McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

DLUME IX.

510,000

HINSTOWN, Pa.

JOHN F. BARNES. 20, 1875, -2m.

LINDSEY'S

ROVED BLOOD SEARCHER

fulous Affections, Cancerous

A LECTURE

in a Scaled Envelope. Price 6 cts.

without medicine, and wit

gical operations, bougies, instru gical operations, bougies, instru cordials; pointing out a mode o lain and effectual, by means o rer, no matter what his condition chimself cheaply, privately and

n a plain envelope, to any accept of six cents, or tw

the Address the Publishers.

(HAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,

If Bowery, New York, P. O. Box 458

EP IT HANDY

A. Dysentery, Cholers, Summer Co.

ps. &c., quickly cured by the use o

up of Blackberry Root and Rhubarb.

remedy, entirely vegetable,

quick and certain in effect : can

Reliable Family Medicine.

ONS. BALDWIN & CO.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR SALE.

63 Wood Street.

EM SPRING WAGONS, PLAIN SPRING WAGONS, FARM WAGONS

Light Wagons, all kinds of Carts and

street and Allegheny river, 2 square slan Bridge, Allegheny City, Pa. stomptly done.

WAGON WORKS

JARDELLA'S

TO YOUNG MEN.

emations, Erysipelas, Boils,

imples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes,

Scald Head, Tetter, Salt

Rheum, Mercurial and

all Skin Diseases.

QUIT BUSINESS! Tradesmen's

Industrial

Institute

PITTSBURG

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

HATS and CAPS, together with a large ment of SHIRTS, DRAWERS, Overalls, Octorer 6th to November 7th, 1875. ing determined to quit the business, will sell ing and all other goods in the store, CHEAP-IAN THEY HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR FIFTKEN

PREMIUMS GAINS! Bargains! BARGAINS! VALUED AT \$50,000. and if it is impure the whole sys-tem will be diseased. You can-not purify a stream while the

s corrupt: neither can you impart good to the human body while the blood is con-he seeds of disease to all parts of it. There-RIFY the BLOOD, and nature will heal NOTHING EXCLUDED!

> Every Department will be filled with the most interesting Inven-tions and Arts of the Age. Music, by first-class Bands, will be in attendance from 10 A. M. until 2 P. M. during the entire Exhibition.

> Unparalleled Attractions in Every Department.

> > ALL KINDS OF

FARMERS' PRODUCTS AND LIVE STOCK.

all bruggists and Country Dealers, BARRER & Son, Agents, Ebens-[Sept. 10, 1875.-3m.] Reduced Fares on all Rail-[9-24.-1m.]

JOHN DIBERTJOHN D. ROBERTS.

John Dibert & Co., re of Seminal Weakness, or Sper-need by Self-Abuse, Involuntary stency, Nervous Debility, and Im-stringe generally; Consumption, Fits; Mental and Physical Inca-ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, the "Green Book," &c. BANKERS,

Corner Main and Franklin Sts., JOHNSTOWN, Pa.

awned sathor, in this admirable proves from his own experience assequences of Self-Abuse may be Accounts of Merchants and other business people solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the country for sale. Money Loaned and Collections Made, Interest at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum al-

> Savings Deposits Books issued. and Interest Compounded Semiannually when desired.

lowed on Time Deposits.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

at extract and readily taken by en saved life when physicians up it in the house and use in For upwards of twesty years the leading busioff with something else. Buy it.
The progress and Store Keepers
State. Prepared only by HAN2000 Market St., Philadelphia. ness College of the United States, affords unequalled advantages for the thorough, practical education of young and middle aged men. Students

admitted at any time. AF For circulars, address, J. C. SMITH, A. M., YOU GOING TO PAINT? rill Chemical Paint institution of the kind, in this city, that we recommend to the public patronage."-Presbyterian ans of all sizes and colors, ready to

in and use. Any one can be his ske a business by using it. It is Banner, Pittsburgh, Pa. make a business by using it. It is and best. Try a sample can. Sold at EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of THOS. GOODERHAM, dec'd. Estate of THOS. GOODERHAM, dec.d.,
The undersigned Executors of the last will
and testament of THOMAS GOODERHAM, late of
Susquehanna township, Cambria county, deceased, hereby notify all persons indebted to
the estate of said decedent that payment must
be made without delay, and those having claims
against the same will present them properly
authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL A. FARBER,

JOHN SOMERVILLE,

Susquebanna Twp., Seps. 10, 1875.-3t.*

A SSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Bernard Kelly, of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, has assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Bernard Kelly to F. J. Parrish, of Gallitsia, in said county, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of thesaid Bernard Kelly. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said Bernard Kelly will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay. F. J. PARRISH.

