



H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 6.

EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872.

NUMBER 6.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of writs of Habeas Corpus, etc., etc., the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, Pa., do hereby certify that the following are the names of the parties interested in the Real Estate...

Also, all the right, title and interest of Wm. A. Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John H. Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of Elias Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Brown, of and to a certain half acre of land situated in the township of Washington, Adams Co., Pa., containing one acre and six tenths...

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE. ESTABLISHED IN 1854. Principal Office 101 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN L. D. SINE'S 27th SEMI-ANNUAL Gift Enterprise!

One Grand Capital Prize of \$10,000 IN GOLD! ONE PRIZE \$5,000 IN SILVER!

Five Prizes \$1,000! Five Prizes \$500! Ten Prizes \$100!

Two Family Charges and Matched Horses with Siles-Monarch Horses, worth \$4,500.

Two Fine-Toned Resonance Pianos, each \$500 each.

Two Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, each \$100.

Ladies' Gold Locket and Gold Silver Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoon Sets, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, etc., etc., etc.

Whole number 500, 10,000 Tickets Limited to 50,000!

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom all Orders, Remittances, etc., etc., etc. SINGLE TICKETS \$2; SIX TICKETS \$10; TWENTY TICKETS \$20; FIFTY TICKETS \$40.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them.

AUNT TABITHA. BY O. W. HOLMES. Whatever I do and whatever I say, Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way; when she was a girl forty summers ago Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice! But I like my own way, and I find it so nice; and besides, I forget half the things I am told; but they all will come back to me when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt, he may chance to look at me as I chance to look out. She would never chide an impudent stare—it is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own, but it isn't quite safe to be walking alone; so I take a lad's arm, just for safety, you know. But Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so. How wicked we are, and how good you were then!

They kept at arm's length those detestable men; what an era of virtue she lived in! But stay—were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa. How he dared to propose to my darling mamma; was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who would think that!

And what shall I say if a wretch should propose? I am thinking if Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been? And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shocked!

That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad! A martyr will save us, and nothing else can! Let me perish—to rescue some wretched young man!

Then when to the altar a victim I go, Aunt Tabitha! 'Till she see me never did so!—Atlantic Monthly.

THE DIVER'S STORY. Few readers, perhaps, have ever seen the name of Simon Weaver in print, and fewer still would know who the man was should it be seen.

Divers, as a class, and in spite of all the safeguards afforded them by modern science, pass a most precarious existence, and each time a descent is made, be the water deep or shallow, the practiced diver feels that perhaps his last glimpse of sun, sky and friends has been taken.

"As our little picket boat approached the scene of conflict, the firing suddenly ceased, and we were fortunate enough to get below with the apparatus before the storm again burst over the trembling ship. The cause of this apparent kindness was made known to us the following day by a deserter from Fort Sumter.

"As the picket steamer approached the monitor, the enemy imagined that a message from the Yankee commander was about to be received, looking to an armistice or surrender, so slackened fire. After waiting a few moments, and the expected flag of truce not making its appearance, the enemy saw that somehow they had been outwitted, and the shower of shot and shell seemed to increase in fierceness as they responded fire.

"In a short time I saw how matters stood, and succeeded in finding a place on the lee side of the turret, where, if the ship could be kept in one position, no shot could reach me. Carefully instructing my men as to their duties, I at length got my ladder overboard on the safe side, and made it fast in such a manner that should the wind change or rise during my absence under water, my means of escape should not be entirely cut off.

"Leading my air pipe through one of the ports, I secured them to my helmet, and requested that all firing from the ship be suspended during my absence, for experience had taught me the danger of a heavy discharge directly overhead of a diver.

"The position of the turret favored my request, and placing its back to the enemy enabled me to use the gun port as I have described. As my life would hang upon a thread at best, I made every arrangement for safety that experience could suggest, even going myself into the engine room and enjoining upon the engineer of the watch not to allow the engines to be started upon any consideration until my return from the perilous undertaking, the success or failure of which assured the safety or loss of the vessel.

