

Freeman.

A. McPike, Editor and Publisher.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1873.

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

NUMBER 20.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED
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DENTISTRY!

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STATEMENT OF THE AUDITORS' Settlement with the Supervisors of Chest Township for the year 1872.
NICHOLAS HELFERTH, Supervisor, Dr.
To amount of Duplicate of Road Tax on Scattered Lands, \$ 380 55
To amount of Unsettled Land Tax received, 681 04
By Cash on hand, \$1,061 59

By Tax worked out on Roads, \$520 55
Personal services, 68 37
Amount paid T. R. Scanlan, 25 00
Centuria Freeman, printing, 5 00
Furnishings Township, 27 00
Materials, etc., 12 92
Amount paid John Thomas, Supervisor, 30 00
Amount paid Jacob Dietrich, Auditor, 3 00
do. Helfert, Auditor, 3 00
do. Jacob Kirkpatrick, Auditor, 3 00
do. Jas. McNamee, for work, 515 75
do. com. on \$150.00 pd. out, 8 47
\$1,061 59

JOHN THOMAS, Supervisor, Dr.
April 25, 73—To amount of Duplicate to order on N. Helfert, 57 00
By Cash on hand, \$ 416 68

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Allegheny Township for the year 1872.
CHARLES FLETCHER, Supervisor, Dr.
To amount of Duplicate of Road Tax, due Twp. at last settlement, 96 12
By Cash on hand, \$ 729 25

By Work done by Taxables, \$155 05
Exonerations, 11 25
Total, \$166 30
By Work done with his own team, 21 07
Labor hired, 22 43
Put in on notice, 1 12
Mistake in last settlement, 1 00
One shod horse, 1 00
Total, \$729 25

PETER MELHORN, Supervisor, Dr.
To amount of Duplicate for 1872, \$411 34
By Work done by Taxables, \$255 05
Exonerations, 2 10
Total, \$257 15
By Time—35 days @ \$1.50 per day, 52 50
Total, \$409 65

W. A. B. LITTLE, Auditor, Dr.
To amount of Duplicate for 1872, \$411 34
By Work done by Taxables, \$255 05
Exonerations, 2 10
Total, \$257 15
By Time—35 days @ \$1.50 per day, 52 50
Total, \$409 65

LICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for LICENSE to be presented at June Sessions, 1873:
Clearfield Twp.—H. Marlett, G. A. Breneman, Geo. Township—M. G. Gates, Frank Kurtz, Carrolltown Borough—Paul Elwanger, Andrew H. Haug, Lawrence Schertz, Chest Township—Thomas O. Geo. Crook, Clearfield Borough—Wm. S. Siles, Wm. H. Macomber, Mich. McMorris, Mathew D. Wain, M. E. Kelly, Margaret Kincaid, Summit Hill Borough—John C. Boland, Wm. Lantz, Clearfield Borough—John C. Boland, Washington Township—Christopher Robine, George W. Mullin, Mrs. Annie Murphy, Jacob K. Hite, Clearfield Borough—John Youngkin, Carrolltown Borough—Julius Steich, Henry Blum, Ebensburg Borough—Michael Langner, Water Township—Christian Helmer, Washington Township—M. E. Langhlin, Wilmore Borough—John Schroth, Peter Emire, Patrick F. Kirby.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of OTTO SYSTER, dec'd.
Letters Testamentary on the estate of OTTO SYSTER, late of Cambria county, dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to pay to the undersigned, and those having claims against the same, to present them properly authenticated for settlement. HENRY S. DUMM, Executor. Hemslock, May 16, 1873-67.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JEREMIAH NOONAN, late of Munster township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to pay to the undersigned, and those having claims against the same, to present them properly authenticated for settlement. HENRY S. DUMM, Executor. Munster Twp., April 18, 1873-67.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS DRASS, Dec'd.—Letters Testamentary on the estate of Francis Drass, late of Chest township, dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, widow of the decedent, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment as soon as possible, and those having claims against said estate are requested to make payment as soon as possible. HENRY S. DUMM, Executor. Chest Twp., May 23, 1873-67.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with all and singular the household and kitchen furniture contained in the dwelling of David D. Watt, of Barr township, Cambria county, the same having been purchased by me at a public sale and left with the said David D. Watt during my pleasure. J. D. MARTIN, Green Twp., Indiana Co., May 20, 1873-67.

NO COTTAGE FOR ME.

