

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

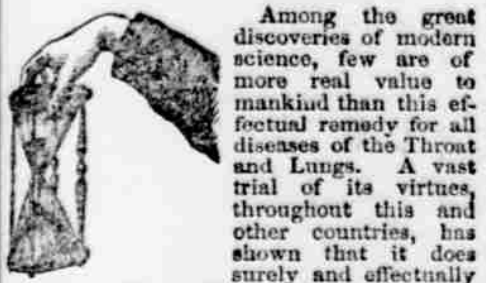
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.



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STATE OF DENNIS GOUGH. In the matter of the estate of EPHRAIM GOUGHOR, deceased.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. Estate of JAMES FARRIS, dec'd.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. Estate of JOHN MISSEL, deceased.

ACCOUNT NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the first and special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Loan Office...

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HERBASTER. From my seat 'neath the glowing, Blooming, tall magnolia tree,

Blossoms, bright and fair, are pending From the swinging boughs, close by; Would their hues were unending,

It must be that which we cherish, As by these fair, white flowers, Shall not, with the future, perish,

THE BOARD FENCE. "Shoo, shoo, get home, you vagabond critters!" cried Mr. Babcock, waving his arms as he chased a dozen sheep and lambs through a gap in the fence.

It was a wooden fence, and when he had succeeded in driving the animals to the other side of it, he lifted it up with his rifle and propped it up with stakes.

Yet Mr. Babcock was neither slack nor thrifless; in fact, he rather prided himself on the ordinary appearance of his farm, and not without reason.

The truth was that this fence formed the boundary line between his estate and that of Mr. Small; and three generations of men who owned these estates had been unable to decide to whom it belonged to rebuild and keep it in repair.

At last, one day, Miss Letitia Gill, a woman much respected in the village, and of some weight as a land owner and tax payer, sent for Mr. Babcock to come and see her on business; a summons which he made haste to obey, as how could it be otherwise when a lady was concerned?

Miss Letitia sat at her window sewing a seam, but she dropped her work and took off her spectacles when Mr. Babcock made his appearance.

"So you got my message; thank you for coming, I'm sure. Sit down, do. I suppose my man Isaac told you I wanted to consult you on a matter of business—a matter of equity, I may say. It can't be expected that we women folks should be the best judges about such things, you know; there's Isaac, to be sure, but then he lives on the place, and maybe he wouldn't be exactly impartial in his judgment about our affairs."

"Well, the state of the case is this: When Isaac came up from the long meadow to dinner—they're mowing the meadow to-day, and an uncommonly good yield there is—when he came up to dinner, he found that stray cows had broken into the vegetable garden."

"He did, he did?" "You can fancy the riot they made. I declare, Isaac was almost ready to use profane language. I'm not sure that he didn't say 'darn,' and, after all, I couldn't feel to reproach him very severely, for the pains he has taken with that garden is something amazing; working in it, Mr. Babcock, early and late, weeding and digging and watering, and now to see it all torn and trampled so that you wouldn't know which was weeds and which was cucumbers, it's enough to rouse anybody's temper."

"It is, so," said Mr. Babcock. "And that isn't all, for by the looks of things they must have been running in

the orchard and clover field before they got into the garden. Just you come and see," and putting on her sun-bonnet Miss Letitia showed Mr. Babcock over the damaged premises.

"You don't happen to know whose animals did the mischief?" said Mr. Babcock. "Well, I didn't observe them in particular myself, but Isaac said there was one with a peculiar white mark, something like a cross, on its haunch."

"Well, now I think of it, they were sheep—they ran away as soon as they saw Isaac. Yes, certainly they were sheep," said Miss Letitia.

"I knew it—they always go with the cows; and what do you wish of me?" "It's to fix the damages," said Miss Letitia. "As I said before, women folks are no judges about such matters."

Mr. Babcock meditated a moment, and then said,—"Well, I wouldn't take a cent less than seventy-five dollars, if I were you—not a cent."

"Seventy-five dollars! Isn't that a good deal, Mr. Babcock? You know I don't wish to be hard on the poor man; and all I want is a fair compensation for the mischief done."

