

COLUME VII. GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS. HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE. SEWING AND REAPING MACHINES. BREAD, ALL KIND!

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of Levis Fazio, Fred Egan and Al. Tom, Esq., Sheriff of Cambria County...

ALL the right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane Mullin, intermarried with Labay of, in and to a piece of land situated in the Township of...

ALL the right, title and interest of John King, of, in and to the following real estate, to wit: All the two tracts of land situated in the County and State of Pennsylvania...

ALL the right, title and interest of Evan E. Evans, of, in and to the one undivided three-quarters tract of land situated in Washington Township...

ALL the right, title and interest of Mary Constable and Alfred Constable, of, in and to a piece of land situated in Cambria County...

ALL the right, title and interest of Adam Bowers, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Susquehanna Township...

ALL the right, title and interest of John S. Lather, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Carroll Township...

ALL the right, title and interest of Paul Kilbenny, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Cambria County...

ALL the right, title and interest of John S. Lather, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Carroll Township...

ALL the right, title and interest of John S. Lather, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Carroll Township...

ALL the right, title and interest of John S. Lather, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Carroll Township...

TRUE CHARITY.

Night kissed the young rose, and it sank to repose. And the stars that shone forth watched its rest;

And the perfume dewdrops hung on the beautiful stem. Like jewels on a fair maiden's breast.

Then the bright morning came with its cool dancing breeze, And whispered unto the sweet flower;

And it woke in its beauty Diffusing perfume o'er the bower. But the fiery sun came with the noon,

And his rays smote the delicate rose; And it fainted away with the ardent breath Which each wearied traveler knows;

Fading and lovely it drooped to the dust, But a tender cooler was high— The breeze whistled engaged in its aerial flight,

Came tripping with joyousness by. The breeze had been gambling over the sea,

Had pushed on the home-ward-bound bark. She had tucked the old mill, she had fanned the tired brow,

Of the sun whose life seemed so dark; Of the bill and the flower spangled dale, She had sung thro' the foliage that way'd on the trees,

Encircling the beautiful vale. She has frisked in the bright curls of the innocent child,

As she passed on her joy-giving round; And now as she tripp'd on her way she behold The poor rose lying faint on the ground.

She hastened to kiss it, and tenderly bathed its forehead in soft, cooling showers;

And her kind heart was glad, as she saw she had saved The life of the sweetest of flowers.

noes for the stranded ship. The crew armed themselves with guns and cutlasses to resist any attack that might be made upon the brig by the constantly increasing birch bark fleet,

when a voice suddenly came over the waters, expressing itself in perfectly correct English: "Is that you, Dick Hubbard? Don't fire! I'll come aboard."

It was the master of the whaling vessel whose name had been thus familiarly called out, and who would not have been more surprised had the same voice issued from the overhanging clouds.

Without being able to detect the speaker among the hundreds of the occupants of the canoes, he shouted in return at a venture: "All right! Come aboard! But who, in Heaven's name, are you?"

"No matter! You wait! Only for God's sake don't fire, or every mother's son of you will be murdered." Presently a long canoe, somewhat gaudily decorated with paint and carvings,

shot out from the mass of boats, and under the guidance of Fuegians with the paddles, the chief standing on the prow, made its way to the ship. The chief sprang at once on board,

the men remaining at their oars. This person, clad in rough furs, with twisted hair and painted face, to every appearance an Indian, walking immediately up to Captain Hubbard, and extending his hand, said: "What! Don't know me, Dick? Don't know your old partner at Warren's Gulch in 1855?"

"Heavens and earth!" replied the astonished ship-master, grasping the offered hand.—"Is it you, Col Childs? Where did you come from, and what are you doing here?"

"Better ask," responded the other, "how you are to get out of this scrape you are in. The Fuegians look upon this ship as their lawful prize. Altho' I have been their chief for four years, I have not the power to alter their fancies. But I can probably gain their consent to let you provision your boats, and those will take you safely enough to Londonderry Island, where you will find whalers' homeward bound."

As the ship was likely to prove a wreck, and as a contest with a whole tribe of savages, outnumbering the sailors a hundred to one, was sheer madness, the captain agreed to the terms, and the disguised white man prepared to leave the ship.

"But you will embark and return to America with us?" asked Captain Hubbard, as his former partner was swinging himself down the ship's side.

"Not I, Dick. I've been dead to everybody in the United States for five years, and I don't care to be re-sensitized. I've got my wives and children here, and I think I'll stay. So good-bye!"

For two years longer did Childs stay on the desolate shores, hiding with rude barbarians, and sharing his home with ignorant squaws.

Or take the case of Livingstone, the African traveler. I do not suppose that any one of his family in Canada of Scotland, any person who knew him during his last two visits home, any member of the Royal Geographical Society, or even Mr. Stanley himself, has any doubt why Mr. Livingstone has not been and does not come home.

It is well enough to talk about geographical discoveries. Undoubtedly these have their weight. But who ever supposes that the delights of a wild, roving life have nothing to do with the quondam missionary's persistent stay in Africa leaves out an important element in that equation.

