THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - AUG. 7, 1874.

Announcements.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

JACOB S. KEIL,

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP,

...the decision of the Democratic Convention.

ASSEMBLY.

...authorized by Mr. NATHANIEL HORNE, ...to announce his name as one of candidates for Assembly from this ...under the provisions of the new con... of course Mr. HORNE submits his ...the nomination and will, like all good ...abide by the decision.

PROTHONOTARY.

...announced will be a candidate before ...Convention for the office of Prothonotary of Cambria county, subject to the ...of the Democratic party, and hopes to ...worthy the support of his party ...for that position. A. J. CHRISTY.

June 30, 1874.

COMMISSIONER.

...solicitation of a number of friends, ...offers himself as a candidate for Commissioner, and having no doubt of ...and certainly none as to his willingness to fill the duties of said office ...faithfully, he hopes to meet with ...consideration of the approaching ...County Convention, to which alone ...are submitted.

JOSUE D. PARRISH.

Jackson, July 22, 1874.

COMMISSIONER.

...the same inalienable right to be ...elected, as the case may be, for the ...County Commissioner that is possessed ...other man," the subscriber hangs ...on the outer wall and declares his ...to serve the "dear people" to the ...ability, provided, and provided ...the approaching County Convention ...place his name on the Democratic

JOHN SHARBAUGH.

...June 30, 1874.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

THE NAME OF

WILLIAM McDERMITT,

...in Washington Township,

...his friends to the consideration ...Democratic County Convention ...for the office of Poor House Director ...Cambria county.,

MANY.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

There, and the Other Place.

...Court adjourned over until ...

...droves of cattle and sheep pass... this week.

...fishing season ends, according ...the 15th instant.

...prisoners in Castle Banner, and ...yet to hear from.

...of the artesian well be completed ...Monday next if all goes well.

...candidates by the watch or on the county offices were in town on ...

...Westmoreland county fair will be held ...October 29th and 30th and October ...

...county complains of horse-...thieves and vigilance committees ...

...Tribune, a Blair county newspaper ...sold by the Sheriff on Monday ...

...Lough, a youthful Wilmoreian, ...severely injured on Sunday last by ...down from a horse.

...your sugars at M. L. Oatman's, ...can get more for the same money ...any store in Ebensburg.

...Summit church is fully eight miles ...; yet we ...church here every Sunday. ...Blair county's loss is our gain ...the other day while Johnny ...was trying to bridle the fiery steed.

...Tachel, Esq., a prominent Blair ...lawyer, was on Tuesday admitted to ...several Courts of this county. ...Wherley has commenced de... ...brick to custom... ...give general satisfaction. ...case of Dixon, convicted ...in the District Court on the ...will be arrived at next Mon...

...Barker, two sons of A. A. ...Barker, have gone down to ...look at the scenes of their ...

...missed. It is said that ...Omaha will black one's ...Maybe it should read ...

...Argument Court convened in this place at 11½ a. m. Tuesday, and remained in session, with proper intermissions, until 10½ a. m. Wednesday. The business for the most part was devoid of interest to any but the parties concerned, the only matter of moment being the appointment of R. L. Johnston, Geo. M. Reade, F. A. Shoemaker, Dan'l McLaughlin, and Cyrus Elder, Esqs., as a committee to revise the present Rules of Court and report at the September term—a proceeding rendered imperative by certain provisions of the new constitution.

—A. V. Barker, Esq., third son of Hon. A. A. Barker, of this place, was on Tuesday afternoon last admitted to all the privileges of the legal profession, after having passed a thorough and most creditable examination in the court of R. L. Johnston, J. P. Linton, and W. Horace Rose, Esqs., a committee appointed by and acting in concert with the Court. As it don't seem possible for the world to wag without the aid of the legal profession—of which more's the pity—we hope Mr. Barker will soon be able to take a "full hand" at the wagging business.

—A gushing correspondent of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, who lately bought an accident policy and took a trip over the Pennsylvania Railroad, writes: "Having rounded the Great Bend, one of the greatest modern triumphs of engineering, and pierced the topmost peak by the longest tunnel on the line, we reach Cresson, on the summit of the Allegheny mountains, three thousand feet above the level of the sea." That is a matter of about eight hundred feet higher than any tourist on the same route ever attained, but the correspondent lived through it all, and the incident is marked at the end, "To be continued."

