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Telephone No. 100.

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

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

Terms, \$2 per year, in advance.

NUMBER 27.

MAKE WAY

FOR THE

New Cash Store

RECENTLY OPENED BY

PRYCE, BAXTER, JONES

& COMPANY,

In Tudor's Building, Ebensburg, Pa.

AND TO WHICH

Everybody is Rushing

IN QUEST OF

BARGAINS

SUCH AS ARE OFFERED IN THE FOLLOWING

LIST OF CASH PRICES,

never equaled in this community:

Best Prints, 6, 7 and 8 cents per yard.

Muslins from 8 to 12 cents per yard.

Best Glenghans at 12 cents per yard.

Best Flannels (all wool) at 50 cents.

Best Cassimeres (all wool) 90c. to \$1.12.

Henry Shirts, 12c. per yard.

Men's Heavy Socks, 25c. per pair.

Best Flour, \$7.50 and \$7.75 per barrel.

Best Rio Coffee, 4 lbs. for \$1.00.

Good Coffee at 22 cents per pound.

Prime Syrups at 80c. to \$1 per gallon.

AND EVERYTHING ELSE

AT PRICES EQUALLY CHEAP.

We manufacture our own Flannels and Cassimeres, which we put up with the best of materials, and sell at manufacturers' prices. Goods exchanged for cash. TRY PRYCE, BAXTER, JONES & CO., Ebensburg, Pa., June 23, 1876.

ALL-WOOL CASSIMERES!

FLANNELS,

BLANKETS,

YARNS, ETC.

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that the WOODEN HILL, recently owned by Messrs. T. M. Jones & Son and lately bought by us, has been thoroughly refitted throughout by adding

NEW MACHINERY AND STEAM POWER,

and by enlarging our buildings. We have spared no expense to fit our mill with the best of machinery, and can confidently recommend our Cassimeres, Flannels, Blankets, etc., as being equal in style and finish to any brought from the Eastern markets. Our goods are guaranteed

ALL WOOL, and No Shoddy or Cotton used in any shape. Our prices are

25 Per Cent. Lower

THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED.

CUSTOM WORK

entrusted to us will receive special attention, and at prices to suit the times.

Ask your merchant for Ebsburg Cassimeres, and if he has none send to us for samples by mail, or call at our Mill.

TERMS—CASH.

Goods Exchanged for Wool.

Ebensburg Woolen Co.

Ebensburg, June 9, 1876-77.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Special attention paid to business of correspondents. JAMES P. MURPHY, Cashier. Nov. 19, 1875-76.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF BARR

TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DISTRICT FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE, 1876.

Peter Barr, Treasurer, Dr.

To amount received per Tax Duplicate, \$ 793.31

" " " State appropriation, " 29.29

" " " received for house rent, " 6.00

" " " received from former Treasurer, " 252.66

\$1,081.26

By amount of orders canceled, \$ 595.45

" " " commission, " 10.70

" " " balance due in hands of Treasurer, " 39.92

" " " amt. of note of P. O. Snyder, " 15.00

" " " amt. due of Carroll township, " 12.29

Total balance due District, \$ 445.27

We, the undersigned Auditors, have this day examined the above, and find the same to be correct. Witness our hands and seals this day of June, 1876.

ANTHONY SCHNABEL, Auditor.

ABRAHAM COY, Auditor.

July 21, 1876-37.

FINANCIAL EXHIBIT OF WIL-

MORE BOROUGH SCHOOL DISTRICT FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE, 1876.

To balance at last settlement, \$ 182.74

" " " amt. from sale of old school house, " 75.00

" " " H. Michaels, collector, " 34.69

" " " State appropriation, " 25.47

" " " duplicate, " 67.35

" " " interest, " 8.05

\$ 393.74

By amount paid Teachers, \$ 425.00

" " " fuel, stove, etc, " 5.21

" " " H. Michaels, collector, " 34.69

" " " State appropriation, " 25.47

" " " statement to taxpayers, " 24.39

" " " balance on duplicate, " 132.27

\$ 607.01

Balance due District, \$ 213.27

HENRY MICHAELS, Secretary.

Witness our hands, June 29, 1876.

COAL AND LIME for sale in large or small quantities by

MARCH 24, 1876-77. EVAN MICHAELS.

Tilden, Hendricks and Reform.

Shout the glad tidings of Liberty's land; Arise in your might, great Columbia's band; March with our banner thrown out to the sky; Unfold every fold and raise it on high.

Every man in his post, wherever it may be; Let Union and harmony proclaim us all free; Join hearts and hands in one common cause; On to Washington, there to uphold the laws.

Now is the time, and this is the hour, Each freeman must vote, and thus use his power; Soon the foe will be routed, horse, foot and dragon.

Tilden, our Captain, will clear out the coons! In the future no Grantism will be allowed, Labor will have a fair show in the crowd.

