



McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1876.

NUMBER 16.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FOR THE CAMPAIGN

REDUCED RATES TO CLUBS, AND Great INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE WHO OBTAIN THEM.

In order to meet the general demand for a good newspaper during the coming Presidential and Congressional election...

Terms of the Tribune for the Campaign: UNTIL NOVEMBER 15, 1876. Daily by mail \$5.00...

STATEMENT OF Auditors' Settlement with the Collector and Treasurer of Wilmore Borough for the year ending April 13, 1876.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisor of Blacklick township for the year ending April 3, 1876.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE. The undersigned, assignee of the late Thomas & Sons, will offer at public sale on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 4th day of May, 1876...

Song of the Irish Peasant Wife. BY MRS. C. E. NORTON. Come, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow...

"NERO," THE NEWFOUNDLAND. A group of young roughs stood laughing and chatting at the side of a huge pile of lumber near the Liverpool docks.

"Let that dog alone, will you?" shouted a voice sufficiently loud and resolute to make them desist and turn towards the speaker, who fearlessly advanced, took hold of and freed the dog from its encumbrance...

The above narrated incident occurred during a spare hour before embarkation, while strolling about, keenly observant of all that he saw and heard, and ever ready to pick up any scrap of information from the innumerable sources in the busy world that surrounded him.

He was a long legged, uncouth car, somewhat out of form from privation and the wandering life he had lately led. But Murray took a fancy to and adopted him. He was of an almost pure Newfoundland breed, and ere the end of the brief voyage,

cleanliness, kindness and a plentiful diet had converted him into a presentable dog, very different from the half starved animal which had smuggled himself on board. The pleasant voyage was nearly over. All look forward to to-morrow's landing in New York, and little dreamt that a subtle current had carried them northward, considerably out of their course, and well towards a very different haven.

The heavy ground swell made their position more hazardous every moment. The long vessel alternately rose and fell at each end like a see-saw, thus grinding a larger opening, and increasing the likelihood of her parting amidships; a catastrophe from which few could hope to be saved.

On the 3rd of February, 1866, several girls were murdered in a mysterious way at Pfaffenberg, near Kaiserslautern, in Rhenish Bavaria. Among them was a Miss Juliet Sheffer, the daughter of a wealthy miller, who was found to have been strangled to death during her father's absence from his house.

On that occasion Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" was played. During the second act a loud cry resounded. Then a man arose and, pointing to a well dressed gentleman in a proscenium box, he shouted: "Police! arrest that man!"

The accused gentleman had listened to this horrible charge with visible agitation. He gave his name as Berthold Humbert, and said he had left Kaiserslautern in 1865, having been a school master there, and had gone to New York, where he had been a music teacher.

At length day dawned, and help came, to rescue them from their still perilous position. It was fortunate for them that they had landed on this rock. On the inaccessible and surf-beaten coast close by, they would have been dashed to pieces.

Rosa Blake's relatives arrived shortly afterward, and carried the motherless and afflicted girl off to her home in New York.

After traveling with her parents in Europe, they had taken passage for America. Only an hour before sailing, a business telegram had made it imperative that her father should remain a few days longer in England. His wife and daughter, therefore, proceeded, leaving him to follow by next steamer. The detention doubtless saved his life.

Murray, who likewise proceeded to New York, was not forgotten by Rosa or her grateful father. To him they owed her life. Singularly enough, Blake had witnessed Murray's little episode with the Liverpool roughs, and immediately recognized him on introduction. That alone had favorably impressed him toward the young mechanic. His courage and kindness toward his daughter had since won his esteem.

While thus prospering in a business point of view, his private worth and virtues were fast making way to establish his social happiness. As Rosa developed into womanhood, her youthful partiality for her deliverer gradually ripened into love; so that when Murray asked her hand, he found that her heart had long been his.

His office is a favorite resort for the most intelligent and upright business men of the city; while his home is one of the brightest and happiest to be found anywhere. And in the latter, Nero is of course, a great favorite. The gratitude of the dumb animal was not excelled even by that of the master. Neither of them found his kindness unrewarded.

