

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME IX.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Owing to the great scarcity of money and the long continued neglect of many of my customers to pay their indebtedness for the past year more, I am compelled to adopt ANOTHER SYSTEM...

It is possible to Continue the Credit System and at the same time keep up my stock and meet my obligations promptly.

Before the 1st day of JANUARY, 1875, I will need must have money. Believing as I do from past experience...

I WILL NOT, after the FIRST of JANUARY NEXT, SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

George Huntley, DEALER IN Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Groceries, Paints, Oils, &c., &c., EBENSBERG, PA.

LITTLE CONFAB Sewing Machine And Where to Buy It.

W. YEAGER & CO., Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

GEO. L. PEABODY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN SEEDS, GRAIN, FLOUR, &c., &c., 325 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of JOHN O'CONNELL, dec'd.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

THE BEST Prairie Lands IOWA AND NEBRASKA FOR SALE BY THE BURLINGTON & MISSOURI RIVER R.R. CO.

Land Exploiting Tickets Sold at important stations on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and cost of same returned when land is bought.

WANTED, AGENTS for the LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE OF DR. E. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co. conduct an Agency for the reception of advertisements for American Newspapers.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of JOHN O'CONNELL, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of BERNARD MULLIN, late of Sumnerhill, Cambria County, having been issued...

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon. and Al. Vend. Expon. issued out of Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County...

ORDINANCE of the Borough of Carrolltown, Cambria County, Pa.

By the Council and Board of Burgesses of the Borough of Carrolltown, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES. By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon. and Al. Vend. Expon. issued out of Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County...

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STEAM TANNERY FOR SALE. Following is a description of a Steam Tannery and Real Estate located in Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pa.

SPLENDID TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE. A very elegant and commodious residence in Ebensburg borough will be sold on reasonable terms.

The History of the Weeping Willow.

Two willows pointed Heaven with fingers straight, Long years ago, each side a churchyard gate, And meeting o'er its top in close embrace, Formed by their shade an oft-sought resting place.

And so the trees became well loved, but still the old man noted that the tender thrill Of birds of gentlest fame, the robin and the dove, was heard from branches green above.

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Bill Smiley and the Widow.

was in a hurry, he said—he had to go to Mr. Green's place. "Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I was just going there myself, to get one of the girls to help me quilt."

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill, "what a scrape!" and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wiggle into them, when a light wagon, drawn by a white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him.

"Confound that young Sackrider!" said Bill, "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and a new harness too; and his horse can't get in sight of mine, and I declare I have half a mind to—yes, I will; I'll give this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed Wilbur that I ain't half such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place."

Ed could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags on to his shoulder, and with a few chuckles of success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Billy go by with his horse and buggy on his way to the widow's. He joggled along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days, and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have the courage to talk up to her, until at about a mile from her house, when he came to a bridge over a creek, and it so happened that just as he reached the middle of the bridge he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth, clear over the dashboard, and striking on the planks, they rolled over the side of the bridge off into the water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he sat there, completely dumbfounded at his startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water; yes, there they were in the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished that his nose was as close for a second. His beautiful teeth that cost him so much, and the show coming on and no time to get another set, and the widow and young Sackrider. Well, he must try to get them somehow and no time to lose, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his good clothes by wading in with them on, and besides he could not get to the widow's that night; so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, then quickly undressed himself, leaving his clothes in a bag to keep clean. Then he ran around to the bank and waded into the almost ice cold water, but his teeth did not chatter in his head, he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the mud, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water, and came up with them in his hand and replaced them in his mouth. But hark! what noise is that? A wagon followed by a little noisy dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting.

"Whoa! whoa! Stop, you brute you stop!" But stop he would not, but went on at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelorette after him, and the little dog yelping after the bachelorette. Bill was certainly in capital costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground.

After a while his plug hat shot off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it all dirty and dimpled on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on the hill, and what, oh, what will he do? Then his coat fell off, he slapped it on, and then making a desperate spurt, he grasped the back of the seat, scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath.—Now the horse happened to be one he got from "Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at the gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he had no possession of the reins, besides he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattle of the wheels and looked out and seeing it was Smiley and that he didn't offer to get out, she went out to see what was wanted, and there she stood chatting with her arms on the gate, and her face right towards him, while the cold chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet under the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat combined to make nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face. She asked him to come in.