—The ladies' fair, under the auspices of the fair ladies of Loretto and vicinity, will open its doors on Monday, Aug. 24th, and not on the 18th, as has been incorrectly stated. The object of the fair is to aid in the erection of a pastoral residence in connection with the Catholic church at Loretto, and aside from the deserving purpose which prompts the project, it will be found attractive for its fine display and its pleasant associations. Miss Eda Pfoff, so gratefully remembered by our silver cornet band, and other ladies of like graceful and winning manners, have the enterprise in charge, and under such auspices it cannot fail of success. So mote it be.

—Munster township has a venerable citizen in the person of Mr. Joseph Noel, upward of seventy years of age, who we are reliably informed has been in Ebensburg but twice in his life, never was at Cresson, Summitville or Hemlock, never rode in a railway car, and has not been in Loretto since he attended his wife's funeral three some sixteen or eighteen years ago. Further than that, he never occupied the position of either plaintiff, defendant or witness in a suit at law, never served on a jury, and has passed his long and eventful life at peace with all the world and the "rest of mankind." He was born within a mile or two of his present habitation, and has resided within the limits of Munster township ever since, maintaining at all times the character of a good citizen and an honest man.

—The other day a Johnstown man shot and killed eight squirrels. He thought it a big achievement, and paraded his game ostentatiously through the streets. Folks looked and wondered, and remarked what a good shot that fellow must be. But among the spectators was one who remembered that according to to an act of Assembly no blood of a squirrel shall be shed from spring-time till the first day of September. And this individual made information before the nearest Justice of the Peace, and the result was that the eventide found the exchequer of the Johnstown sportsman $40 lighter than at noon. He was fined $5 for each squirrel shot out of season. We make mention of this fact for the benefit of certain persons in this neighborhood who will persist in promiscuous shooting, regardless of the law on the subject.

—Our good friend E. B. McCrum, Esq., senior editor of the Altoona *Tribune*, accompanied by his better-half, has gone to Colorado in quest of recreation for himself and physical improvement for his wife. May both be abundantly meted out to them.

—There is a rumor afloat that a party of capitalists are engaged in negotiating for a square of ground in the centre of town, with the view of erecting thereon a first-class hotel. When the enterprise approaches a head, if ever, we will have more to say about it.

—The accomplished Pittsburgh correspondent of the Johnstown *Tribune*, who occasionally writes for that sheet an account of the fashion, frolic, and fun characterizing the Smoky City, is a pilgrim, but not a stranger, in our midst, and will remain here during the heated term.

—The Clearfield *Republican* has recently been rehabilitated, enlarged and otherwise improved. It is the reliable Democratic organ of a reliable Democratic county, and that it has a reliable Democratic support is plainly evinced by its well deserved prosperity. May it ever be thus.

—The young man Leonard, who shot himself a couple of months ago at Lilly's station, has recovered to the extent that he is able to do an average day's work again.—He claims, we understand, that the bullet which came so near winding up his earthly career was prematurely discharged from a revolver which he was handling at the time the accident occurred.

—We have no doubt many of our readers will thank us for a valuable recipe, and here it is: *How to keep out of debt*—Buy all your dry goods and groceries at M. L. Oatman's, where much account is kept of every buyer but no accounts are kept against any of them, and where you will find nothing but the best of goods at lower prices than elsewhere in this "neck o' timber."

—On Saturday night last the building used a lock-up, at Gallitzin was set on fire by two men named Henry Spires and Matt. Burns. On Tuesday both parties were arrested and confessed to having committed the incendiary act. They were taken before Burgess Michael Fitzharris, of the same for a hearing and in default of bail were brought here and committed to jail.

—Our esteemed townsman, Mr. Peter L. Linton, of the Mountain House, who had been absent on sick leave for about four months, returned home last Saturday. His place of retreat was East Conemaugh, and it gives us pleasure to note that the breezes of that locality were potent enough in a hygienic point of view to restore him to us in a comparitively brain-new condition.

—Never get in debt to a store-keeper or "any other man," and especially to a store-keeper, because if you do you are as ungrateful creature if you don't henceforth buy from him when you have money and pay any price he demands. It is much better to buy your goods at M. L. Oatman's, where you cannot get trust, but where you can save at least 15 per cent. by investing the ready cash.

