THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday, - - - - March 28, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—As an acknowledger of new subscribers, the *Herald* man is a decided success. If you move this spring, and are a subscriber to the *Freeman*, don't fail to let us know where you go to.

—For 20,569, given as the total population of Cambria county in our last issue, read 20,669. Figures will lie if they are put in wrong.

—We learn with regret of the death of a little son of Mr. Thomas Rosensteel, of Allegheny township, caused, it is said, by scarlet fever.

—What is the difference between Oatman's store and a brass clock? One runs all day and the other don't. Goods sold only for cash.

—It was "snow go" on the Branch railroad Wednesday evening. Only the sixth train inside of four months. That's not bad, is it now?

—Thad. Clark, born and reared in Hollidaysburg, lost both of his legs on a railroad in Indianapolis, Indiana, a short time ago, and died soon after.

—If the Altoona *Radical* wants an answer to its $5,000 conundrum, it will have to consult the Speer-ites through some other medium than the *Freeman*.

—Conemaugh has just experienced a very successful religious revival, more than one hundred penitents having already turned from the errors of their ways.

—A dog that had named Murphy, brother-in-law of Conductor Quartz, one day this week, and Quartz will probably make a "break" to go hunting for that dog.

—Miss Jane Crawford of the Crawford House, has purchased and will shortly occupy the Vaughn property on Centre street. Consideration paid, $3,000. Good investment.

—"Stop my paper!" has greeted us two or three times this week from parties who, for several years in arrears, were asked to stop. Such is life in a "print shop." We asked Will. Connell yesterday if he thought the snow was all over, and he promptly said he thought it was all over—and parts adjacent. Sharp for Will, wasn't it?

—"Citizen" writes well and on a good topic, but if he has no other name than "Citizen" to give the printer, he might as well have saved his time, paper and postage.

—With two of our office boys sick and unable to work, is it any wonder that the falling out of our paper this week has been accomplished amid great labor and vexation of spirit?

—The Ebensburg cornet band has been reorganized at last. Doc. Thompson, the able and handsome, did it with an elegant snare drum—a present which of course he *lost*.

—A rougher day than Wednesday has not been experienced in this latitude. We heard a friend remark that it beat—the warmest place you can think of, and we rather think it did.

—Mr. John Eby, of Indiana county, fell from a horse the other day, and now he has one leg, his injuries having rendered amputation necessary. Mr. Eby is a candidate for county treasurer, but that has nothing to do with the fall.

—It is rumored that the Pennsylvania Railroad company intend removing the passenger depot at Johnstown to a point just below the mouth of Franklin street, and they will build a bridge across the Conemaugh river connecting with it.

—That brilliant but erratic genius, W. J. Brainard, who is now doing the local work extensively and very acceptably on the Gettysburg *Register*, calls the *Herald* man of this place, a "superlative condensed Ed. rests under the imputation without a murmur.

—Posters have been printed at this office for public sale of horses, cows, pigs, and all other personal property, by Mr. Wm. Crawford, on Saturday of next week, also for Orphans' Court sale of real estate of Jas. McGough, dec'd, at Bengele's in Loretto, on Saturday, April 11th.

—If twenty dollars will effect the purpose, Mrs. Mary Jane Meehan, of Manor township, Westmoreland county, is perfectly willing to invest that amount for the benefit of any person who will inform her of the present whereabouts of her husband, who has not darkened her door for more than six months.

—The weather is not very spring-like, of late, but their is a good time coming and you may as well get ready for it by buying your warm weather togs from James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, who is just now receiving a splendid invoice of elegant cheap clothing for the spring trade.

—Frank Stewart, having been found a capable and faithful steward, has been re-appointed postmaster at Altoona. With such men as Col. Stewart and Maj. Thompson, Altoona P. M., in charge of the mails, the people cannot fail to be well served and well plied. May their equals be found in every post-office.

—The Young Men's Christian Association recently organized in this place, have, we understand, leased the room over Geo. E. Zahm's store, and are about fitting it up in a comfortable style. Ebensburg has just the right kind of material among her young men for an organization of this kind, and we have no doubt the association will prosper abundantly and do much good.

