

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1876.

NUMBER 2.

76. 1876. Centennial Year. THE PITTSBURGH Daily Dispatch. PER FOR THE PEOPLE.

One Should Subscribe For It.

Our readers who desire a good city journal... The Dispatch is published daily... It is the largest and most reliable...

Weekly Dispatch. The Cheapest and Best Published.

Body Should Read It! The Dispatch is published daily... It is the largest and most reliable...

H. ROSENTEEL. Manufacturer of superior...

Crop LEATHER, AND DEALER IN...

JOHNSTOWN, PA. Having bought and left...

PLANK, M. D. respectfully...

ANDERSON, M. D. Physician and Surgeon...

MCNEILL, M. D. Physician and Surgeon...

SCHELER, Attorney at Law...

SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law...

LITZIN LAKE, ATTORNEY...

Assignee's Sale

Valuable Real Estate!

The undersigned will offer at public sale, at the store room formerly occupied by Geo. C. K. Zahn, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., on SATURDAY, FEB. 5th, 1876...

Square of Ground

situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, bounded on the north by Crawford street, on the east by Beech alley, on the south by Spruce street, and on the west by Mary Ann street.

65 Acres of LAND

situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., about 25 acres of which are cleared, adjoining the town of Ebensburg...

FOUR LOTS

in Salina, Salina county, Kansas, known as Lots No. 66, 67 and 64 on Third street and Lot No. 7 on Fourth street.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK!

120 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa. CHARTERED SEPT. 12, 1870. DEPOSITS received of all banks not less than One Dollar...

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, do directed, there will be exposed to public sale by vendor or outcry, on the premises...

COMMITTEE'S SALE!

The undersigned, Committee of the person and estate of ELLIOT G. CALLAN, widow of William Callan, deceased, will offer at Public Sale...

PUBLIC SALE OF ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE HOTEL PROPERTIES

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY. The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on Tuesday, the 1st day of February, 1876...

TAVERN STAND FOR RENT.

The well located Tavern Stand and Dwelling House, belonging to the late estate of the late John W. Shambaugh...

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JACOB SHARBAUGH, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of said dec'd. late of Carroll township, having been granted...

COMMITTEE'S NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed Committee of the person and estate of ELLIOT G. CALLAN, widow of William Callan, deceased...

LAW FIRM DISSOLVED.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the practice of the law was dissolved by mutual consent...

BOB'S BABY.

A boy sat on a trunk near the baggage room of Wakesha station, waiting for the train to come in. Not that he was expecting to go anywhere—he only wished he could—but he liked the bustle and excitement...

Presently the engine with its long train of cars came snorting and thundering up the track, and the crowd surged forward to the front of the platform.

For Bob was an orphan—nay, more, he had neither kith nor kin that he knew of in the wide world.

But neither of them seemed inclined to avail themselves of the offer. The train moved faster and faster, and finally whisked out of sight while Bob stood still, gazing in the direction in which it had vanished...

"Gingo!" exclaimed he then, turning his eyes from the line of blue smoke which still floated above the tree top, to the face of the child in his arms; and in that single word he expressed volumes.

"Well, what is the meaning of this?" asked the depot master, his attention now for the first time attracted to the scene.

"Why, you see, the lady asked me to hold her baby while she went to get something, and she was carried off without it."

"Don't know. Never seen her before." "Where did she come from?" "Don't know. The fast I see, she was standing right in front of me."

"I don't know. Don't know nothing about her only she asked me to hold the baby, cause she'd forgot somethin'." She left her bag, too; there 'tis"—pointing with his foot because his hands were otherwise engaged; "and I know she went off in the cars, 'cause I see her looking out the window."

There was a certain straightforwardness about Bob's story which carried conviction with it, and none of the little circle, of which Bob was now the centre, thought of doubting its truth.

"While the depot master was deliberating what to say next, a rough looking boy about Bob's age, who had left off shouting 'Wakesha Chronicle,' to hear what was going on, cried out:

"That's so, I guess," said the depot master. "Bobby, my boy, you're sold, and have got a baby on your hands," said another.

"In short, it was apparent that the young newsboy had expressed the sentiments of all the men present. The next question was how Bob should dispose of this very odd and unexpected Christmas present.

"You had better go at once to the town authorities and let them take the child," said the depot master.

"Certainly," chimed in the bystanders; and so the matter would have been settled, but the baby, who had been looking wonderingly from one to another, now nestled closely to Bob's shoulder, and began to wail pitiouly.

She, meanwhile, continued to grow and thrive. In fact, she quite outgrew her original wardrobe, which was carefully folded away in Mrs. Darby's best drawer, and new and coarser clothing provided for her use.

Nearly a year had passed away, and people were ceasing to speculate upon the mysterious advent of Bob's baby, when the affair was revived again by the appearance of an advertisement in a New York paper, headed:

"Child lost." Then followed a description of the child, of its clothing, with a statement of dates and circumstances which seemed to identify Elsie as the lost one beyond a doubt.

The address given was Amos Markham, box 1229, New York city. Poor Bob! This was a terrible blow to him; but he felt that he ought to do all that he could to restore Elsie to her parents; so he immediately wrote a letter in answer to the advertisement, and, having dropped it in the office, returned home with a heavy heart.

"Mebbe she don't belong to them, after all," said Bob to himself, "and they've got to prove it before they take her away."