—A young man down town imagined he had the barber's itch, and asked a doctor for a prescription to meet the case. This is a copy of the prescription: "Take common bacon soda, squirt some water on the soda, mix, and then rub the stuff on the place where it itches. If this does not effect a cure, use the bacon soda as risin for bread and then eat the bread." Patent applied for.

—A beautiful new iron railing, the handiwork of Messrs. Shoemaker, of the Ebensburg Foundry, has been placed around the observatory on top of R. L. Johnston's fine residence. It is a handsome specimen of artistic skill, and like the iron railing in front of Mr. Ed. Humphreys' palatial home and all other work turned out at the Ebensburg Foundry, it reflects much credit on the manufacturers.

—A Johnstown correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Hibernian* says that "Mr. Will Hoerle cannot be surpassed in singing the Salutaris solo by Panlogiorzo." What Panlogiorza thinks about this statement has not yet transpired, but we venture to say that if it reaches his ears he'll get as mad as a hornet, and the next thing we know he *Will Hoerle* that correspondent into the middle of next week or the week after.

—The belles and beaux of Ebensburg, or at least a goodly portion of them, "threw themselves away" completely in a delightful pic-nic in Lloyd's grove on Wednesday. Music, mirth, nouncing, and mayhap matchmaking, made the merry moments madly memorable. Simon says he never enjoyed himself so much in his life, and as goes Simon in such an emergency so goes the other brave beaux, and of course the lovely lasses go with them in full force. Selah!

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A CORRESPONDENT'S VIEW OF EBENSBURG.—In the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* of last evening, says Wednesday's Johnstown *Tribune*, we find the following in relation to the capital of Cambria county. The correspondent reached Cresson in a rain storm, and states that watering places do not look their best in this kind of weather. It was dreary, droppy and sloppy about the station and on the liberal platform. The idlers of the "Mountains House"—those children of the sun and fair weather—were not there, but instead, a disconsolate porter, who called out "Mountain House?" with an interrogative tone that sounded sepulchral, apologetic. The banner of the party accompanying him bore the legend "Excelsior," in large-sized white letters, shaded with red and yellow, and occupying five yards of muslin. It was so arranged that it could be converted into an illuminated transparency at night, there being holes bored in the cross-pieces where tallow dips could be inserted.

The letter-writer goes on to say that eleven miles of the crookedest road, giving one the sensation of moving on the thread of a cork-screw, but winding in and out amidst the liveliest of views, clean washed by still falling rain, brought them to their Mecca—Ebensburg, which is generally described as "a city set on a hill," and which cannot be hidden by anything on the Alleghany Mountains. He then proceeds to remark:

"This generation may not know it, but it is among the best recollections of the older generations, that Ebensburg is the county seat of Cambria county; that its Court House dates back to 1804, and still standing, serene, venerable and white like a New England meeting house. It is on the old northern turnpike, from the East to the West, and has not yet forgotten its old pre-eminence, when such parvenue towns as have sucked the riches of the great railroad and grown proud, were not even heard of. It has lawyers, and doctors, and ministers, and Judges, and Sheriff and jailors. A county town is a capital—it is the seat of empire. It is the fountain of justice. From its portals goes forth the law. Ebensburg has magnified her executive office, at least in respect to a jail. Not every county can boast of a $100,000 jail. Ebensburg can. Of this temple of justice I will say more hereafter.

"Besides four or five public houses in the village, there are two summer resorts here—one below the hill and one above it, both excellent, but for situation we preferred the one on the top. Belmont is the name in which it glories; our host is Shoemaker. For quiet efficiency he beats any landlord we ever met with. His modesty is a model to the head clerk of any first-class hotel. Oh! that they might catch and practice the virtues of this proprietor; but perhaps if he should ever become head clerk he might fall from the grace of humanity and be no better than they. He wears no signet ring on his little finger, no diamond breastpin, no 'loaf' sleeve buttons, no conductor's watch-chain—in a word, is not 'got up to kill' by a glance, as are they. The house is surrounded by a large yard, shaded by shrubbery, and a belt of trees. The population consists, mainly, of women and children. Baby-dom and Babylon! Some times more sound than melody, but no matter, the future and all out doors is before them. The piazza looks like Fifth avenue, New York, at 5 o'clock; five full ranks of rangers in a double stream up and down. At night it reminds one of a livery stable in Fairyland, to see all the carriages backed against the house."

