

A. GREENMAN, Editor and Publisher.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1874.

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

NUMBER 40.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild, non-detrimental, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury, and are perfectly safe in every case. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use, and every family should have them on hand.

Long experience has proved them to be the safest and most effective of all the pills with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the operations of the system expedited, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. This induces change, and restores the system to its normal condition, when it has been deranged by any of the causes mentioned. They are perfectly safe, and do not operate with any of the violent effects of other cathartics, and are the best for the sick, the aged, and the delicate.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these pills rapidly cure:

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For Liver Complaints, and its various symptoms, Bilious Headaches, Sick Headaches, Jaundice, Green Sickness, Bilious Colic, Bilious Fevers, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which impede its healthy flow.

For Dysentery or Diarrhoea, but one mild dose generally restores the system.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Pains of the Side, Back and Loins, they should be continuously taken as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Suppression, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a Dinner Pill, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach and bowels, re-tune the appetite, and invigorate the system. Hence it is often administered where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

Prepared by
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

WE KEEP

ALWAYS ON HAND

A SPLENDID STOCK OF

Furniture, Bedding, Mattresses, Feathers, Blankets, Quilts.

All other ARTICLES to be FOUND in a FURNITURE AND BEDDING STORE in this city, and at PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

AMOS HILBORN & CO.,

21 & 23 North Tenth St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. (Imp.)

OSWEGO Silver Gloss Starch,

FOR THE LAUNDRY,

T. KINGSFORD & SON,

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

Its great excellence has merited the commendation of Europe for American manufacture.

For sale by all first-class Grocers. (9-11-74.)

BIBBY'S BEST BLACKING.

Adapted by professional Bootblacks and Hotel Porters to be the

Best Shoe Blacking in the World.

S. M. BIBBY & CO.,

173 & 175 Washington St., N. Y.

SOLE IMPORTERS OF
Fine Shoe Blackings, Laundry Blue Starch, Paste, Ink, Sewing Machine, &c. (9-11-74.)

Iron City College.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
The most complete institution in the United States for the thorough, practical education of the young and middle-aged man, having the largest patronage and the best facilities for instruction of any business college in existence.

Students received at any time.
For circulars giving full information, or course of study, method of instruction, necessary expenses, etc., address, J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.
(9-11-74.)

The Divorce of the Dead.

["Who wrote 'The Divorce of the Dead?' This is the question, and we answer that it was Colonel Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky. He served in the Mexican war and also in the war of the rebellion, first as colonel in an Alabama regiment, and afterwards as chief of staff to General Breckinridge. He died in 1867 on an Alabama plantation, and the Legislature of Kentucky have brought his remains home for interment, with those of other Kentucky soldiers, under a monument erected by the State. His poem draws its inspiration from scenes in the Mexican war, and these are its subjects.]"

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo:
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and gallant host.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory gilds their lowly mound,
The Divorcee of the dead.

No more of the foe's advance
Low swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of lonely ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn nor screeching rife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered spears are rusted with rust,
Their puffed banners are bowed,
Their many-voiced trumpets
Their many-voiced trumpets
And the proud frontiers, by battalions,
A voice from anguish now.
The ringing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with heroic delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Fished with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the spirited foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Broke over the field beneath,
Lunged well the warrior's sword of that day
A victory or death.

Full many a mother's breast has wept
O'er Angelosa's pain,
And long the prying eyes has wept
Above its mother's strain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or Osprey's perch or falcon's prey,
A voice now was each soldier's light
—but now was that, that would say,
Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
We must no sadder here,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the howling and heroic soil.
Shall be your fiercer gear:
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, dear their parent turf they rest,
From an enemy's field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield,
The sunrise of their native sky
Smiles rarely on their brows,
A while Father's eyes and warrior's watch
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, and med' and sainted dead!
Dear as the bloom's eye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot:
While Father's eyes and warrior's watch,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's endless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished spear has rung,
Or Osprey's perch or falcon's prey,
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That glows among glorious tomb.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

The world knows by heart how the divine Mozart astonished theorists by early development of his musical gift and by the latest triumphs of his genius. He played the piano accurately at three years of age; composed at six, and conducted the performance of his masses at twelve. He enjoyed in this respect a prominence not gained by any other of the great masters.