"Seventy-five dollars is fair, ma'am—in fact, I might say it's low; I wouldn't have a herd of cattle and sheep trampling through my premises in that way for a hundred."

"There's one thing I forgot to state—the orchard gate was open or they couldn't have got in; that may make a difference."

"Not a bit—not a bit. You'd a right to have your gate open, but Sam's cows had no right to run loose, did they?" "I heard him say he shut 'em up somewhere, and didn't mean to let 'em out till the owner calls for 'em. But, Mr. Babcock, what if he should refuse to pay the damages? I should have to go to law about it."

"Well, I don't refuse; if he does, keep the critters till he will pay. As to law, I guess he's had about enough of that."

"I'm sure I thank you for your advice," said Miss Letitia, "and I mean to act upon it to the very letter."

And Mr. Babcock took his departure with a happy expression of countenance. Soberly was he out of sight when Miss Letitia sent a summons for Mr. Small, which he obeyed as promptly as his neighbor had done.

She made to him precisely the same statement she had made to Mr. Babcock, showed him the injured property, and asked him to fix the damages. It was remarkable before he did this that he should ask the same question Mr. Babcock had asked, namely, whether she had any suspicion to whom the animals belonged.

Miss Letitia was in a manner responsible for what had happened, on account of the open gate, for had they not assured her that circumstance did not alter the case? It was useless to say that she had no right to keep the cows in custody, for had they not counseled her to do so? As to going to law about it, would they not thus become the sport of the whole town?

"He that diggeth a pit, he himself shall fall into it," said Miss Letitia, who read what was passing in their minds as well as if they had spoken, for the light of Isaac's lantern fell full on their faces. "However, on one condition I will free the cows and forgive you the debt."

"What is that?" Both thought the question, but did not ask it. "The condition is, that you promise to put a good new fence in place of the old one that separates your estates, dividing the east between you, and that henceforth you will live together peacefully so far as in you lies. Do you promise?"

"Yes," muttered both, in a voice scarcely audible. "Slake hands upon it, then," said Miss Letitia.

They did so. "Now let the cows out, Isaac; it's time they were milked," said she. And the two men went away driving their cows before them, and a shame-faced air greatly in contrast to the look of triumph with which they had quitted her presence.

The fence was built, and the strife ceased when the cause was removed, but it was long before Miss Letitia's part in the affair came to the public ear; for she herself maintained a strict silence concerning it, and enjoined the same upon her man-servant, Isaac.

JOKE ON THE UNDERTAKERS. A night or two since, while on his beat through B—street, Officer S— found an imberbed individual reposing on a bench in front of Wilson & Brown's undertaking establishment.

"What sort of undertakers have you got up here in this country, that go and set coffins long-side the sidewalks to catch men?" and without waiting for an answer he shuffled away to find safer quarters.

Chunks of Wisdom. We don't know who is the philosopher speaking, but deem his suggestions so suggestive that we say cut this out and read it often:

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log-cabin all your own, than a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better to sit by the pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to wear the old cane-seated chairs, and make a two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bill sent home from the upholsterer for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

LOTS OF FUN ABOUT LOTS.

HOW THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR GOT A HOME FOR ONE DOLLAR A WEEK.

I joined a building association the other night. I had been told that by the payment of a dollar a week one could secure a home, and I wanted some of it. One dollar a week is very reasonable for a home. Singular so many people are without homes when they can be secured for so little money.

The secretary smiled and said they hadn't any homes in just then that would be likely to suit me, but if I would sit down a little while perhaps some would be handed in from which I could make a selection.

The secretary said that could all be fixed easily enough. Asked if I wouldn't like to have a pair of horses and a few servants thrown in.

Then he explained that the association dealt in building lots. One dollar a week, for two or three years, paid for a building lot. That changed the aspect of things materially. I never could feel entirely at home in a vacant lot, no matter if it did only cost a dollar a week.

I sat down to observe the proceedings for a little while. One of the officers of the association suspended a handsome map of the property on the wall. It was laid out beautifully in streets running at right angles, and every lot was numbered.