As long ago as 1858, Livingstone's recent voyages were the talk of his English friends. He disliked life in England as he found it on his visits. Public notoriety was his abhorrence.

Sir Roderick Murchison insisted upon his presence at great meetings, but he always left the platform in disgust. For years in Africa, it was his wife's influence only that kept him within bounds.

The conventionalities of civilized life were intolerable to him. He loved freedom. Renown in Europe, weighed against liberty in Africa, kicked the beam. And his persistent stay among these dusky barbarians, adopting their modes of life, sharing in their labors of daily existence, and squaring his wants to their supplies, can be satisfactorily explained in one way only: savage life has charms for him which he does not care to resist.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.—The following is the experience of a mechanic concerning the benefit of a newspaper: "Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea, my wife said to me, by name: "I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it." I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the County Commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$300, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

THE LOVER'S LETTER.—A bashful young man wrote an avowal of love to a young lady, and waited an answer through the mail. He got the letter next evening, and hurrying to his counting house, where it was on the point of reading it, when some one came to the door, and he was obliged to shove it quickly in his pocket. He next went to a saloon, and taking a position in a retired corner, was about to open the missive, when the passing to and fro of strangers made him more timid, and he again shoved it into his pocket, and slunk out of doors. He tried several places with no better success, and finally returned home and at once went to bed, where he remained in a state of awful suspense until not a noise was heard in the house, and then, being assured that he was entirely free from interruption, he stole quietly out of bed, opened the letter with trembling fingers, and through a mist of tears saw that he was indebted to the druggist for five bottles of pomade, \$2.75.

SHOT AS A MEDICINE.—Dr. Maydieu, of France, has revived the old practice of giving shot for bilious colic. His method is, to take No. 5 shot, after carefully washing them with sweet oil, and give a desert spoonful every half hour. He claims that in five or six hours the vomiting ceases. The editor of the "Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal" relates the following anecdote, illustrative of this treatment: A clergyman was taken very sick and stopped at the house of a good old lady, who was familiar with the treatment, who stated that she had no shot, but a bullet that would answer the purpose. She gave it to the divine, who, after being assured of its great efficacy, swallowed it, and to his joy and surprise found that in a very short time he was entirely relieved of the colic. Before leaving he expressed some doubt to the old lady about the piece of lead so heavily finding its way through the bowels. "Oh, my," she replied, "you need have no anxiety about that; as it has been through me ten or twelve times."

E-V-E-R-Y NIGHT.

According to the Bowling Green (Ky.) Pentagraph, a member of the City Council of that town, upon returning home the other evening, was regaled by his good lady with an animated address in something like this style: "E-v-e-r-y night! here it is half past one o'clock! It's a wonder you come home at all! What—do—you—think—a woman is made for? I do believe if a robber was to come and carry me off, you wouldn't care o-n-e-cent. What is it you say? City Council business! How do I know you go to the City Council? Does the City Council meet e-v-e-r-y night? They don't meet but once in—New York. But I suppose E-o-w-l-d-i-n-g (E-v-e-n) is a more important place. Oh, yes—out e-v-e-r-y night. Twelve o'clock—one o'clock—two o'clock.—Here I stay with the children, all alone—lying here half of the night waiting for you. Couldn't come home any sooner? Of course you couldn't, if you didn't want to. But I know something; you think I don't, but I do; that I do. I wish I didn't. Where were you Monday night? Can you tell me that. The Marshal told me the City Council didn't meet that night. Now, what have you got to say? Couldn't get a quorum? Well, if you couldn't, why didn't you come home? Out e-v-e-r-y night—waiting—for—a quorum. But you wouldn't hunt me this late if I was missing. Where were you Thursday night and Friday night? There was a show in town, wasn't there? Do you always put on your best vest and clean shirt to go to the Council? What did you buy that bottle of hair-oil for and hide it? 'Oil for your home, indeed! Who ever heard of oil for a whetstone? So you think I didn't see you in the other room, brushing and greasing your hair, and looking in the glass at your pretty self? A man ought to look decent! He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a decent man ought to be, and a decent man will stay at home with his wife sometimes, and not be out e-v-e-r-y night. How comes it the City Council didn't meet but twice a month last year? 'Trying to work it out of bed! Yes, that's probable—very—laughing and joking and smoking and swapping lies will work a debt off, won't it? Now—I want—to—know—how—much—longer—you—are—going—to—keep—up—this night—business? Yes, I want to know! Out e-v-e-r-y night, City Council, Free Masons, Red Men, Odd-fellows, shots, hair-oil—and it's brush and brush until you're nearly worn out the brush and your head too. What is it you say? 'It helps your business to keep up your social relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some, I think. What did you say about 'catching it' the other night at a church party? 'Fellers, it's twelve o'clock, but let's play a while longer; we won't catch it any worse when we get home.' A pretty speech for a decent man! 'Catch it! Catch it!' Well, I intend you shall catch it—a little. What's that you say? 'If I wouldn't get so you would stay at home a few nights and try it. Perhaps the fretting would stop. Out e-v-e-r-y night because I fret you so. What's that, sir? You know ladies who ain't always scolding their husbands! You do, do you? How came you to know them? What business had you to know them? What right have you to know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way! You men think that all the other women are saints but your wives. Oh, yes—saints, s-a-n-t-s. I'll have you to know, sir, that there isn't a woman in this town that's any more of a saint than I am. I know them all, sir—a h-e-n-b better than you do. You see the sugar and honey side of them, and they—only—see—the—honey—and—sugar—side—of—you. Now, sir, I just want you to know that if you don't stay at home more than you do, I'll have these children to get burnt up, and I'll go out e-v-e-r-y night. When a poor woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is—desperate, that's all."