Delano, Belknap, and Boss Shepherds stand back; Every one of the rascally thiefing old pack; No Radical blood hounds can live in the track.

THE MAIMED HAND.

A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

Evidence in a criminal law court is divided into two classes—the direct and circumstantial.

These are very different. Direct evidence is that of a person who says, "I am so-and-so" and it becomes valuable when a second person corroborates the first exactly, or almost exactly.

Circumstantial evidence is where circumstances prove the case against a man, while there is no direct evidence.

For instance, in the event of death through violence, if three men give evidence that they saw the prisoner commit the crime, that is direct evidence. Now, suppose nobody saw the deed perpetrated, but that while one observed the prisoner going towards the deceased man's house with a cocked gun, another saw him leave hurriedly after the report of firearms; a third swore he had heard the prisoner utter vengeance against the dead man, and a fourth (a doctor) found hairs grasped in the dead man's right hand, corresponding with the prisoner's beard, whence a handful of hair had been recently torn. Then all these statements would be circumstantial evidence.

Judges (and juries under their direction) give great credence to circumstantial evidence, in contradiction to direct evidence; because circumstances cannot lie, and men may. There could be no disputing the existence of the hair in the dead man's hand, but it is open to question whether a man is telling the truth or not.

And to such an extent do judges apply this rule that, in cases of direct evidence, the juror that the witness is shall vary in testimony, or that the witness is shall vary in testimony.

Judges look with considerable suspicion on witnesses who swear alike to the very minutest particulars, and are apt to put juries on their guard against such evidence.

The following tale will be found to be a remarkable example of the sinistrous of circumstantial evidence.

Two cousins, David and Josiah Thomas, had been equally the nephews of old Farmer Thomas, the unmarried brother of their fathers.

In doing so, he had bequeathed his hundred or so acres of land equally to his nephews, with the proviso that while they remained unmarried they were to work the land for their own mutual benefit; while, if one or both married, the eldest (David, by about a month), was to take the old farm house and the land designated; and the younger (Josiah) was to have a house built for him on his designated acres, and which was to cost \$200, this sum to come equally out of the profits of all the land.

The cousins had received the land when they were 22 years of age, and had farmed it in all peace and prosperity for six years when the following events occurred:

They were looked upon as equally good, honest, straight forward men, as honorable neighbors, and pleasant companions.

One day, however, the uncle's will should, however, be borne well in mind. In the event of the death of either, unmarried, the land was to go to the survivor. This condition was by no means inconvenient, for they had positively no relations in the world, and, therefore, each was naturally the successor of the other.

They lived in perfect peace; and the servants, men and women, found them perfectly just and contented.

Things were in this position when it became known in the village that David Thomas was engaged to the only daughter of Francis Hartley, at Silverton.

People said it was a very good match; declared it was time David—and Josiah, too, for that matter—was settled in life; and the people of the village had become particular Monday, when he was to receive from the farmer the sum of three hundred pounds.

On the Saturday, Hartley, being in the next market town, brought the sum home with him ready for delivery on the Monday.

On the intervening Sunday the cousins and this match were at Hartley's house to dinner, and the farmer did, over his pipe, go to his oak-chest before them, open it, produce the roll of notes, and display them. Then he rolled them up, and fastened them with wax, which he stamped with an old-fashioned engraved seal, saying it would look better to hand the lawyer the notes in a sealed packet.

The family passed the day very pleasantly, the cousin left about two, the ward remaining at the farm, he being on a visit from the oak-chest stood, and a fancy wistaken button, which lay positively on the window sill.

The boot marks and that fancy button secured the clue to the thief.

The farmer having only brought home the money on the Saturday, it was clear to the nearest comprehension that the thief must have been aware of the existence of the notes in the chest.

Who was acquainted with the fact? Five persons only, it was made evident—Farmer Hartley, his daughter, David Thomas, Josiah Thomas, and the ward, one William Palliser.

Of these five, it was absurd to accuse the farmer, because no man can rob himself; while it was equally impossible to suspect young Palliser of stealing the money he was about to receive on the following morning—the more especially as he was so shocked he begged nothing might be done, and expressed a desire to let the whole matter rest until it was explained by some extraordinary means.

As to Ruth Hartley, it was felt she could have no motive in robbing her own father; and then, how could she have had any with any degree of rationality, fall upon the two cousins. But here, again, the question arose, what could be the motive of either of those prosperous men to commit a burglary?—while, on the other hand, they both knew that the farmer, having kept loaded firearms in the house.

But there were the boot marks and the button, and upon these the old constable based his investigation.

An hour after he had left the farm, he returned, he brought with him a pair of boots and a waistcoat. The latter had David Thomas's name written in it, one of the fancy buttons was missing, and that found on the farm window ledge perfectly agreed with those on the waistcoat. As to the boots, they fitted the impressions in the garden ground near the window to a hair's breadth, and they also fitted other marks on a side-bed in a garden in front of the farm, where David had gone on the previous day in order to pick up a young blackbird, which had fluttered under the eaves on his first flight from some neighboring nest.