Assignee of Bernard Kelly.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of JOSEPH MOYER, dec'd.

The undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of JOSEPH MOYER, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, hereby notify all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

AUG. MOYERS, { Executors.}

Clearfield Twp., Aug. 20, 1876. -6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of SAMUEL HENRY, dec'd. Letters of Administration on the estate of SAMUEL HENRY, dec d. SAMUEL HENRY, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, baving been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Ebensburg, Sept. 3, 1875.-6t.

money on deposit, discount NOTICE.—Patience is no longer a notes, and attend to all the Nortue with me, and therefore all persons indebted to me by note or book account are hereby notified to call and settle up before October 1st, 1875. All who fail to comply with this notice must not complain or be surprised to find their accounts in the hands of an officer for immediate collection, as I MUST HAVE MON-BY.

Ebensburg, Sept. 10, 1875.-St.;

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1875.

POETICAL GEMS.

Of single examples of elegiac verse more notable than their author's fame, a writer in the Boston "Transcript" has given to print the following, in the hope that the unsettled question whether it was written by Moore or his friend Joseph Atkinson, or by somebody else, may be thereby helped towards solution:

If every lot was prosperously cast,
If every life was like the gentle flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his who, mourned by many sleeps be-

The sunny temper bright where all is strife;
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles;
Light wit, that plays along the caim of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower, Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds, But, like the dew, with gradual, silent power, Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads; The happy, grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift so richly given,
That, wonder where it will those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home heaven

All these were his. O thou who read'st this stone, When for thyself, thy children to the sky Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone, That ye like him may live, like him may die

Beyond religious literature proper, the solemnities and memorial services of the Muse seldom dwell long in popular esteem unless commended by the highest genius. Poems of sentiment, passion, and animated description are those that people read with most avidity and remember longest. "Though they may forget the singer, they do not forget the song." It is not known who wrote these lines, now about twenty years old:

THE OLD LOVE.

I met her—she was thin and old—
She stooped and trod with tottering feet;
Her locks were gray that once were gold,
Her voice was harsh that once was sweet;
Her cheeks were sunken and her eyes,
Robbed of their girlish light of joy,
Were dim;—I felt a strange surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air
Restored me to my youthful prime;
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The impress of that long lost time:
I took her shaking hand in mine—
Its touch awoke a world of joy;
I kissed her with a reverend sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy!

Simple and innocent as a nursery rhyme, those two stanzas have a certainty of enviable popuar applause and literary honor for the author who should be able to do so as well in succeeding efforts. Indeed, simplicity of expression may be regarded as an inexorable condition of poetic long life. It is characteristic of every poem given in the present article, and its possible disregard by some of the writers in later account for much of the single piece celebrity

What could be simpler, for instance, than

Life! we've been long together.
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
Tis hard to part when friends are dear.
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away—give little warning;
Choose your own time—
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

Yet, according to Henry Crabbe Robinson' Diary, Wordsworth esteemed those lines above all other verse by the same author, and their fame outlives the whole remainder of the volume in which the first appeared.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

"You seem to have been struck by that picture," said my old friend the Colonel for as I don't mean to betray family secrets, I shall speak of him as the "Colonel" only), at whose cosy nook in Buckhamshire I had quartered myself for a few

"Well, yes," I answered; "regarding it as a picture, I should say it is by no means the best of your collection, but, regarding is either handsome or intellectual, but you here." there is a strange, weird something about it which the artist seemed to have caught The "IRON CITY COLLEGE is the only fresh from the living face and transferred to the canvass, and which all after-art had failed to point out. I am sure there is some grim secret connected with that picture; you may as well tell me what it is If it is a family secret, I promise to keep

"Well," he answered after a moment's reflection, "there is a painful story connected with it. The portrait is that of my grandfather-Dr. Mathias, let us call him. He was one of the physicians-in-ordinary to George III, which position he occupied long before he had reached middle ace. He, was a courteous genial, kindly man, full of those social qualities which make a man a favorite of society. So much I have heard. When I knew him things were tinent for a month's holiday; he came then rose and joined the group. Laying back at the end of it an altered man-his his hand lightly on my grandfather's genial nature clouded with an ineradicable

