

Greenian

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME VII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1873.

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

NUMBER 30.

PROPERTY SALES.—By virtue of the writ of *Levy Facias*, Fred E. Ziegler, executor of the estate of George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

The right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane and her late husband, George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, adjoining lot 10, containing 10 acres, more or less, situate in the township of Washington, Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

The right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane and her late husband, George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, adjoining lot 10, containing 10 acres, more or less, situate in the township of Washington, Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

The right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane and her late husband, George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, adjoining lot 10, containing 10 acres, more or less, situate in the township of Washington, Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

The right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane and her late husband, George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, adjoining lot 10, containing 10 acres, more or less, situate in the township of Washington, Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

The right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane and her late husband, George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, adjoining lot 10, containing 10 acres, more or less, situate in the township of Washington, Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

The right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane and her late husband, George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, adjoining lot 10, containing 10 acres, more or less, situate in the township of Washington, Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

The right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane and her late husband, George W. Warner, late of Cambria county, adjoining lot 10, containing 10 acres, more or less, situate in the township of Washington, Cambria county, and in and to the following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit: The following Real Estate, to-wit:

REGISTRAR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Registrar's Office, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 31, 1873: The first and final account of Cyrus L. Pershing, executor of Francis Schertz, late of the borough of Johnstown, dec'd. The first account of Lucia H. Roberts, administratrix of Evan Roberts, late of the borough of Johnstown, dec'd. The first account of Solomon Benshoff, executor of Peter Albaugh, late of Jackson township, dec'd. The second account of Geo. J. Rodgers and William Kittel, executors of Jane Wherry, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd. The account of John Shaber, guardian of Harriet, Caroline and Alexander Riblett, minor children of David Riblett, late of Conemaugh township, dec'd. The first and final account of Francis O'Friel, administrator of Margaret McLaughlin, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd. The first account of John Wilkinson, guardian of George Wilkinson, a minor child of George Wilkinson, late of Jackson township, dec'd. The first account of John Wilkinson, guardian of John Wilkinson, a minor child of George Wilkinson, late of Jackson township, dec'd. The second and final account of Margaret Mitchell, administratrix of Jas. H. Mitchell, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd. The first and final account of Edw'd Roberts, executor of Harriet Orr and W. C. Lewis, administrators of William Orr, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd. The first and final account of Peter Garman and Isaac Lutz, executors of Joseph Lutz, late of Susquehanna township, dec'd. The first account of Harriet Orr and W. C. Lewis, administrators of William Orr, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd. The first and final account of John J. Krieger, one of the administrators of Henry Krieger, late of Clearfield township, dec'd. The third and partial account of James Yost and Augustine Yost, administrators of Jacob Yost, late of Carroll township, dec'd. The first account of Wm. H. Sechler, executor of Richard Thomas, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Personal Property of decedents selected and set apart for the Widows of Intestates, under the Act of Assembly of the 14th day of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Registrar's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court, for approval, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, A. D. 1873, to-wit: 1. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Craver, widow of John Craver, late of Carrolltown borough, dec'd. 2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Barabara Sisk, widow of John Sisk, late of Jackson township, dec'd. 3. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Mary C. Dunbar, widow of John Dunbar, late of Allegheny township, dec'd. 4. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth J. Miller, widow of James Miller, late of Cambria township, dec'd. 5. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Sarah C. Glass, late of Allegheny township, dec'd. 6. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Catharine J. McCarty, widow of Michael McCarty, late of Clearfield township, dec'd. 7. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Mary A. Charlton, widow of John Charlton, late of Clearfield township, dec'd. 8. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Eliza Nookan, widow of Jeremiah Nookan, late of Cambria township, dec'd. 9. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Orpha J. Evans, widow of E. D. Evans, late of Wilmore township, dec'd.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on Monday, Sept. 1st, 1873: FIRST WEEK. Malzie vs. Pringle. Wagner vs. Hips & Lloyd. Luteringer vs. Callan. Pringle vs. Malzie. SECOND WEEK. John Forsyth vs. Cambria Iron Co. George Cupp vs. Perry Binsinger. Finney & Barrons vs. Stephenson et al. Cassey, Evans & Co. vs. Finney & Barrons. Pedan vs. Keller, with notice. Sapp vs. Finney & Barrons. Peck vs. P. & R. McGough. Douglass vs. Pearson. Executrix of Richey vs. Jamison. Smith vs. Hawes. O'Donnell vs. Arble. Strauss vs. Tiley. Brackan vs. Brackan. THIRD WEEK. J. K. Hite, Prothonotary. Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1873.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the Estate of Alexander W. B. Moore, late of Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Registrar of Cambria county, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them promptly authenticated for settlement. THOMAS A. WEBER, Adm'r. THOMAS HOOPER, Adm'r. Cambria Twp., Aug. 8, 1873.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Estate of PETER WEAKLAND, dec'd. Letters Testamentary on the estate of PETER WEAKLAND, late of Carroll township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Registrar of Cambria county, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay and those having claims against the same to present them promptly authenticated for settlement. CHARLES WEAKLAND, J. Executors. Carrolltown, Pa., July 18, 1873.