"What of what?" grumbled the fellow. "Out of that coffin," said S—though it was but one of those large coffin-shaped cases in which coffins are shipped.

"Who's in a coffin," said the fellow, rubbing his eyes. "Why you are," said S. "If I am I don't know it."

"Well, I know it, and if you don't get out of that it will be the end of you. Don't you know that if the undertakers get up in the morning and find you snoozing in here they'll lay a lid on the coffin, nail you up and bury you, and then send in a bill and make the county pay your funeral expenses."

"What sort of undertakers have you got up here in this country, that go and set coffins long-side the sidewalks to catch men?" and without waiting for an answer he shuffled away to find safer quarters.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

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WHITE WITCHES.

WE have received from an eminent American jurist the following interesting narrative:

Near the close of the seventeenth century that renowned judge, Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England, esteemed by his contemporaries, as well as by men of after-ages, as an embodiment both of the law and of justice, was presiding at the assizes held in his native county of Oxford. A decrepit old woman was put on trial, charged with the crime of witchcraft.

The history of the case, the offense of which the prisoner was alleged to be guilty, were laid before the jury by the Attorney-General prosecuting for the Crown. The Chief Justice listened to the opening of the case with unusual earnestness, for there was recalled to his memory a curious incident connected with his own early life.

When a student at the University of Oxford his habits were wild and irregular, and he gave no promise of his great future eminence. In company with several other young students he had been for several days on a carouse through some of the country places in the vicinity of Oxford.

Young Holt had separated himself from his companions, and riding up to a wayside inn, without any money in his pocket, he yet directed his horse to be fed and an ample dinner prepared for himself. Strutting into the kitchen, he noticed the daughter of the hostess was sick, and was told by her mother that she was a great sufferer from fever and ague, and that the doctors had been unable to cure her.

When demanding his bill, the grateful mother said she had no charge against him, and only regretted that her limited means would not permit her to make him more ample payment for the healing of her daughter. He rode away in triumph. And now, as he sat on the bench as the Lord Chief Justice of England, he knew that the decrepit old woman on trial for her life before him was the daughter of the woman who kept the wayside inn, and upon whose wrist he had bound the parchment charm forty years before.

There is a curious sequel to the incident above related. Some twenty-five years ago the writer of this article was sitting in the private office in Wall street of the late Mr. S—, then a wealthy retired merchant, and acting president of one of the principal Wall street banks. He was a quaint, curious man, fond of the marvelous, and disposed to believe in spiritualism, then first coming into prominent notice. Our conversation had been continued for some time, discussing Scottish second-sight, supernatural appearances, and especially Kidd's buried treasures, when he suddenly changed the subject, saying, abruptly, "I can cure the fever and ague." On asking how, he produced a small piece of parchment with a cabalistic word written on it in the Greek characters, saying it must be bound on the wrist, and the disease will disappear or go away. He did not tell me how or when he had obtained the wonderful charm. Nor was I at that time aware of the trial before referred to, and sure I am that he could have had no knowledge of it. A hundred and fifty years had come and gone since the fallacy had been exposed by Lord Chief Justice Holt. It is probable that at some time during the forty years preceding that trial the woman possessing the pretended charm had communicated the secret, and given a copy to some friend emigrating to America, and that it may have been handed down through successive generations, and perhaps in some cases affecting cures by and through the imagination. It has been said that sometimes violent exercise and sometimes strong impressions on the mind will ward off attacks of what are called fits of ague.—Harper's Magazine for October.

FORGOTTEN HER BABY.—A curious incident recently occurred on a western train. As the cars were moving away from the Terre Haute depot a pretty young woman came from the ladies' car, and, rushing into the smoking car, frantically appealed to everybody to stop the train. Catching sight of the conductor, she exclaimed, piteously, "Mr. Conductor, do please stop the train; I've left my baby." The train was stopped and the baby recovered, amidst the hearty cheers of all who witnessed the occurrence, and while the young mother hugged her little one, amidst tears and smiles she tried to explain how the baby was such a new one that she hadn't got used to it.