"He purchased and retired to this place and turned his back upon the world, and though he was no world scorner, nothing would induce him to enter it again. He was a widower, and his only son-my father-was then a boy at Harrow. You may imagine this was not a lively place for a high spirited young fellow to come home to. They saw little of each other. In due time my father married, and I was born. Years passed, and one wintry night, when I was about eighteen years old, we received a telegram summoning us here. We came and were shown into the room where you his eyes fixed on the door, watching for us. doomed; no power on earth can save her." As we entered the room the filmy eyes brightened; his eager, outstretched arms with those flends in human form. He felt The old men paid \$4 each, the young men

It appears that during that momentous, it was about to strike. At a given signal visit to the Continent he went to Naples. the statue-like figures stepped forward and He was received by the best society, and rapidly uncoiled a rope with a noose almost hospitably entertained in the most ready made; they were about to slip it social and political circles, where he passed over his head and hang him to a beam many pleasant hours discoursing and dis- which ran along the centre of the ceiling. cussing intellectual and scientific subjects The horror of facing a sudden and violent these things, the use and misuse of poisons her nothing for whom he died. His senses cropped up in the course of conversation; were in a whirl; he threw up his hands and some one present-a gentleman of and sprang forward. some note and importance-asked what The subject was freely debated.

One evening he returned from one of those pleasant gatherings, and in a reflective mood of mind, sat for an hour looking over the moonlit city and the beautiful, world-famous bay. It was near midnight when two strangers were shown in to him, and requested his immediate attendance in great urgency.

A carriage was at the door; he got in first, they followed him, pulled down the blinds, and the carriage rattled away.

They seemed to drive a great distance, turning and turning many times. Once he inquired, "Had they far to go," and received the brief answer, "No." At last they drove into the court-yard of a great house. The door opened as if by magic.

They ascended the wide stone staircase, and on reaching the first landing they threw open a door, and for a second he was almost blinded by the blaze of light that streamed out upon him. The door closed behind him as he stepped in the room. He took in the whole aspect of the room at a glance; it was gorgeously furnished and it with one long remorse-a living nightbrilliantly illuminated with wax candles: at a table near the heavily curtained window a man of stern, commanding appearance sat writing. He raised his head as ry his secret to the grave with him, so he they entered, and pointing to the far end of gave it into our keeping. the room, exclaimed:

"Your patient lies there, sir." My grandfather's eye followed the diman stretched upon a couch. Where had this gloomy subject from our senses." he seen that face before? Slowly it dawned upon his memory. A few days back he had been at the theatre, and, glancing around was struck by a beautiful fair face, which, for the time, fascinated him; he thought it the loveliest there. He looked on it again now; but, how changed! The bands were clasped upon the breast, as though in prayer; a dumb, white terror was written on the face; and in the great, uplifted eyes there was a hopeless, despair-

ing agony, sickening to behold. He inquired what was the matter-how she had been attacked, and seeing that she his ability. was gagged, he begged them to release her mouth, that she might answer his questions, adding:

"I must know something of the sym toms before I can attempt a cure."

"Your business here is to kill not to cure, doctor," said one in a strangely sad tone which accorded ill with his stern, fearful phrase. "Your patient has spoken her last words in this world. She is doomed to die by a secret, though just, tribunal, but we must temper justice with mercy and spare her the shame and public disit as a portrait, there is something about it grace. You can cause her to die easily that 'fetches' me. It is not that the face and secretly, therefore we have brought

"A doctor never travels without his tools," resumed the stranger, and as he spoke he turned the lace back from the tender throat, and pointing to it added significantly, "Open the jugular vein; it is the easiest and quickest way to die."

My grandfather started back amazed and horror-struck. These were the words he had uttered during one of those pleasant gatherings at the house of a celebrated Neapolitian a few days back.

"How dare you propose to me such a crime?" he exclaimed. "Iam an Englishman, and will not commit murder."

"Pshaw! your nation produces as many your work, sir, and quickly !"

"I refuse to obey your cruel command.

Let me go." The man who had been writing, and different. In 1770, full of high spirits and until now had taken no part whatever in pleasing anticipations, he went on the con- the scene that was passing around him,

> shoulder, he said : "There is no escape for you, Doctor: every moment you hesitate you prolong that woman's pain. She must die; and you can dispatch her with painless speed."

