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DOOR HOUSE ORDERS. -All

persons holding Poor House orders bear-ing interest, are notified to present them to the Board of Poor House Directors immediately, in board of Poor House Directors that the case order that orders for the accrued interest may be issued, as all interest on the same will cease after the 1st of September next. By order of the Poor House Directors. JOHN COX, Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1873.-3t. Treasurer.

take charge of the Schools of Munster Township for a term of rave most salaries will be paid to good teachers. Examination at the Glass School House on Monday, Sept. 29th, inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M. G. G. McCULLOUGH, Prost.

stant that. And he came down from hoving he up and paids of the Mary marries, will she still live at your home to make your life bright and happy?" he put on a reasonable figure, and stuck to home to make your life bright and happy?" 'No, sir," responded the old man, "when day was on just then, and the tenants' dinday was on just then are the public of the public

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1873.

"Don't be afraid of givin'; If your life ain't nothin' to other folks, Why, what's the use of livin'?' "And that's what I say to wife," says I, There's Brown, the miserable sinner. He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give

A cent toward buyin' a dinner. I tell you our minister's prime, he is, But I couldn't quite determine, When I heard him giving it right and left,

Of course there couldn't be no mistake When he talked about long-winded prayin'

"There's various kinds of cheatin', And religion is as good for every day As it is to bring to meetin'

I don't think much of a man that gives The Lord amens at my preachin'. And spends his time the followin' week In cheatin' and overreachin'."

For a man like Jones to swaller: But I noticed he didn't open his mouth, Not once after that to holler.

Hurrah, says I, for the minister !-Of course I said it quiet-Give us some more of this open talk : It's a very refreshin' diet.

As a woman's rulin' passion,* And a-comin' to church to see the styles, I couldn't help a-winkin' And a-nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat,

But man is a queer creation, And I'm afraid that most of the folks Won't take the application,

Now if he had said a word about My personal mode of sinnin'. I'd have gone to work to right myself, And not sit here a grinnin'.

"And now I've come to the fellers Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends

As sort o' moral umbrellas. Go home, said he, and find your faults, Instead of huntin' your brother's: Go home, he says, and wear the coats

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked And there was lots of smilin', And lots o' lookin' at our pew : It sot my blood a bilin' Says I to myself, our minister Is gettin' a little bitter;

I'll tell him when meetin's out that I Ain't at all that kind of critter,

now standing in its bran new coat of paint drawn up against the side of the hotel.

town," said the doctor, who was of the I'd keep it a profound secret. But no, I from her head by an entanglement of her

yer Evans. "I shall do all my business age, something that lawyer Jones couldn't this industrious and unfortunate woman now in London. No use waiting for assizes lay his claw upon." to Westminster now, my boys,"

be a shabby outskirt of Manchester by and fool with an umbrella can cry 'Shoo! the woman's life, but they do not have as

"O, but, Captain, consider the motion of the progress of intellects."

to what your fathers were. Why, Jones,"

father was-wonterful!"

like a fighting cock for fifteen years; and wasn't found out till after the funeral. when all the parish followed him to the grave. Oh, don't talk about intellects."

"Indeed, he was very clever; yes, sure." mean war?"

"No, indeed, I forgot," Attorney-at-Law, mation at the Glass School House on Monday, Sept. 29th, inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M. Sept. 29th, inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M. GEO. McCULLOUGH, Pres't.

(aug. 37.1)

A. D. Criste, Sec's. [Sept. 5, 1873. 3t.] acr; and, at the dinner, Sir John made a it?

your landlords and protectors !" " "And they paid it?"

ing for her, too, Captain-only what we've came out of the hole in the ground," paid before; it's the new things we don't "Where were the pigs? You must like, Captain. And what did Sir John do imagine a whirlwind of pigs, a simoon of when the war was over?"

in to you there, Captain; Sir John was a flew over the stone walls, they dashed very clever man. But we've got clever over the parapet of the bridge; away they men in these days, too, Captain,"

"But we were talking about intellect," moments the county about for miles was said the Captain, after a pause, during spotted with flying pigs. And their which the coach had driven off, and the masters, David and Morris, and Richard body to beat old David Gaur, of Penllyn." barking their shins, and spoiling their Why, David was half an idiot."

but, in his particular way, David was the Only the few people who'd stopped becleverest man I ever knew."

tain? I never knew him to do anything the buyers; and through there being so but run about at fairs, and earn a sixpence few pigs in the market, they got pretty "What! did you never hear of David

Gaur and the pig tax ?"

