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PROVISIONS AND FEED of all kind,
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Andrew Moses,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
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THE OLD SCISSOR'S SOLILOQUY.
BY PARMENAS MIX.
I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still;
To my right the exchanges and manuscripts
Lie white—
To my left are the ink and the quill.
Yes, the quill, for my master's old-fashioned
And quaint,
And refuses to write with a pen;
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.
I love the old fellow—together for years
We have managed the *Farmer's Gazette*,
And although I am old, I'm his favorite
Shear.
And can crowd the compositor yet,
But my duties are rather too heavy, I think,
And I oftentimes envy the quill,
As it lazily leans with its nib in the ink
While I'm slashing away with a will.
But when I was new—I remember it well,
Though a score of long years have gone
By—
The leafy shade of the editing fell
On the quill, and I think with a sigh
Of the days when I'd scissor an extract or
Two
From a neighboring editor's leader,
Then laugh in my sleeve at the quill as it
flowed
In behalf of the general reader.
I am being paid off for my meriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and gray,
And seldom lays hold on his primitive pen
Except when he wishes to say:
"We are needing some money to run this
machine,
And subscribers will please to remit."
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones bro't
us was green
And so knotty it couldn't be split."
He is nervous and deaf, and is getting quite
blind,
Though he hates to acknowledge the lat-
ter.
And I'm sorry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tail to the most of his matter.
The compositors plague him whenever they
see
The result of a quickless endeavor,
But the darling old rascal just lays it to me,
And I make no remonstrance whatever.
Yes, I shoulder the blame—very little I care
For the jolly compositors' jest,
For I think of a head with its silver hair
That will soon, very soon be at rest.
He has labored full long for the true and the
good
And the manifold trouble that irks us—
His only emotion, raiment and food,
And a pass now and then to the circus,
Height from the past comes a memory
bright
Of a lass with the freshness of clover,
Who used me to clip from her tresses one
A memorial lock for her lover.
That dear little lock is still glossy and brown,
But the lass is much older and fatter,
And the youth—a hair editor here in the
town—
I'm employed on the staff of the latter.
I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still,
The stars are abroad and the moon is in
sight
Through the trees on the brow of the hill,
Clouds hurry along in undignified haste,
And the wind rushes by with a wail—
Hello! there's a shopping big rat in the
hall!
How I'd like to shut down on his tail!

SUDDEN CHANGE OF FORTUNE.
A TRUE STORY.
Some sixty or seventy years ago, a vessel
from Boston arrived at one of the wharves
in London. Among the hands on board
was one by the name of Tudor, a steady
respectable and well looking young man,
who acted in the capacity of both cooper
and sailor. Very early one morning, and
before any other hand than Tudor had
come on deck, a young, beautiful, and toler-
ably well dressed female came tripping
down the street to the vessel, and inquired
of Tudor for the Captain. She was told
that he had not yet arose, but she insisted
upon seeing him without delay, and with
Tudor's permission, proceeded unaccom-
panied to his berth, and arousing him, ad-
dressed him with—
"Good morning, Captain. I have called
to see if you will marry me?"
"Marry you?" replied the astonished
Captain, believing her to be of a suspicious
character, "leave the vessel instantly, if
you know what is for your interest."
She then went to the mate's berth and
asked if he would marry her, and received
an answer similar to the Captain's; she
then went upon deck where Tudor was en-
gaged in some business, and put the ques-
tion to him.
"With all my heart," answered Tudor in
a half serious and half jocular manner.
"Then," said she, "come along with me."
Tudor left his work and followed her with
motives which, he afterwards declared, he
could never satisfactorily account for, even
to himself. By the time they had reached
the principal streets of the city, many of
the shops had been opened. The lady en-
tered a barber-shop, followed by Tudor,
beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the
knight of the razor to take off his beard and
his hair, both of which operations he un-
questionably stood greatly in need of. She
footed the bill, and they both left the shop,
but soon entered a hat store. She requested
that the best lot of beaver hats in the
store might be placed on the counter, and
then told Tudor to select such a one as
suited. He soon did this; the price was
paid by the lady. Tudor threw aside his
old tarpaulin, and left the store in company
with his companion, in a beaver that would
not have disgraced His Majesty the King
himself. They visited a shoe store where
Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of
boots, nor the lady in paying for them.
Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine
the object the lady had in view, and it
must be acknowledged he was apprehen-
sive all was not right; but, fully aware that
he had committed no crime to make him
dread the face of any mortal, and wishing

to see some of her relations, or telling them
something else equally destitute of truth.
Eliza generally received her meals through
a small door in the ceiling, from the hands
of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries
for liberation from her lonely, dismal prison
house, were no more effectual than if they
had been directed to the idle wind.
Three years was this unfortunate girl
shut out from all communication with the
world, when one morning her scanty break-
fast was carried to her by an old female
servant of her father. Eliza, once more
discovering the face of her old friend
and servant Juan, burst into tears and at-
tempted several times to speak, but was unable to.
Juan well understood the meaning of those
incoherent sobs, and said, herself al-
most unable to speak from emotion:
"Hush, hush, Eliza; Mistress speak not;
I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was
taken suddenly ill last night, and the doc-
tor says it is doubtful whether she long
survives. I will see you again at noon and
at evening. Some of our old servants
have long been planning means for escape,
and are now in hopes of effecting it."
And without waiting for Eliza's thanks
and blessings, she tripped down stairs.
"What?" she said to herself, "is it
possible that I am to be delivered from
this vile place of confinement? Is it pos-
sible that all connected with this establish-
ment—my own establishment—do possess
hearts of adamant? God speed thee, Juan,
and thy associates, in thy work of love and
mercy!"
It is unnecessary to detail all the minutia
of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the
several interviews held between her and
Juan for the three days she supplied
Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say,
that on the evening of the fourth day after
the interview, Eliza was furnished with an
instrument to unbar the window, and was
promised a rope ladder the following even-
ing to effect her descent from one of the
windows in the room adjoining; but hav-
ing loosened the bars of the window the
same evening the instrument for that pur-
pose was put into her hands, she deter-
mined not to wait till the evening for the
promised ladder, but knowing that the plot
of the servants might be discovered by her
uncle, or some of his children; and she
accordingly went to work making a rope
(if so it may be called) from her bed clothes,
by tearing them into strips and tying them
together. After a few hours' labor, she
completed her rope, but fearing it might
not be strong enough to support her, it
was some time before she dared to attempt
a descent. But preferring death to a longer
confinement, and fearing that she
might be detected, she resolved to make
the attempt, resigning her fate into the
hands of Him who is the orphan's friend.
She did make the attempt, and was success-
ful! Yes, she was now liberated from a
prison in her own house—where, for
"fifty lucres' sake," she had been con-
fined by her own uncle—and once more
breathed the pure air of freedom. This
was about daylight. She immediately
bent her steps towards the wharf, where
the Boston vessel lay, and from that period
in her life till she ushered her husband into
her own house, the reader has already an
account of.
The surprised and horror-stricken uncle
stood in mute astonishment for some mo-
ments, after being informed by Eliza of
her marriage. She again repeated the de-
mand, "Leave my house in an hour, thou
monster!" and then returned to her hus-
band, where the promised explanation was
made.
The amazement of Tudor, and the trans-
ports of his wife at this sudden change in
their fortunes and conditions, may possibly
be conceived, but they certainly cannot be
expressed! Being incompetent to the task,
I will not attempt to describe the scenes
that successively followed—the embraces of
that happy couple, and the kisses ex-
changed—the joy of the faithful servants at
seeing their young mistress once more set
at liberty—the elation, mortification and ce-
lebration of the inhuman uncle and his
family, the parties that were given by
Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by
her and her husband, their many pleasant
rides into the country, &c., &c.
One pleasant morning, four or five days
after their marriage, the attention of the
officers and hands belonging to the Boston
vessel were directed to a splendid carriage
drawn by two cream-colored horses, richly
caparisoned, which was approaching the
wharf, and in a few moments halted immedi-
ately in front of the vessel. The driver dis-
mounted the box, and let down the steps
of the carriage; a gentleman, gorgeously
dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady
with corresponding habiliments to alight.
