

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

I am an old man. Ten years ago I attained the allotted term of man's existence, these years were years of man. During fifty-five of those years I was actively engaged in the linen trade. I successively occupied the position of working-man, book-keeper, junior partner and head of the establishment. The events of the last twenty years of my life were like the years of the flood, but the days of my life had a century ago, with all their labors, sorrows and joys, as fresh in my recollection as on the day succeeding their occurrence. In this, my happy solitude, I have retired. My surviving children have all gone to distant lands.

In the position I now held him. Mr. T., appearing satisfied that I was asleep, placed the lantern on the table and took from the breast pocket of my coat the two thousand pounds I had with me. He again turned his light towards me, placed the money in his own pocket, grasped the dagger, and gently withdrew, looking the while steadily in my face. The door was then closed in the same cautious manner with which it had been opened.

Abandoned by his former friends, he sought new ones in the homes of friends and neighbors, among the dissipated characters that frequent such places. When his business and work came to a stand still, for want of funds, he made one last desperate effort to retrieve his ruined fortunes. An old Shylock negotiated a loan with him, at usurious interest, taking as security a bill of sale upon all his goods, chattels, merchandise and furniture. This enabled him for a short time to put his machinery in motion. Once more his bleach green resumed operation. No sooner were his goods finished than they were shipped to a mercantile house in New York for sale on commission. By hard struggling he kept his works going about six months. But in this period he passed through such troubles—both domestic and financial—as seldom fall to the lot of man. Both of his daughters died by consumption. His suits at law all terminated against him, and execution upon and seizure of his goods succeeded. The great fire in New York, on the 16th of December, 1835, which laid fifty-two acres of the richest part of that noble city in ashes, brought desolation and ruin to the linen trade in this country. On this side of the Atlantic the calamity was severely felt. All the goods of Thompson, stored there on commission, were consumed; the degrading elements swept away at once all he had accumulated to discharge his liabilities. All his chattel property was seized and removed by the ruthless money-lender, and the bank took possession of his farm, works and dwelling. Turned out of his home by the stern officers of the law, he and his wife went forth alone into the world, without a home, without a friend, and without a shilling.

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.

1872. WINTER. 1872. I am now prepared to offer SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS OF TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE. EITHER AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL. My stock consists in part of every variety of Tin, Sheet-Iron, COPPER AND BRASS WARES, ENAMELED AND PLAIN SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c., COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE. Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Advertisement for HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER. Includes an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the benefits of the hair restorative.

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