

ORDINANCE FOR THE GOVERNANCE OF THE Borough of Gallitzin!

Ordinance No. 20, passed at a meeting of the Board of Aldermen on the 26th day of December, 1872.

SECTION I.—AUDITOR. The Borough Auditor shall annually, at the first Monday in March, examine and adjust the books, papers and accounts of the Borough Treasurer...

SECTION II.—ASSESSOR. The Borough Assessor shall make the personal valuation of all property in the Borough...

SECTION III.—BURSEER. The Borough Burseer shall receive all moneys due to the Borough...

SECTION IV.—SHERIFF. The Borough Sheriff shall take all writs and process in the Borough...

SECTION V.—SALARIES. The Borough Auditor shall receive the salary hereinafter specified.

SECTION VI.—TREASURER. The Borough Treasurer shall receive the salary hereinafter specified.

SECTION VII.—FINES AND FEES. The fees and costs of the Burgesses and High Constables shall be as follows...

SECTION VIII.—TREASURER. The Borough Treasurer shall receive the salary hereinafter specified.

SECTION IX.—HIGH CONSTABLE. The High Constable shall receive the salary hereinafter specified.

SECTION X.—STREET COMMISSIONERS. The Street Commissioners shall receive the salary hereinafter specified.

SECTION XI.—PUBLIC PEACE. Any person who shall be guilty of disturbing the public peace shall be liable to the following penalties...

SECTION XII.—NIGHT WATCH. Any person who shall be guilty of neglecting his duty as a night watchman shall be liable to the following penalties...

SECTION XIII.—GENERAL PROVISIONS. Any person who shall be guilty of any offense under this ordinance shall be liable to the following penalties...

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

The Christmas time is ended—The holiday time has been run—And white no time is intended...

To the ancient and honorable custom Of giving gifts once in the year—Provided, of course, it do not bust 'em—All people should strive to adhere...

It chanced this particular season I needed some slippers right bad, And hinted the same for that reason...

First Nellie, my cousin, inquired What number my boots was; and when I told her I thought I aspired...

And she laughed at me, and said, "I'll give you a pair of slippers that I've had, And a dozen the best I ever had."

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WHERE'S BOBBY?

The troubles of a Congressman's family—What Zack Chandler found in a hack—Narrow escape of a precious child.

By the by, speaking of returning Congressmen, rather a good story has been telegraphed of a new member who arrived with his family, consisting of wife, five children, and nurse.

Arriving at Willard's they paid the hackman, ordered their trunks off, and trudged wearily, half asleep, into that famous caravansary.

When the good lady entered her bedroom she encountered the nurse, and both exclaimed: "Where's Bobby?"

"Why, miss," said the nurse, "I thought you had him."

"Nancy," screamed the Mrs. M. C., "didn't you fetch him?"

"No, mum; I had the three carpet sacks, the coats, baby's clothes, and I thought you had him."

Now Bobby was the baby, and the frightful discovery was made that the baby had been left in the hack.

The next instant I shall narrate was told me by a German gentleman, whose mother was the heroine of the tale.

He hurried through the backs on the hack stands and had all the retired convicts who drive those vehicles volunteer to go and search for the lost child for two and a half hours.

What became of that hack, with the precious little burden, is the most interesting part of the narrative.

Sitting down upon the back seat, he was startled by a wild cry that almost sobered him. It was loud like exaggeration, but it's a fact.

"Sound lungs and a good liver, and a stomach that knows the right sort of food and how to take care of it; strong muscles that will carry one over the ground on his two legs; strong arms that can lift a wagon out of a ditch, if it's got stuck in one; hands that know a pitchfork or a plow from a pipe or a pistol, and can manage something besides clothes and cards and a cane, are very convenient to have, but they're a kind of property that wants considerable looking after.

His nephew smiled again. No instruction in the art of oratory could have made that word more expressive.

"More'n half that potato patch," he repeated; "what are you going to do after breakfast?"

A yawn from the young fellow in the doorway.

"Well, I don't know. Can I have one of the horses, uncle?"

"Busy," was the laconic answer; "so is their own, allus."

Then I'll lay low and catch a ride to the village, if I see any young 'uns down. I want to see about some trout flies, and look over the papers."

GLIMPSES OF GHOSTLAND.

SOME OF THE UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES OF THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

It is no longer the fashion to scoff at tales of the supernatural. On the contrary, there is a growing tendency to investigate subjects which were formerly pool-poled by most persons claiming to be well informed and capable of reasoning.

There was another room in which (also in broad daylight) I heard a strange crackling sound like the rustling of a large sheet of stiff paper or parchment, drawn slowly in the reader's hands.

But, strange to say, all these uncanny sights and sounds portended nothing, and seemed to be utterly without a purpose or a cause.

I once knew a young lady who, on going to pay a visit to a friend who had recently moved into a new house, was asked to walk up stairs, and on complying saw an old woman preceding her up the staircase.

The next instant I shall narrate was told me by a German gentleman, whose mother was the heroine of the tale.

The young couple hesitated no longer, but they saw volumes of steam appearing one there. Doors and windows were securely fastened, and the old house looked as solitary as when they had first entered it.

"Very strange," said the gentleman. "But move that we are driven by Caroline, and I'll take a look at the garden."

"Who can that be?" asked the husband, in amazement. "I fastened all the doors and windows before we left the lower room."

"I have known several instances of persons who have seen the 'Doppelganger' in the form of a living person called in Germany the 'Doppelganger'."

I also knew a young gentleman to whom the unpleasant experience of beholding his own double was once vouchsafed.

It was once my fortune to pass a few weeks in a "haunted house."

"Most shocking fair—so—down—baby—on—the hack. Going—to—do—him."

The good old lady did not receive the new comer with the same enthusiasm, but sent for a policeman, not to arrest the Senator, but to remove the encumbrance.

We are happy to say that both Chandler and baby are as well as could be expected, as a linen room, and was always kept locked;

And she said, "I'll give you a pair of slippers that I've had, And a dozen the best I ever had."

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1874.

riders to the village, and look over the papers, I'll just say a word or two about that ere skimmer, for if you've got to drink out of a skimmer, you've got to drink quick...