



H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

POSTPONEMENT! FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY. DAY FIXED FULL DRAWING ASSURED MONDAY, 30th NOVEMBER, 1874. LAST CHANCE AN EASY FORTUNE!

The Fifth Gift Concert. PRIZES WHICH WILL EVER REGIVE. MONDAY, 30th November, 1874. 20,000 Cash Gifts.

LIST OF GIFTS. 250,000, 100,000, 50,000, 25,000, 10,000, 5,000, 2,500, 1,000, 500, 250, 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, 2, 1.

ONE MILLION ACRES. LAND MICHIGAN LANDS FOR SALE!

FARMING LANDS IN NEBRASKA FOR SALE VERY CHEAP!

CONCERTO ORGANS! THE PIONEER

ROSMA

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Reclining on your sunny hill, With flowers' round me twining, I've gazed with wonder and with awe...

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Mrs. Potter had made great preparations the starting had twice been postponed, and now the day drew nigh for a third and last call.

Mr. Potter said 'yes, there' too, with infinitely more meaning. Then she hustled him out to do some shopping, and he brought home, among various articles embraced in his commission, a parcel in which he had invested a five dollar note.

There was a squall-looking hotel-tavern, rather—in the village, kept by a tawny, ruffianly-appearing half-breed, which my husband and I entered on the departure of the stage.

'The roads are in very bad condition, and you couldn't get more than five miles from here this afternoon, and you'd better stop here tonight. I'll make you as comfortable as I can,' he replied.

'You can't go through there, sir,' said a policeman, seizing Potter's arm. There was a perfect lake running over the sidewalks to a considerable depth. It really seemed to shut off all hope. It was the sewer.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

'Mrs. Discomb,' said I, one evening, to a middle-aged lady with whom I was spending an hour in pleasant conversation, 'you appear to have met with many adventures in your younger days. You relate a story so well, that I never tire of listening to you; so, if there has been any thrilling episode in your life that I have not as yet heard of, I should be pleased to have you narrate it, and I can assure you that I shall be a most attentive listener.'

'I am afraid you're a great flatterer, Mr. Williamson,' she replied. 'However,' she added, 'I will comply with your request, for a startling event recurs to my mind at this moment.'

'Twenty years ago my husband was a dealer in jewelry, and also in most articles of great value. He traveled almost incessantly, and stopped but a short time in each city or town. I could not bear to be parted from him for months at a time, so I always accompanied him in his wanderings, and endured many hardships and dangers for the sake of always being with him.

'Late in the Summer of 1852, we were in New Orleans; he had finished his business there, and was ready to leave. On making inquiries he found that there would be no vessel for Savannah, our next stopping place, till the end of the following month, so he decided to take the overland route.

'Well, we got as far as Opelika, Georgia, without meeting with any very serious annoyance or danger. Opelika, at that period, was little more than a village, inhabited by half-breed Indians, miserable, treacherous rascals, and a few whites, whose general character was equally as bad.

'My eyes were fastened on the door, and my husband, who, statue-like, stood beside it. The door had neither lock nor bolt, so anybody could enter the room easily. Suddenly I perceived it move slightly, and by degrees it opened wide enough to permit a man to come in. To my great horror I saw, through the aperture made by the opening of the door, the tavern-keeper, and in his right hand he clutched a large bowie knife.

'I obeyed my husband's orders, and he quickly bound the villain's arms and feet, so that it would be impossible for him to move when he came to. At the first sign of consciousness that he showed, George gagged him, and then carried him to a large closet, placed him in it, and closed the door.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARK.

'Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll!' I shouted a cheerful passenger, casting patronizing glances at the billowy waste on whose heaving bosom our good ship was tossed like a plaything.

'It's a slight consolation to know that you have your pistols with which to defend us, if we are attacked by those scoundrels,' said I.

'Unluckily for us, as it happens, I placed them in my trunk yesterday by mistake, and all the trunks are down stairs. I should have had them brought up here, but I did not wish to do so, as I thought it might cause the tavern-keeper to think that we suspected he would rob us if he got the opportunity.'

'My dear Annie, we've got into a scrape, and now we must get out of it as best we can. We must put our trust in luck, and hope we shall escape bodily harm.'

'I turned about quickly, and found myself confronted by a man who might have set for Dickens' portrait of Inspector Duclot.

'The fewer words here the better,' he added, as I was about to speak. 'Will you come quickly, or shall I summon assistance?'

'I twisted my arm, so as to gain a view of the part in question, and was utterly amazed to find the mark described by the officer.

TO PICKLE MEAT IN ONE DAY.

Get a tub nearly full of rain or river water, and put two pieces of thin wood across it about an inch from the water and place the beef thereon. Heap as much salt as will stand on the beef, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then take the meat off and boil it, when it will be found as salty as if it had been six weeks in pickle, the water having drawn the salt completely through the beef.

PLAIN EXPLANATIONS OF OBSCURE PROVERBS.

'The more the merrier.' Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of exuberant hilarity. 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Habitants of ether, similarly plumed, gregariously assemble. 'Out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Emergence from the culinary utensil into the devouring element.

'All this is inexplicable.' I said hopelessly. 'Except on the theory that we have got the right man,' the other answered.

'I was a total stranger, without friends on whom I could call for assistance. If I could only find Rollickson! His quick wit might aid me. A thought flashed upon me. He had gone ashore before me and I had seen him in private conference with a man whom I now identified as the one who arrested me. I remember, too, that after waking from the sleep into which I had been cast by the drug with which he had relieved me from my sea-sickness, I am not sure that I had not seen him in private conference with a man whom I now identified as the one who arrested me.

'I should be happy to furnish you with it,' he replied; 'I have an abundant supply of it.'

'You're a lucky man,' I grunted.

'I threw off my coat and tumbled into the berth. The benevolent gentlemen went out and returned quickly with something which he put into a glass with some water and gave to me. I swallowed it without a question. The effect was almost instantaneous. A gentle languor stole over me, then followed what a little before I should have hailed as the acme of bliss, complete unconsciousness.

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WHICH WE ARE INSTRUCTED TO IDENTIFY ROACH,

the famous American bank robber, for whose arrival we have been watching. It also happens that your appearance tallies with his description in other respects.

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