I have just had a half-hour interview with a modern Mozart—a little girl, who may some day initiate her great prototype and give to the world what is now scarcely known, music composed by a woman. So far as her little life has gone she is more than equal to Mozart. She was just six years old Oct. 8. At the age of seven months, when placed within reach of the keyboard of a piano, her chaunts went down on the keys in a manner that brought no discord, and she manifested unmistakable delight at the sounds produced. After that the piano became her favorite amusement. She was placed before it and allowed to play for hours at a time. Her parents observed with delight and wonder that she soon had method in her playing, and that she understood harmony. When two years old she composed music. At three she had made rapid progress, and now at five she evinces no abatement of the keenness of her musical mind.

Her name is Rose Mansfield Eversole. She is the daughter of Dr. A. C. Eversole, now living in Dayton. Her mother is a music teacher, and has an inherited talent for music. Dr. Eversole knows music by study but has no particular natural aptness for it. This is their only child.

She is as sweet and pretty as a blonde, lithe and graceful in form, with fair-silken hair, large, expressive blue eyes, and a happy thought thoughtful face.

Her attainments in general knowledge are scarcely less remarkable than her musical genius. When she was sixteen months old she learned the alphabet in a few days, and was delighted, on being carried along the street to spell out the signs. A year ago she could read well enough to read to her father the yellow fever news in the papers, in which he was much interested, and she knows the names of all the States, and can tell their relative location. She is also

well versed in European geography. All this she has learned without teaching in the ordinary way. Her father gives her no task, he only answers her questions. Her knowledge of geography was obtained from inspection of an atlas. Whenever she hears any city or place mentioned she goes to her atlas to locate it, and thereafter she remembers where it is.

She talks with a freedom and clearness that shows the superior quality of her mind and the unusual quantity of knowledge stored in her young head. She is quite at ease in talking with strangers. A physician was introduced to her in my presence, when the following dialogue ensued:

Physician—I am a doctor, Rose, like your father. How do you like the medical profession?

Rose (quietly)—Oh, I don't like it at all.

Physician—Well, it is rather a hard life. I suppose you like better to be a musician?

Rose—Yes, I always did.

Physician—You mean you have always liked it since you were a little girl?

Rose—No, sir, I mean I always liked it when I was a little girl.

Physician—Not when you were a little baby?

Rose—Of course not. I only had fat, chubby hands when I was a baby, and couldn't play at all.

Physician—This gentleman by my side, Rose, is a newspaper man. I read his productions every day.

Rose—Do you? I should think you would rather read your own.

Physician—I do not write, neither do I sing. I don't know "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle."

Rose—I do.

Physician—Your father uses language in talks to her that would puzzle most children of her larger growth. But with all her wisdom she manifests a wholesome childish love of play. While playing on the piano her eyes would sparkle as she followed the romps of individual notes in the room.

Her playing is not by any means brilliant—how could it be when her little feet dangle helplessly high above reach of the pedals, and her arms are quite too short to stretch across the key-board? The wonder is that she can play at all at such an age.

She plays almost anything that she has heard, but her genius is shown in a stronger light by the music which she produces from her own brain. She is an indefatigable composer. Sometimes for an hour her fingers wander over the keys, not aimlessly, but with the faultless touch of a true musician bringing out her childish musical fancy. She never commits a musical sin. Her harmonies are always perfect.

During my interview with her, her father asked her to play a march. He had previously asked her to improvise—using that word—and she played some beautiful little waltzes. At his request for a march of her own she instantly began a march of exquisite beauty. After a while her father asked her "to put a little more in it." In an instant she complied, blending the theme she had chosen into a minor passage without losing a bar. She played also a little waltz, composed by herself besides playing in my hearing "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," the march from "Norma" and other compositions. She likewise sang a song which she composed for a little poem in the nursery. In all her playing she uses both hands, as any one else would, but she never looks at the right hand: that finds its place intuitively, while she has sometimes to look for the fingering of her left hand.