HARRY WHITE'S RECEPTION.—The Indiana *Messenger*, the leading Republican organ of that county, gives the following as the speech of that prince of blatherskites, Harry White, on the occasion of his return to his home from Kittanning after the adjournment of the conference which nominated him for Congress:

FELLOW CITIZENS—I am profoundly grateful for this *unexpected* compliment, for although I telegraphed you that I was coming I did not think you would get the dispatch. It is a grateful acknowledgment from my friends and neighbors who have for so long a time kept me in a prominent position, and yet kept me, who still persist in forcing upon me the arduous and responsible duties of public office, to which I am so averse. In the present canvass there has been a little unpleasantness, but that has passed and all is lovely. I have been victorious, but I have "no enemies to punish." For that has been already satisfactorily attended to. I have my enemies where I want them, and they must submit to see me the nominee of the Republican party, whose principles I love so well, but I shall not object to weak-kneed Democrats voting for me. I have shown my willingness to sacrifice all my friends to obtain this nomination, and will consistently live up to my principles. Taylor has "gone up," Raney has been set back, Vallandigham has been put down, Porter must yield to the force of circumstances. This is patriotic and "in this regard" all know that I have no superior. My aspirations are to serve my country, and I go forward, like Napoleon, to fulfill "my destiny." I love this noble county; indeed I may say that it is the only county county I have, and I highly appreciate the attentions and compliments showered upon me because of that nativity, and shall in the future, as in the past, endeavor to advance my own interests by promoting those of my native county. If "higher honors await me" I shall accept them without a murmur. During the canvass I will more fully enlighten the people as to the debt of gratitude they owe me, and shall add them in arriving at a just conclusion. It only remains for me to thank you one and all, and (shaking his trembling right hand in a graceful curve over them) thank and bless you for your "faithful services. You have done well."

The *Messenger* represents the intelligence and moral force of Indiana county. It is unalterably opposed to White for Congress or anything else, and we gather from this that the chances of the retirement to private life of this political adventurer are brighter now than at any former period, not even excepting the time when a rebel bayonet thrust aimlessly into a ditch during the progress of a battle in Virginia came nigh creating a demand for a coffin or an extra pair of crutches. For a blessing like unto this, thank God and take courage!

—The Johnstown *Tribune*, in the course of an article descriptive of our mountain scenery, says: "On Johnston's hill, the highest point of the Allegheries, distant nearly half a mile from the Summit, the excursion party of Turners from this city, on the 16th inst., will encamp. It is a beautiful grove, and a magnificent stretch of country fading away off into the blue and indistinct, is to be seen from this favored spot.—The Turners will take with them telescopes, opera-glasses, and spy-glasses, for the benefit of those who wish to bring the far-away nearer to their vision. The excursion will prove very interesting to the visitors who will attend the grand Turnfest and Volksfest. The music of the Great Western Band will also be highly appreciated by the people residing on the Summit." In this connection it may be remarked that an effort, which in all probability will prove successful, is being made to have a special train run from this point to Cresson on the day named, Sunday, the 16th instant. Should the arrangement be perfected, a large number of our citizens will doubtless make it convenient to be present on that occasion and take a hand in the festivities.

ROADS, HIGHWAYS, AND BRIDGES.—General Law No. 99, passed by the Legislature last winter, recites as follows:

AN ACT relating to the assessment of damages arising from the opening of roads and highways and the construction of bridges.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That hereafter it shall be the duty of all persons appointed in the several counties of this commonwealth to view and review any public or private road or bridge, if they shall decide in favor of locating said road or bridge, to endeavor to procure from the persons over whose land such location may be made releases from all claims for damages that might arise from the opening of such road or the building of such bridge; and in every case where said viewers shall fail to procure such releases, and it shall appear to them that any damages will be sustained, it shall be their duty to assess the damage and make report thereof, signed by a majority of their number, and return the same, together with all releases obtained, to the court of quarter sessions, and the damages so assessed shall be conclusive, or may be subject to appeal, review or modification, as may be provided by existing laws in the different counties of this commonwealth.

SECTION 2. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved the 14th day of May, A. D. 1874.

