EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1874.

#### NUMBER 23.

# OLUME VIII.

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ned Auditors, do certify that na township is correct IN SOMERVILLE, Auditors. ES BEAUER, Clerk. [12-St.]

LITTLE CONFAB

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order of the Orphans' Court in directed, there will be th. 1874, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the it That LOT GROUND is avenue and Second of Woodvale, fronting 50 id running back along Secalley, having thereon purchase money to be sale and the remainder rest, to be secured by bond

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HITE, Prothonotary. ruance of the above ap-I ZIMMERMAN. 0 4, 1574, 12-31,

Ebensburg LEN FACTORY! NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Harriet Beecher Stowe,

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A Lonely Flower.

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

It is the crocus. On its face, Brighter than golden sheen, And pure as any light e'er shed, The sweetest smile is seen.

The few leaves on the bare, brown limbs Of trees no whisper give, No voiceful evidence of life To show that still they live.

The duli March sky is cold and gray, And cold the earth below, Yet warm with life is that flower's heart Imprisoned in the snow, No look of love the crocus sees

Responsive to his own, And there in coldness and neglect Its life is passed alone.

So often in this world of ours, Amid its sin and shame, Where hearts are cold, and love is dead, And quenched is honor's flame-

We see a bright, sweet face, which sheds A warm and loving light-The only star in all the sky Of sorrow's cheerless night.

TOO LATE.

"Osear, do you intend to marry Miss Wakefield ?"

Oscar Dalton stared blankly at the speaker, as if he did not comprehend this abrupt inquiry. "Do I intend to marry Miss Wakefield?" he repeated slowly, as though it was some-

thing that had never occurred to him before. "Yes; that was the question I asked," any thoughts of marrying her?" "I don't know, yet, that I shall ever marry

taking an interest in the welfare of the lady in question, who is the orphan daughter of a valued friend. You have been paying her marked attention for nearly two years; she never goes out with any one but you; you seem to lay exclusive claim upon her time and thoughts; and yet you don't know that ou will ever marry her !"

"I shall marry her, if I marry any one." "Then there is no engagement between

able to do that, when it is so uncertain as to its fulfillment-at least, as to the time. In my eyes, an engagement is almost as sacred as marriage, and so many things might thought it prudent to make or exact any pledges."

"You are a very prudent young man," was the sarcastic response; "though there is a question in my mind as to whether you are ncting as honorable as you imagine. Did it ever occur to you that you have been making pledges all along, by your acts, more solemn and binding than any your lips could atter? I suppose you have made yourself sure of Miss Wakefield's love, so as to be confident that she will have you whenever you say the word?"

A complacent smile played around the lips of the other.

"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 deuced expensive. My salary is very fair, but not sufficient, yet, to enable me to live in the style that would be expected of me. And then, I am in no harry to give up my liberty. You know

'The happiest life a man ever led Is always to court, and never to wed."" "He's a contemptible puppy!" muttered Mr. Strong, as he looked after young Dalton's retreating form. "But he shan't break sweet Miss Helen's heart, if I can help it!"

ence with Miss Wakefield. "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 want to ask you a few plain, honest questions, for which I beg as plain and honest answers."

The next day he sought a private confer-

Helen Wakefield lifted her soft brown eyes to the old man's face with a look of almost filial confidence.

"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

"Thank you, my dear child; I don't think you will ever regret the confidence you place in me. Oscar Dalton has been paying you particular attention for some time; has he ever said that he loved you?" The color came and went in the sweet

young face; it was evidently a hard confession to make, but she was too frank and truthful for evasion or deceit. "No, sir; not in words, though he asked me if I loved him."

"Did he ever ask you to marry him?" "No, sir; but I am sure that he means it-I am sure that he loves me!"

