McLaughlin, of and to a certain lot of ground situated in Washington township, Cambria county, containing 10 acres, more or less, which are cleared, and a two-story plank house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of Peter McLaughlin, now in the occupancy of Peter McLaughlin, now in the occupancy of Peter McLaughlin.

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The Poet's Department.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?
A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling waters burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gratefully he touched his cup—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me."
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the pump, "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
"I'll thank the spring, then, for the dew,
"Cold water please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah," said cold water, "don't thank me,
For up the hillside lives the spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the spring, then," said the boy,
"And gratefully he bowed his head,
"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,
The spring with silvery accents said."

"Oh, don't thank me—for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Well then," said the little boy,
"I'll thank the dew, the rain and dew."
"You don't thank us—without the sun
We could not all one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the sun with blushing face,
"So give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
"In tones so gentle and so kind."
"Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift—
Thou art the giver of all good."

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depth in which I lie,
So give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
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Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A NARROW ESCAPE.
Condemned to death! Condemned to perish ignominiously on the scaffold! Condemned to bid adieu to wife, mother, children and friends!

The poor man wept aloud in the extremity of his anguish. His trembling lips could frame no prayer, and thus the last avenue of escape was closed against him. The most direct and unequivocal evidence surrounded this man—Lloyd Fletcher by name—and the jury in bringing in their verdict of "Guilty in the first degree," had only acted to their sober conviction of the man's guilt, drawn from the overwhelming evidence.

Charles Lancaster, an Englishman, and a neighbor of Fletcher's, had been found brutally murdered, in a lone spot in the suburbs of London. Fletcher's pistol was picked up near him, thrown aside as he found himself pursued.

Footprints in the mud corresponded exactly with the boots the prisoner wore, and to crown all, they had been bitter and inveterate enemies for months previous. Fletcher had been heard to say, on several occasions, that nothing but his man's death could satisfy his own implacable vengeance; and then, again, he could produce no one to assist him in proving an alibi. Lloyd was a man very domestic in his habits, and very devotedly attached to his family. He was known to be absent from home in the evening, expecting every moment (on account of the circumstance being so unprecedented) to have him brought home to her corpse. He seemed to be recovering from the deep stupor of intoxication as he entered his wife's presence on the morning described, and only knew just enough to find the bed and sleep profoundly.

At the time of his arrest, his hands were found lame and bruised; so that, with the rest, made the sun too crushing for the skillful counsel he had employed, and the result was "Hanged by the neck, Fletcher, till you are dead; and God have mercy on your soul!"

It lacked now only three days to the execution, and here he sat, in his lone, comfortless, white-washed cell, and his head bowed in his hands. Can nothing be done? Must I die thus, poor miserable dog that I am? Oh, God, where art Thou? Will Omnipotence allow an innocent man to perish? Out upon such a God as that! And the poor fellow struck wildly at his prison house, groaning so deeply that he aroused the attention of the turnkey, who was passing the cell. The iron door swung back on its creaking hinges and the stalwart form of the keeper appeared before him.

"Come, come, Fletcher, less noise here; be a man! You ain't the first man who had to swing—not by a long shot! You won't get much sympathy here if you are like a nursing infant, I can tell you. Die game, Fletcher, die game."

"But I am innocent, I tell you, old wretch; as innocent of the crime as my little girl baby at home. Oh, my God! my wife—my children—"

"Oh, shut up! here's your old woman, now."

The hardened turnkey waited a moment to witness the meeting of this suffering couple, and then, with muttering curses, withdrew. But the condemned man and his loving, faithful wife, took no notice of his departure, but clasped in each other's arms, waiting for calmness to speak.

"Oh, Sarah!"

"Oh, Lloyd! God have mercy on us all, my husband! And now listen. Lie down here—place your head on my lap; I have something to tell you." "Tell me, Sarah, did they search you this time?" he asked, grasping her hands.

"Yes, Lloyd, and they found nothing. I repented my rash promise to you before I reached home. Come what may, suicide must not be your fate. But listen; you see that I am comparatively happy; and let me tell you what has produced this change. A sweet little dream in which I saw you and our darlings all together, comfortable and happy."

