



A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

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REAL ESTATE SALES.

By virtue of the writ of Vend. Expon. A. J. P. of the County of Cambria...

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WRECKED AND LOST.

Along on the pier of the river, In the desolate darkness of night...

What vision is it which dawns slowly On the life that floats out from the shore?

So out through the mouth of the river, Unheeded by the treacherous stream...

How she did it. Peter Pennywise was in deep grief. All the hopes of a life-time were to be frustrated...

Such was the tenor of old Pennywise's musings as he paced the velvet-carpeted floor of his library on the evening when our story opens...

Launcelet was a weak-eyed and pink-skinned youth, with thin, yellow hair, which he parted in the center...

"Yes, sir," gasped Launcelet. "And whom do you propose honoring with your name?"

Miss-a-Miss Petersham.

"Miss-a-Miss Petersham," answered the youthful Pennywise. "Petersham-Petersham; I never heard of a Petersham. Who is she?"

"What!" roared Pennywise. "A tailor! It shall not be. The arms of Pennywise shall never be marred with a needle, or disfigured by great Heaven!—a goose."

"Excuse me, sir," said Amy, hesitatingly. "I wished to see you about my pupils, but I can see you are grieved and agitated..."

"You are right, Miss Dorr," asserted the old gentleman—"you are right. He is acting most foolishly—most foolishly."

"No," he is here now. I see you want your money before you give your information; quite right. Well, there it is."

"My son's wife the intimate friend of a governess?" sighed Pennywise, regardless of the feelings of the girl before him.

"Yes," replied Amy, not heeding the insult; "but she is only a tailor's daughter."

The Destruction of Lisbon.

The morning of November 1, 1755, dawned serene, but the heavens were heavy. Since midnight the thermometer had risen one degree, and stood, at 9 o'clock, at fourteen degrees above freezing.

"My dear Miss Dorr," said Pennywise, jumping up from his chair, "you have saved the family—you have done wonders! I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never pay."

"Well, here is a debt you owe me that you can pay," said Amy, producing the agreement. "I will thank you for ten thousand dollars in greenbacks. I don't want a check—I want the money."

"How did my son bear the news that Miss Petersham was false to him? Thank Heaven, my family will not now be disgraced!"

"The Irish Church of St. Paul was the death-place of one thousand persons, and the palace of Bemposta, where Catherine of Braganza, widow of Charles II., lived and died, had fallen over from the heights on which it was built, and utterly destroyed."

"As the day waxed on, the wretched Lisbonese grew calmer, and it was universally declared that the safest places, now that the dust was diminishing, were the heights overlooking the city, and thither the majority fled."

"How long ago?" cried the coroner, seizing his hat and cane. "Been done a good while and no police nor constables hasn't never done nothin' about it."

Fathers' Attention.

What ought, what can a mother do, when a good, pleasant, careless husband constantly thwarts all her efforts to teach or govern the children, and yet cannot be made to see or feel what he is doing?

"Mamma, please give me a piece of pie?" "No, darling, one piece is enough."

"Do let the child go out. What a girl you are making of him. Women never are fitted to bring up boys. Dress him up warm and let him run; it will do him good."

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The Chicago Innocent, a la Victor Hugo.

He smote with a smile almost approaching a laugh. Wherefore? Let us see. Have you seen the equatorial moon shimmer on the snowy sails of a seventy-four as she covets over the waves on the coast of Greenland's coral strand?

Where are your chimney-pots and your steamboats now? They have scopped. Why? Because the hurricane puff-puff puffed them into breathless nonentity.

And what of the hat? The new straw hat? Gaze aloft. Like a spectre it vanished through an inky cloud—Never expect to see it again.

It is hot! As blazes! There are two men on the bridge. A bridge is eminent; it lumps its back and cools its toes in the surging waters.

One of them is Peck. The other isn't. They met by chance. The man that isn't is preparing to succede.

To him Peck: "Going to jump in?" "The man that wasn't glared on Peck. Did he speak? He did; he said: 'Yes.'"

Good thing—go it. I'll put it in the papers. "I am the widowed son of an only mother."

INTERESTING FACTS.

Hops entwine to the left and beans to the right. A clean skin is as necessary to good health as food.

The largest of the Egyptian Pyramids is 481 feet high. The earth is 7,916 miles in diameter, and 24,890 miles in circumference.

Noah's ark was 548 English feet long, 91 broad, and 51 high. A bushel of wheat weighing 60 pounds contains 550,000 kernels.

Fossil remains on the Ohio prove that it was once covered by water. Gold may be beaten into leaves so thin 180,000 would be only an inch thick.

Vinegar boiled with myrrh or camphor, sprinkled in a room corrects putridity. In Greece, it was the custom at meals for the two sexes always to eat separately.

The Romans lay on couches at their dining-tables, on their left arms, eating with their right. The walls of Nineveh were 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.

Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick, and 300 feet high. Forests of standing trees have been discovered in Yorkshire, England, in and Ireland, imbedded in stone.

It is proposed to publish deaths from hydrophobia under the expressive head of "bituary."