But the most remarkable feature of her musical gift is her intuitive knowledge of pitch. She seems to know with certainty the exact pitch of any musical tone she hears. A gentleman strolled with his violin and she instantly touched the key corresponding to it. When asked how she knew what key to touch, she answered "by heart." Her father says he was whistling an air in one of his children's compositions in her hearing, a few days ago, when she looked at him and said, "Papa, you are whistling that tune in C, and it is written in C." He didn't know in what key he was whistling it, and went to the piano to see. As he was going Rose cried out, "Nearly F, papa. I heard a little sparkle of F in it." He found there was a "little sparkle of F," as his key was but a slight shade below F.

The little wonder is not being pushed. Her father seems to be a man of sense, and he declares she shall not be cramped. The greatest danger he fears is the annoyance of serious people wanting to see and hear the prodigy—Cincinnati Correspondence Chicago Times.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it." "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar. The lawyer let him alone.

Effects of the Imagination.

In an essay entitled "Notes on Ghosts and Goblins" in his recently published volume, "The Borderland of Science," Richard A. Proctor gives an instance of optical illusion experienced by himself, which aptly illustrates the way in which a belief in the appearance of a ghost might originate in a superstitious age, or in any case where the person experiencing the illusion happened to have weak nerves or feeble wits. Mr. Proctor's mother had died some months before the time of which he writes,—he was then a Cambridge student, and the scene of the occurrence was his college. "I had on one evening been particularly, I may say unreasonably, low-spirited. I had sat brooding for hours over dismal thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy—but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenor on first waking, they had passed altogether from recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under the influence of sorrowful dreams when I awoke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining into the room. I opened my eyes, and saw without surprise or any consciousness feeling of fear, my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not in her habit as she lived, but 'dressed in white samite, thought, wonderful.' Her face was pale, though not with the pallor of life; her expression sorrowful, and tears which glistened in the moonlight stood in her eyes.

A Creditable Incident.

A good many years ago one of the most notorious thieves in the United States had a confidential conversation with a gentleman who is now one of our most efficient detectives and expressed a strong desire to reform. "Why do you wish so much to live on the square?" asked the gentleman. "Because," replied the thief, "I have a wife and children to whom I am very much attached; they have no idea of the mode in which I make my living; the children are growing old, and are beginning to wonder why I am ever so often away and what I do, and if I am ever to reform now is the time." The gentleman warmly approved the idea, and to further it loaned the man several hundred dollars with which to begin an honest business. The reformed man at once broke off all his old associations, lived a perfectly honest life, devoted himself for years closely to business, raised his family respectably, did a great many acts of unostentatious charity, and did not long since estimate by all who knew him. His children are doing well, and are highly respectable. The money advanced was long since repaid, and the officer certainly has reason to feel satisfaction at the result of his helping a man to reform his life.

A Floating Studio.

It is a New Jersey man who is floating down the Mississippi River to New Orleans in a large, in which he has fitted up a photograph gallery. He pays his way by attending to business at the various towns where he stops, and between times is forming an excellent and thorough gallery of Mississippi views, intended to illustrate a work on the great river which he will devote several years to writing. The artist referred to is Mr. John P. Durmas, of Paterson, N. J., who, after having for years cherished this project, has at last begun to carry it into execution. As he is a first-class photographer, and an intelligent and observing gentleman, there is reason to believe that his proposed work on the Father of Waters will be one of unique and important value and interest.

How Thermometers are Made.

The "Polytechnic Bulletin" thus describes the manufacture of thermometers at the Tower Manufacturing Company's establishment, Chester, Pa.:

The glass tubes, as received, are about a yard long. A boy nicks them with a hand etched knife, and breaks them into the lengths required. The boxes, which are flat, are compared, by means of a lens, with those of ten standard sizes, and the tubes assorted accordingly. They are then passed to the blow-pipe table. Each glass-blower has a foot bellows, and uses an oil-lamp. Melting the glass at one end of the tube, he blows it into a bulb by pressing the sides of a hollow India-rubber ball attached to the other, proportioning the size of his bulb to the bore of the tube, and ascertaining the size by using a pair of callipers. While the bulb is yet hot, the tube is inverted in mercury, which, as the bulb rises, rises and partly fills it. The tube is then withdrawn and a short India-rubber tube attached to its open end. Into this mercury is poured; that in the bulb is heated to expand the air, which rises up through the mercury in the India-rubber tube, and an atmosphere of the vapor of mercury now fills the glass tube and bulb. As this condenses, the mercury in the India-rubber tube takes its place, when this tube, with any mercury remaining in it, is removed. The bulb is now warmed, and the open end of the glass tube hermetically sealed.