—Our kind and ever considerate friend, Wm. Meagher, of Johnstown, has placed us under obligations for a copy of Miss Brownson's "Life of Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, Prince and Priest," which we will notice more at length next week. In the meantime, those who revere the memory of that great and good man should send $2.50 to Mr. Meagher, who will forward the work by return mail.

—On Friday night last a dispute on the subject of license arose between two men named Hines and Curry, at Irwin's station, Westmoreland county, during which the latter received a serious stab in left side. He fled to Larimer's station, and at last accounts had not been arrested. The wounds of the injured man's wounds proved not greatly exaggerated, and though severe, the affair will not prove fatal.

—On Wednesday, March 12, says the Hollidaysburg *Democrat*, Mr. Israel Hiner, while traveling on horseback about three miles south of Berlin, Somerset county, was met by two highwaymen, who stopped him and threatened to shoot him if he did not give up his money. He handed over his purse containing $12.50. Not being satisfied with this they took from him some bottles of medicine and broke them to pieces. They then started him across the Maryland line, while they fled in another direction.

—On Tuesday last, the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, Rt. Rev. Dominic, Catholic Bishop of this diocese, paid a visit to our town, the object of his coming being the reception of a postulant into the order of the "Sisters of St. Joseph." The ceremony took place at the Catholic chapel of the good Sisters, the young lady received being Miss Kate Dunlow, now in religion, Sister Mary. The evening at Vespers, the Bishop delivered a brief but very edifying discourse, the subject being the feast the Church was that day celebrated.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

FEBRUARY—CONCLUDED.

Deed—Peter Beck and wife to M. H. Weakland, Nov. 28, 1872, 20 acres and 123 perches in Carroll twp.....	$ 200
Deed—F. Bearer and others to M. E. Deitrick, Jan. 30, 1873, lot in Carrolltown borough.....	850
Deed—Wm. Flinn to Chas. Flinn, Jan. 7, '73, lot in Washington tp..	1,000
Deed—Samuel Goughnour and wife to Moses Dubbs, March 28, 1850, 83 acres and 39 perches in Conemaugh township.....	3,000
Deed—Philip Shaffer and wife to Silas Goughnour, June 19, 1872, 83 acres and 39 perches in Taylor township.....	4,500
Deed—J. B. Cobaugh and wife to Philip F. Shaffer, June 15, '67, 78 acres in Taylor township.....	4,500
Deed—John Stoneback and wife to R. B. Martin, Feb. 17, 1873, thirteen pieces of land in Washington and Summerhill townships, in all about 2,714 acres.....	8,009
Deed—Levi Ream to B. B. Martin, Feb. 15, 1873, 40 acres and 8 perches in Cambria county.....	1
Died—Joseph Fieldhouse and wife to Sarah Ludly, Feb. 3, 1873, one undivided half lot in Millville.....	2,000
Deed—Sheriff of Cambria county to Edward Peden, June 7, 1871, lot in Millville borough.....	1,500
Assignment of Deed—Edward Peden and wife to Jos. Fieldhouse, Dec. 27, 1872, lot in Millville.....	2,700
Deed—Jane Bradley and others to Joseph Fieldhouse, Sept. 17, 1872, lat in Millville borough.....	500
Deed—Geo. Hagar and wife to Jos. Bradley, March 26, 1866, lot in Millville borough.....	1,500
Deed—Elias Edwards and wife to Andrew Priser, May 5, 1870, 42 acres and 72 perches in Blacklick.	1,500
Deed—Jacob Horner and wife to Perry B olsinger, Nov. 1, 1870, lot in Sandy Vale Cemetery.....	25
Deed—Cambria Iron Company to *B.* Byers, Nov. 14, 1871, lot at Mineral Point.....	100
Deed—Francis Cooper to Watson McGarey, Jan. 27, 1858, 30 acres and 8 perches in Clearfield twp...	212.50
Deed—John Donavan to Pat'k Donavan, Oct. 7, 1868, 30 acres and 8 perches in Clearfield township.....	165
Deed—Thomas Wills and wife to Patrick Donevan, Nov. 15, 1871, 2 acres, 120 perches, Clearfield twp.	61.87½
Deed—W. A. Krise and wife to Jas. Cooper, Feb. 22, 1873, lot in Coopersdale.....	400
Deed—Franklin Berkeypile et. ux. to Barbara Brixner, Feb. 13, 1873, lot in Coopersdale.....	500
Deed—J. A. Shoemaker and wife to H. A. Shoemaker, Nov. 13, 1872, the undivided one-half of a half lot in Ebensburg borough.....	3,000