FARM FOR SALE!—The subscriber offers at private sale on liberal terms and at a LOW PRICE, 32 Acres of Land in Munster township, about half way between Munster and Wilmore, some 40 Acres of which are cleared, well fenced and in good condition, with a Log House, a first rate Log Barn, perfectly new, and other Outbuildings thereon erected; also, an excellent Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of pure water on the premises. JAMES EBY. Portage P. O., July 25, 1873.

BARK WANTED.—FOUR THOUSAND CORDS OAK AND HICKORY BARK wanted at the new Tannery, Woodville, Johnstown. Cash paid on delivery. Apply to or address W. H. ROSENTHAL & CO., Johnstown P. O., June 8, 1873.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture, Up through the long, shady lane Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields. That are red with the ripening grain. They find in the thick, waving grasses, Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows; They gather the delicate snow-drops, And the first crimson buds of the rose. They toss the new hay in the meadow, They gather the elder blossoms white; They find where the dusky grapes purple In the soft-tinted October light. They know where the apples hang ripest, And are sweeter than Italy vines; They know where the fruit hangs the thickest On the long, thorny blackberry vines. They gather the delicate sea-weeds, And build tiny castles of sand; They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,— Fairy barks that have drifted to land. They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops Where the oriole's hammock nest swings, And at night-time are folded in a slumber By a song that a fond mother sings. Those who toil bravely are strongest; The humble and poor become great; And from these brown-handed children, Lord a helping hand fraternal, The pen of the author and statesman,— The noble and wise of the land,— The loving and motherly woman, Who'll wisely mold all with her hand.

Cling to Those Who Cling to You.

There are many friends of summer, But when winter chills the blossoms, And when winter chills the blossoms, They depart with the perfume. On the broad highway of action Friends of worth are far and few; So when one has proved his friendship, Cling to him who clings to you. Do not harshly judge your neighbor— If he makes no great pretensions— Deeds are great though words are few. Those who stand amidst the tempest, Firm as when the skies are blue, Will be friends while life endures— Cling to those who cling to you. When you see a worthy brother, Buffeting the stormy main, Lord a helping hand fraternal, Till he reach the shore again, Don't desert the old and tried friend, When misfortune comes to view, For he needs true friendship's comforts— Cling to those who cling to you.