They then stepped on board the vessel,
when the gentleman asked the captain
what port he was from, how many days he
was performing the passage, when he in-
tended to return; and receiving appropri-
ate answers to the same, asked leave to
examine the cabin and the other accommo-
dations of the vessel, (all the while avoid-
ing, as far as possible, the scrutiny of the
captain), which was very courteously shown
him. He then observed that he and his
body had some thoughts of starting for
America, and in case they should do so,
assured the captain they would take passage
with him. They then left the cabin, but
before leaving the vessel the gentleman
turned to the captain and said, "Captain

(calling him by name) before leaving
your vessel permit me to make you ac-
quainted with Mrs. Tudor."
It was not till this moment the captain
and those around him recognized in the
elegant dressed gentleman their old friend
Tudor, the cooper! They supposed some
sad, if not fatal, accident had befallen him.
The remainder of my important sketch
is soon told. Tudor distributed his wages
coming to him among his old associates,
bade them good-bye, but not, however, un-
till he had exacted a promise from the cap-
tain and crew to call as often as convenient
upon him before sailing, left the vessel, en-
tered his carriage and was driven to his own
door.
Tudor and his wife lived through life
upon the most amicable terms; were
blessed with prosperity and an obedient
and respected circle of children. Some
years after his marrying he returned, ac-
companied by his wife, to his native place,
Hosier, where he built two or three wharves
that bear his name to this day. They af-
terwards returned to London, where they
died as they lived since their union, honor-
ed and respected by all who enjoyed their
acquaintance.
Indians After an Honest Man.
Indians may be treacherous, but they
can be honest; and who shall say how far
the dishonesty of others has led to their
treachery? They know when they are
cheated, as our Government has found to
its cost.
An old trader, who has established him-
self at what happened to be a favorable
locality among the Northern Indians, tells
a good story of his first trials with his red
customers. Other traders had located in
that same place before, but had not re-
mained long. The Indians, who evidently
wanted goods, and had money and furs,
flocked about the store of the new trader,
and carefully examined his goods, but of-
fered to pay nothing. Finally their chief,
with a large number of his tribe, visited
him.
"How do, John?" said the chief.
"Show me goods. Aha, I take that blanket
for me, and that calico for squaw—three
other skins for blanket, and one for calico.
Ugh! pay you by 'n by—to-morrow."
He received his goods and left. On the
next day he returned with a large part of
his band, his blanket well stuffed with
skins of various kinds.
"Now, John, I pay."
And with this he drew an otter skin
from his blanket and laid it on the counter.
Then he drew a second, a third, and a
fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though
calculating, and he drew out a fifth skin—
a very rich and rare one—and passed it
over.
"That's right, John."
The trader instantly pushed back the
last skin, with—
"You owe me but four. I want only my
just dues."
The chief refused to take it, and they
passed it several times back and forth,
each one asserting that it belonged to the
other. At length the dandy chief said
appeared to be satisfied. He gave the trader
a scrutinizing look, and then put the skin
back into his blanket. Then he stepped
to the door and gave a yell, and cried out
to his followers:
"Come; come and trade with the pale
face, John. He no cheat Indian; his
heart big."
Then turning back to the trader, he said:
"Suppose you take last skin, I tell my
people no trade with you. We drive you
off like a dog, as we drive off others; but
now you Indian's friend, and we be yours."
Before dark the trader was waist deep in
furs, and loaded down with cash. He
found that honesty had a commercial value
with these Indians.
WAT PRESIDENT BUCHANAN REMAINED
A BACHELOR.—In an elegant mansion near
the Arlington Hotel, in Washington city,
reside two ladies of the older aristocracy—
Mrs. Freeman and her sister, Miss Coleman.
About the latter lady a little romance
clings which makes her interesting. She
was the second love and the affianced bride
of the late President Buchanan, his first
love having died in her youth, and until
he met Miss Coleman he was almost a re-
cluse from ladies' society. He was en-
gaged to her when sent abroad as American
Minister to the Court of St. James, in Lon-
don, at which time Miss Coleman resided
in New York. He returned to this country
on a visit, and on the evening he arrived
Miss Coleman was giving a grand entertain-
ment. He was fatigued, and instead
of dressing and paying his respects to her
immediately, retired to his room, and only
next morning called to see her. She had
taken offense at his not calling the evening
before and refused to see him, and they
never met again. What regrets were felt
the world has never known, but many an
angry impulse has wrecked the happiness
of men and women beyond reparation.