"Oh, Sarah, talk not of dreams to a doomed man like me; perhaps we may be happy in another existence; but no, that cannot be—surely God will not allow an innocent man the death of the guilty. Oh, no, Sarah—oh, no!"

"Keep up your courage, my dear husband; a certain strange, mysterious something assures me that all will yet be well, how or in what manner Heaven only knows."

"I wish I could see it—I wish I could feel it Sarah; do not mislead me with false hopes. Oh, my God! if there could only be found a way to escape from this ignominious death!"

"Come, madam, time's up," said the turnkey made his appearance. "Hate to disturb such a pair of cooing doves, but orders are orders, ma'am, and must be obeyed. Always obey orders, if you break crows. You ought to persuade your husband to stop his snoring."

Sarah, with a gesture of scorn and impatience, prepared to leave.

"Mark what I tell you, ma'am, you'll be looking for another husband in three months' time," continued the wretch, as he walked out by her side.

Sarah hurried through the corridor endeavoring to hear as little as possible of the brute's conversation, and reached her home and children, there to hope and pray. The hours sped on, and it lacked one day more for the execution. Fletcher had given up all hopes of a reprieve, and listened to the building of the scaffold with a solemn feeling born of despair.

"I've brought another gal to see you this time, Fletcher. It's very probable she won't be so agreeable-like as 'tother one, but will do as much good, I reckon."

A woman in black stood before the bed in which Fletcher reclined. He recognized Mrs. Lancaster, the wife of the murdered man.

"Ah, this does me good," said she, taking a step nearer and shaking her clenched fist in his face. "It don't pay to take a fellow-creature's life, does it? Don't you speak to me, you villain—don't dare to open your mouth. I came here to gloat over your misery, and see how the prospect of leaving your wife and babies affected you. Oh, you tremble! I have found the tender cord. My husband's wife and children were nothing—oh, no! Wretch, villain! May the law be fully justified!"

The woman, to all appearance, exasperated beyond the power of further utterance, stepped a little nearer and with a sly movement, hid one of her gloves under the pillow of the bewildered man.

"Have you finished, ma'am," inquired the turnkey, with his hand on the door.

"Now, really, Fletcher, don't you rather prefer an interview of this kind to one of those lally-gagging sort you have had so many of lately? 'Twill do you more good—ten to one. What are you doing now?"

"Giving him one more look, that is all. Murderer! robber! wretch! I want to engrave his picture on my brain so indelibly that I never can forget a single feature."

"By the crown, your old man must have had a Tartar! Oh, ho, ho!" and the fat turnkey shook his fat sides with laughter. "I don't believe he's got it much hotter where he's staying now than he had it with you. It takes a woman to use up the King's English. I always said so, now I know it!"

THE MOUNTAIN BELLS.

About a month ago a young lady living in Nevada county left her home and came to San Francisco on a visit to some of her city friends. The father of the young lady in question is quite wealthy, and his daughter, who has recently completed her nineteenth year, has had every opportunity to become educated and accomplished to a degree fitting her to become an ornament to the highest circles. Unfortunately she is a remorseless flirt, finding no other occupation so agreeable as that of trifling with hearts. In personal appearance she is remarkably attractive. Her beauty is of the blonde type, all who are in the habit of frequently promiscuous Kenney street must have sometimes seen her and been struck with the beauty of her face and form, and especially with the profusion and unusual hue of her hair, of which she is very proud. But her chief charm is in her eyes, large, blue and lustrous, and into which she can throw at will every expression she desires.

Her friends, who reside on Mission street, are fond of society and receive many visitors. Among these the ones who took the principle parts in the strange and thrilling drama which was there enacted were a young married couple, a physician, and a young and very promising law student.

The young husband soon found the society of the beautiful coquette a fascination which drew him from the side of his wife. He knew that he could never make her his lawful love, but the spell which she threw around him blinded his judgment, and in a short time he was hopelessly enslaved. The other two different circumstances, became equally infatuated and each hoped to win her for his wife.

He reached the old rookery, donned his attire, which proved to be a soldier's uniform, removed the black wig of the keeper, and substituted a light, curly one, and before twelve o'clock, had reached the house of a friend, two or three miles from the city, told his story, and was warmly received and promised protection.