"What if I refuse? You cannot force

me to commit so foul a murder." He pointed to two swarthy figures (either soldiers or liveried servants of some noble family-my grandfather could not tell which), who had been standing motionless by the couch, and answered :

"Then those faithful fellows will dispatch you and afterwards dispatch her; they are not professionals, and their work slept last night. The old man with the be not performed upon your patient before | bave been able to provide for him. stamp of death upon his faus, was propped the clock strikes, you know your fateup on pillows where he had lain for hours, your life without saving hers. She is

It was vain to speak or to expostulate

-chemistry, surgery, and once, among death seized him-his death would avail "I'll do it!" he exclaimed, and fell or

was the quickest and easiest death to die. his knees before her. "They will have your life; I can not save you, child; but can shield you from their rough and cruel hands, and put you painlessly to rest. Forgive me, forgive me, for it is in mercy to you I do this cruel deed."

The white hand went out to him and closed over his in a soft, forgiving clasp; the agony died out of the sweet eyes as they rested one moment on his face : then with a low sigh she closed them and turned away her bead. In another moment her young life was ebbing slowly away. He remained by her side, holding her hand in his and watching till all was over. He would not for a second leave her with those stern men, lest a wounding word or rough touch might disturb her on her way from this world to the next. He was conducted from the place in the same way as he had entered it, and when his conductors took leave of him they suggested that it would be well if he would leave Naples with as little delay as possible. This forced murder-for such it really was-lay upon his conscience to the end of his life, and filled mare -for that scene was always present to his mind. The change that had puzzled us puzzled us no more. He could not car-

"It's a terrible story !" I exclaimed. "Aud, unlike most terrible stories, it is true," he answered. "Come out for a rection of his finger, and observed a we- breath of fresh air and sunshine, to blow

JUST IN TIME.

A young surgeon, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball to rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and rode at full speed through the town. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments-thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in

A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practicing, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped past his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail.

The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping.

In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and dale. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his ears, and he was driven to his wits' end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a honorable criminals as any other. Do low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the surgeon tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said : "How lucky, neighbor, that I was able

to arrive just in time !"

The wondering spectator was silent with awe; and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering town folk, as secured to the young surgeon a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which will be clumsily done. If the operation the most influential patronage might never

A QUESTION.-Twelve persons stopped at a hotel over night. On asking their bill the next morning found it to be \$12. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,
Physician and Surgeon,
Discrete of John Buck's store. Night
The made the residence of John Buck's store. Sept. 13, 1875-3t.

All persons are hereby and ask brown, his voice of Live men assembled to witness the same away.

Can any of our readers figure it out and surgeon the residence of Large Live men assembled to witness the professional murder of a young and be made (14-tf.)

All persons are hereby and ask brown, his voice of Live men assembled to witness the many young men, how many young men, how many young men, how many young men, how many young and ladies were there traveling in the crowd?

Can any of our readers figure it out and beautiful woman!

Cheff Creek, Sept. 13, 1875-3t.

All persons are hereby agold medal for her bravery, and a captain how many young men, how many young men, how many young men, how many young and ladies were there traveling in the crowd?

Can any of our readers figure it out and beautiful woman!

The clock began to chime the quarters; send us the answer?

MARY JANE.

There is no foolishness about some of the is ripe for plucking, and hangs wasting in weetness when it should be plucked. fatters were brought to a climax with a rush at a certain farmer's residence in of the soil had for some months been paying | marck, as thuswise : nost assiduous attentions to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful, modest young chap, never having been much in the company of girls, except this one, that be had never been able to raise his courage sufficiently high to pop the all important

He had gone to the house in which his adored lived, upon at least twenty different occasions, resolved to know his fate; but when ushered into the presence of his fair one, in whose keeping he had placed his heart, his courage would invariably "go back on him," and he would return to his onely room in greater suspense than before. Upon the evening in question he had determined that, come what would, he would tell his Mary that he loved her. He would once for all decide the matter; but, as upon each former occasion, he could get the matter no nearer than his throat. There it stuck, and he had just determined to gulp it down and give up the siege, when the door opened, and in stalked the girl's father, who advanced to where they were sitting, and thus addressed them :

"I came in to put a stop to this infernal foolishness. It ain't the courtin' expenses that I'm looking at, for coaloil'scheap, and wood can be had for the haulin'; but I'm sick and tired of this billin' and cooin' like a pair of sick doves, keepin' me awake nights, and it's got to be stopped right here. Mary Jane, look up here. Do you love John Henry well enough to marry

"Why, father ; I-I-you must-" "Stop that darn foolishin' !" roared the old man. Auswer 'yes' or 'no' an' mighty an hour to restore order. The first case quick too. It's got to be settled now or was called, and the Judge said: "Mr. "Well, but father, you don't know-if

ou'd only wait,-" "Dry up ! answer 'yes' or 'no.' Speak."

pared the old gent. "Well, yes, then ! there now !" and Mary ane again hid her face.