Mr. Strong gazed compassionately on the agitated face of the speaker. "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." Here Mr. Strong proceeded to relate the substance of the conversation he had had

with young Dalton the day before, concluding with these words: "Now, my dear child, you must see how unworthy this man is of a true woman's heart. Supposing he marries you, as he may condescend to do, after waiting till it suits his convenience, what guarantee have you

for happiness in such a nature as this? You now have an opportunity of settling yourself well and happily in life, which, perhaps may never occur again. Mr Irving is a man of whose love any woman may be proud. He has avowed his love openly and honorably, and offered you his hand in marriage. It remains to be seen whether you will wreck your whole life for the sake of a man who has shown so conclusively how lightly he holds your peace and happiness."

A few evenings after, Mr. Dalton called upon Miss Wakefield;

He was so frequent a visitor that he walked into the parlor unannounced, as was his usual habit, counting confidently on the welcome that had hitherto always greeted

To his surprise, he found that Helen was not alone; a fine-appearing, pleasant-looking gentleman was there, with whom she seemed to be on the best of terms. With this surprise was mingled a feeling of anger at this unlooked-for intrusion on his longestablished rights.

But Helen did not seem to think that he had any right to be displeased, or, indeed, to take any cognizance of the fact. Her manner, though pleasant and courteous, was perfectly cool and unembarrassed.

Several times did Dalton try to engage her in exclusive conversation, or to assume something of the old freedom that custom had made him consider as a right; he was quietly met and baffled at every point. There was an invisible barrier between them against which he inwardly chafed, but could

In spite of all his efforts, he began to consider himself as the intruder, finding his position to be so awkward as to be forced to forego the resolution he had formed to outstay his rival, as he began to fear this man

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

Helen's conduct puzzled him. Did she intend to throw him over oard? or was she trying to arouse his jentousy so as to bring

The vanity which was a strong element in his character made him incline to the latter The next evening he called again.

"Miss Helen is not at home to any one this evening," said the servant who answered "But, Susan, you know she is always at home to me," said Dalton, with his most

"So-I thought, sir," re-ponded Susan, orders is not to admit nobody."

As Dalton passed the perior windows, which were lighted, he saw the shadow of a man on the curtains. Near it was that of the woman who he now knew was dearer to him than all the world beside.

"It's the same fellow that was here the other evening-confound him!" he muttered. He determined to have an explanation with Helen-to make a frank avowal of his love

Though some fears mingled with his hopes the latter preponderated. He recalled the confession of her love for him, into which he had entrapped her. True, he had taken this assurance, giving her only husks in return, but it had been precious to him, nevertheless, and was now doubly so-like every other blessing, the possibility of its loss en-

As he thought of all Helen's womanly gifts and graces, a feeling almost akin to

Dalton lost no time in putting his resolution into practice.

so earnestly upon her. "Your avowal has come too late, Mr. Dalton. I have pledged my heart and hand to

"Oh, say not so, Helen! You surely must have known that I loved you-that it has long been the first and dearest wish of my heart to make you my wife?"

"How should I know that? You never "Not with my lips, perhaps; but I have told my love, and all that it sought, in looks

and ways far more expressive than the most eloquent words." "I had no right to take any such declaration, and you no right to expect it of me.'

"But, Helen, you once said that you loved For the first time the face flushed, even to the temples.

"I did-to my shame I confess it, being warranted by no such assurance from you. But that is something that is past. To the

freely proffered I have given in return my whole heart. I repeat it-your avowal has come too late!" And often, during all the lonely, loveless years that followed did Oscar Dalton hear these words echoing through the desolate

chambers of his heart-"It is too late!" Haute, Ind., was recently married under to educate the children, which he did-at unusual circumstances. His little son, tired a free school hard by. And he kept them and listened to the singular proposition .- "played in" any of his diamonds, his come up once!" She awakened her little daughter and laid wives gradually came to the conclusion place the very next day.

ENOCH ARDEN IN UTAH.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

distant voyages, just to see if they won't give them up for dead and marry again, which they generally do; and no sooner are they comfortably settled in their new home than that good-for-nothing Enoth comes sneaking back to claim his wife and make trouble in the family.