Lloyd felt sure he had left no clue by which he could be traced to this spot, and almost overcome by his great happiness, he fell on his knees and thanked the God he had previously forsaken for his miraculous escape.

The next morning all was as before in the prison, but our turnkey did not make his appearance; what could it mean? A key was produced to open the cell door, and the nude, immaugurate figure of the fat keeper was presented to their astonished view. In the middle of the cell was the prisoner's wardrobe; all he could spare from the make-up of the turnkey's lustrous proportions. A little cold water and fresh air revived him, but he could throw no light on the mysterious disappearance of Fletcher. He had seen nothing, knew nothing, and remembered nothing. Mrs. Fletcher was arrested on suspicion of assisting her husband to escape, but nothing could be proven, and a few days saw her at liberty. She was confident that her darling was safe, but could form no idea of the mode, or where he was concealed.

However, now that so much was gained, she felt that she could afford to wait for the rest. Large rewards were offered for the prisoner's apprehension; large posters were placarded everywhere, and the detectives were set to work to ferret out his hiding place, but in vain. When the excitement was at its height, the anti-morTEM statement and confession of a dying man were brought before the court, entirely exonerating Lloyd Fletcher from complicity in the murder. The man was Mrs. Lancaster's foster brother. He had drugged and beaten poor Fletcher the night of the perpetration of the crime, stolen his pistol and committed the deed himself. Mrs. Lancaster had been from the first exceedingly suspicious of him, but proofs were not in her power, so she had used every means possible to restore Lloyd his liberty, trusting to time and a merciful God for the rest. How well she acted her part and succeeded in her endeavor the reader is aware. Fletcher was immediately pardoned, and driven by excited Londoners to his residence.

QUEER ACCOMMODATIONS.—A lady traveling through a Western State, some years since, was obliged by the inclemency of the weather to put up at a country tavern in the back woods.

The hotels of these sections are built of logs, and are generally fifteen feet in size. They have but one room, which answers for hall, drawing room, dressing room and kitchen.

It having been the first time that I had ever had the extreme felicity of registering my name in the book of one of these metropolitan accommodations I was very much surprised at the arrangements. I observed a few men changing their clothes

—or more properly, performing their toilet—and I addressed the landlord with: "Is this the only apartment this house has?"

"Yes, sar; isn't dat enough?"

"But, haven't you no other room for ladies?"

"No."

"What a horrible arrangement! But how do the ladies do?"

"They draw a chalk mark around their bed, and while dey takes off dere clothes an' tings, no gen'lmen is 'lowed to look ober de white mark!"

And now comes the best scene in the drama. From a New York paper, only a week old, we clip the following:

"FOUND DEAD.—A young man was found dead this morning in his room, at a lodging house on Nassau st. It is a clear case of suicide. An empty vial which had contained laudanum was found on the table, and near it this note: 'I know this is a weak act, but I can endure it no longer. Money enough to pay my funeral expenses will be found in my pockets. Send this note to No. — Mission street, San Francisco. They will understand all. Good bye. —FRANK.'"

Such were the dying words of the coquette's victim. They require no comment. The story is best ended thus—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Model Union Speech.
"Thunder an' guns! where are we? This is a day for the citizens of Horry, an' I want to modest, is a day an' a half for all creation—includin' the rest of mankind and the people generally! The world, feller citizens, is a lookin' at us, an' on the heterogeneous exertions of this here society hewman liberty depends, an' hangs like a burdock to a boy's trousers. Ar' we up to the crop? Duz every individual feel the responsibility of a great crisis bearin' on him like a flat rock on a tode's back? Duz all feel like a young Jerkerlanian ready to take hold an' choke the orrygone stables as is wormin' in to squeeze the day-lights out of our infant liberties? I answer—no, no! Let the politicians of the hull earth hear an' tremble. Feller citizens, we have come here—every man prepared to take his life in his trousers pocket—to preserve the Union—fit for, bad for, and died for by our reverend posterity on the bloody fields of Bunsy Visty, Yorktown, Madywasky and Waterloo! This here glorious Union, feller citizens is threatened within an inch of its life. By whom? Why, by a set of unscrupulous, mean, nasty critters, who can't appreciate this blessed paradiem which provides every man a vine an' a fig tree under which we an' our fathers has set, an' no one darst molest or sneer us."

