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THE WHOLE STORY.

Oh, yes—I'll tell you a story—The very words that were said; You see, the supper was cooking...

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

While Adam slept, God from him took A bone, and, as an organ, He made it like a serpent's fork...

ON THE RIVER.

A TERRIBLE SKETCH.

In the Summer of 18—, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Knapp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana...

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company...

On the third day from Logansport we reached Walton's settlement on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day...

About ten o'clock just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful doze, I was startled by the shouts of men and barking of dogs directly under my window...

Who in the West at that time had not heard of him—the most reckless and murderous robber that ever cursed a country? I told the host I had heard of him often.

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked. "The very last man in the world you would take for Gus. Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet, with light, curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout...

After the tubful of whiskey and water which the landlord had provided was all drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed, and this time slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me.

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so that he could hardly step on it. Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep.

I caught at the proposition instantly, for I saw that it was a good one. "If you don't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "you can easily shoulder the canoe, and back it round. 'Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well-fashioned "dog-out," large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the owner his price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the care of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid, say four or five miles an hour, but not turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback.

It was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little farther on I came to an abrupt basin where the currents formed a perfect whirlpool.

"That's fortunate; I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking your second paddle, and keeping you company?" "I should like it," I told him frankly. "I've been wanting company."

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Adams, and his father lived in Columbus. He was now out on a hunting and prospecting expedition with some companions who had gone on to Logansport by horse, and he had got separated from them in the night, and lost his horse into the bargain.

could see he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long and regular-drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started, as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

I think these were the very words. At any rate they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noisily drew in the paddle and then rose to his feet. I saw him reach over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand he had a large bowie knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point!

Suddenly a sharp cold shudder ran thro' my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my confidence Gustus Karl, the Wabash robber!

I was in the breast pocket of my coat, which pocket had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after midnight. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as one could steer while the other slept.

"Water!—water!—give me water!" he gasped. "Haven't you had any?" I asked. He told me no. I threw open the windows, and sent for a pail of ice-water, and was about to administer some of the latter when the old doctor came in.

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"The Bubble Reputation." A correspondent of one of our evening contemporaries, says the New York World, has stumbled upon a pathetic discovery in an interior town of this State.

"Oh! my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead you shall follow him, and I'll take your traps to pay for your passage to heaven!"

"Well," said Mr. Ellsworth, "I hardly know; but when Elmer fell so many people and societies were going to put up a monument that I suppose they got it all made up. Perhaps the Chicago people were going to do it, then the regiment, and then the State. Then the citizens around here made an attempt, but still it remains undone, and nothing has been done for my poor boy but a foundation for a monument, which was made with my own hands."

"This is a striking commentary—is it not?" by Byron's bitter lines: "What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill A certain corner of an uncertain page."

GROESBECK FOR GREELY.—The Hon. W. S. Groesbeck has written the following letter, defining his position in the Presidential campaign. It is addressed to the Hon. Amos G. Thompson and Gen. Robert Brinkerhoff, Chairman of the State Committee of Ohio.

Gentlemen—I have your note inviting me to preside at the mass meeting of Democrats and Liberal Republicans which will be held at Columbus on the 20th of August. I have read the nominations best suited to heal all animosities and restore good will to all sections of our country and people.

MR. GREELY'S DAUGHTER.—A correspondent writes: Miss Ida Greedy, under a gipsy hat trimmed with pale blue ribbon and pink roses, and arrayed in a white pique gown neatly wrought with black, to which was added a handsomely embroidered tunic of black cashmere, extended pleasant greetings to all the guests.

THE following note to a school-teacher in Illinois shows that there is one woman in that State who knows her rights, and knowing, dares maintain them: "Miss—I want you to know that I am the boss of my boy and when I say I want him home at recess I mean business and dont want him kept till school is out if mothers aint to say what they want done about such things its time sumbody knode it I dont want trouble but I am bound to have my rights yours truly."

Why Horace Greeley Signed Jeff. Davis' Bail Bond.

The Macon (Georgia) Telegraph gives the following account of the causes which induced Mr. Greeley to sign the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, as learned from a gentleman in New York who knew all about the matter: Mrs. Davis went to New York to consult Charles O'Connor, Mr. Davis' counsel, as to the best manner of effecting his release from prison.

"Mr. Greeley, my husband is confined in a casemate at Fortress Monroe. He has been there for many long, weary months. He is a feeble, old man, and he is gradually sinking under his rigorous imprisonment. He has asked me to sign his bail bond, and I have signed it, and you will do it if you believe it to be right. My husband is dying, Mr. Greeley, may I hope that you will favorably consider my application?"

"Well," said Mr. Ellsworth, "I hardly know; but when Elmer fell so many people and societies were going to put up a monument that I suppose they got it all made up. Perhaps the Chicago people were going to do it, then the regiment, and then the State. Then the citizens around here made an attempt, but still it remains undone, and nothing has been done for my poor boy but a foundation for a monument, which was made with my own hands."

"What will the Jews do?—Voters of the Jewish faith can hardly be expected to manifest much enthusiasm for a Presidential ticket composed of two names both of which are associated in their minds with open and gratuitous insults to their race. Grant's celebrated order extending all Jews except soldiers from his lines is universally known; while the following passage from a speech of Senator Wilson, which will be found in the Globe of Feb. 21, 1861, is now circulating in the Jewish newspapers.

"His (Benjamin's) learning, the tone of his voice, his words, all gave evidence that the spark of patriotism which he bore, was extinct in his bosom; that his heart was in this foul and wicked plot to dismember the Union, to overthrow the Government of his adopted country, which gives equality of rights even to that race that stoned prophets and crucified the Redeemer of the world."

"How THEY KEEP UP THEIR COURAGE.—Here is another incident going to show the way in which the Grantites attempt to keep up the courage of their disconsolate party. The Cleveland Plaindealer says: A Republican gentleman of this city while in Washington city a few days ago dropped into the Grant national headquarters to learn the political news in Ohio. It was informed that the reports from Ohio were to the effect that there were but few Greeley men in the State and that Grant would receive forty thousand majority.

VOODOOS CONSIDERED TO GO TO GLORY.—A gentleman in this city sent word to Voorhees that "all his old friends were getting into the Greeley boat; that he was too good a fellow to leave his friends behind, and better come along too, before they shoved off." Voorhees received the message, and sent this back: "He was pretty much in the condition, he wrote of, on my tramp meeting where nearly all the people had gone forward on the anxious bench and he was left blooming alone." At last the minister saw him and came up. "My young brother," said the preacher, "why do you sit here alone? Why not come to glory?" "All them gals goin' to glory?" asked the boy. "Straight as a single," said the preacher. "No swichin' off nothin'!" "Through by daylight," answered the minister. "Well, parson," said the boy, "if all them gals is goin' to glory, I don't see as it's much use o' me a-whittin' here by myself, guess I might just as well go long too."

THE following is the latest on Mary's pet sheep: Mary had a little lamb—It was so good at taking things, She called it General Grant.