AN EXPENSIVE VISITOR.—A Bedford
county man hid \$600 in a spare room stove.
The next day his wife's mother came down
during his absence for a three weeks' visit
and that spare room was warmed up for
the first time in 300 years. And they say
you can pick up shreds of that man's hair
in a clothes, where he clubbed himself
around the chimney when he heard of it,
saying, "Here you rakes of the house."

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.
One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a
Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the
neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived.
The cow was to be sent home the next
day. Early in the morning as the duke was
taking a walk in a very common dress, he
saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow
to his residence. The cow was very unruly,
and the poor boy could not get on with
it at all. The boy not knowing the duke
bawled out to him in broad-Scotch ac-
cent—
"His mum, come here, and gie's a
hand w' this beast."
The duke walked slowly on, not seeming
to notice the boy, who still kept calling
for help. At last, finding that he could not
get on with the cow, he cried out in dis-
tress:
"Come here, mum, and help us, and as
sure as anything I'll gie ye half I get."
The duke went and lent a helping hand.
"And now," said the duke, as they
trudged along after the cow, "how much
do you think you will get for the job?"
"I think ken," said the boy, "but I'm
sure o' something, for the folks at the big
house are gude to a' bodies."
As they came to a lane near the house,
the duke slipped away from the boy and
entered by a different way. Calling his
butler he put a sovereign in his hand,
saying,—"Give that to the boy who has
brought the cow."
He then returned to the end of the lane
where he parted from the boy, so as to
meet him on his way back.
"Well, how much did you get?" asked
the duke.
"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's
the half o' it to ye."
"But surely you had more than a shil-
ling?" said the duke.
"No," said the boy, "sure that's a I
got; and d'ye no think it's plenty?"
"I do not," said the duke; "there must
be some mistake; and as I am acquainted
with the duke, if you return, I think I'll
get you more."
They went back, the duke rang the bell,
and ordered all the servants to be assem-
bled.
"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point
me out the person who gave you the shil-
ling."
"It was that chap there with the apron,"
said he, pointing to the butler.
The butler fell on his knees, confessed
his fault, begged to be forgiven; but the
duke indignantly ordered him to give the
boy the sovereign and quit his service im-
mediately. "You have lost," said he,
"your money, your situation, and your
character by your deceitfulness; learn for
the future that honesty is the best policy."
The boy now found out who it was that
helped him to drive the cow; and the duke
was so pleased with the manliness and
honesty of the boy, that he sent him
to school and provided for him at his own
expense.—*Early Days.*
TRUE LOVE OUT OF FASHION.—The
country never possessed so many beautiful
marriageable young women as it does at
the present time. And why do we not
have more marriages? We answer, be-
cause marriage for love is the exception
and not the rule. The young people of
this age have gone fashion and money mad.
If the dandy bank clerk who pays one-half
of his income for board and the other half
for clothes cannot improve his condition he
will not marry. The shop girl who earns
good wages and cannot be distinguished by
her dress from the banker's daughter cer-
tainly will not plunge into matrimony un-
less she can better her condition in life. If
a man is fortunate enough to possess
money, it matters not how old or ugly he
may be, hundreds of intelligent, handsome
young women can be found only too willing
to become his wife. Love is an after-
consideration. They marry to be supported
and dressed extravagantly. How often do
we hear the remark, "Better to be an old
man's darling than a poor man's slave." Alas!
Alas! too many of them are not satisfied to
be darlings. They will persist in loving
other men after they are married.
It cannot be denied that a great number
of the unmarried men are adventures look-
ing for wives who can keep them without
working for a living. The peace and con-
tentment of a happy home is not taken
into consideration. They are willing to
suffer a hell upon earth if they can be kept
in idleness. If our young people do not
abandon this extravagance of dress and
greed for money our country will be filled
with old bachelors and old maids. We
must have more genteel courtships and
marriages to have prosperity and happiness
in this world. Too many marry for money
only to be disappointed and unhappy the
rest of their lives.—*Albany Argus.*
A GEORGETOWN EDITOR SPOKS OF "THE SHIRT OF
Nestor, if his memory serves him right,"
on which the Boston Post remarks: "His
memory does serve him right; and he might
have added that Adam killed Nestor with a
rolling-pin for asserting that Venus had
a wart under her left arm."