"No. inteet.

Gaur and the pigs.'

"You know," said the Captain, hem-

the secret he had?" "It was the a t of frightening pigs," making a face. "What! as if you didn't said the Captain solemnly. "Ah, now to the removal of a little bit of their cutidon't go away with the idea that that's cle for transference to the skull of the panothing I don't mean startling 'em; any tient. The surgeons are hopeful of saving shoo!" and do that. But what I mean is many generous offerings of cuticle as are the times" cried Jones Brybella, who was their very souls with fear; making them doing well, the new skin taking on a he was avenged. a manufacturer and a radical; "consider mad, so that they'll jump out of their healthy edge. very skins with terror. Now, you know, The operation of giving in this singular they're very imaginative beasts are pigs, sort of charity is exceedingly simple and contemptuously; "why, you aren't a patch and at the same time they're very cun- almost without pain. The surgeons, at ning. They're not to be taken in; and if nine o'clock in the forenoon, meet a few be-I've seen your father drink forty glasses of you were to make all the horrible noises nevolent gentlemen at the side entrance streamer from the masthead displayed the work from. Coming to an Irishman who ale, and then cheat a sober man in a bar- you could put your tongue to, they'd of the shirt factory. After reaching the quietly whisk their tails and cock their sufferer's bed room coats are taken off and "Well, yes, he was a wonterful man, my eyes, and thank you for your pains. But shirt-sleeves rolled up. With a surprising man came a wild thought of vengeance. this was how David went to work. You delicate manipulation one of the surgeons Here was the weapon with which to crush dollars?" know that Penlyn May Fair is a tremen- segregates a bit of the desired commodity the proud and haughty girl who had rerobbed everybody right and left, and hved dous fair for pigs. They all come from not larger than a half dime from the bethe north side of the county, and must nevolent person's arm, no blood being there at all, and when they've crossed the plies a round patch to the place where the the Algerine, face to face with Achmet road, with grass on each side of it, and is put on over it. In a few days the be- and who bore at his masthead the green "Well, now, and where can you show me high stone walls beyond the grass. Well, nevolent, who has perhaps been a little ana man like Sir John? Do you remember here it was David would take his stand, noyed at the irritation, removes the surgiwhat Sir John did at the time of the Cri- or seat, rather, for he squatted himself cal cheyron, and he has the pleasure of down in the grass, and then he made him- knowing that he has contributed someself a round hole, like a basin, a foot thing of himself (the truest charity in the "You'll remember, I dare say, that deep, at the side of the road; and there world) toward relieving a dreadful distress whilst the war was going on, the Govern- he'd sit from early daylight collecting his and prolonging a useful life. ment put on a shilling income tax, 'Shil- tax on the pigs. If there were less ling in the pount!" cried Sir John; 'shil- than ten he charged a penny, and so ling in the pount! cried Sir John; 'shilling in the pount! Why, that'll be a pount a day out of my pocket. O, tam! I can't he made. He wasn't always altering it, OUR TEACHERS WANTED to stant that.' And he came down from moving it up and pulling it down; but with several levely daughters: "If Miss dine, the Lady of O'Driscoll.