They have had an Enoch Arden affair in to the newspapers, but I recently got hold

has happened yet. It occurred in Utah, and the parties lived Seen 'em playin' together by the Lake a dozen similarly etroumstanced.

many a time when they were children."

-as he climbed the hill. Just where the preue edge of the wood

To leather toward the belloy," saw Enoch down on his knees before Anrather dubiously, not a little puzzled at the nie and her eleven sisters-who leaven'd strange turn affairs were taking; "but the the lump as you might say-holding their soft hands in his beseeching them to marry him. And when with their twenty-four cheeks suff used in blushes, they consented, and Enoch rising to his feet clasped them all to his bosom in one wild, passionate embrace, Philip 'crept down into the hollows of the woods," beat all hellow. He could hear Enoch waking the echoes of the woods with his triumphant hosanna! and then he knew whose Annie she was, not to mention the rest of the girls.

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells," and Enoch was in the possession of twelve lovely and affectionate wives. For a time all things seemed to conspire together to make him happy. His motherin-law-for he had several-came to live with him and made home a little paradisc, as is their wont. His wives' brothers visited him for weeks at a time, smoked his cigars, drank his cider and borrowed money horror came over him at the idea of losing of him. But uninterrupted bliss is not for mortals here below. Reverses came, sometimes two at a birth. He saw his family increasing and his income diminishing. Not the faintest tinge of color broke into He was not a sea-faring man, as Tennyson's Helen's cheeks as she listened, nor did her | Enoch was, but the next thing to it-he eyes waver as they met those that were fixed | drove stage. But the Pacific railroad was completed one day; the stages were hauled off, and Enoch was left without em-

It is unnecessary to make too long a story of this, Enoch, unable to support his numerous increasing family determined to seek his fortune in a distant land, although there was plenty of land near home that

he might have worked with profit. After setting his wives up in a newsstand, he left for the diamond fields of South Africa. Why a man who hardly knew how a diamond feels in America should want to try those fields in South Africa, is more than I can tell, but that was his business. His ambition was to make money and give his children a better bringing up than his had been, or their mothers'. He wanted them to know more than to marry a whole family as he had

Months, years fled, and not a word from Enoch. The periodical business proved a man whose love has been so openly and failure, and the Arden family were plunged into poverty. The distressed wives were urged to consult a medium and ascertain the whereabouts of Enoch, but, having joined the temperance crusade, they were opposed to calling up Arden' spirits.

In the meantime Philip Ray got into the habit of dropping in to spend an evening THE former Chief of Police of Terre with his former sweethearts. He offered but at length one of them dreamt she saw Aged - years,

Enoch "under the palm," and constraing A War of Races Among News Boys. this to mean that if he wasn't dead he was palming himself off on the simple maidens Tennyson has much to answer for in of South Africa for a single man, which writing "Enoch Arden." Since that poem | was infinitely worse, they married Philip was published Enoch Ardens have been out of spite. The oldest boy, John Philip, turning up all over the country. Men (being of a convivial turn), the boys called seem to marry wives and then embark on him "Johnny Philip the bowl," he kicked against it a little-said (he didn't like the

Ray family very much-but was brought

over, and finally allowed, in the classic an-

guage of the West, that he would "Stand

the Rays." "So these were wed, and merrily rang the

Merrily rang the bells, and they were wed." But the hearts of those twelve doubly nearly every State in the Union, according married wives didn't beat merrily any more. Suppose Enoch should pop in some of a case that eclipses anything in that line day holding a flush of diamonds, how could ever heard of. It is the most complicated they ever forgive themselves for throwing plasters with some such cheerful remark and aggravating case of Enoch Arden that | him off? This was the shadow always lin-