This talk about love is all nonsense and stuff. A very small diamond, exceedingly rough; just give me a twenty-five thousand a year, your moonshine and cottage may both disappear; provided with mansion, well furnished in style. Methinks I would manage my time to be gone. A span of fine horses, a pony or two, my dear little phaeton, I'll not forget you; with dresses in plenty, with diamonds and lace. Oh! then would I carry a right happy face, a wee little cottage, with trimmings, you see. With my constitution would never agree. And as to a husband, pray what would I care? If taller or shorter, with black or white hair! If rich or poor, if money were plenty about, that foolish inebriation we'd gladly leave out. An infinite trial we greatly condemn, and taking their purses we've got to take them. O, yes, we know some of them are real nice beaux. So very good-looking and wear such fine clothes. Convenient at parties, at concerts, and routs; but then, for one's husband, forever about, it must be so tiresome, so tedious I'm sure, and then, 'tis an evil not easy to cure. An evening at home, with the stockings to darn, for me never had irresistible charms. A cold winter morning, with breakfast to get, I never could see any romance in yet; a cook, if you please, to get breakfast for me. To do stupid housework I could not agree. Home is rather nice, on a dark, rainy day, but think of my buying and cooking the meat. The turnips, potatoes, and all that we eat, with husband to scold me, with children to tease—Not any nice cottage for me, if you please!

WHY I LEFT THE MASONS.

Want to know why I left the Masons? Well, I'll tell you, and I rather think you would leave them too, if you got into such a scrape as I did. Years ago, when I first joined, I was very punctual in my attendance at the Lodge meetings, much to the disgust of my wife, who, with the whole family, was continually quizzing me about our doings at our meetings, and upon my asserting that riding a goat was a part of my business, she insisted upon knowing all the particulars about the animal until, to silence her, I said I would bring him home and show him. Of course I never intended to keep my promise, but an unlucky fate ruled otherwise. One night about 11 o'clock, as I was plodding home from the Lodge, I heard in advance of me a continuous pathetic bleating, and I soon came up with a large goat standing upon the walk, who had evidently lost his bearings and wandered away, and being in great grief, was crying, "I want to go home." I never liked goats, and my first impulse was to kick this one (and I have always regretted I didn't do it), but the mournful tone of his voice created a little sympathy for him in my breast, and I putted him kindly on the head, and went on. But the goat followed close to my heels, and although I assured him his home did not lie this way, but was probably down the street, he just crossed, he persisted. As we approached my home I more earnestly remonstrated with him on his folly, and finally persuaded him by going with him and constantly patting him on the rear with the toe of my boot, to return one row. I was much out of breath myself, and I said to the goat, "Now, old fellow, sit down on the curb and rest yourself—you're tired—I'll be back in a minute—you just wait to go around the corner"—and I started on the run, but in a moment the goat was at my heels. I reached home, darted up the steps, opened the door, and with a feeling of great relief stepped in; when, to my horror, through my legs into the hall bounded that goat with a triumphant bleat that echoed through the upper halls and chambers, awakening the whole household. The hall lamp was burning brightly, but up the stairway all was dark, and I saw at a glance that everything was arranged for the special convenience of gazers from above. The goat had retired to the further end of the hall and stood facing me, occasionally bleating, but as I began to be somewhat exercised in my mind about this, I cannot say whether the tones were those of triumph or ridicule, or of defiance. Whatever they were, I declared war at once and made for the goat, who seemed to understand that I meant business, and he met me half-way with a blow from his head which staggered me, following it up with another and another, till I began to imagine myself a fortress assaulted by a small battering ram, and was about to yield to the enemy; when he had driven me back to the foot of the stairs, he retreated to his position at the other end of the hall, and again faced me. "Round number one—first hit for the goat," came to my ears from aloft, and as I cast my eyes upward a peal of laughter came tearing down the stairs, and I could just perceive a crowd

CAPTAIN JACK.