J. F. HARTRANFT.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Wolcslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St. Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

AN ACT OF HEROISM.—It is twenty-five years since the circumstances herein narrated transpired, but the principal actor in the scene is still living in our midst, and as public mention has never been made of his act of reckless bravery, by which many lives were undoubtedly saved, we hereby place it upon record.

In the early spring of 1849, Mr. Enoch McGary, of Conemaugh borough, was employed in running cars on the old Portage Railroad, between here and Hollidaysburg, for Bingham's line. On the occasion to which we refer a section boat loaded with some four hundred kegs of gunpowder was being transported across the mountain upon trucks, having been withdrawn from the water at Hollidaysburg. At that time Mr. Francis Devlin, also of Conemaugh borough, was running the "Lafayette" locomotive on the short level between Planes No. 8 and 9. While pulling the train upon which the boat was located in the direction of Plane 8 the sparks from his engine set fire to the cabin in the first section. The flames were not discovered until the stationary engine at the head of the plane had drawn up the boat, but as soon as the employes observed the fire issuing forth they all fled in terror, save one—Mr. Enoch McGary. A goodly-sized village was in existence there at the time we write about, and the knowledge that a boat containing several hundred kegs of powder had taken fire was immediately noised abroad, and a general stampede from the neighborhood became in order. An eye-witness to the affair states that the scene was an appalling one, and the people fleeing for their lives and shrieking in the fear that the explosion might overtake them can never be forgotten by him.

Mr. McGary proved the hero of the hour. Hastily hitching a team of horses to the section that was burning, he hauled it a considerable distance along the level between Planes 8 and 7, and when far enough away to save the village from destruction he hastily started the team off and sought safety in flight. Mr. McGary was only distant about eight hundred yards when the boat load of powder exploded, but he fortunately escaped uninjured, although one of the horses was killed by a fragment of the truck car, which was blown to atoms. The shock was a most terrible one, glass in houses at the Summit, four miles from the scene, being shivered to pieces, and the noise of the explosion was heard for many miles.

We understand the gentleman who thus undoubtedly saved the lives of many persons and the destruction of an entire village, never received any reward for his heroic act. Of the truth of this narrative we are assured by a gentleman who was in the vicinity at the time the facts narrated occurred. Mr. McGary is still living in this place, and it is altogether probable that during the remaining natural term of his existence he will not again be so close to the jaws of a terrible death as he was on the memorable occasion alluded to.—*Johnstown Tribune, less than a year ago.*

THE LAST GIFT CONCERT POSTPONED.—The announcement of the postponement of the last gift concert of the Public Library of Kentucky took the public by surprise. In Governor Bramlette's card, published below, he gives reasons for it which will be accepted without question by every one. The management in this instance, consulting the interests of ticket-holders and those designing to become ticket-holders, have not waited until the last day to make this announcement, but, just as soon as they become satisfied of the necessity of this postponement, have promptly made the announcement. It is unnecessary to review the causes which have necessitated this action, as they are fully set forth in Governor Bramlette's card. The promptness and frankness with which the public have been made aware of the intention of the manager will meet with the hearty commendation of every one and excite such warm interest and confidence in the scheme and the ability of the manager to perform what he promises, that there can be no doubt that on the day specified the last concert will be a full one.

POSTPONEMENT LAST GIFT CONCERT—A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The announcement of the postponement of the fifth and last concert of the Public Library of Kentucky to the 30th November, I am satisfied, will surprise few and disappoint none of the friends and patrons of the enterprise. Indeed, any other course would create dissatisfaction. With a precedent of a postponement of each of the four concerts which have already been given, the public have very naturally and reasonably expected that in this, by far the largest scheme of the series and the largest ever offered to the world, the same course would be followed, and there are thousands all over the country now waiting and waiting for the setting of a *certain fixed* day for the drawing before sending in their orders. The sales of tickets to this date have been highly satisfactory, and a large drawing might be had on the 31st July, but, being assured that a short postponement would enable me to close out the remainder of the tickets and make the drawing a full one, we have adopted the course which has evidently been anticipated, and which must eventuate most satisfactorily for all.

Now that the day of the drawing is absolutely determined, there remains no further occasion for delay, and I would urge the friends of the enterprise, who intend to purchase tickets, to send in their orders, as it will tax my office to its utmost capacity to accomplish all that is to be done in the short time which remains for the sale of tickets.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager.