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—*Narrow Escape of a Typo.*—On Friday last a boarding-house keeper on Tenth avenue, named Wm. Mowrey, lodged information against a boarder named James Carl, employed as a moulder in one of the numerous foundries in this city. Carl hails from Washington, D. C., and is charged with a murderous assault upon the person of a fellow-boarder named J. Cloyd Kreider, employed at the *Radical* office. While seated around the dinner table on Friday, and without any provocation whatever, Carl attempted to assault a salesman, but failed in his purpose, his intended victim escaping from the dining room. He then remarked to Mr. Kreider, who was also seated at the table, that he would kill him, and picking up the carving knife from off the table he plunged it into Mr. K.'s left breast to the depth of about half an inch, the blade coming in contact with a rib and inflicting a painful although not a dangerous wound. The victim of the assault was dressed in a heavy vest, coat and overcoat, the blade of the knife having to pass through each article of clothing before penetrating the breast. Carl was subsequently arrested by Chief Westbrook and in default of bail was committed to jail for trial by Alderman McCormick. The prisoner and his victim were fast friends, and no excuse whatever can be offered in palliation of Carl's murderous assault save the old story of a mind crazed by too frequent indulgence in the maddening liquid.—*Altoona Tribune.*

RESCUED IN TIME.—While Deputy-Sheriff O'Donnell and Mr. Peter Seymour were riding along the Carrolltown road in the direction of this place, on Wednesday evening last, and when within a mile or so of town, they discovered a two horse team and a sled standing in the road, but seeing no one to whom the team belonged, concluded to drive the horses to town, which was accordingly done. Here the turn-out was recognized as the property of John Hoppher, of Carroll township, and as fears were entertained for the safety of that individual, several persons started in quest of the missing man. Footprints in the snow guided the party to a deep hollow on the farm of Mr. John Hughes, and there Mr. Humppher was found embedded in the snow, from which perilous position he was extricated and brought to town. Had it not been for the timely aid thus afforded, he would, in all probability, have lain out all that bitter cold night, and the verdict of the coroner's jury would have been "death by freezing." Mr. Hoppher was found on the same road, about two years ago, with one of his horses laying partially upon him, and was then so much injured that he had to be carried to a hotel in this place on a board. In both instances John was "not himself at all," and as the third time is said to be the charm, we advise him to look out, for if the adage holds good there will be no Hop(e)-pher John.

A SOMNAMBULIST.—A rather odd scene was witnessed in Huntingdon not many days ago. The *Monitor* tells the story: When the Pacific Express east arrived at the depot, a little girl, probably 13 years old, got out of a car, walked around the train and went up Third street to the corner of Hill, where she turned up Hill.—When about the middle of the block, she suddenly awoke, looked around her and apparently was unable to tell where she was. Some well disposed person made inquiry of her as to where she belonged and received the answer that her father and she were in a sleeping car, and that she had gotten up in her sleep at this point, with the result above stated. In the meantime the train had moved off, bearing the little one's sleeping parent with it. She was taken to the depot, and W. H. DeArmitt, Esq., telegraphed to Mifflin for the father to wait for her at that point. W. S. Decker took charge of the little one and soon landed her safely in the arms of her father.

WE were always under the impression that Ebensburg was a very healthy town, but we find that one of the papers of that place publishes the advertisements of three undertaking establishments, and the proprietors of each assure the public that "they have a large stock of coffins on hand."—*Johnstown Daily Tribune.*

The local editor of the *Tribune* will have his impressions about the healthfulness of Ebensburg still further and more forcibly dispelled if he should ever tarry within the sacred precincts of the ancient village long enough to afford a certain alleged aspirant for legislative honors to "go for his neck." In which event, the "large stock of coffins on hand" may grow "smaller by degrees and beautifully less" to the extent of one pine box at least.