"Be social with your cattle," says the
American Agriculturist. "That's so, there's
nothing like dropping in, now and then,
for a ten minutes' chat with the cows, or
having the pigs to lurch occasionally."

to see the end of the farce which had been
so fairly commenced, he was determined to
press forward, prepared for the worst,
trusting everything to his guide and com-
panion. He solicited from the lady an ex-
planation of her designs, but she told him
to be silent and ask no questions, and im-
mediately led the way into a clothing store
with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was
told to select the best suit of clothes in the
store that fitted him, with corresponding
articles of clothing, and the sailor in his
doublet, tar-bedaubed pantaloons, and
checkered shirt, was in a few minutes meta-
morphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far
as appearances were concerned, as had
walked the streets of that metropolis for
many a day.
The bill at this place as well as at the
others, was paid by the lady.
Tudor's amazement was now complete.
He knew not what to say or think. Who
the lady was, and what her intentions were,
he could not even surmise. He again
asked her for an explanation, and insisted
upon one; but the only answer he received
was—
"Follow me and do not be alarmed—all
will be explained hereafter to your entire
satisfaction."
One thing Tudor was obliged to ac-
knowledge—the lady, thus far, had done
by him as he could have wished; he there-
fore resolved to ask no more questions, and
to comply with her requests and demands.
Presently she conducted him into a magis-
trate's office, and requested the minister of
the law to unite her and her companion in
matrimony. This was something of a damp-
er to Tudor, but nevertheless he tacitly
yielded; the ceremony was soon commen-
ded, and in a few seconds the couple were
pronounced man and wife!
Without uttering a word, or even ex-
changing a kiss, Tudor and his wife now
left the magistrate's; but not, however,
until she had given him a sovereign for his
services. The couple passed through many
streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing
what he was doing, or what he had done,
and certainly ignorant of where he was go-
ing, or what awaited him; and of the
thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the
reader will soon be able to judge for him-
self.
Turning the corner of a street, Tudor
beheld, a few rods in front of him, a splen-
did building, towards which his wife seemed
to direct her footsteps as well as his own,
and into which, indeed, they soon entered.
The room into which Tudor was ushered
by his wife was furnished in a style of
great magnificence. She set him a chair,
telling him to make himself contented for
a minute or two, and then passed into
another room.
The first one here to address her was her
uncle, who, on seeing her enter the room,
jumped in astonishment from his chair,
and, calling her by name, demanded how
she had escaped from her room, and where
she had been. Her only answer was—
"Thou fiend in human shape! I allow
you just one hour to remove your effects
from this house. The actual possession of
my property here you have deprived me of,
and vainly thought you had made arrange-
ments by which you could deprive me of it
through life; but I have frustrated your
wicked designs. I am now mistress of my
own house, for my husband is now in the
front room!"
I must now leave the newly married
couple for a short time, for the purpose of
returning to the previous history of a very
wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate
as Mr. A., not recollecting his actual name,
and for the same reason, shall give to his
daughter the name of Eliza. He had
spared neither time nor expense in the
education of his daughter, she being the
only object of his care and regard, his wife
having died when she was quite young, and
before his death, which took place when
she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, he
had the satisfaction of witnessing in her
one of the most beautiful and accomplished
young ladies of London. A short time
previous to his death, an arrangement was
entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of
his, by which his brother was to have pos-
session of his dwelling-house, his servants,
horses, carriages and such other property
as had been deposited in banks for the
benefit of his daughter, till the time of her
marriage, when the possession of them was
to be given up to her husband. It was
also a condition of the arrangement that,
in case Eliza died without marrying, the
property was to go to her uncle and his
family.
Immediately after the death of Mr. A.,
his brother moved into his dwelling; Eliza
boarded in his family, and everything went
on agreeably for several months, when
Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family,
the manifestations that she should never
marry—the reasons for which, from what
has already been said, must be obvious to
every reader. Unluckily for Eliza she did
not discover the diabolical plot in season
to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing
less than this: To shut her up in one of
the centre rooms in the third story of the
house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping
the doors and windows strongly bolted;
and to refuse her the company of her as-
sociates, by telling them, when they called,
that she was either at school, or was at
some of the shops on business; or had just
stepped out to see a friend; or had taken
a ride into the country for her health, and