"No; I'm in a great hurry," he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up the reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. He went to old Sackrider's last night, and I see his son has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing his harness; and he's got that white faced colt of his slick as a seal. I understood he thinks of taking widow Watson to the show. He has been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to let him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and

was in a hurry, he said—he had to go to Mr. Green's place. "Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I was just going there myself, to get one of the girls to help me quilt."

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GARDEN PATCHES.

One of Boston's best known merchants, noted for his penetration and shrewdness, had a test case presented a short time since and came off victorious. As it is an illustration of this millionaire's penetration in great business affairs, we give the story here.

It appears that the merchant wanted another gardener upon his country estate near Boston, and an individual presented himself for that office.

"Understand the business?" "Yes, when in it for years."

"How had he lived with last? The applicant mentioned a gentleman the merchant was well acquainted with, stated that he left for no fault, but that his former employer was going to Europe, had sold his estate, and had no further use for him.

"What wages do you expect?" "Eighteen dollars a month."

This was astonishingly low for such a promising looking, sober, man and the shrewd business man rubbed his chin thoughtfully and reflected that it was a bargain lot, but "wasn't there something wrong about it?" His habitual business caution even in this comparatively trifling negotiation did not forsake him.

"Call to-morrow at this time, and I will have seen Mr. —, your former employer, and give you an answer."

The gardener turned and began to walk slowly away; as he did so, he displayed two patches on the seat of his pantaloons beneath the line of his roundabout jacket.

AN ANSWER.

He didn't look like a liar. He had, in fact, a George Washington sort of face, and his education was loudly honest and decidedly usual. He sat roasting his alternate sides in front of a red-hot saloon stove amid a party of bummers who were trying to out-lie each other.

"Talkin' about lightnin'," said he, "I reckon none o' you lazzaroni was ever struck, was you? No! Well, I was. You see I was out shootin' prairie chickens in Eelney, last August, and there came up the awfulest thunder storm I ever see in the whole course of my life. It rained cats and dogs, and the thunder rolled and the forked lightning darted all over the sky like fiery tongues. I got behind a haystack that set o' leaned over to the south, and the first thing I knowed the lightnin' struck that and set it on fire. Then I moved to a walnut tree that stood near, and a double jointed bolt ripped that into splinters. I moved to another tree and the lightnin' struck it. Then I began to think it meant me, and so I just walked out, humped myself up, and took three or four of the de-d-d-d claps I ever heard. It shuk me up right smart, but beyond rippin' the coat off my back and splittin' one of my boots from top to toe, it didn't do me much damage. But you don't find old Jim around hunting a row of that kind again."

The discomfited bummers looked curiously into each other's faces a moment, and then, one by one, silently rose and sneaked out, leaving truthful James the master of the field.

ONE of our merchants recently sold a block of matches to a woman, who, on reaching her home, could not make them burn. In a towering passion, which increased all the way back, she returned and demanded: "Why did you cheat me with those matches?" "Matches," responded the grocer pleasantly—"always wears a trouble for his customers—'what is the trouble with the matches?" "They won't burn, not one of them," was the quick and angry response. "Let us see," replied the gentleman, applying the charged ends to his pantaloons and causing them to burn instantly; "that burns well enough."

"But the rest won't," replied the woman, who began to fear that she had walked seven miles and was to return seven more on foot and had got angry for nothing. The grocer opened three bunches and proved them all the same. "I don't want to burn up all your matches," he said, "but there is not one that will not burn the same way."

Chagrined she stared at him with tiger eyes, and, not to be beaten, burst out: "If they will, you don't s'pose every time I want a fire I'm coming all this way to rub them on the seat of your trousers, do you?"

The following is intended for those who wish to exercise their mathematical bamp. It is said to be a hard nut to crack. In one of the smaller New England towns, an agent was appointed to sell alcoholic liquors at a salary of twenty-five dollars per annum; he was furnished with a stock of liquors valued at \$37.54, and with \$82.19 in cash to commence business; during the year he purchased liquors to the amount of \$59.91, and received for liquors sold, \$162.08. At the end of the year he had liquors on hand valued at \$31.37. Did he owe the town or did the town owe him? and how much?

The hardest thing to deal with—An old pack of cards.