—The equinox gave us some very hard knocks on Wednesday.

Local Correspondence.

St. Patrick's Day in St. Mary's Church.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, March 18, 1873.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* One of the most universally celebrated days of any whose memory is held in veneration has come and gone. I mean St. Patrick's day. Yesterday, the glorious 17th, was a day of joy and gladness to the children of the Catholic faith—especially to those of Irish birth. This anniversary of the illustrious St. Patrick is hailed with enthusiastic gladness by the sons and daughters of Erin wherever they chance to be. The Irishman in his dear native home, while celebrating the festivities of the day with that emblem of the blessed trinity, the shamrock, in his hat and something to drown it in his hand, and with his heart beating proudly and responsively to joyous memories of the occasion, draws fresh incentives to his mirth from the consciousness that millions in other and distant climes are the sharers of his exuberant joys.

It matters not where an Irishman's lot may be—whether in the remotest parts of the old or new world—whether on the stormy ocean, borne aloft on the tempest-tossed billows, or buried in the wild forests of America—his thoughts wander back to his own dear land on the recurrence of St. Patrick's day, thus truly fulfilling the word of Erin's bard, "Wherever I am, whatever lands I see, my heart untraveled fondly turns to thee!" I too may have wandered from—my subject, and must return to the object of my communication, which is briefly to record how the good parishioners of St. Mary's celebrated the festival.

Fully impressed, no doubt, with the conviction that the most suitable way in which to honor the feast day of any of the Saints is by the oblation of the holy sacrifice, we had a high mass celebrated by the Rev. J. Martin, the good and amiable pastor of St. Mary's church, a large multitude of devout worshippers being present. This was simply our morning exercise, and could the day have been more auspiciously and properly commenced? Even this of itself would have been sufficient to mark the Catholic's appreciation of the great day.—But our good people had something else in store for them, for in the evening they were delighted beyond measure when, according to previous announcement, that truly zealous, efficient and eloquent young priest, Father Fitzgerald, the much beloved pastor of Myersdale, entertained them for about one hour with one of the most interesting and brilliant discourses it has ever been our good fortune to listen to, and many a good and finished one have we heard in our time. Should any doubts be indulged in on this point, we need only say to the doubters, you know not the powers of the orator nor the candor of the writer. The Rev. Father dwelt principally upon the virtues of the Irish and the vices which they do not possess, but which their enemies attribute to them. He brought forth in admirable style the prominent virtues of the Irish character, such as their imperishable love for the faith of St. Patrick, clinging to it despite the bloody persecution of the most heartless and tyranical government the world ever looked upon. This part of the subject was handled by the orator with great force of reasoning and with matchless eloquence. The lecturer took up the false charges, so often refuted, yet so trite and credible among a certain class—Irish ignorance and intemperance. Of the manner in which these two "thumping lies" were handled, I have only to say, that I could wish that some of those who make such groundless accusations had been present, I assure them that if they had heard this discourse they would ever afterwards observe the strictest silence about Irish ignorance, etc. I do not attempt even an outline of the speaker's discourse, having merely touched upon one or two of the many good points with which it was replete. Father Fitzgerald is a young priest, not much over a year ordained. He is a native of Pittsburgh, and received his education at St. Michael's Seminary, Pittsburgh, which institution has already turned out many a ripe and finished scholar as a good and zealous missionary. St. Michael's has been blessed with a splendid corps of professors, and at present cannot be surpassed in this respect by any institution of the kind in the country. What an advantage to religion, what a source of pride to the good Catholics of the diocese? It will be no longer necessary for our young Levites to go abroad to seek for the knowledge requisite for the efficient discharge of priestly functions. And, indeed, with the exception of the Eternal City—which exception must always be made when the training for the priesthood is in question—I doubt very much whether our aspirants to the priesthood could receive a better training than at St. Michael's. Formerly our young used to have to cross the wide ocean to seek for knowledge in some foreign land, or go over to Canada to place themselves under the good Sulpicians. This is no longer necessary, and I do verily believe that St. Michael's can afford a better opportunity than can be found even in the great seminary of Montreal. At least this is the conclusion at which I arrive, judging from the profound knowledge which St. Michael's priests possess, and the brilliancy and ease with which they handle a subject in the pulpit or lecture hall. I have thus dwelt upon the merits of St. Michael's Seminary, because from its humble halls we expect will come forth for ages the church, those priests who will not only preach the gospel with grace, dignity and efficiency, but who will, when St. Patrick's festival, or any other gala-day of the kind comes around, be able to take the stand and defend the cause of truth and justice, as did the good, the learned and eloquent Father Fitzgerald in *your own* dear old church of St. Mary's. Long may he live and prosperous be his career. M.