"If further proof was needed it was found on Elsie's clothing, which, as we have already said, Mother Darby had carefully preserved and in the complete harmony of the evidence on both sides.

The story Mr. Markham told was this: His wife being an invalid, he had taken her to Italy to pass the winter, leaving Elsie in charge of a nurse in whom they had confidence. They kept up a constant correspondence with the woman till their return, when, to their dismay, they found both nurse and child missing from the house in which they had lived when they left the country.

"Her folks is well off, whoever they be," said Mother Darby, examining the little blue silk hood trimmed with swan's down, and the embroidered thibet cloak.

"The woman that gave her to me was a stunner," said Bob; by which phrase he no doubt intended to express his appreciation of her fine clothes.

Bob lost no time in advertising the child; but days went on, and no answer appeared, nor did the woman return to claim her charge. The traveling-bag contained nothing that would afford the slightest clue to the child's identity except the name "Elsie" on some of the clothing.

"Well, I'm sorry, but there's nothing for it but to send it to the poor-house," said Mother Darby.

"That'll never do," said Bob. "Heyday! I reckon there's somebody to be consulted besides you. Taint likely I shall undertake to raise her at my time of life, and nothing but my two hands to depend upon neither."

"But couldn't you let her stay here if I'd pay her board?" pleaded Bob. "You?" said Mother Darby, laughing derisively. "Much as ever you can do to earn the salt that you eat."

"Well, if you won't keep her, I s'pose I must find a place for her somewhere else, for she can't never go to the poor-house while I can work for her."

"Mercey sakes! If you're so set about it, do let her stay and try it," said Mother Darby, whose heart secretly yearned over the child more than she cared to acknowledge. And so it was settled, though the good widow could not believe the arrangement would be more than temporary.

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THE WITCHED CLOCK.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the deacon made by ordering me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers out. Wonder if Sal'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?" "Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally. "I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in the corner he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up stairs. "It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to crack. "Good gracious, it's father!" "The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl. "Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock case."

And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and drew the door behind him. The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking it very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, then I'll go and feed the critters." "Hadin't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterward?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"F; smokin' clars my head and wakes me up," said the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment. Bur-r-r—whizz—ding! went the clock. "Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally tremulously. "Whiz! ding! ding! went the old clock, furiously. "Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon. "Striking five! it's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon, better half, who had hardly robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of excitement, "what's the matter with the clock?" "Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to act so before."

"Whiz! bang! bang! went the clock. "It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a haven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, effected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

A GOLDEN GIRL.

There is a servant girl living with a family in Detroit, says the Free Press, who wouldn't be permitted to change places if \$10 a week would be any inducement for her to stay. She makes it her special duty to meet all agents and beggars at the door, and to dispose of them without the least annoyance to the family. She has a rule to meet each case, and her rules are perfection. The door bell never foils her. She can tell a caller's ring from a beggar's ring as certainly as the bell is touched. When she opens the door and finds a man with a red goatee, having a clothes-wringer in his hand, she doesn't wait for him to hem and haw and say that his clothes-wringer beats all the other wringers ever made. She gets the start by saying:

"You seem like a decent, respectable man, and as a friend I warn you that the owner of the house saw you come up the steps and he ran into the back yard to unchain his Russian bloodhound."

The man with the red goatee slings that wringer over his right shoulder and cautions out of that neighborhood with his teeth on edge and cold chills playing tag up and down his back.

The next one may be a young lady, who boldly inquires for the lady of the house, and has a new kind of face powder to sell. "You can go in," whispers the girl, "and I will stand at the door so as to rush in when you call. If the mistress asks you to taste anything, beware of poison. She may not have her revolver this morning, and I guess it will be safe for you to go in."

"Why—why?" stammers the young lady. "Go right in; she may not be dangerous." "Never mind. I'll call again. I'm in a hurry." And that settles that case.

The next is one of those chaps who go about with tears in their eyes, willing to work if work can be had; but never finding any work their health will permit them to do.

"Madam," he says as she opens the door, "for Heaven's sake let me work at something long enough to earn a slice of bread?" She motions for him to go around to the side door and is there to let him in. She hands him an axe weighing seven pounds, with a straight handle, points to three or four big knots which have become almost petrified, and very softly says:

"You look hungry, and as soon as you split those up I'll give you the best meal you've had in a month."

She goes in and he splits on his hands, looks at that old axe, and then folds his little tent and slips through the gate like a shadow of fate.

Then the little girl who canvasses for the orphan asylum rings the bell. She is met with a smile and the hired girl says:

"You poor little thing! I pity the orphans. If you will get the mayor to come here and say it is all right I will give you three cents."

The little girl thoughtfully pursues her way and another case comes, is met and disposed of, and the mistress of that house is never disturbed or annoyed.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than lands. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has good disposition—who is naturally kind, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

SHARP CANNES.—Two dogs were often observed to go to a certain point together, when the small one remained behind at a corner of a large field, while the mastiff went around by the side of the field, which ran up hill for nearly a mile and led to a wood on the left. Game abounded in those districts, and the object of the dogs' arrangement was soon seen. The terrier would start a hare and chase it up hill towards the large wood at the summit, where they arrived somewhat tired. At this point the large dog, which was fresh, and had rested after his walk, darted after the animal, which he usually captured. They then ate the hare between them and returned home. This course had been systematically carried on for some time before it was fully understood.