A RIDE FOR A BRIDE.—What tremendous achievement or sacrifice will not a man undertake to secure the wife from whom, a year later, he may be seeking a divorce? Surely it must very rarely be in the capacity of one character only to contain the dissolving element so soon effective against a union thus heroically inspiring. To the office of the county clerk in Salford City, Pacificward, the other day, (says the Local Index,) there drove up, with dust-dusted team and wagon, a young man and younger woman who desired a matrimonial license. They had come a distance of sixty miles, from beyond the San Benito, for this object; and when after the interrogatory formula, the official discovered that the maiden was under age, and hence could not be legally licensed to marry without the presence or written consent of her parents, the lover was strongly inclined to believe that we live under an intolerable despotism. He assured the clerk that the parents fully consented to the bans; but this was not enough in law—he had no document to show for it, and could not obtain a license. Realizing at last that there was but one solution of his dilemma, the energetic young man took his embarrassed fair companion and half of his team to the hotel, and then borrowing a saddle for the steersman of his two horses, set out at full gallop for the requisite paternal "permit." In less than thirty-six hours later, or at nightfall the next day, he was back in town with said written instrument, duly worded and attested, having ridden the whole 120 miles without an hour's rest. Good man and good horse, both, well necessary for such a gallop as that; yet the feat would have been achieved in even fewer hours had not the gallant horseman been lost in the mountains for a while during the first night of his ride for a bride. The next morning witnessed the wedding of the happy pair, and their departure for the San Benito again; and if their married course does not run smooth for more than a year, there is certainly no guarantee of true love in a lover's chivalrous devotion. Even a spectacle and black alpaca mother-in-law should scarcely be able to chill the ardor of a matrimonial alliance prefaced by such heroic painstaking.

A CORNERED LEGISLATOR.—A gentleman who now occupies a seat in the upper branch of the New York Legislature, but was at one time a member of the Assembly, relates the following: "Perkins was as honest a man as ever set foot in Albany. Money wouldn't buy him, and I knew it, but I thought I would have a little fun with him, so I went down to his room one evening and said: 'Perkins, what do you think of that underground railroad bill? Are you going to vote for it?' "Well," said Perkins, "I haven't made up my mind yet, exactly. I am inclined to think it a good bill; but why do you ask?"

"I thought you were in favor of it," said I, "and inasmuch as you have concluded to vote for it, I just wanted to say to you that the men interested in it are paying five hundred dollars for votes, and as it is coming up on its final passage to-morrow, you can just as well have the money as not; you'll vote for the bill anyway."

"Vote for the bill! I'll be hanged first," cried the irate Perkins. "No, sir. If improper means are being taken to pass the thing, as you say, I for one will vote against it every time. You can put me down as?"

"Oh, I don't care anything about the bill," said I; "I was only trying to do you a favor, and I think I can yet, for, to tell the truth, the rival companies are in full force, and are moving heaven and earth to defeat it. They are paying the same amount for 'noes,' and as long as you are bound to vote that way, I'll get you the five hundred dollars all the same."

"Can such things be," exclaimed Perkins, rising from his seat and tearing up and down the room in a whirlwind of righteous wrath and virtuous indignation. "What a state of things this is! A plague on both of your houses, I won't vote at all!"

"All right," said I, as I laid my hand on the door, "I'll get you five hundred dollars for being absent."

And as the jolly Senator brought to mind the terror of perplexity in which this last proposition involved old Perkins, he roared with laughter.

An old farmer dictating his will to a lawyer said: "I give and bequeath to my wife the sum of £100 a year. Is that writ down, master?" "Yes," said the lawyer, "but she is not so old but that she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case?" "Most people do." "Ah! do they? Well, write again and say if my wife marry again I give and bequeath to her the sum of £200 a year. That'll do, won't it, master?" "Why that's just double the sum she would have had if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer, "it is generally the other way." "Aye," said the farmer, "but him that takes her will deserve it!"

THE TANTALUS OF LEGAL JARGON.—Some idea of the tautology of legal formula may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," he must set forth his "act and deed" thus: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and advantage of, in said that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all the right and advantage thereto, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the said orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deed, instrument or instruments, of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

A SOUND JUDGE.—A musical critic.

Heremlock, July 25, 1873.

Advertisement for a woolen factory in Ebensburg, Pa., listing various types of woolen goods and their prices.