JOHNSTOWN, March 25, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—The state of the weather is precarious, yet its diagnosis indicates convalescence. There has already been as many snows as Smiths, and they are so numerous that there is some danger of having a Smith for next President. A Smith is the only man who could beat Gen'l Grant for cousins. Speaking of the weather reminds us that we are to have five snows yet. Notwithstanding which dreadful anticipation, Wm. P. Patton has removed to No. 103 Clinton street, Johnstown, where his furniture rooms are packed with choice articles for the household, such as mattresses, spring bedsteads, (has he any summer bedsteads, Po Yang?—Ed.,) sofas, tete-a-tetes, tables, cupboards, rocking-chairs, and some things they put babies in—I forget the name. Mr. Patton can furnish all the people who get married with a complete outfit for house-keeping ten per cent. cheaper than they can purchase anywhere, and good furniture at that. His wagon is out every day, always loaded going out—pockets loaded coming in. He makes trade brisk, I tell you. He now talks of opening up a traffic with China, my native country. If he does so, it will be at his own local option, and I will superintend for him.

A man named John Barry, one of the Cambria Iron Company's steel chippers, received a very severe cut in his forehead Saturday morning. A piece a steel glanced from one of the chipping hammers and struck him, imbedding itself in his forehead with the result stated. He had it removed and will recover.

David Corpenning, so badly burned at the Steel Mill recently, will not it is feared recover. A collection is being taken up among the employees at the mill for his benefit, and about $200 had been secured up to Saturday.

The Somerset road has collapsed two or three times, but it has as many lives as a cat. We must have that road made.—Johnstown cannot do without it. We need the produce of Somerset county and we are bound to have it. The butter, the eggs, the hay, and the cattle, are prime necessities with us, and that road must and will be built. Speaking of the road has made me poetic—so listen:

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Castles in the air,
Giant-built and tall,
Gleaming, weird-like, there,
'Gainst the azure wall,
Derrick-like they stand
Far above the land.

Silken textiles bright,
Woven like a web;
In the sunny light
How they flow and ebb!
In the air they stand
Penciled without hand.

Built by youth and age,
In every age and time;
Built by fool and sage
In every land and clime;
Built by day and night
In the dark and light.

But a zephyr blows,
And the castles fair
Melt like summer snows
In a summer air!
Bankrupt city fair,
Broken hearts are there!

Joseph Oliver, of Woodvale, who was hurt in the mines at Conemaugh a few days ago, is still alive this Tuesday morning, but it is thought, having had his back broken, that he cannot recover.

The following items for 1873 are notable:

One chandalier, o. d. p.....	$ 250.00
One lot chairs, o. d. p.....	345.00
One new policeman, o. d. p.....	650.00
Grand total, o. d. p.....	$1,245.00

Somebody named Adams, a lady, has arrested Mr. Aldendifer for an alleged secreting of goods with the intent to defraud; but I think there is nothing in the case. A preliminary hearing was had before Judge Flanagan, yesterday, at Kopelin's office.

The news from the California wheat crop is most charming. This State will raise the largest crop this year that was ever gathered in that region—not less than 27,000,000 bushels.