The bulb and a portion of the tube are immersed in melting ice, and the height of the mercury marked; they are then transferred to a bath at sixty-two degrees Fahr., and the height marked; next to a bath at ninety-two degrees Fahr., and the height again marked. The lengths of the three spaces of thirty degrees each are now carefully measured. If they are exactly equal, the bore of the tube is assumed to be uniform, and the degrees laid off on the brass scale of the thermometer are all made of the same length. If the spaces of thirty degrees each are not found to be exactly equal, then, by means of an ingenious dividing engine, the degree on the scale are made to increase in length as the caliber of the tube diminishes. When the plate has been divided, and the figures and letters punched, it is set, laterally, between rollers, to remove the burr left by the tools. Were it rolled lengthwise, the accuracy of the dividing would be impaired. The plate is then silvered and lacquered, the glass tube attached, and the whole slid into the well-known japanned case. The establishment turns out two hundred dozen thermometers a week.

Devastation by Wild Elephants.

Attention has been drawn in the Madras Presidency to the increasing number of wild elephants in certain mountainous districts, and the destruction caused by their incursions into the cultivated areas. In a recent instance, a Mahomedan village, at Orissa, was trampled to death in its own hut by one of these huge beasts, who attacked it and broke through it in a panic; but in the southern part of Mysore, bordering on the elevated range known as the Hellicrangum Hills, we read of a very decisive check being inflicted on their ravages through the exertions of Mr. Sanderson, the superintendent of animals for the district. This gentleman appears to have studied to some purpose the process long used for the capture of the Ceylon elephants by gradually hemming them into a knarl or inclosure. Having procured the assent of the Chief Commissioner, Sir R. Meade, and the assistance of the best sportsmen near, he set deliberately to work to prepare a sort of trap, fifteen acres in extent, in the bed of the Kholde river, using the perpendicular sides of the channels drawn from it for most of the inclosure. Into this a large herd was driven by the sportsmen, assisted by bands of villagers. Once confined thus far, and prevented from breaking out at the weak points by day by watchmen, and by night by large fires, a smaller timber enclosure was carefully prepared at one angle, and the herd finally forced into it, with the loss of only one shot—a large female, which was apparently determined that her calf should not be entrapped. A gate of large trees, cut away and dropped behind, now closed the opening, and it was found that over fifty of the interesting strangers were thus netted.

The application of the usual subdividing process of subdivision, and the loan of a party of the Rajah's tame elephants by that prince's guardian, Colonel Malleson, did the rest, and the captives were successfully being trained separately.

A Phenomenon.

A singular phenomenon is just now exercising the people of Schenectady. The railroad near that place for about one hundred feet, has been noticed several times to rise to such a degree as to render it necessary to take up the rails and sleepers and regrade the road bed. It would seem easy enough to explain the sinking of an equal length of road, but what it can be that is producing this frequent elevation is the mystery now puzzling the wits and engineers of Schenectady. The nearest approach to a solution that has yet been made, supposes that a vein of quicksand runs under the broad pan of surface at that point, and that the water from the high ground, saturating this and becoming imprisoned therein, forms a column which exerts the lifting force that has several times damaged the road level. A method of deep drainage, based upon this theory, is to be adopted at once.

The Best Cow.

A pretty rich thing occurred at the establishment of Simpson not long since. Simpson used to be our milkman, and we attribute to him in a great measure, our loss of confidence in humanity generally, and milkmen in particular. Mike Welch had been recommended to Simpson as a fit man to assist in taking care of horses and cows; so Mike was hired, and placed in charge of his department.