TERRIBLE DEATH.—*A Man Torn to Pieces.*—The Tyrone *Herald* of the 30th says: We have seen men with their heads shot off, men with their limbs lacerated from their body, men wounded or killed by rail or shell in almost every imaginable way, but a sight equal to the one witnessed by half the citizens of Tyrone on this Thursday morning, we never beheld. At the Bald Eagle Tannery of D. P. Ray, Esq., in two large baskets, were the remains shovered to pieces, of Mr. Michael Bryan, who left his home a mile above Tyrone, on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, after six o'clock, well and hearty, and was ushered into the presence of his Creator in an instant, the same happening before the seven o'clock train stopped. Mr. Bryan was a bark-grinder at the establishment above named, and having discovered that the ground substance was not going to the proper place as it left the elevator, which carries it from the mill, he went into the bench-house to right matters, and was on the point of returning to the grinding-room, his clothing, which hung loosely on his body, was caught by the main shaft which, connected by counter shaft, operates the chain-drivers. This shaft is stationed some two feet from the joist which bears up the floor on the second-story of the building, the speed of which is about one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. In an instant the clothing of the unfortunate man was twisted tight around the shaft, and the body whirling at fearful speed, head and feet striking the joist in turn as they revolved. One faint cry was heard by the men in adjoining rooms, and all was over. In a few seconds some of the employees were on the spot not to render any relief to the victim of the accident, but to witness a most horrible sight. Over a space of a rod square, in and out of leech-tubs, were fragments of the body. Here lay the head and shoulders, there another place an arm, and still another the heart, beating as if in the body, another the intestines, liver, etc. Mr. Bryan was fifty-five or fifty-six years of age, was the father of ten children, all of whom we understand, with their mother, are living to mourn the sudden and appalling death of husband and father.

THAT ABANDONED BABY.—*The Colored Woman's Story in Pittsburgh and Altoona.*—Some days ago we copied from an Altoona paper the story of the abandonment of a colored baby in that city by a white woman, who left it on the door steps of a citizen's residence. She was subsequently interviewed by the conductor of the train that had carried her from this city thither, as to the disposition she had made of the infant, when she confessed to the abandonment, and stated that the little ebony waif was the illegitimate child of a deceased respectable and wealthy young woman of this city, whose friends had hired her to dispose of it in some pacific way, and for that purpose paid her expenses to and from Philadelphia, in which latter place she was instructed to make the abandonment. The story was plausible enough, and as no harm was done to the child, the "woman in black" was not arrested. A gentleman yesterday informed us that none other than the self-same woman, at the same time of the desertion, had supplied at the residence of an officer of the Guardians of the Poor, for assistance to enable her to get out of this city with her little black charge, but, as usual in most instances, no relief was obtained from that quarter, and she betook herself to the alms-giving of the charitably disposed. Her story there was that she had been a servant in a hotel in Altoona and had given birth to the child in that city, whose father was a black laborer, who, in an evil hour, accomplished her ruin. That was her story while collecting alms, and nothing was said about any respectable parties here knowing of the existence of the infant. That she was the true unfortunate mother of the babe she subsequently deserted, can hardly be doubted, and that her Altoona story was out from the whole cloth, is equally plausible, as no Pittsburgh white girl, dead or alive, had anything to do with the child.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

WE would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Horace Waters & Son, headed 'WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS,' and for a description of them we can't do better than to copy the following:

THE WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS.—We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, that tends to popularize music by rendering its study either easier or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stopadded to the Waters' Reed Organ, called the Concerto Stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially 'human' in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and when we heard it we were in doubt whether we liked it best in Solo or with Full Organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the Reed Organ.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

—Buy all your goods at M. L. Oatman's, the cheapest store in Ebensburg.

California Correspondence.

CRESSEY STATION, Merced Co., Cal., July 30, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—I am waiting with much anxiety to hear and read of your trip to Omaha. If you fell through a bridge or anything, be sure to let me know.

AT A LOSS.

I am at a loss to know what to write about that would interest your readers. I took a hearty laugh over the "dilapidated linen," etc., in my last letter but one. That goes ahead of Horace Greeley's appointment to lecture.

SNAIX.