speech, as usual. 'My friends,' he said, | "That's just what they made up their we are engaged in a tremendous struggle minds to one fair-day. The principal pig -in a very big war. We must all put our proprietors held a meeting on Llander shoulders to the wheel for the sake of our Green; and came to a resolution that they Queen and country. If need be, you must wouldn't pay David Gaur any more. rally round your old chief.' You should You see, his reputation was traditional have heard the roar there was, for they only; they'd none of them seen his powers briel's rough defiles. were all very fond of Sir John; and indeed exercised; and those modern views of his strong ale was something to be remem- yours, Jones, had got into their heads, I bered. 'But,' he went on when silence suppose. Anyhow, they came to the resowas restored, 'we must all make sacrifices lution, and stuck to it, with fear and -you, and I, and everybody. I have to trembling. Everybody remarked how make 'em first of all. Do you know what beautifully the pigs marched that day the war costs me, my frients and tenants? from Llander Green. There was a good I'll tell you-more than a pount a day! body of them together, and you'd have low sands of the shelving bay. For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled 'Deud anwyl!' cried all the tenants; 'a expected they'd have given some trouble; pount a day! Think of that, David! Sir but, no, they walked as orderly as so John paying a pount a day to the war. many Christians, as if they'd made up more, Dear me ! 'And now, my frients and their minds to show how pigs could betenants, it follows that you'll have to make have for once. Well, the bridge was some sacrifices, too,' went on Sir John, crossed, and the advance guard of pigs 'but trifling ones-nothing to what I have came to the front of David's redoubtto do. My frients and tenants, I've raised the hole he'd dug in the ground. David your rents five per cent. all around. Now held out his hat, as usual, for the toll. shout for your Queen and country, and for The master of the pigs shook his head. Dim tally. No pay to-day for pig.' dissipation, the red gold of his fathers, David understood the thing in a moment, "Of course they did, and were thankful saw through the plan of the revolt. Down ashod's rocky side, was all that Hackett, to get off so cheap. Wasn't Sir John pay- went his head into the hole. Gentlemen, of Dungarvon, could call his own. ing a shilling in the pound for the country it's impossible to describe a noise. If you all the time? O, you're a very loyal race!" can imagine the most diabolical din in "And so we are, Captain, and very font nature, and then make it twice as bad, the night by the chief of Dungaryon, but of Queen Victoria; and we don't mind pay- you'll have a faint idea of the roar that none cared openly to press the charge

> pigs, a tornado of pigs! Little pig, big "He forgot to take off the five per cent." pigs, blue pigs, white pigs, flying about "Dear me! that was clever. Yes, I give like sky rockets in every direction. They went-east, west, north, south. In a few hind, and paid David his toll, and brought "But, indeed, what was his way, Cap- their pigs in quietly, they had the pick of nigh what prices they liked.

"And then the poor fellows who'd lost their pigs came to David, and besought him, with tears in their eyes, to call the "Then you don't know half the tradi- piggy-wiggies back again, and gave him tions of your country. Why, Jones, I, double toll to do it. But I fancy he lowed the colors half over the world, I'm at sending them adrift. Anyhow, after

"Ah, don't tell me," said the Captain, "Tell it to us, Captain; tell us the getting up and putting on his bat, "of your railroads and nonsense. Where will you find another chap like David Gaur?"

A SINGULAR CHARITY .- The New Hawas said he was taught it by old Morris kind-hearted gentlemen of this city are at doesn't matter-be had it; and as be never which occurred four or five weeks ago at imported the secret, it died with him I the slift factory of C. V. Davies & Co., offered him a sovereign once to show me in Court street, by which a woman had "Deed, it will be a fine thing for the bow he did it, and swore most solemnly the entire scalp and a part of one ear torn wish I'd bid higher now; it would have hair with some machinery. Though a "Yes, my boy, indeed it will," cried law- been something to fall back upon in one's great sufferer, it is possible that the life of may be saved, provided a sufficient num-"But what was it, Captain? What was ber of persons present themselves to the bedside, in company with the surgeons who have charge of the case, and consent

A Young Man in Indiana county, who

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

A LEGEND OF THE IRISH SEAS.

Soft shone the summer sun on Carberry's hundred isles, and its last golden rays brightened the rocky peaks of Ga-

The crumbling ruins of Inisherkin bathed in the mellow light shone like a

In a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide poured its light green wave, crested over with the snowy cap, relie of the iceberg of the far northern sea, upon the yel-

evening tide to the quiet town of Balti-On the bosom of the swelling water

across the bay came a fishing-hooker, propelled by a single oarsman. Hackett, of Dungaryon-so the boatman was called-was no stranger to the inhabitants of Baltimore. A descendant

of an old family, he had squandered, in and now a single solitary tower on Dun-There were dark rumors, too, of wild

and lawless deeds done under the cover of home to him, for the landless lord was reputed to be a dangerous foe. Dungaryon drove the prow of the hook-

er upon the beach and sprung to land. As he drew up the boat out of the reach of the tide, an aged fisherman ac-

costed him. "Saw you aught of the pirates, my lord, from your tower at Dunashod?" he asked. "What pirates?" questioned the chief.