One morning after Mike had been a month at the place, Simpson, who had made ready to start off with his milk wagon, said to him, "Mike, you may give to the cows some oatmeal this morning, and be sure you give my best miler an extra quantity."

"The best miler, is it, sir?"

"Yes; you know the old cow that gives the most milk?"

"Belad! I think I do, sir."

"Well, you may give her four quarts of the mash."

"All right, sir. I'll do that same."

On the evening of that day, Simpson had occasion to go to the old wooden pump in the yard. He tried the handle but it wouldn't work. The pump seemed to be entirely choked up. Finally, he discovered that all the upper part was packed with something very nearly resembling oatmeal mash. He called to his man servant.

"Mike," said he, "what's the matter with this pump?"

"The pump, is it, sir?"

"Yes. How came this oatmeal mash in here?"

"Sare, sir, I put it in me-self."

"Sapid blockhead! why did you do that?"

"It was years! that told me, sir."

"I told you to put it in here?"

"Inlady, ye did, sir."

"Why, you thick-headed rascal! what do you mean?"

"Don't be in a passion, master. Didn't ye tell me to give yer best miler an extra quantity of the mash?—and where in all the place, I'd like to know, is the creature that gives so much milk to yer cans as does this old pump?"

The story leaked out, and I added greatly to the distrust already entertained by Simpson's customers.

The Plague of Ants in London.

No little anxiety exists in the neighborhood of London by the plague of ants. These are now so numerous that the air is filled with them, and in some places they will probably smother the life of their victims even in swarms being a source of serious inconvenience. What you wish to know is, an unnecessary panic, but merely with the view of preparing Londoners for possible contingencies, it may be as well to call attention to the proceedings of an army of ants that some years ago invaded the island of Grenada. The ants on that occasion "descended from the hills like torrents, and the plantations as well as every path and road for miles were filled with them. Rats, mice, and reptiles became an easy prey to them, and even the birds, which they attacked whenever they lighted on the ground in search of food, were so harassed as to be at length unable to resist them. Streams of water only opposed a temporary obstacle to their progress; the foremost rushing blindly on certain death and fresh armies instantly following, until a bank was formed of the carcasses of those which were drowned sufficient to dam up the waters and allow the main body to pass over in safety. Even fire was tried without effect. When it was lighted to arrest their route, they rushed into the blaze in such myriads as to extinguish it. To such straits was the unfortunate island reduced by the ants that a reward of £20,000 was offered, but in vain, for an effectual means of destroying them; and it was not until a hurricane in 1770 came and blew them away and destroyed them—doing, by the way, almost as much mischief than the ants—that Grenada was freed from these terrible destroyers. Happily, in London we have the steam-roller, which should be kept ready for immediate action in the face of the calamity with which we are now threatened.

Heat in the Nevada Mines.

The Virginia Enterprise inadvertently makes a strong argument in favor of the Sirocco tunnel or some such work when it publishes items like the following: Since the setting in of hot weather the heat in the lower levels of our mines has been much intensified. One would not suppose there would be much difference in the temperature. Winter or Summer, at the depth of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet below the surface, but there is in reality a vast difference. This, however, is probably more owing to the difference in the temperature of the air pumped into the mines than a difference in the heat of the mines themselves. The surface air now being pumped into the lower levels being of a temperature from 60 to 90 degrees, it cannot be expected that it will cool off of the sweetening layer region to the same extent as air of the Winter temperature—30 or 40 degrees. At present it is pumping air standing at 80, 90, or 100 degrees into an atmosphere heated to about 110 degrees, therefore the air introduced from the surface is able to but slightly reduce the temperature in the lower levels. Large air shafts, similar to that being constructed by the Becher Company, are what are needed. There should be several of these along this shaft, with connections running through all the mines between them.

REDUCTION IN PRICES
CASH BUYERS
Horse-Fitting Store
REAPING MACHINES
BEATING STOVES
SADDLERY WARE
WILLOW WARE
CROCKERY
IRON WARE
CLOTHING
HATS
SHOES
TOBACCO
Sewing Machine
Shoe Maker
Plants