There are no snakes "at all a'most" in this country. On the Merced river I have traveled through weeds and briars ten feet high, gathering berries and sich like, but I have never seen a snake yet. On the plains I saw one small rattlesnake, which makes me think that St. Patrick was never here, although he must have thought about coming. Snakes are not at all dangerous here, except near drinking saloons. The same may be said of insects. The tarantula is found here and there, but scarcely once in a thousand miles. Bedbugs are unknown. I do not think a dozen of these pests could be scared up in California. The common housefly and mosquito are bad along the river bottoms, where the lands were flooded, but not elsewhere.

HORSE DISEASES.

There is some epizooty in the north of the State, and here a few of the horses cough as if they had the distemper, but they have no discharges from the nose. There is a kind of weed grows on the plains here which when eaten by horses sets them crazy. The Spanish call the disease produced by it *loco*, and the English call the weed rattle-weed, but it is not at all like your rattle-weed. Horses that go crazy are said to be *locoed*, from which they never recover.

FRUITS.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* estimates that, in addition to what will be used for home consumption, over three millions of dollars worth of fruits will be canned and exported this year, consisting of either canned or dried (*desiccated*) raisins, figs, prunes, apples, peaches, apricots, walnuts, etc., etc. This is another source of income for California. Honey is still another. Take wheat, barley, gold, silver, quicksilver, and other metals, sheep, cattle, wool, wine, and fruits of various kinds, and the entire products of California will reach over one hundred millions of dollars annually. The wheat crop this year is estimated to be worth $40,000,000, the barley $15,000,000, the fruit $8,000,000, and the balance is made up by mining and grape growing and wine making.

ABOUT SHEEP.

Your farmers would call shearing a hundred sheep a mighty big day's work for one man, but it has often been done here with ease. Men get only seven cents a sheep for shearing, and yet they make good wages at the business. Our people have hired out their stubble to a sheep owner, who is to bring 3,500 sheep here next week to pasture. They will be allowed to run acres per day, or 900 acres in ninety days. In this way sheep are kept until pasture springs up on the low lands in December. All the stubble that can be obtained is thus hired and disposed of. The farmers are glad to get their fields cleaned up and made ready for the plow in this way, while the income from this source is sufficient to pay their taxes at least.

WHAT IS REMARKABLE.

It is thought that the sheep make the ground weedy where they lie at night, but this is fully made up for by the destruction of the weeds everywhere else. What is remarkable is that there is no cheat (chess) nor cockle in the wheat out here. I have not seen a stock of either on this or any other ranch I have visited.

CHICKENS.

Chickens grow here spontaneously. I can count two hundred from where I am sitting. This is a great advantage, as we can have fresh meat and sound eggs all the time.

Hoping to hear from you on the Omaha trip, I am, sir, yours with the greatest consideration. ROB ROY.

[COMMUNICATION.]

GALLITZIN, Aug. 3, 1874.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN—As the time for holding the Democratic County Convention is drawing near, and as the importance of having the names of *good* and *true* men before the convention is felt by all, I would suggest the name of JAMES A. SHOEMAKER, Esq., of Ebensburg, as one "eminently fit" to go before the Democratic convention for the office of Assembly. Mr. S. possesses *all* the qualifications that enter into the make up of a proper representative of the people. He is *competent* in every sense of the word—*honest, intelligent, industrious* and *energetic*. Besides all this, he is a man of the people, and has never been connected with any of the "sharp dodges" of political *sharpers*, nor the tricks of political *tricksters*. He has never *held* nor *sought* office, and therefore cannot be objected to on the ground of "rotation office." We want men on the Democratic ticket this fall whom *we have not been voting for all our lives*, and who possess at least ordinary qualifications. Give us "Bert" Shoemaker and some other equally good man as our candidates for the Legislature, and we will elect them by one thousand majority. DEMOCRAT.

AMERICAN HOMES for August is out, with the other first-class magazines. This magazine is only $2.00 a year, including a beautiful chromo, and the only difference we can discern between it and the larger magazines is in its size and price. Its table of contents for this month includes "From Hod to Mine," by Charles Barnard, an illustrated description of a trip to the Reading coal mines; "Achsah," which gains in interest every month, and will be sure to make a reputation for the author, Rev. Peter Ray, equal to ever he may be. The publishers have added a "Fashion Department," which will add to its value in the eyes of the ladies. The short stories and poems of the number are fully up to the standard, and all together make a really first-class two-dollar magazine. The publishers want agents for this in every place in the country.