gering at the door. Let us hurry to the denouement. Enoch in Salt Lake City. But it wasn't one soli- did come, as the reader might know. He tary Annie Lee that Enoch married, as you | didn't bring any diamonds, or much else; may suspect, for he not only married An- for he pawned them, together with his nie Lee, but Mary Ann Lee and Katharine | watch, to pay his fare home. He was a | them locals slap in a little more o' the red-Jane Lee, and Sallie Lee-in short, he broken man-dead broke! Ah, how vividly hot. married all the girls old Lee had, some- the picture rises in one's mind of Enoch's thing like a dozen. My informant, a vener- return-how he learned the story of Philip able Mormon, who was well acquainted Ray's marriage with the numerous Mrs. with the circumstances, gave me a touch- Ardens, and how one night he stole up to with condescension beaming from every ing account of the affair. The real names the house and looked in upon their happiof the parties I have forgotten, but that ness through the window. If Tennyson's don't signify. Those Tennyson employed Enoch was overwhelmed with grief and will do as well as any in telling the story. despair when contemplating one wife mar-"Know 'em all," said the old Mormon- | ried to his rival, what must have been the "Ene Arden, Phil. Ray and the Lee girls. | feelings of this poor Mor mon in beholding

There they were, every wife he ever had Who, with any animation at all, can fail -one making tea for Philip, another preto picture them as they played keeping paring his toast, another airing his dresshouse, in the "narrow cave run in beneath ing-gown, while all were vieing with each with niggers. The Constitution don't sell the cliff' that Tennyson spoke of. "Enoch other in doing some kindly office for their host one day, Philip the next," while An- lord and master. He recognized among we have to holler the Heraid 'longside nie and her little sister were little wives to | the children some of his own with whom | both alternately. Then the anger and he was best acquainted before he left, but rem and scare 'em out, and git their pagrief of Philip when Enoch, stronger made, the younger ones all bore an unmistakable pers for nothin' almost. You never see a would hold possession for a week. The likeness to Philip, who sat in Enoch's own uigger boy hardly ever that kin tell whethold man told me in his simple way how, as easy chair and in Enoch's own slippers be- er he's made anything or not when he's they grew up, both came to love those Lee fore the five, reading his evening paper. us; they wait for nigger boys cause they girls, but they favored Enoch-that is to What did this poor broken-hearted wan- know they kin cheat them out and gir the say, the majority of them-and I could deser do? Did he steal back to his lodg, news for nothing. We won't run with imagine the scene "on the golden autumn ings, repressing the agony of his heart, eventide," as the young folks were out "beating it in upon his weary brain, as darkeys a chance to make their living?" gathering beech nuts, when Philip Ray, 'though 'twere the burden of a song," not | said the mellow-hearted manager. to oll 'cm, never to let 'em know? Didhe coange his name and do chores around the bis wives, Philip and the whole lot with

Not much he didn't. He wasn't that

"You Phil Ray, you git !" Before he know what he was about, would take of Philip anyhow, and slung him into the street. Then followed Philip's at all. boots, duster, hair-dye, meerschaum pipe, "bitters," night-shirt, gum-shoes, and

other articles that came readily to hand. "You now, Susan Maria, Mary Jane, Sal, and the rest of you, dance around and git me some supper. Thought I was dead did ve? I'll show you who runs this ranche.

The old man's back ag'in !" He made it lively for several days "set-

tin' things to rights," as he called it. Philip disappeared and hasn't been seen since. It is supposed that he has gone to the diamond fields to see how it is himself. to make forays upon the e ceries at Harmony has been restored in that Arden family, notwithstanding the mixed resemblance among the children on their malady, and they determined to resurrect father's side. But Tennyson couldn't have the remains. That night Smith and his constructed his poem on the Salt Lake friends started out without a lantern, but

## A Betting Mourner.

A lake steamer was being repaired and repainted 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 trowsers 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 mill-tone. The alarm was given, and immediately there were boats got out, and every preparation made for the rescue. Meantime, Smith

stood on shore, loudly bewailing. secome of them? And Jones is dead! Oh,

"What are you blabering about?" said a ystander. "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 daylight, said that while the owner of of living without a mother, suggested to supplied with flour from his mill-because | Smith, pulling out his money, and changhis father the lady whom he would accept the flour of the family, as it were. As ing his whining tone to one of excited and picturesque scenery. as a stepmother. The lady was sought, time passed and Enoch came not, neither interest. "Het you the stamps he don't

ed to her mother's marriage, and it took to marry him. They refused for some time, made gravestones, inscribed: - Smith.