"The pump for supplying me with air was fixed in the turret chamber, and as the fragments of shot, which still poured in from Sumter, might cut the air tube as it crossed the deck, I had arranged a stout iron pipe as a sheath, and discarded entirely the usual signal line.

"All being in readiness, after personally inspecting all of the apparatus, I cautiously made my way to the ladder, and having fixed my helmet firmly in its place, and secured my kit of tools, hammer, saw, chisels, etc., to the strong belt attached for that purpose, began my slow descent.

"Fortunately, the water was quite clear and free from mud, so I had no difficulty in seeing everything with perfect distinctness. Gradually nearing the bottom, for the depth of water exceeded the draught of vessels of less than four feet, I became aware of a strong current setting me against the ship, which, while lessening the fear of being swept out of reach of my ladder, rendered working more difficult.

"As usual, my progress was attended by numbers of curious fish, and as I neared the bottom one or two huge fellows passed close by, but seemed intent on other prey, leaving me in peace.

"Once or twice I was somewhat startled by a heavy splash overhead, and a dull thud, followed by the rapid descent of a shot or shell within easy view, and as it would settle into the soft, oozy bottom, a fine cloud of mud would for a moment obscure it from view. I felt a constant fear from these oft recurring clouds, lest some of them might be the spluttering fuse of an unexploded shell.

"Although an old hand at the diving business, it had never before been my fortune to operate in action, so I was not a little anxious, as you may imagine, as to the effect of a shell exploding on the bottom. I was not long waiting, and found out to my entire satisfaction, as I will presently tell you.

"Well, at length I reached bottom, and slowly trod my way along the bend of the ship to the base of operations, the disabled screw, sometimes stepping on rusty shot, and once I nearly tripped over the stock of some old rustwork anchor. But being fifteen or sixteen feet below the surface, I had no difficulty in perceiving the trouble with the propeller, which was this: a piece of chain attached to the floating obstructions had become so wound about the propeller shaft, between the blades and the stempost, as to become perfectly rigid.

"My tools being prepared for just such work, I began operations at once, and soon had two or three of the links, which were quite small, severed, and as I afterwards learned, released the strain so suddenly that the engine gave one quick, short, partial revolution, 'on a vacuum,' one of the engineer told me afterward, and one of the blades striking my expiration tube, threw me from my feet, and for a moment it seemed that my fate was sealed.

"The screw stopped as suddenly as it had started, and somehow I struggled to release the ship from her perilous position had failed, hence the call for a diver. Immediately perceiving the state of affairs, no hard task, the enemy had opened a fearful fire from all guns within range on the single craft, and seemed bent on her destruction before assistance could reach her.

"The shot fell fast and furious against the iron of her turret and side armor, while the water on all sides fairly boiled from the frequent shot striking its surfaces. It seemed a veritable iron hail.

"The motion rapidly grew more violent and had it not been for the looks I have spoken of, death would have been inevitable for my strength would not have enabled me to retain my hold on the ladder, and I should have drowned, my body weighed down by armor beyond recovery.

"All of this time, in reality minutes, but seemingly hours, my faithful men within the turret chamber had not ceased to give me a plentiful supply of air, as my only danger lay in being swept away.—After what seemed miles of ground passed over, and hours of time, the heat of the engine grew gradually slower, then stopped, and no sooner did I feel the pressure of the current relax, than I prepared to make the best of my way to the surface.

"I remember no more. A deadly faintness seized me, and for hours I lay without life, vibrating between this world and the one beyond. Returning senses revealed my four men around me, on the ward-room table, doing their utmost in my behalf, and only gave way to the surgeon when a heavy groan and slowly opening eyes told that my life was safe.

"I speedily recovered, and for the first time learned the details of my great peril and marvelous escape.

"Immediately on the strain being taken off of the propeller by the chains being cut, the engine gave the quick partial revolution which I have mentioned, and the engineer, as in duty bound, of course reported that the disability to the machinery being removed he was ready to go ahead at any moment.

"It was but a few minutes after this that the tide began to flow, causing the current I have spoken of, and the devoted vessel bade fair to be again drifted among the dreaded obstructions and still nearer to Sumter, whose guns never ceased their roar all this time.

