



H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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NUMBER 23.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED FOR FOWLER'S GREAT WORK... SAVE FIFTY DOLLARS THE NEW FLORENCE.

Thompson's Sweet Worm Powders... 18 DOMESTIC Sewing Machine.

AMERICAN LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY... CAPITAL \$500,000.

25 A DAY GUARANTEED... DRILL IN GOOD TERRITORY.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT... SUPERVISORS OF SUSQUEHANNA.

LITTLE CONFAB... Sewing Machine.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE... JOHN COX, Adm'r of Jas. Helfrich, dec'd.

EMERALD COUNTY, SS. JOHNSON... MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED.

EBENSBURG COLEMAN FACTORY... NEW MACHINERY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS" is the latest and raciest work by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Weekly Family Newspaper, The Christian Union... HENRY WARD BEECHER, EDITOR.

A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS... THE CHRISTIAN UNION, PRESENTED.

A COMPLETE LIBRARY... Largest Circulation in the World.

CHRISTIAN UNION, One Year, Only \$3.00... Or, with premium copy French Olographs.

FARMERS! Money Saved is Money Earned... The undersigned are about introducing in Western Pennsylvania.

McCLINTOCK & CO., PA. One or two good Agents wanted in every county.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE... Estate of JOSEPH PFEISTER, dec'd.

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A Lonely Flower.

Up through the snow a little flower... Most tenderly peeps forth, / Two weak it seems to face the wind / That sweeps down from the North.

TOO LATE... "Oscar, do you intend to marry Miss Wakefield?"

"I should say that it is a something that would be very naturally asked by any one taking an interest in the welfare of the lady in question."

"You are a very prudent young man," was the sarcastic response... "I should say that it is a something that would be very naturally asked by any one taking an interest in the welfare of the lady in question."

"It would be hardly fair to give you my opinion of that. The fact is, I would marry to-morrow if it was not so damned expensive. My salary is very fair, but not sufficient, yet, to enable me to live in the style that would be expected of me."

"My dear Miss Helen, your father was as dear to me as any brother could be, and I would like to be to his daughter the friend that he was to me."

"I know that you were papa's best and dearest friend, and I will answer any questions you may ask me as I would answer him."

"Thank you, my dear child; I don't think you will ever regret the confidence you place in me."

"I think he does, as well as he is capable of loving; but Oscar Dalton is incapable of true, unselfish affection for any one, as his conduct proves."

ENOCH ARDEN IN UTAH.

ENOCH ARDEN IN UTAH. BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR." Tennyson has much to answer for in writing "Enoch Arden."

It occurred in Utah, and the parties lived in Salt Lake City. But it wasn't one solitary Annie Lee that Enoch married, as you may suspect, for he not only married Annie Lee, but Mary Ann Lee and Katharine Jane Lee, and Sallie Lee—in short, he married all the girls old Lee had, something like a dozen.

He felt, however, with as thoroughly an uncomfortable feeling at his heart as he ever experienced in his life.

"So I thought, sir," responded Susan, rather dubiously, not a little puzzled at the strange train of affairs were taking; "but the orders is not to admit nobody."

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A War of Races Among News Boys.

The Atlantic (Georgia) Herald, in much distress of mind, thus presents the situation forced upon an important class of that community: The manager of the Herald's office, who from behind the tranquil counter studies the moods of the Herald's customers, has been alarmed for some days past at unmistakable signs of disapproval of either his course or the course of the great paper whose finances he manages.

"Stif in me out twenty of your best, old man?" Or some such affectionate inquiry as: "How does the old thing wiggle to-day, boss?"

"For the past week though it's all changed. In a steady and deliberate way that, to his calm eye, foreboded a storm."

"The declaration of war was made—an ultimatum promptly spat out."

"Well, we've all settled that we won't run with niggers. The Constitution don't let us to niggers, and their boys laugh at us when we have to hold the Herald 'longside of black fellows. Them niggers don't know nothin' 'bout the business. Men kin cheat 'em and scare 'em out, and get their papers for nothin' almost. You never see a nigger buy hardly ever that kin tell whether he's made anything or not when he's sold out. A lot of men won't buy from us; they wait for nigger boys 'cause they know they kin cheat them out and get the news for nothing. We won't run with 'em. You must get sellin' to 'em."

"But will it be right to refuse the little darkeys a chance to make their living?" said the mellow-hearted manager.

"Oh, yes, sir. You see they run the street-carts. They load up their carts and they won't let white boys in. You never see a white fellow pushing a street-car, 'cause the niggers won't let 'em. One or two white ones has tried it, and they drive 'em out. They break his cart and catch him off, and whip him, till he has to quit. Now, our boys 'es had a talk about it, and is determined, as the niggers keep us out of the street-car business, that we kin't let 'em take the street-car business, too. We won't run with 'em at all."

"The manager promised to take the matter under the serious consideration it merited, and the advocates of the Arabs retired. As they passed out of the door, one of them threw in a parting shout, to wit: 'I say, some of these nigger fellows is running the boot-black business, too. There ain't a white boy in it. Remember that!'"

"ROOSTER ROUND" IN A POOR PASTURE. When Washington Smith studied medicine a great deal of his time was spent in procuring dead bodies for dissection, and the students at the college used to make forays upon the country to supply the purpose of maintaining the supply. One day they went to a place where a person who died of a mysterious malady, and they determined to resurrect the remains. That night Smith and his friends started out without a lantern, but with plenty of spades and shovels. When they came to the place and saw the white marble tombstones, they climbed over the fence and after a while found a spot where the earth was apparently fresh. Then they began to dig. They dug for two hours, and went down about twenty feet. After they had excavated a big enough hole to make a couple of collars and a rille pit, they concluded that they must have been at the wrong spot. They picked out another place where the ground had been returned, and after nearly bursting a blood vessel apiece and getting out a few hundred tons of dirt, they knocked off, and as they sat down on the edge of the hole to rest, and wipe off the perspiration, they expressed their astonishment at the proximity of bodies in that particular burial ground. It was getting on toward morning then, but they determined to try once more. Just as they removed the first shovelful of earth, Smith, who had been wandering about the place meanwhile, suddenly said, in a mournful voice: "Boys, I think we had better go home now."

A Betting Mourner.

A lake steamer was being repaired and repaired near one of the wharves of a western city. A single narrow plank served for communication with the shore. A large quantity of white lead was provided for the painters, and one night, before going ashore, two of them, whom we shall call Smith and Jones, thought they would appropriate some of it to their own use. So they tied a strong twine around their overalls at the ankle, and filled in the space between their trousers and overalls with forty pounds, more or less, of white lead. Going ashore in the dusk of the evening, and walking clumsily in consequence of the unusual heavy loading, Jones stumbled overboard into the lake of course he sank like a millstone. The alarm was given, and immediately there were boats got out, and every preparation made for the rescue. Mountains, Smith stood on shore, loudly bewailing.

"Oh, dear, dear! Little Jones is drowned! His poor wife and five little ones—what will become of them? And Jones is dead! Oh, dear, dear!"

"What are you blabbering about?" said a bystander. "Don't you see they are getting ready to haul him out? He's got to rise three times, you know."

"Wh—what's that you say?" said Smith. "I tell you Jones ain't drowned—he'll be rescued. He's got to come up three times."

"Got to come up three times?" repeated Smith, pulling out his money, and clanging his winning tone to one of excited interest. "Bet you the stamps he don't come up once!"

A DETROIT stone-cutter keeps ready made gravestones, inscribed. Smith. Aged—26484.

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