in some surprise. "Two long, dark barques were reported square in front of the hotel had assumed and John, and all the rest of them, where hovering off the coast this morning, and its normal quietude. "Now, to my mind, were they? Flying, too, across the some say that they are the Algerines and

as far as intellect went, I never knew any- country; bursting out their best trousers, threaten our town," the fisherman replied. "I remember now," Dungaryon said, gaiters over the stone walls. And what thoughtfully; "at daybreak I saw two was the use of it? Did you ever try to large galleys, with double banks of oars, "That may be," said the Captain. "I catch a couple of hundred of mad pigs, steering to the north; then the mist fell don't say he was clever all round. The careening across country? The fair was upon the waters, and I lost them in it; finest intellects have a few somewhere; pretty near a failure, I can tell you. but have no fears of Baltimore; the Algerine does not live who could pilot a war-galley through the reefs of Dunashod without leaving his bones on the rocks."

And then, with hasty steps, Dungaryon quest. passed on. Straight toward the Castle of O'Driscoll he bends his steps.

Full well the meanest retainer of the sept of O'Driscoll knew the errand of the

Geraldine O'Driscoll, the only heir to the ancient line, had not her equal in who'm half an Englishman, and have fol- wasn't as successful at that as be'd been beauty or in grace, within the Emerald Isle. Right great streak of fortune would We were sitting one summer evening in a better Welshman than you are. Why, that, he always got his taxes paid in peace it be then for the chief, who lacked both gold and lands, if he could win the hand of O'Driscoll's child.

A desperate man was Hackett, of Dungarvon, and, like all desperate men, he set his fortune upon a single cast.

Threw boldly, and as boldly lost. The lady said him nay; and when, in hot and sullen rage, he questioned why his suit was rejected, in haughty scorn Morris, who lived to be a hundred and present wearing upon their naked arms a the Lady Geraldine pointed across the sleepy waters to where the towers of Bandon gleamed golden in the sunlight.

Offin ask Patriole Dunley, of Danil. whom in six months I shall make the chief of the O'Driscoll sept," she said.

Dungarvon withdrew in silence, his rage too great for words.

Spurning the dust of Baltimore beneath his feet, he sprung into his boat and turned the bow seaward toward his own Borne along on the bosom of the rush-

ing tide, just changing from flood to ebb, he floated over the dangerous reefs that guarded the town of Baltimore from hostile attack by sea. Shaking his clenched fist at the haughty

tower of O'Driscoll, which had lately witnessed his rejection and despair, he swore downright frightening them, infecting desirable. A number of transferences are a bitter oath that he would not die until

Around the rocky point of Dunashod he glided, and, there by his lone tower he tells a story of a revenue officer who was saw anchored the black galleys that were sent into an illicit whisky-distilling district gliding shar-klike through the Irish seas. in Kentucky. He knew illicit distilling

crescent of the Algerine. And then in the breast of the desperate on the shoulder and said :

Straight he steered for the black galleys, cross the bridge over the Dulas to get drawn. Another surgeon immediately ap- and within the hour stood on the deck of private still." bridge there's a long straight piece of skin is not, and a strip of adhesive plaster the Red, the terror of the southern seas, or!"

Short the speech of the desperate lord, and quick the reply of the Algerine. Hackett, of Dungaryon, would steer the galleys of the Algerines through the beet- queried Pat, pointing to one of the soldiers. ling reefs of Durashod straight to the sands of Baltimore Harbor, and neither galley keel nor blade of oar should graze

Achimet the Red gladly acceeded to the found!" moralized the officer as he wend-

and land, while the massive capes and ruined towers seemed conscious of the calm, and the fibrous sod and stunted trees gave forth their balmy perfume, round Dunashod glided the two long, dark

NUMBER 34.

Steadily the ore-blades rose and fell; a long and dangerous pull against the ebbing

With his hand on the helm of the foremost galley, Hackett of Dungaryon steered the Algerine. Through the winding channel, amid the dangerous reefs where the Water Kelpies dwelt, until at last the keels of the galleys grated upon the yel-Peace and rest had come with the low sands.

> In the golden sunset, the town of Baltimore had seemed to sleep, but a deeper sleep, a stony trance, had come with midnight.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street, and even the aged warder on the donjon tower of O'Driscoll Castle had allowed sleep to seal his eyelids and bind his senses as with a leaden

A stifled gasp-a dreamy noise, and the sabre of the Algerine was crimsoned with the fresh, warm Irish blood. From their beds and to their doors the startled victims rushed, to meet upon the threshold's stone the gleaming steel, and the swarthy. bearded face of the Moslem.