Feller citizens! I'm for the Union! Yes, er! An' though the hull world was agin me, though the civil jined in with the abberlitionists, yet, as Webster sed in his Newberryport letter,—"Pue stultum scio signum et bract-tes"—though pelican towered on ossy, I'd fire fill all was blue! [Hear! hear! and stamping.]

Feller citizens! The pint we've met here to consider is—Shall the Union be preserved—shall the star spangled banner still float an' flourish in the solobwthy of the unmitigated state of ether—shall the American eagle—God bless him! [stampin' by the men, an' sobbin' an' smilin' by the wimmen] shall the American eagle continue to soar an'—an'—an' do as he darned please? Or shall he just be stowed up an' broke in like a worn-out cider barrel—our flag torn an' et like Eph Laidby's trousers over there by the winder—an' the glorious faovl of liberty plucked and picked like a thanksgiving turkey? Saints, ministers, elders, an' deacons, forbid the latter! Whar, I say, whar will Horry be found when this great battle of armygideon what is a comin' is fit? Will she be skulkin' and slinkin' about like a wood-chuck in a tater field, or tootin' the mark like a rat in the corner?—Whar are yer fables, yer Penobscos, yer Wiggins, an' yer Kyers, names illustrious in the Madywasky war? True, the first run away afore he got thar, an' 'tother didn't go, but then, of wust had come to wust, thar's no knowin' what they might have did for their country.

Feller citizens! I'm in earnest. A crisis is riz! An' it is wakin' up the free, cottonfired sovrens of these ere still more sovren states to the reskew!

Thar's a musterin' of nations, A wakin' up of snakes— The devil is broke out agin, And all creation shakes.

Yes, everything is wakin' up, an' takin' off its coat. Even the sleepy lion, Daniel Webster, is arousin' an' shakin' his tale an' mane, prepared to fight for hewman rights an' democratic usages. "The great Confounder of the Constitution," as he is justly termed, in his last letter to me very truly and gasterly says: "Ethan," says he, "I don't speak as a Massachusetts man, nor nothin' else—no, pen up yer turkeys, counteract my powers—the hull continent, however bounded, is mine! But," he continues, "things haint right; in the language of Julius Seizer to the Pope of Rome, 'Abilito jura jura spire spero,' which means 'methinks is broke, and everything is out of jint.'"

Now, feller citizens, thar's a good deal to be did! In the name of all that's— [Here the eloquent speaker was interrupted, somebody calling out to know "what was to be did." Now, feller citizens, in the talkin' name of all that's undemocratical shall we be found wantin'! No, feller citizens, no! No! From all our borders—from the remorseless precipitations of Bethel Hill on the dark an' inscruceable caravans of Lily Pond to the ramified oscillations of Dan Wiggins's cow pastur—comes up a thunderin' patriotic, double breasted, No! On, then, oners! Feller citizens, I'm done. My speech is afore you and I hope its done you good, for it has laid us hard on my stumic, for the last few days, as would a cold bilid tater.

STRAY STEER!—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, on or about the 15th of October last, a dark red and white spotted STEER, about a year and a half old. No ear marks. Any information that will lead to the recovery of said Steer will be thankfully received and liberally rewarded.

W. H. SEIGLER, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Nov. 4, 1871-60.
Carroll Twp., Nov. 18, 1871-24.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JAMES M. RYFKE, dec'd. JAMES M. RYFKE, late of Summitville borough, dec'd, deceased, having been granted the undersigned, as executor of said estate, to make and cause to be made, to and for the persons indebted to said estate, and those having claims against said estate, to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

W. H. SEIGLER, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Nov. 4, 1871-60.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Claims of personal property, real estate, and other interests, owned by the late John J. McLaughlin, deceased, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Cambria county, for confirmation, on the 24th day of December next, to-wit:

The partial account of E. H. Glasgow, Adm'r of the estate of the deceased.
The second account of J. R. Davis and John B. O'Connell, late of Summitville