ABOUT NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

From a long article in *Baltimore's Monthly* for September, written by "M. Quad," of the *Detroit Free Press*, we extract the following: "Years ago, when we had no telegraph or railroad, news was news any time within a week or a month after its foundation occurred. Everything is exactly opposite now, and everybody cries out for the latest news. The people must have it, and as they can only get it from the daily journals, the daily journals must furnish it or go down. 'Energy' is the watchword of every good reporter. He must travel his own round, take that of a brother reporter on the same paper, if necessary, and yet hold himself ready for a dash into the suburbs if a 'big thing' occurs. Take two reporters just alike in everything else, and the more energetic one will secure the most news. He will take less sleep, spend less time on the corners, and will have more time left after midnight to look for the very latest. I said that every reporter must be somewhat of a lawyer. So he should, and for more reasons than one. He will secure many an item which must be delicately handled or left out altogether, because it would hurt national pride, some sect's religious views, or conflict with the 'policy' of the paper. Nine times out of ten he must use his own judgment in such cases, and he will need a lawyer's reasoning powers. Then again he is often made the victim of 'jealous'! It is easy enough for some jealous-minded reporter on a contemporary journal to 'put up a job on him,' and reason, experience and guess-work are called out in defence. It is not sufficient to 'take their word for it'; one must know from actual observation, or get his information from sources which experience has proven trustworthy. 'I wonder how they pick up so many things,' is an expression often used by the readers of a daily paper. There are times when the 'so much' is 'so little' with the reporter, even if the constant reader does not detect the falling off; there are times in his experience when murders, burglaries, elopements, fires and railroad accidents will all come with a rush, and then there will be a dead calm for days or weeks. In such emergencies the energetic son of the pencil will devote his time to 'city improvements,' made or contemplated, or startle his readers with an account of some new invention, or something new in the method of propelling steamboats or horse-cars. As to how they get their news depends upon the man. In cities the police are great collectors of news. Accidents and incidents fall in their way very naturally, and little goes on but what they catch in some form or other. The station house and police courts are included in the round which the 'general news' reporter makes, or are divided up among two. If a reporter 'works in' with the police he has a fund of information almost inexhaustible. The of-

ficers will take pains to jot down names, dates, etc., and will even identify themselves so closely with the paper that they will aid the reporter in keeping sensation items from the knowledge of his rivals. Then, one should make the acquaintance of the firemen, city and county officials, hotel keepers, railroad and steamboat men, and can, if 'born for the business,' secure the aid of a hundred men to help him in gathering news.

"There is no labor more laborious than the task of the reporter on a morning paper. He may be said to never sleep. Starting out one hour before noon, he may finish up at midnight, but is lucky to get off before three o'clock; and the chances are that he is routed out after a nap of three or four hours. If called upon to make a trip into the interior, to report a convention or a calamity, he may be thirty or forty hours without sleep. There is a constant wear and tear of the nerves and muscles, and, after a time, a nervous feeling accompanies the man day and night. There is no time to doctor or to be sick, but it is one push-and-rush year in and year out, until everything gives way at once, and the man drops into the grave. The rivalry which nearly always exists between reporters on contemporary sheets is a wear and tear which of itself will take off a pound of flesh per month. The reporter who is deficient in securing all the facts in connection with a 'big thing,' secured and published in an opposite journal, would feel a self-disgrace which he could not shake off for a week. This rivalry leads often to the expenditure of large sums of money by all dailies of a city to secure certain information. I have in mind a case of steamboat explosion about twenty miles from one of our lake ports. The rumor created the greatest excitement in the city, but no particulars could be learned, as the point where the explosion occurred was not connected by telegraph. There was only one tug in the harbor which could be secured, and three rival reporters boarded her at once. "Fifty dollars to take me to Duck Point and back!" shouted one at the captain. "A hundred!" cried the second. "A hundred and fifty!" yelled the third, in a triumphant voice. "They continued their bids until the first bidder finally named five hundred dollars, and the services of the tug were his. He steamed down to the scene of accident, procured a full list of the killed, injured and unhurt, and the proprietors of his paper very cheerfully handed over the large sum. I do not defend the profession from the charge of being tipplers, but I say that men of the craft who do drink, and otherwise render themselves incapacitated from the full performance of their duties, are seldom retained long in one position. Not many years ago, in a Western city, several reporters, all representing opposition journals, traveled together to a point in the State to witness an execution. The victim had committed a heinous offence, and the particulars of his execution would be eagerly devoured by every reader. One of the men represented an afternoon paper, and on the occasion mentioned too late for the other papers to make use of it. Sailing to an old dock, he fastened the body to a spile, and it remained there until Saturday evening, when he had a boy 'discover' it, called a coroner, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the *Sunday Eagle* sold five thousand extra copies on account of his article.