A FEARFUL LEAP.—A man named W. Doyle, supposed to have been a resident of Newark, N. J., was a passenger on the Cincinnati Express, east, on last Thursday, due here at 2 P. M., and when at Penn Station he mounted the seat and suddenly dashed through the window, while the train was at full speed. The train was stopped and the bruised man picked up and brought to this place, where he received proper medical attendance, but he expired in about two hours after the occurence. It is supposed that the man was deranged, as he gave considerable trouble to the train men on the road from Pittsburg. No information has been obtained that he has a wife and two children. His remains were taken charge of by the Directors of the Poor for interment.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

EVERY PERSON,

Man, woman, boy, or girl, should send at once for one of the Excelsior Stationery Packets, containing Note Paper, Envelopes, Pen Holder, Pencil, Pens, Blank Book, Blotter, Photographs of 100 beautiful Ladies, Tooth Picks, Perfume Sachet, Chinese Puzzle, and a fine piece of Ladies' or Gents' Jewelry. Try a Packet. Price, post paid, 50 cents, or 3 for $1. Agents Wanted. Address, J. CARTY BURROW,
1t. 319 HARMONY ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOND RECOLLECTIONS.—It is sweet to remember the days of our youth, when 'mid the storms of December we froze fast to the truth; but sweeter by far and more fully enjoyed are the facts as they are about Myers & Lloyd, whose stock is complete and whose prices are low, and who sell everything neat at a speed that's not slow, and deal with their customers from the very word go—there and buy your dry goods and groceries.

LETTERS received from Mr. John M. Bush and friends of Miss Alice Hutchinson, leave little or no room to doubt that the story about the recent elopement from Altoona of the parties named was a lie manufactured out of the whole cloth by the wife of that gentleman.

OBITUARY.

GRIMES.—Died, in Altoona, on Sunday last, Mr. MICHAEL GRIMES, formerly a resident of Allegheny township, this county, aged about 60 years. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Catholic cemetery, Loretto, on Tuesday. May he rest in peace!

SCHNABLE.—Died, in Johnstown, on Monday last, Mr. HENRY SCHNABEL, aged 46 years and 8 months.

READ THIS TWICE!

"THE PEOPLE'S LEDGER" contains NO Continued Stories, 8 Large Pages, 48 Columns of Choice Miscellaneous Reading Matter every week, together with articles from the pens of such well-known writers as NASBY, OLIVER OPTIC, SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., MISS ALCOTT, WILL CARLTON, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, MARK TWAIN, &c.

I will send "The People's Ledger" to any address every week for three months, on trial, on receipt of only 25 CENTS.

"THE PEOPLE'S LEDGER" is an old established and reliable weekly paper, published every Saturday, and is very popular throughout the N. E. and Middle States. Address

HERMANN K. CURTIS, Publisher,
No. 50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.—This is to notify all persons interested that I have purchased the following described property at Sheriff's sale and left the same in the possession of Jos. Hess, of Chest township, during my pleasure: One bay mare, 2 sets harness, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 two-horse sled. Any interference with the above property is hereby forbidden. J. BAKER.
Chest Twp., Aug. 7, 1874.-3t.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

POSTPONEMENT!

FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.

DAY FIXED

AND

A FULL DRAWING ASSURED

—ON—

MONDAY, 30th NOVEMBER, 1874.

LAST CHANCE

FOR

AN EASY FORTUNE!

A postponement of the Fifth Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky has been so generally anticipated, and is so manifestly for the interest of all concerned, that it must meet the approval of all. The day is now absolutely fixed and there will be no variation from the programme now announced. A sufficient number of tickets had been sold to have enabled us to have had a large drawing on the 31st of July, but a short postponement was considered preferable to a partial drawing. Let it be borne in mind that

The Fifth Gift Concert

IS THE LAST WHICH WILL EVER BE GIVEN UNDER THIS CHARTER AND BY THE PRESENT MANAGEMENT.

That it will positively and unequivocally take place as announced on

MONDAY, 30th November,

that the music will be the best the country affords, and that

20,000 Cash Gifts,

AGGREGATING

$2,500,000

will be distributed by lot among the ticket holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift		$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift		100,000
One Grand Cash Gift		75,000
One Grand Cash Gift		50,000
One Grand Cash