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 Herdd office, who from behind the tranquit ounter studies the moods of the Herald's ustomers, has been alarmed for some days past at unmistalcable signs of disprawaval of either his course or the course of the great paper whose tinances he man-

These shrewd, hot-headed young Arabs have immanded their bushess of late in a scornful and furbidding way that, to his calm eye, foreboded a storm. They used to come burning into the of-

fice in a jolly, harum searum way, their faces bright with the fresh air of dawn, and their eyes kindled in the morning's

"Skin me out twenty of your best, old Or some such affectionate inquiry as :

"How does the old thing wiggle to-day, Or a tender piece of advice like : "Colonel, it ld be good for yer to make

For the past week though it's all changed. In a stately and sullen way they march up to the counter. With the air of ragged rinces they slap the money down, and, feature : "Gimme ten !"

On Sussiay the storm burst. In the calm and hush of the Sabbath morning two intrepid little rascals—a committee from a back alley commune-walked up to the counter :

"Mr. Smith, you've got to quit selling papers to niggers !" The declaration of war was made-an

litimatum promptly spit out. "Quit selling papers to negroes | Why?"
"Well we've all settled that we won't run

'em. You must quit sellin' to 'em.''
"But will it be right to refuse the little "Oh, yes sir! You see they run the

street earts. They have this job, and they tavern for his board until he died, blessing white fellow pushing a street cart, 'cause the niggers wen't let 'em. One or two out. They break his eart, and catch him sort of an Enoch. He just gave a whoop Now, our boys es had a talk about it, and and jumped in among them like a Rocky is determined, as the niggers keep us out of the street-ear; business, that we will Enoch had him by his collar and the slack | the police will catch you. So we fixed up of his pants, which was all the "slack" he to come and tell you, you musn't let 'ent have any papers when they call for 'em:

and you musn't. We won't run with 'em The manager promised to take the matited, and the advocates of the Arabs retir-As they passed out of the door, one of them threw in a parting shout, to wit: "I say, some o' these nigger fellers is running the boot-black business, too .-There ain't a white boy in it. Remember

"ROOTIN' ROUND" IN A POOR PASTURE. -When Washington Smith studied medenced in procuring dead bodies for dissection, and the students at the college used night for the purpose of manuaining the upply. One day they heard of the interment of a person who died of a mysterious with plenty of spades and shovels. When they came to the place and saw the white marble tombstones, hey climbed over the fence and after a white found a spot where the earth was apparently fresh. Then they began to dig. They dug for two bours, and went down about twenty feet. After they had excavated a big enough hole to make a couple of cellars and a rifle pit, they concluded that they must have een at the wrong spot. They pleked out another place where the ground had been upturned, 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 pe spiration, they expressed their astonishment at the coarcity 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 shoveful of earth, Smith, who had been wandering around the place meanwhile, suddenly said, in a mouraful voice :

Boys, I think we had better go hours "Why? What for ?" they asked. "Well, I think anyhow we'd better knock off now on account of various things." What do you mean? What d' you want to go home for ?" asked the crowd. "Well," said Smith, "I think it would be judicious for several reasons, but 1 cin-

shally because we've been root n' 'round ere all night in a marble yard." They did go home. They had gotten over the wrong fonce, the cemetery being a few steps farther down the read. The members of the class who went out after brenkfast to see how the ruins looked marble yard did not invent any new "Got to come up three times." repeated of swearing when he came to business infused into the old variety a very name. I

A MAN applied for a divorce at Burling ton, Vt., the other day because his better half had deserted him, saying that the the subject before her. The child consent- that he was dead. Then Philip urged them A DETROIT stone-cutter keeps ready didn't "propose to leave York State to go and live with a lot of d -- d bine beand Vermont gum chances."