"Captain \_\_\_\_\_, to prevent this threatened catastrophe, and feeling certain that I was clear of danger from the propeller, determined to go ahead a short distance to clear all danger from the obstructions, and then to await my return to the surface before proceeding farther.

A NEW IDEA. The Patent Office Report of the Future. BY MAX ADDLER. We take the following from the Washington Capital: "My idea is this: The Government is compelled to pay, every year, enormous sums of money for the publication of quantities of Patent Office reports, which are a mere curse to the country after they are distributed. Nobody ever did read one clear through.—Any man who would rise up and say that he had perused one of these volumes, from beginning to end, would be regarded by the community as a person who ought not to be at large. Now I propose to take out a contract for writing up these reports, and to perform the work in an original manner; in a manner, I may say, which will make them, perhaps, the most painfully interesting volumes published under the authority of the United States Government. My plan is to take the material that comes to hand every year and work it up into a continuous story, which could be filled in with tragedy, and sentiment, and humor.

"For instance, if a man come prowling around the Patent Office with an improvement in hay rakes, I should name that man Alphonso, and start him off in the story as an abandoned villain. Alphonso lying in wait, as it were, behind a dark corner, for the purpose of stabbing his rival to the heart with that improved hay rake. And then the hero could be a man, suppose we say, who desired an extension of a patent on accordeons. I should call such a person Lucullus, and plant him, with a working model of that accordeon, under the window of the boarding house where the heroine Amelia, who would be a woman who had applied for a patent on a new kind of red flannel frills, lay sleeping under the soothing influences of the tunes squeezed from the accordeon of Lucullus.

"In the midst of the serenade, let us suppose, in comes a man who has just got out some extraordinary kind of a tooth brush about which he wants to interview the head of the department. I should make this being Amelia's heavy father and call him Smith, because that name is full of poetry and sweetness and wild, unearthly music, and sounds well in a novel. How would it do then, while Lucullus was mashing out his most delicious sound, to make Alphonso rush on Smith, with his hay rake, thinking he was Lucullus; and in the flight which would perhaps ensue to blow out Alphonso's brains somehow on the spot by a single discharge, we might assume, of Smith's extraordinary tooth brush, while Lucullus could be arrested upon the suit of the composer who has a copyright on the tune with which he soaced Amelia?

"If any ingenious undertaker should haunt the Patent Office at this crisis of the story with a species of new-fangled metallic coffin, I might let Alphonso away comfortably in one of them, and have a funeral, or I might add a thrill of interest to the narrative by resuscitating him with a bottle of hair vigor or pills, in case any benefactor of the race should call to secure his right as the sole manufacturer of such articles. In the meantime Lucullus, languishing in jail, could very readily burst his fetters and regain his liberty, providing some man of inventive talent called on the Commissioner to take out searches, say on some kind of duplex elliptic monkey wrench. Or if no such person turned up I could arrange it, I think, so that Lucullus could rip up the floor of that dungeon and tear up several acres of territory around the neighborhood with a subsoil plow. Anyhow, I would get him out if I had to smash the entire penitentiary into vulgar fractions with one variety or another of coal oil.

"Then it seems to me, that the interest of the story would be sustained, and a few more machines of various kinds could be worked in, if, for instance, I might cause this escaped convict of mine to ascertain that the musical composer had won the heart of that fair young thing, Amelia, in the absence of her lover, by offering to bring her flannel frills into market, and to allow her a royalty, we will assume, of ten cents a frill. When Lucullus hears of this I should induce him to obtain the influence of Amelia's parents in his behalf by propitiating old Mr. Smith, we might, I think, presume, with the latest variety of banion plasters for which a patent was wanted, while the implicable animosity of Mrs. Smith could be appeased, I should conjecture, either with a gingham umbrella with an improvement of six or seven ribs, or else a lot of galvanized gun rings, if any inventor brought such things around, for her grandchildren.