An hour after, the smoking ruins sprinkled with blood, and the bleeding victims, told of the dreadful work of Achmet, well surnamed the Red.

The old and help'e s the pirates slew; the young and strong they reserved for a fate even worse than death, to serve the cruck Turk in the arsenals by beauteous Dardanelles, or in the caravans by Mecca's sandy plains.

The Lady Geraldine, pale as the marble white, stood a helpless prisoner on the galley, from the masthead of which floated the green banner, sacred to the descendants of the Prophet.

Again Hackett of Dungaryon steered narrow passage leading to the sea, until at last they lay beneath the shadow of dark Dunashod and the free waves of the ocean washed their sides. Then the traitor to his country and his kin claimed his promised reward.

Loud laughed the pirate chief at the re-

"Memory for service done by Christian dog to the followers of the true Prophet lasted not beyond the execution of the deed. This dainty maiden I have marked for my own; iron the slave and cast him in with the rest !"

The brow of the desperate man, who had risked all for the prospect of revenge. grew dark as the clotted blood upon his blade; but Moslem hand ne'er touched him, for as the turbaned warriors advanced to execute their chief's behest, quick as the plunge of the salmon, the renegade darted into the foaming wave and the ocean's green mantle shielded him from all pursuit.

"Let the dog go!" cried Achmet the Red, in supreme contempt; 'the wave his tomb, his fate, just reward for treachery."

And then, with the light of conquest shining in his dark eyes, the Algerine advanced toward the hapless girl.

A single second he clasped her by the arm, and then she snatched a dagger from his belt and stabbed him to the heart. With a single groan, Red Achmet lay dead upon the deck of his galley.

Limb from limb the pirates backed the Irish girl, but she died with a smile upon her lips; with a single blow she bad avenged the slaughter of her sept. And Hackett of Dungarvon, cast up by

the occan on to the land, fell into the hands of the men of Bandon, led by Patrick Burke, burning to revenge the ruth and slaughter. Upon a gallows-tree they swung the renegade, the wretch who had steered the Algerine and given unto ruin the city of Baltimore.

A PRIVATE STILL -A Wisconsin paper The lazy wind that stirred the pendent was going on, but he could get no basis to was tolerably drunk, the officer tapped him

"My man! do you want to make fen "Is it ten dollars?" said Pat. "Sure,

and I do." "Then," said the officer, "show me a

"I'll do that same. Follow me, yer hon-

The officer followed across lots and fields to the camp of a company of soldiers that had been sent there to aid the revenue officers. The soldiers were in line-dress

"Do you see that red-headed man ?" "Yes," replied the officer,

"He is," said Pat, "my brother. He's been in the service twelve years. He'll be a corporal after awhile, but he is a 'private

"Ten dollars gone-no illicit whichy

ed his way back to his hotel.

and the gloom of the night clouded sea New name for tight-boots-corn-crib.

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on deposit, discount and attend to all the Hankers, K. ZAHM, Cashier.

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON. The minister said last night, says he.

Just who was hit by his sermon.

At every word he was savin'. And the minister he went on to say,

I guess that dose was bitter enough

The minister hit 'em every time; And when he spoke of fashion,

And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

You've tried to fit for others.'

THE PIG TAX. the window of our reading-room at Llan- I thought everybody knew about David and quietness. howell, looking out rather sadly on the scene before us. The coach had just come in from Morvaen, and its passengers were story." dismounting and its smoking horses were finding their own way stablewards, whilst ming and stroking his moustache meditathe stable-helpers were busy harnessing in tively, "that David had a peculiar gift. the fresh team; and we looked at this rather How he acquired it nobody ever knew; it ven; Conn., Palladium says: Several sadly because it was the last day of the old coach. The new station of Lyndenmaen was to be opened on the next day, and the twenty, and that Morris's father had it device of singular description. Our readcoach was to cease running and to be su- from the faries. But however he got it ers have not forgotten the terrible accident perseded by the railway bus, which was

and circuits now. I shall take you all up "Devil doubt you!" said the Captain, ruin us quick enough the old way! Ah. well, I liked the old way the best. You'll

"Pooh, intellects !" cried the Captain,

"And there was lawver Roberts, who