"That's business; that's the way to talk. Now John, look here-look up here or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do you want that gal o' mine for a wife? Speak out like a man now."

"Why, Mr. - ain't this rather a-I ean, can't you-"

"Speak it out, or out of this house you'll o head-foremost! I won't wait a minute onger. There's the gal, and a likelier gal ain't in the State, and you just heard her say she wanted you. Now, John, I won't stand a bit o' foolin'; once for all, 'yes' or

"Well, yes sir, I have been presumptuous

enough to hope that I-" "O, cuss your soft talk ! the thing's settled now. You two blasted fools would have been six months more at that job that I've settled in five minutes. I never saw such foolin' as there is among young people now-a-days. Ain't like it was when I was a youth-an' now good-night. You can talk the thing over, an' you an' me, John, 'll go town to-morrow and get the license. Soon be time to go to plowin'no time for love-makin' then. Good-night, good-night; hope it wasn't too rough; but was determined to fix the thing up one way or t'other;" and the old man went back to bed.

Now that the ice was broken, the young people laid all their plans for the future, and John felt just a little bad at the comfort he had lost, when Mary, looking at him

"This would have been all right four months ago, John, if you hadn't been so skeery. I know'd all the time that you wanted to ask me; but it wasn't my place to say anything, you know." No cards.

How IT CAME ABOUT .- There is a bit of romance quite racy in the early life of the two elder members of the family now very eminent in French affairs. It is rela-

In the middle of the winter of 1838 a fire broke out in the female seminary at Limoges, France, and spread with such rapidity that it was feared all the inmates would perish. The firemen, however, brought out all, as they supposed, and then, as is usual, the crowd watched, the destruction of the building. Suddenly there was a cry that one little girl had been left in her room. There was an immediate rush for the doors and windows; but the flames drove every one back. As the excited spectators were beginning to pray for the unfortunate child a tall girl, with disheveled blonde hair and flowing nightgown, cut through the crowd, and with a shriek of, "I'll save her!" that rose above the sound of crackling timbers and falling masonry, dashed into the doorway. Many of those apparently neverending moments elapsed. The populace prayed for two souls with closed eyes. A loud hurrah, that was prolonged to the echo only to be repeated again, attracted the at-

only to be repeated again, attracted the at-tention of the devotees, and the pale-faced brightened; his eager, outstretched arms with those heads in human form. He left in a long men paid \$4 each, the young men girl was seen skipping through the flames trembled as we touched him. With the they were as stern and inexorable as fate. paid 50 cents each, and the young women with the terrified child. A few days theredamp death dew on his brow, his voice It was as cruel as it was horrible and paid 25 cents each. How many old men, after, King Louis Philippe sent the heroine O YEZ! O YEZ!

NUMBER 36.

All who have had the privilege of being fathers in Dubaque county, Iowa, who have drawn on a jury must be familiar with marriageable daughters, and they know this quaint old Norman French expression, how to precipitate business when the fruit used by the sheriff or his representative, when opening court. But few have ever been lucky enough to listen to such an exordium as came upon the astonished ears of the Mansfields and O'Conors of Musking-Vernon township recently. A young tiller um, from the lips of the compatriot of Bis-