AN EXHAUSTED HISTORY OF THE MODOC WAR. ATR—Captain Jinks. BY HON. M. T. JUGG, ESQ. These lines were found by our reporter in the Modoc camp, after their retreat, and were evidently written by the great Jack himself for the American public, and we give them for what they are worth.—New York Lyce. I'm Captain Jack of the Lava Beds, and I am chief of the Modoc Reds, I scalp the white men round the heads, For I'm King of the Modoc Indians. The white men taught me how to lie, How to lie, How to lie. And that is now the reason why There's war with the Modoc Indians. Spoken, in Big Indian character, a la Coriolanus, with old plug and patent leather moccasins: Yes, gentlemen, taught me how to lie, not that I did not lie before; in fact, I thought myself pretty good in that line, till I came across the white man. Oh! why, why did they cross the red man's path? Why did they not leave us alone happy and contented in our wigwags, scalping the few settlers that came along, and stealing after our primitive fashion? But now all is changed, since the agents and traders came and darkened our path. Lie! eh, I remember one. He came and sat beside me so calm, and told me about Mr. Washington and a tree. I thought I was pretty good myself till then, but Mr. Washington beat me. I then asked him if he believed the story. He said yes. I then thought he beat Mr. Washington. He said he had come from down East, and had been selling people wooden oars, but they didn't want any more, and that he had come out West to treat with the noble red man, the Indian. He told me that he always read the dime novels, and thought that nothing was more majestic than to see the Red Indian stalking on his native volcano, especially the hat. He said I had no segars, when he told me to prepare some splendid stuff for the hair, to prevent it falling off, and wanted to trade for skins. It's a fearful death. Well I tried the stuff on his own head, and then I knew he lied. For I raised the hair from off his head, and hid him in his lava bed. I want to think of what he said. To Jack of the Modoc Indians. To shoot an Indian is no sin, But what a fix they will be in When they have no red men left to skin In this great American country. Oh, what then will the agents do, The Quakers, too, And all their crew. When they have no job left to put thro' On the North American Indians. Spoken: Yes, yes. Talk of moving on the first of May, that's nothing. They keep us moving all the time. Oh, when I think of my poor countrymen it almost makes me weep. Caractacus and his little Britains ain't a patch to it. How these agents will come and pow-wow with their Fourth Ward whisky (aside, I wish I had some now), and try to steal the red man's brains, and make the poor Indian sell his birth-right for an old army blanket, a box of paper collars turned, with a few imitation brass earrings, Cash. Yes, these fellows came again to me the other day, and I thought I would ask the white men when they were going to settle for that little Modoc real estate. They said that was all right, that the Great Father was very busy trying to get honest commissioners for the Vienna exhibition, when I wept, and that they were investigating the Credit Mobilier, and when they had got at the truth of it, why then, certainly, my case would be attended to. I was too much affected to speak or to ask when these things would be. For that was more than I could bear, So I was forced to take their hair, I broke my heart, I do declare. It's rough on the Modoc Indian. I'm sick of talk, its overdone; But if you want to see some fun, You ought to see the white man run Away from the Modoc Indian. I thought they'd talk us out of breath; Out of breath, Out of breath. You know it is a terrible death, For a chief of the Modoc army. Spoken: Yes, gentlemen, if you only knew what our poor Indians have to stand you wouldn't begrudge us the few scalps we take. Yes, gentlemen, and the way we are labelled in the dime novels is terrible. Pence! why there is no peace for the Indian. "Was only the other day, as I was quietly sitting in my lava bed reading, a man came in and wanted to know if I wasn't lost. I asked him what he meant. He said he had come from the New York Herald, and his business was to find people. I asked him who said I was lost, and he said General Gillem said so. I said there must be a mistake; it's Gillem that's lost, and not me. He then asked me what I thought of cotton. I told him it was good to stuff in the ears. He then said my case was very bad. I asked him if anybody killed anybody else where he came from. He said, oh, yes, but they are all insane. I asked how that was. He said it was on account of the paper currency, which puzzled me. He then advised

Why Aunt Sallie Never Married.

"Now, Aunt Sallie, do please tell us why you never got married. You remember you said once that when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised you would tell us about it sometime. Now, Aunt, please tell us." "Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself, I was quite a good-looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy was a young minister, a very promising young man, and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a good deal of me, and I kind of took a fancy to him, and things went on till we were engaged. One evening he came to me and put his arms around me, and kind of hugged me, when I got excited and some frustrated. It was a long time ago, and I don't know but what I might have hugged back a little. I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know that the house where I lived was on one of the back streets of the town. There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened over the street. These doors were drawn to, I stepped back a little from him, and when he came up close I pushed him back again. I pushed him harder than I intended to; and don't you think, girls, the poor fellow lost his balance and fell through one of the doors into the street." "Oh, Aunt! Was he killed?" "No, he fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the legs of his trousers. I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back; but his suspenders gave way, and the poor young man fell clear out of his pantaloons into a parcel of ladies and gentlemen along the street." "Oh! Aunt! Aunt! Lordy!" "There, that's right; squall and giggle as much as you want to. Girls that can't hear a little thing like that without tearing around the room and he-he-he-ing in such a way—don't know enough to come in when it rains. A nice time the man who marries one of you will have, won't he. Catch me telling you anything again." "But, Aunt Sallie, what became of him? Did you ever see him again?" "No; the moment he touched the ground he got up and left that place in a terrible hurry. I tell you it was a sight to be remembered. How that man did run! He went out West, and I believe he is preaching out in Illinois. But he never married. He was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that time that he never dared trust himself near a woman again. That, girls, is the reason why I never married. I felt very bad about it for a long time—for he was a real good man, and I've often thought to myself that we should have been very happy if his suspenders hadn't given way."