"How would it answer, then, for the sake of breaking the monotony of these lovers' intrigues, to cram in a little more of the revived Alphonso? Because I could very readily fill the heart of that reanimated corpse with b-l-fed rage, and cause him to sell to old Smith one of the Guns.—We will say Guns, because this is a hypothetical case—one of Guns's improved hydraulic rams. Old Smith, I am sure, upon reflection, could be depicted as an infatuated being, who placed that ram down in the meadow, and caused it to force water up to his house. And Alphonso, of course, with malignant hatred in his soul, would meddle with the machine, and fumble around until he spoiled it, so that Smith could not stop it, and

would continue to pump until the Smiths had a cascade flowing from their attic window, while Mrs. Smith, in her despair, could impale herself on a variety of reversing twisting fork, and die mangled in the inventor's name with maledictions and groans, while Smith, in the anguish of his soul, could fire in the barn, from whence he could use an ingenious kind of breech-loading gun—patent applied for—to bombard artists who come around to sketch the falls.

"In the meantime Lucullus might come to the rescue with a suction pump, and save the Smith mansion only to find that Amelia had flown with the composer, and has gone to sea in a ship with a patent copper bottom, and a kind of a binnacle for which an extension has been granted by Congress on the 20th of February.—It would then be judicious, perhaps, to have that copper bottomed ship attacked by pirates as the lovers sailed softly over the summer seas, and after a bloody hand-to-hand contest, in which the composer could sink the pirate craft with the model gun powder pile driver, which he has in the cabin, the enraged corsairs should swarm upon the deck of the other ship for the purpose of putting the whole party to the sword. But of course at this painful crisis it would be singularly judicious, I do not doubt, to cause it to turn out that the chief pirate is our old friend Alphonso, who had sold out his interest in his hay rake, discontinued his speculations in hydraulic rams, and become a rover on the seas.

"The composer it would seem would then be in a particularly tight place; and if the Commissioner of Patents had any romance in his soul, he would permit us to cause that pirate to toss the musician overboard. Amelia would then tear herself from the pirate's bathhouse embrace and plunge in after him. The two would float ashore on a life-raft, if any apprehensions of that kind happen to be presented to the department; and if none were made, I should drift them off on some kind of a gum thing or other. Then, when they got to land, Amelia would shiver with cold until her jaws rattled and the painful truth would be disclosed to her lover that she wore teeth that were attached to one of the gutta serena plates about which there was controversy in the courts.

"Then, if we reported to be approaching the end of the report I incline to think that I would cause the composer to shriek 'False! False!' or to use some exciting language like that, and to tear out his hair and writ his nose and tie off with a broken hair and a blasted life to join the pirate and to play melancholy airs on a minor key, expressive of delusive dreams, forever and forever, upon some kind of a double barreled flute with a copyright on it.

"Amelia very likely might go disconsolate, let us presume, to her home, where Lucullus could be compelled to display an unbecomingly affectionate solicitude to comfort her in one of them, and have a funeral, or I might add a thrill of interest to the narrative by resuscitating him with a bottle of hair vigor or pills, in case any benefactor of the race should call to secure his right as the sole manufacturer of such articles. In the meantime Lucullus, languishing in jail, could very readily burst his fetters and regain his liberty, providing some man of inventive talent called on the Commissioner to take out searches, say on some kind of duplex elliptic monkey wrench. Or if no such person turned up I could arrange it, I think, so that Lucullus could rip up the floor of that dungeon and tear up several acres of territory around the neighborhood with a subsoil plow. Anyhow, I would get him out if I had to smash the entire penitentiary into vulgar fractions with one variety or another of coal oil.

THE GREAT FIRES. BY THE WEST BY REV. E. J. GOOD-SPEED. A complete history of the great fire in Chicago, Oct. 4, 1871. Price, 50 cents. 3000 agents made in 30 days. Sent to all who order. MRS. ALICE SMYTH, 45 W. WASHINGTON ST., Park Row, N. York.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY, AND ALL KINDS OF DOMESTIC LIQUORS, Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c., No. 315 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 16, 1871-3m.

BRICK FOR SALE.—Good Brick can be purchased at reasonable rates from the undersigned. JOHN M. MULLIN, Near Catholic Church, Ebensburg.