> HE OPENED COURT. Wm. Ruth is Sheriff of Muskingum

county, Ohio. He is also of the Teutonic

persuasion. When he was elected three years ago he was in blissful ignorance of his duties, and was greatly troubled about the proper way of opening court. He confided his troubles to Congressman Southard and several other young members of the bar, and they coached him in his duties, giving him to understand that he was a higher official than the court itself, and that Judge Frazier, of the Common Pleas, was in the habit of interfering with the sheriff in a manner that no well regulated sheriff ought to tolerate. "Py shimminy is dot so?" said the functionary. "Vell yust vait till I opens the gort und he find that Bill Root ish not Pense Lloyd by a chug full." When court came on Sheriff Ruth verified his prediction. For weeks he had been practicing on his opening speech, and when Judge Frazier turned to him with a look of judicial dignity and said, "Mr. Sheriff, open the court," Mr. Ruth struck an attitude and began: "O yesh, hear ye eferpoddy und de peebles in sheneral, that the honorable Gort of Common Sessions, in un for de honorable poddy of Mooskingum gounty, ish now in pleas, und dot its doors are open for to hear the gomolaints of all the yeomanry und gommon und take gognizance of all mishde-meanors und—" "Hold on there! Hold on, Mr. Sheriff. What is the meaning of all this rigmarole?" exclaimed Judge Frazier. Shust hold a leedle on, Mr. Shudge," returned the sheriff. "I'm Bill Root, the sheriff of this gounty, und I know my pishness, und all you who haf any pishness to transact mit dis gort und ony gauses to present for its honorable gonsideration will now approach und dat same known, und und may Gott Almighty haf mercy on your sonls, and all of you off mit your hats right away guick !" By the time the sheriff concluded even Judge Frazier was roaring with langhter. It took the const Sheriff, call Peter Jones, John Smith, and Sarah White three times at the door." vancing to the door and opening it about three inches, pitching his voice to the highest key, he began: "Peter Shones, Shon Smit, Sara Vite, Shon Shones, Peter Smitt, Sarah Vite, Sarah Shones, Shon Smitt, Peter Vite, gome right into court mit you dree dimes. Your Honor, they gooms now." Judge Frazier,-"That will never do. Call them three times, one at a time." Sheriff Ruth .- "Peter Shones, Shon Smitt, Sarah Vite, dree dimes, von at a dime, gome into gourt mitout any delay." Judge Frazier .- "That's worse than it was before. Call one of them three times." Sheriff Ruth. - "Mr. Shudge, yust look-ahere. Dot is vhen you make foolish mit You say to gall dem dree dimes vonce, und den you say gall dem vonce dree dimes; und den you say dot ish worsh und worsh. Oof you vant Peter Shones, und Shon Smitt, und Sarah Vite, vonce dree dimes or dree dimes vonce, you petter gall dem yourself. I not stand dot kind of foolishiess." Sheriff Ruth retired to Fred Ditmer's and refreshed himself with sundry glasses of lager, while the constable called

A PRETTY TOUGH PLUG. - One day last month, when trade was dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured a piece of sole-leath. er from a shoemaker, painted it black, and laid it aside for future use. Within a few days an old chap from back in the country came in and inquired for a plug of chewing-tobacco. The piece of sole-leather was tied up, paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected. and walking into the store he inquired of

"Member that terbacker I got here the other day?" "Yes.

"Well, was that a new brand?" "No-same old brand."

"Regular plug-'erbacker, was it ?"

"Well, then, it's me; it's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the man, "I knowed I was gittin' purty old, but I was allus handy an bitin' plug. I never seed a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to pieces at one chaw. I sot my teeth on to this one, and bit and pulled and twisted, like a dog at a root and I've kept biting and pulling for six days, and thar she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me !"

"Seems to be a good plug," remarked the clerk, as he smelled of the counterfeit. "She's all right; it's me that's falling?" exclaimed the old mad. "Pass me out some fine cut, and I'll go home and deed the farm to the boys, and git ready for the

Twins .- Max Adeler tells a new story, the gist of which is as follows : Bill Slocur was nominated for Mayor of Pencader, and one day, in a street conversation, he remarked, "I've got to win." He pronounced it. "I've got t'win" and old Mrs. Martin, overhearing it imperfectly, went around and reported that Mrs. Slocum had twins, The boys at once decided to serenade Bill, and that night they marched out to his house, with a band playing "Hail to the Chief," several ward clubs, some fire companies, a group of white-dressed girls in a wagon, a lot of banners, and plenty of enthusiasm. Bill made a speech about the canvass, and then there were shouts of where's the twins !" and the like. Bill said there was a mistake, but the band sarcastically played, "Listen to the Mocking Biro," and the boys shouted louder for the twins. When the truth prevailed the assembly dispersed in disgust, and Bill was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

An industrious colored citizen of Rome.

and hest appointed Institution for a Business Education. P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburgh, Pa YOMING SEMI-MONTHLY TERY Tickets \$1 each, 6 for \$5. th month Tickets \$1 each, 0 levine \$20,000 cash prizes. Capital Prize bis wanted. Particulars. Address EE Laramie City, Wyoming.

LINS, JOHNSTON & CO., INKERS, bensburg, Pa.

JAS. P. MURPHY, Cashier. J. OATMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,