"One of the saddest thoughts in connection with the terrible accident on the Grand Trunk Railroad, which occurred a few months since, arises from the death of a well known Western reporter—a man who had served twenty-one years on one journal without the loss of one day's pay. He was caught in the wreck of a car and fatally injured, though no one knew that such was the case until death had closed his eyes. Stretched out in a freight depot with two scores of dead and dying, he stated that he was not badly injured, and requested the surgeons to attend to the others first. Taking out his diary and pencil, he jotted down an account of the accident, procured a full list of the dead and injured, and his report to his paper in the distant Western city was the first which passed over the wires. After sending his first account, he proceeded to gather more minute details, and had just finished his work when death overtook him. When the surgeon came back and knelt beside him he found a white, cold face, closed eyes, and a cold hand holding fast to book and pencil. The last sentence which the man had written was, 'others will die before morning!' His second report was sent over the wires, followed by these words from the operator, 'Your reporter is dead!' The line was read to thirty compositors in the office of the reporter's paper, and every man shed tears. "Reporters, after two or three years of service, have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

the locomotive stopped for water, and the reporter was not only arrested, but handcuffed and shackled, and the engineer went along with him to jail on a charge of aiding a murderer to escape from justice. The hand-car was placed on the track, and in three hours the 'cheeky' reporter was telegraphing 'full particulars.' He was arrested next day on some charge or other, but the joke got abroad, and the prosecution was suddenly dropped.

"Knowing the thirst of the public after latest news, and that the paper will suffer in character through negligence on their part, reporters often risk their lives while seeking after information. A year ago a vessel in attempting to enter a lake port struck on a bar, and was at the mercy of the waves. The storm was raging with great fury, and the crowd congregated on the piers had little hope that the ship would hold together above a few hours. She was a new vessel, unknown in port, and her position was such that her name could not be seen. There were no life-boats at the port, and no crew could be made up to take an ordinary row-boat and row out to the rescue of the unfortunates. While all were talking and none doing, a reporter on an afternoon paper was seen pulling a light skiff out of the river an over the tremendous waves. 'He is lost!' 'Come back! Come back!' shouted the crowd, but the man bent to his oars, and, despite all predictions, reached the neighborhood of the vessel without mishap. Holding the boat's head to the sea, he shouted: 'What schooner is that?' 'The Princess,' replied the amazed captain, who had taken to the rigging, along with the crew. 'Where from? what's your cargo? and how large is your crew?' were the next inquiries from the reporter; and, after being replied to, he continued: 'Hold by for an hour, and I'll take you all off.' 'He then set about the return voyage, and successfully performed it, entering the river amidst cheers which even reached the ears of the half-drowned sailors on the bar. Despatching his information to the office, he was about to row back to the vessel, when she suddenly broke up, and the crew floated ashore on a spar. "The desire to secure the news exclusively for the *Journal, Whip*, or whatever paper he may represent, often leads the reporter into indulging in strange freaks. A wealthy and widely known gentleman, living in a city on Lake Michigan, committed suicide one day by throwing himself into the lake. His action was not noticed, and there was great excitement throughout the city when it was known that he was strangely missing. Day after day went by, telegrams were sent here and there, and no one suspected that the body was in the lake. A reporter, out for a sail, came across the body after a week or so, and he at once recognized the sensation which would be created at his news. This was Friday afternoon. All three dailies would publish on Saturday morning, but his daily alone would have a Sunday edition. He therefore determined to save his name and too late for the other papers to make use of it. Sailing to an old dock, he fastened the body to a spile, and it remained there until Saturday evening, when he had a boy 'discover' it, called a coroner, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the *Sunday Eagle* sold five thousand extra copies on account of his article.

"One of the saddest thoughts in connection with the terrible accident on the Grand Trunk Railroad, which occurred a few months since, arises from the death of a well known Western reporter—a man who had served twenty-one years on one journal without the loss of one day's pay. He was caught in the wreck of a car and fatally injured, though no one knew that such was the case until death had closed his eyes. Stretched out in a freight depot with two scores of dead and dying, he stated that he was not badly injured, and requested the surgeons to attend to the others first. Taking out his diary and pencil, he jotted down an account of the accident, procured a full list of the dead and injured, and his report to his paper in the distant Western city was the first which passed over the wires. After sending his first account, he proceeded to gather more minute details, and had just finished his work when death overtook him. When the surgeon came back and knelt beside him he found a white, cold face, closed eyes, and a cold hand holding fast to book and pencil. The last sentence which the man had written was, 'others will die before morning!' His second report was sent over the wires, followed by these words from the operator, 'Your reporter is dead!' The line was read to thirty compositors in the office of the reporter's paper, and every man shed tears. "Reporters, after two or three years of service, have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

they have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

they have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

they have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

they have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

they have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

they have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because

they have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because