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VOLUME IX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1875.

NUMBER 14.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Owing to the great scarcity of money and the long neglect of many of my customers...

I WILL NOT

SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT. I am fully convinced that in three cases of four persons buying goods...

Good, Merrell & Co.

WASHINGTON STREET, or PENN'A R. DEPOT, JOHNSTOWN, Pa. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods...

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard...

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded whiskers...

GILES' LINIMENT

IOBIDE OF AMMONIA. Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Stomachic Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Swellings of various parts...

SHARP'S RIFLE CO.

Manufacturers of the latest and best Military, Sporting and Creedmoor Rifles. Also, the best of the world. Winner of international and all other principal matches at Creedmoor.

N. F. BURNHAM'S TURBINE WATER WHEEL

Was selected, 4 years ago, and put in operation at the Great Library, New York. It is the best, and has proved to be the most economical and reliable in service.

A Fortune for \$100!

WYOMING MONTHLY LOTTERY!

By authority of an act of the Legislature. TICKETS \$1 EACH, SIX FOR \$5. 1 Chance is 9. Fifth Extraordinary Drawing. \$1,025 Cash Prizes, - \$350,000 Capital Prize, - - \$100,000

FALSELY ACCUSED.

It was the beautiful summer time; the trees were clothed in their richest foliage; the birds sang sweetly; the little lambs frisked about merrily in the green fields...

FALSELY ACCUSED.

Through the centre of this village a beautiful river wound its serpentine course. The banks of which, on either side, were interspersed by numerous picturesque mansions...

Oh, God!

Oh, God! what have I ever done to merit this terrible torture that is killing me? I the murderer of Godfrey Blake, a man whom I would shed the last drop of my blood to serve.

Oh, God!

Oh, God! how can you accuse me so? I believe you to be guilty?—no! I am sure that you never committed the crime of which you stand accused.

Oh, God!

The morning came calm and beautiful—the morning of the day on which Gerald O'Connor was to be tried for his life—tried for a murder he never committed.

Oh, God!

And as he ceased to speak he stuffed his hands in his trousers pockets and strode fiercely from the place.

tranquility rested over the little village of Ballygien, when one beautiful autumn evening its slumbering inhabitants were awakened from their blissful repose by the cry of:

"Murder!" "Murder. The terrible word seemed to be echoed from the surrounding hills and filled the hearts of the people with awe.

Oh, God!

Two weeks after the burial of Mr. Blake the trial was to take place, and on the evening before the fixed day Gerald O'Connor sat in his cell, his head resting on his hands.

Oh, God!

He did not hear the bolt of the cell door shut, nor was he aware that any one entered all a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice said: "Gerald!"

Oh, God!

"Your words lighten the terrible load that lies on my heart and makes it easier for me to bear; but the evidence is so strong against me that it is a mockery to hope."

Oh, God!

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Oh, God!

Another witness testified to the same with the exception of the stabbing, and the prosecution closed.

Oh, God!

The stillness of death reigned, every breath was hushed, as the foreman of the jury arose to render their verdict.

A NIGHT IN THE CRATER.

THE FEARFUL ADVENTURE OF TWO DARING AMERICANS.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Leader gives the following thrilling account of a descent into the crater of Popocatepetl:

I succeeded in reaching an altitude of nearly 18,000 feet, and then gave out on account of a previous illness, from which I had not fully recovered...

The gigantic crater is about one mile in diameter and 4,500 feet deep, and almost incredible to believe, but nevertheless true, there is a settlement consisting of forty sulphur miners in the bottom of this awful cavity...

They zigzagged down the bleared and blackened rocks about 200 feet and came to a windlass called "El Malacate."

The invalid was seated in a chair on the witness-stand, and, after having been duly sworn, deposed as follows:

A tremendous uproar arose in the courtroom, and a rush was made toward the door.

Boufies blazed on the hill side, from which the joyous shouts of the peasantry were echoed in the valley below, where nestled the village of Ballygien.

The marriage bells pealed forth their joyous anthems, as a marriage coterie entered the pretty little church and advanced on the flower-strewn aisle and stood before the altar.

And so thought Gerald O'Connor as the minister pronounced Molly Blake his wedded wife.

Oh, God!

And as our story comes to an end we will bid them adieu, hoping that a long life of love and happiness will be theirs.

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