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The gentleman in the proscenium box, upon hearing what had occurred, turned pale, and said that the man who called him a murderer must be insane. But the accuser, who gave his name as Valentine Ery, made the following startling statement: "On the evening of the 3d of February, 1866, about dusk, I escaped from the house of correction in this city. Being afraid of falling in with the gens d'armes, I climbed into one of the linden trees in front of the sawmill at Pfaffenberg. I could look into the attic window, which was lighted. I saw in it a young woman who was lying asleep in bed; a few minutes later this man entered on tip toe, and he seized the woman's head and with a hammer he deliberately drove a nail into her head. She writhed a moment and then expired. He covered the spot where he drove the nail in with her dense hair and then left. I was so horror stricken that I was unable to move or speak for several minutes. I fled an hour afterward, and crossed the Aisatian frontier. I do positively identify the man as the murderer of the young woman. I did not tell this before, because, being an ex-convict, I was afraid that it might not be credited."

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TELEGRAPHERS ARE GUILTY OF SAD BLUNDERS sometimes. The Prince of Wales telegraphed from India for "Five Millner's"—Mlner being a great safe manufacturer—"three with drawers, two without." The message reached London: "Five milliners here with drawers, two without."

The Automatic Carpet Sweeper.

James E. Calliper is a Sixth street man and a machinist of considerable inventive talent, which has recently developed itself in a new Automatic Carpet Sweeper. The idea is an excellent one. All the woman of the house has to do is to wind it up, set it on the carpet and move a spring, when away it goes across the room, taking up every particle of dust, old paper and lint, and depositing it in an internal receptacle.

Calliper has spent many pleasant hours in showing his neat, practical idea to admiring neighbors. When he went away to work yesterday morning, he wound the machine up and laid it away, but during the forenoon some lady friends of Mrs. Calliper called in, and she thought she would like to show them how nice the new sweeper worked. She took it out, and winding it up some more, as long, in fact as she had strength, she sat it down on the parlor carpet, and touched the "spring. Away it scooted like a scared rabbit, and struck the wall with a bump that knocked down a good chunk of plaster, at the same time hopping out into the middle of the room, and making a dive for the feet of one of the ladies, causing her to hop around like an excited politician in a ward row.

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KILLED AT THE ALTAR.

On April 23d, 1864, the Federal troops, stationed at Charleston harbor, from time to time threw a shell into the city, but nobody seemed to be disturbed.

Miss Anna Pickens, the daughter of a former Governor of South Carolina, would not leave the city. Despite the representation of Gen. Beauregard, she remained, braving shells and fire, tending the wounded and cheering all with her presence. Among the wounded officers under her care was a Mr. Andrew de Rochelle, a descendant of one of the noblest Huguenots of the city. The young man was full of the liveliest gratitude for his nurse; gratitude gave birth to a more tender sentiment; his suit was listened to; Governor Pickens gave his consent, and the marriage was fixed for the 23d of April. Lieut. de Rochelle was on duty at Fort Sumpter in the morning, and it was determined that the ceremony should take place at the residence of General Bonham, at 8 o'clock. At the moment when the Episcopal clergyman was asking the bride if she was ready, a shell fell upon the roof of the building, penetrated to the room where the company was assembled, burst, and wounded nine persons, among them Miss Anna Pickens. The scene that followed cannot be described. Order being at last re-established, the wounded were removed, with the exception of the bride, who lay motionless on the carpet. Her betrothed, leaning and bending over her, was weeping bitterly, and trying to staunch the blood that flowed from a terrible wound under the left breast. A surgeon came and declared that Miss Pickens could not live but two hours. We will not paint the general despair. When the wounded girl recovered her consciousness she asked to know her fate, when she hesitated to tell her. "Andrew," she said, "I beg you to tell me the truth; if I must die, I can die worthy of you." The young soldier's tears were his answer, and Miss Anna, summoning all her strength, attempted to smile. Nothing could be more heart rending than to see agony of this brave girl struggling in the embrace of death and against mortal pain. Gov. Pickens, whose courage is known, almost without consciousness, and Mrs. Pickens, looked upon her child with the dry haggard eye of one whose reason falters.

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