

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME VI.

FARMERS, SEE THIS!

TRUCKEYE GRAIN AND SEED CLEANER

Patented Feb'y 1st, 1870.

MANUFACTURED BY NIEBEL & PENNINGTON

Thin, Ohio.

The Truckeye Grain and Seed Cleaner... has been tested at all our farms, one-and-a-half...

FARMERS! LOOK AT THIS!

The Farmer's Favorite BRAIN DRILL, STONER'S Panning MILL, AND THE CRISTONE CIDER MILL

FOR SALE BY S. W. DAVIS, Ebensburg, Pa.

Lyre & Landell, Philadelphia.

AND OPENING A FINE STOCK OF DRY GOODS FOR FALL OF 1872.

SILKS, SHAWLS, MERINOS, WINTER SUITINGS, FULL LINE NEW GOODS.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PROF. J. L. WISENBACH, Music Teacher.

AND S. D. W. SMITH'S (Boston) AMERICAN ORGANS

New Advertisements.

AGENTS WANTED.

Washington University MEDICAL SCHOOL!

STUDENTS CAN ENTER AT ANY TIME.

AGENTS WANTED.

Cheap Farms! Free Homes!

MILD CLIMATE, FERTILE SOIL.

Free Homesteads for Actual Settlers.

Warren Range.

DIAMOND & RUBY FURNACES.

Self-feeder CASE.

Stewart Durner.

Executive's Sale.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

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THE MISSION OF LIFE.

Look not mournfully back to the past.

Sit not with thy hands idly folded.

Look round on the highways, and gather

Pluck a thorn from some poor bleeding

Make strong some faint heart for the strife.

CAUGHT IN A PRAIRIE STORM.

"Prairies! The very name can make me

"Well, I don't mind. My Uncle Dan

"I'll tell you about it, captain."

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"KING BABY."

His scepter is a rattle,

His throne is mother's arms;

Whatsoever be his mandates,

Exacting, rosy monarch,

What triumphs on his wait!

In purple ease and splendor,

Long, long he seeks to reign;

All hints of nose-displeasure,

Alas! that royal greatness

Should never be disowned.

From the Alliance for November.

THE BROTHERS.

In 1819 the principal banking institutions

of the chance kind in San Francisco

were the Belle Union, Verandi, Nim de

Oro, and Parker House, all situated about

the Plaza, and each employed a band

of music to lessen the tedious hours of that

winter, and to drown the noise of

jangling gold and silver, and the cursing

and imprecations of the gamblers.

Many a sad scene had taken place within

these saloons that chilled the blood of the

holder, and is remembered with horror.

I once carelessly sauntered through one

of these places. My attention was attracted

toward a person who had large piles

death, for Montpelier was the home of his

youth, and perhaps the wounded man

might have been his playmate in child-

hood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his

parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung

convulsively to the table, and with the con-

stant emotions of rapid thought and the

weight of injury inflicted, he could scarcely

keep upon his feet.

A stimulant was given to the wounded

man, and he was momentarily relieved

from that weakness the body is so subject

to after a severe wound, when the doctor

inquired if there was any friend in the city

he wished to send for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife. She is

at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and

Keamy streets. Tell Mary to hasten, for

I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that

man's life, and there is my bank and \$10,-

000 in Burgoyne, and you shall have it

all!"

The doctor felt the pulse of the man and

probed the wound anew. The gambler

watched him with the greatest anxiety un-

til the inspection was finished, when the