Mr. Green has just taken a photograph of the ruined city, at his rooms on Main street, Johnstown. People who want to take a last glance at their ruined castle should call immediately at 205 Main street.

As we are to have five snows yet, I will postpone writing further till next week.—People here blame it all on Peelor and his abominable weather guages.

PO YANG.

CONSUMPTIVES, ATTENTION!—In vain were Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure known, if known but to the few who hand it from mouth to mouth, were to be the recipients of its healing powers, the sick and afflicted, wherever it has been made known have spoken in its favor in a manner seldom accorded to any other medicine. Men, women, and children, whose attenuated forms and haggard looks attested failing constitutions and bodies dissolving and macerating with decay, have, as it were, step by step, grown into health and vigor to which they had long been strangers. Facts like these will not be long in making themselves known; they will, in spite of all difficulties, sooner or later break through all the trammels of prejudice, and scatter to the four winds the mists of a blinded bigotry.

Dr. Keyser's office, 10 Liberty st., Pittsburgh, Pa. A pamphlet sent FREE by mail.

A GOOD CHANCE FOR A BUSINESS MAN.—Owing to continued ill health, the subscriber has concluded to retire from business, and will therefore sell at wholesale, upon reasonable terms, his entire stock of

MERCHANDISE.

He will also lease his large STORE ROOM, good will and fixtures for one or more years. The stand is one of the best in the place, and the business has been increasing yearly. If the stock is not disposed of before the 12th of April next, it will be sold at public sale, by retail, due notice of which will be given. Any person desirous of purchasing can obtain all the information required by calling on the subscriber at his residence.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.

Ebensburg, March 28, 1873.-3t.

—If we don't succeed now in getting up the stunningest kind of original articles—from our exchanges—it will be no fault of our good friend, George Huntley, who, in the plenitude of his big heart has presented us with a bran splinter new pair of patent riveted scissors—the handiest kind of an article about a printing office, and equally handy, if not so useful, in the family circle, N. B. Our "better half," Oakes Ameslike, has put the new scissors "where they will do the most good," according to her ideas, and we still edit the *Freeman* with the same confounded old scissors we always did. Nevertheless, thanks many and sincere to you, friend Huntley.

—Blair county, owing to its endorsement of the local option law, is about to give Cambria Fitz—harris—two of them, in fact, Michael and John Fitzharris. The former has bought Mr. F. J. Parrish's hotel stand at Gallitzin, and the latter has leased the Crawford House here, and each will assume control of his respective house early next month. We can endorse the new landlords from "a" to "izzard." They are both model gentlemen and are well posted in the hotel business. We welcome them to our county and commend them to the patronage of our readers.

—Attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Robert Evans, Ebensburg's veteran cabinet-maker and undertaker, who is abundantly prepared to furnish either the living or the dead with all the furniture they may need. Mr. E. is a reliable and competent mechanic, and may be depended upon for fair dealing and honest work. Patronize him.

WHEN DAME NATURE begins to don her mantle of green, and the other dames and damsels commence thinking about a change of raiment suitable to the genial season now approaching, then will all feminine eyes and many feminine footsteps be turned in the direction of I. T. Coppock's renowned dress goods and dry goods bazaar, 212 Main street, Johnstown, which is *par excellence* the place to buy the choicest goods at the lowest prices.

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—One of the *OLDEST and BEST GROCERY ROOMS* in Altoona, Pa., is now offered for rent, with a well established and paying custom. The room is the best adapted to the grocery business of any in the city.

For further particulars and terms, address T., Box 232, Altoona, Pa. [3-28.-4t.]