NEWLY MARRIED MEN.

First. Just married; destined to linger in clover, new mown hay, and such garbage from nine to twelve months. Then— Second. Some black, racially, stormy night you are turned out into streets and ponds and mill races or amid snow eighteen inches deep, and drifting like blazes, and told to run for the doctor. When you get home again, eight chances to ten, a little red flannel looking thing, about the size of a potato, awaits you. They will call it a baby, and packed up with it you will find the first squalls of married life—you can bet on that. Third. Paregoric and soothing syrup, and catnip tea, and long flannel, and diaper stuff, and baby colic—they will come along too; in fact, they will become just as much at home in the house as dinner. Then— Fourth. One of these nights, in "The wee small hours about the wall," you will turn out again. Barf and ice, disconsolate sense of dampness all about you, only a cotton shirt, or such a matter, between you and the distressed openness of a cane seat chair, you will distractly rock that baby back and forth, and bob it up and down, singing, meanwhile, with a voice like a wild ox in a slaughter yard: "Rock o'bye, baby, on a tree-top," or some such melody. And all the time that baby yells. Oh, doesn't he yell! While Mary, up to her nose under the warm bed-covers, to help out, every now and then impatiently puts in, just at the wrong place, "Why don't you trot him faster, Edward?" And you trot him—oh how you do trot him! If you could only trot his wind out so far that he never could get any of it back, or break his back or neck, or something, you would be immeasurably happy. But no. The little innocent seems tougher than an India rubber car-spring. Just as you are about giving up, concluding that you must freeze, that there will certainly have to be a funeral in the house inside of thirty-six hours, baby wits from sheer exhaustion, and then, with teeth chattering like a McCormick reaper, you crawl in by Mary and try to sleep again. Fifth. Gradually you glide away into a tangled maze of ice, skating weather, steam-whistle voiced babies, Jockey club, sleigh rides, ermine immense as the old bell at Moscow, Indian ambuscades, snow storms, and forty other equally cheerful things; suddenly— Sixth. A snort, a thrash, a wild throwing upward of little arms and legs, and then keen and shrill comes the terrible "ah-wah! ah-wah!" again; I guess you wake up, don't you? "Get the paregoric and a teaspoon, quick!" says Mary, in a sharp, staccato tone, "and why don't you get it?" It just three-eighths of a second you are a Grecian bend out there on the cold floor, dropping paregoric in a teaspoon. Hurry! Gracious! Little Ed, describing diabolical curves with all the arms and legs he'd got, and screaming one hundred pounds to the square inch, and Mary rearing around there in the bed, making a rocking-chair of her back, and yelling "By, by O," like a wild Comanche on the war path. Oh, no; circumstances are not such as to make you hurry away. And then to think that as days, and perhaps years, roll on there has got to be more and more yet of just such distress working.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN SUGGESTS A WAY TO PREVENT HENS FROM EATING THEIR EGGS.

It is to fill an egg with a solution of pepper, and put the egg back in the nest. A Danbury man has tried this and says it works like a charm. He put a pretty good dose of pepper in the egg, and placed it in the nest of the chicken. Pretty soon the hen came around, and took hold. It was a brindle animal, with long legs, and some what conceited. It dipped in its bill and inhaled the delicacy. Then it came out doors. It didn't gallop out, we don't mean, but it came out—came out to look at the scenery, and see if it was going to rain. Its mouth was wide open, and the feathers on the top of its head stood straight up. Then it commenced to go around the yard like a circus horse. Once in a while it would stop and push out one leg in a tone of astonishment, and then holler "fire," and start on again. The other hens came out to look on. Soon the hens from the neighbors came over the fence, and took up a position of observation. It was quite evident the performance was entirely new and unique to them. There is a good deal of human nature in hens. When they saw this hen dance around and have all the fun to itself, and heard it shout "fire," and couldn't see the conflagration themselves, they filled up with wrath, and of one accord sprang upon it, and before the Danbury man could interfere, the brindle hen with the long legs was among the things that were. "He says the recipe is effectual.—Danbury News."

SHE ACCEPTED.—The Courier-Journal asks: Can it be that one of the fair belles of Lebanon has been trying to come up with the learned Dr. White of the Herald? "I will with pleasure, atop you the exquisite beauty of conducting my conjugal system over the space of ground intervening between my paternal domicile and the edifice devoted to divine worship, until the diurnal luminary shall have sought his nocturnal resting place behind the accidental horizon?"

WHAT IS THAT WHICH THE RICH MAN WANTS, THE POOR MAN HAS, THE MISER SPENDS, AND THE SPENDTHRIFT SAVES? Nothing.