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

SCRIBNER'S FOR APRIL.—The record of "An Hour among the Greenbacks," in Scribner's for April, is as entertaining as a story. The unnamed author certainly writes from a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and gives, with the aid of pictures, the best account yet published of the workings of the Currency Department. Miss Proctor's profusely illustrated description of "Moscow and Southern Russia" will be read with peculiar interest at this time, as well as the sketch of "An Emperor's Vacation at Vichy." Among the illustrated papers are articles on America's prima donna, Clara Louise Kellogg, with portrait, and "An Ancient American Civilization," with pictures of Peruvian antiquities. Besides Dr. Holland's serial, "Arthur Bonnicastle," there is, by way of fiction, the beginning of a very powerful story by Saxe Holm, "The Elder's Wife," a sequel to Dexey Miller's Dowry; "Martin Lea's Story," by Norman Holm; "The Automaton-Eer," a strange romance, by Florence McLandburgh; and "The Flea and the Professor," by Hans Christian Andersen. Prof. Atwater of Princeton, ably discusses "Needed Modifications of our Currency and Banking System;" and among the poems we find some striking verses by Mr. Stedman, entitled "Hypatia," and having reference to the woman-lecturer of to-day. From George MacDonald there is another beautiful translation from Novalis.—In "Topics of the Times," Dr. Holland writes of "The Latin Nations," "Clean Hand," "Lord Lytton," and "Party Virtues." The Old Cabinet has a "Protest concerning Catalogues," something about express co., etc. Home and Society, Culture and Progress, Nature and Science, and Etchings, are perhaps more interesting than usual.

The May number of Scribner's opens the sixth volume, and, as the publishers say, "This is the time to subscribe."

HOLLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

W. R. ELLIOTT'S ILLUSTRATED PLANT AND SEED CATALOGUE mailed FREE to all applicants.

W. R. ELLIOTT,
No. 114 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHAPPED hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by Dassell, Bazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. [n.15.-12w.]

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Dassell & Caswell's, made on the sea shore at Barnstable, Mass., from fresh, selected livers, by Dassell, Bazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely *perfect* and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. [1-w.]

OBITUARY.

THOMPSON.—Died, in this borough, on Saturday last, Ellen Catharine, infant daughter of James M. and Frances M. Thompson, aged 2 months.

"Like a flower, which in the morning
Opens, fresh as dew-drop just fallen,
Ere the evening come 'twas faded—
Lost its fragrance on the air.

"High in yonder realms of glory,
With a crown upon her brow,
A victor's palm, a harp of gold,
Our child's an angel now."

ICCK.—Died, in Loretto, on Saturday last, Willie, eldest son of Felix and Alice Beck, aged about 6 years.

Little Willie was an most interesting and intelligent child, and gave every promise, had life been spared, of becoming as a man an honor to his family and an ornament to society. The bereaved parents have our earnest sympathies in the loss of one so dear to them.

MILLS.—Died, in Cambria township, on Saturday morning last, Mr. James Mills, aged 52 years.

MARTZ.—Died in Cambria twp., on Monday evening last, of small-pox, Mr. Peter Martz, aged about 50 years.

CRAVER.—Died, in Carrolltown, on 22d inst., Mr. Ludwig Craver, aged 68 years.

BARNACLE.—Died, in Carroll township, on Tuesday last, Margaret Barnacle, aged about 100 years.

ESTATE OF PAT'K HAGAN, DEC'D.
(GEO. W. OATMAN, Counsel.)

Letters Testamentary on the Estate of Patrick Hagan, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

WM MARTELLS, } Executors.
WAS. H. HOLBY. }

St. Augustine, March 28, 1873.-6t.*

THE APOSTLE OF THE ALLEGHENIES!
JUST PUBLISHED:
THE LIFE OF REV. DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN,
PRINCE AND PRIEST.
BY SARAH M. BROWNSON,

With an Introduction by ORESTES A. BROWNSON, and a fine Portrait. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Price, $2.50.

JAS. B. DODGE,
[3-28.-2m.] 89 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an *alias* order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the hotel of Florian Benglers, in the borough of Loretto, on **Saturday, the 12th day of April** next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which James McGough died seized, to wit: A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situated in the township of Allegheny, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Bernard and Charles Shields, Henry Eittle, and others, containing 36 ACRES and 120 PERCHES, about 40 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a Log Barn.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser. FRANCIS O'GIEL,
March 21, 1873.-3t. Trustee.

STILL UP AND AT IT!
CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Mansion House, and is constantly made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and carefully.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with the following goods and chattels bought by us from Wm. P. Buck, of Carroll township, and left with him during our pleasure: 2 bay mares, 2 cows, 1 heifer, 12 sheep, 8 hogs, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 spring wagon, 1 threshing machine, 1 cutting-box, a lot of rye, oats, hay and straw, 3 bedsteads and bedding, 1 table, 1 cupboard, 1 Wheeler sewing machine, 1 stock, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 harrow, 1 log sled and 2 log chains, 1 windmill, 1 cook stove, 1 heating stove, and a lot of other articles.

JOS. HOGLE.
March 21, 1873. 3t.* JOS. GUTWALD.

NOTICE.—The annual election of a Board of Trustees of the Ebensburg Academy will be held at the Court House, in Ebensburg on MONDAY, the 7TH DAY OF APRIL next, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M.

March 21.-3t. JNO. E. SCANLAN, Sec'y.

EBENSBURG NORMAL ACADEMY.—T. J. CHAPMAN, M. A., Principal. Third Session will commence May 19th, 1873. Class limited to 30. Send for circular. 1m.

WAGON FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at a bargain a new light TWO-HORSE WAGON. Call on

March 7, 1873.-3t. GEO. C. K. ZAHM.

SCRIBNER'S FOR APRIL.—The record of "An Hour among the Greenbacks," in Scribner's for April, is as entertaining as a story. The unnamed author certainly writes from a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and gives, with the aid of pictures, the best account yet published of the workings of the Currency Department. Miss Proctor's profusely illustrated description of "Moscow and Southern Russia" will be read with peculiar interest at this time, as well as the sketch of "An Emperor's Vacation at Vichy." Among the illustrated papers are articles on America's prima donna, Clara Louise Kellogg, with portrait, and "An Ancient American Civilization," with pictures of Peruvian antiquities. Besides Dr. Holland's serial, "Arthur Bonnicastle," there is, by way of fiction, the beginning of a very powerful story by Saxe Holm, "The Elder's Wife," a sequel to Dexey Miller's Dowry; "Martin Lea's Story," by Norman Holm; "The Automaton-Eer," a strange romance, by Florence McLandburgh; and "The Flea and the Professor," by Hans Christian Andersen. Prof. Atwater of Princeton, ably discusses "Needed Modifications of our Currency and Banking System;" and among the poems we find some striking verses by Mr. Stedman, entitled "Hypatia," and having reference to the woman-lecturer of to-day. From George MacDonald there is another beautiful translation from Novalis.—In "Topics of the Times," Dr. Holland writes of "The Latin Nations," "Clean Hand," "Lord Lytton," and "Party Virtues." The Old Cabinet has a "Protest concerning Catalogues," something about express co., etc. Home and Society, Culture and Progress, Nature and Science, and Etchings, are perhaps more interesting than usual.

The May number of Scribner's opens the sixth volume, and, as the publishers say, "This is the time to subscribe."

HOLLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

W. R. ELLIOTT'S ILLUSTRATED PLANT AND SEED CATALOGUE mailed FREE to all applicants.

W. R. ELLIOTT,
No. 114 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHAPPED hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by Dassell, Bazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. [n.15.-12w.]

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Dassell & Caswell's, made on the sea shore at Barnstable, Mass., from fresh, selected livers, by Dassell, Bazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely *perfect* and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. [1-w.]

OBITUARY.

THOMPSON.—Died, in this borough, on Saturday last, Ellen Catharine, infant daughter of James M. and Frances M. Thompson, aged 2 months.

"Like a flower, which in the morning
Opens, fresh as dew-drop just fallen,
Ere the evening come 'twas faded—
Lost its fragrance on the air.

"High in yonder realms of glory,
With a crown upon her brow,
A victor's palm, a harp of gold,
Our child's an angel now."

ICCK.—Died, in Loretto, on Saturday last, Willie, eldest son of Felix and Alice Beck, aged about 6 years.

Little Willie was an most interesting and intelligent child, and gave every promise, had life been spared, of becoming as a man an honor to his family and an ornament to society. The bereaved parents have our earnest sympathies in the loss of one so dear to them.

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