When the police constable told all these things to the farmer, neither knew Ruth was listening. Poor child she had recognized the button in a moment. It was one of the set she herself had given.

But she never for a moment believed him guilty. There was some mystery, and beyond that she would not go. She neither faintly nor lost her presence of mind. She knew it was no time for sentiment. Her conscience told her she must be up and doing.

"Let us go to him," she heard her father say. "Perhaps he has done it for a joke. Summers. We will suppose he did it in fun; and, if he gives us the notes back, no harm will be done. Let us go to him."

Lummers nodded; and after putting the matter over for a moment, he and Josiah, the two men started for the cousin's farm.

There was no time to be lost—that Ruth knew. She went to the cupboard, took out the accusing articles of clothing, and pondered.

"Oh, this is certain—that in habits of watchfulness of small things women are far more acute than men.

In a moment Ruth Hartley thought, as she examined the waistcoat, "If the button was torn off when the thief was climbing the window, how did it happen that it came from almost under the collar of the waistcoat?"

She examined the thread that had fastened the button to the cloth, and she found that it had not loosened, but that the different stitches had all been broken through, slanting down to the right, and the mark of the hand, less the third finger, in the turf.

"I did it," she said, faling on the ground.

When they had restored the poor wretch, Ruth, with the warring instinct of a woman, said, "You love him; and you have always loved him; why seek to ruin him?"

"Oh," replied the unfortunate man, "we had been so happy at the farm, that I wanted no change. I thought that by doing what I did, I should break off the marriage between you two and then he and I might have once more been happy at the farm. But I know now it never could have been, and I am ready to receive my punishment."

"But a woman can always forgive one who injures one she loves, out of very love for him."

"His own confession would send him to Portland for five years," observed the lawyer, gravely.

"You must save him!" she said, with determination.

"He has scratched his wise, square old head for a time, and then he resolved what to do.

"Farmer, you must say you have found the notes, and that that David free. But the postmistress will guess what the packet contained, and therefore the neighbors would talk, and one or other cousin would lose his character."

"Let me suffer!" said the repentant man.

"You must go away, and write the truth to Sir Robert, if you are beyond the reach of the law."

"I will give up my part of the land by deed of gift to my cousin, and I will never return to England!"

"I promise, for David," said Ruth, "that the value of your land shall be sent to you year."

"No—half," he said, humbly.

"He would not touch a farthing of it, I know," said Ruth, gravely.

"Because I am a criminal!" moaned the unhappy man.

"By law, by my faith!" said the lawyer, "we are all criminals, for we are aiding and abetting the escape of a malefactor, and the less we say about this the better."

It will be seen that this is told. It will readily be understood that the particulars of Josiah's motives were only made public when he was safe from pursuit.

He has not returned to England, and, in all probability, he never will.

It is said he lives upon very little, and gives away the greater part of the considerable income he receives from his cousin to the poor of the place in which he lives.

His great dread is that he should ever be seen by his cousin or either of David's

children. Dave and his wife have many times entreated to see him, but he will never yield. He says his exile and his isolation are his proper and lasting punishment.

What should he do?

She was still apparently inactive; and yet her busy brain was planning, and her only action had been to cover the mark of the hand with a plate, as she had seen the policeman do in connection with the marks in the grounds, when Josiah Thomas, filled with consternation, rushed into the house.

"Ruth, Ruth," he cried, in veritable terror—"they have taken David into custody for stealing £200 from the farmer here! He would not do it—he is too good a fellow! I shall go mad if they put David in prison!"

"I was listening," she said, "when Mr. Summers came here, and I know all until they went away. What has happened since?"

"No sooner had your father told him about the robbery, and that he was suspected of it, than—you know how position ate he—he hung your father down; whereupon the farmer, in his rage, gave him into custody, and he has been taken up before Sir Robert."

She was afraid to answer him then and there, for there was no one there to help her. Again, she was much confused by his evident grief.

"Let us go up to the Hall," she said.

During their walk he never ceased speaking in praise of his cousin, whom, apparently, he had admired remorselessly by means of an infamous and monstrous act.

They reached the Hall as Sir Robert Maddenham, the justice of the peace before whom David Thomas had been taken, had decided to remain the case until next day, not refusing to admit that accused to bail, but at the same time declining to send him to prison.

It was understood that the constable was not to leave him, and that the investigation was to be resumed on the following morning.

Next morning, the post-mistress found a thick letter for Farmer Hartley, which had been dropped in the box during the night.

The lawyer engaged for the farmer's ward, the ward himself, and Ruth (still silent, but determined to speak before the justice) were the first to see the letter brought in the unopened packet.

The farmer opened it, and found it contained the packet of notes, still sealed as he had left it on the Sunday evening. The thief had actually returned them without opening the wrapper in which they were enclosed.

"Oh!" said the lawyer, "there is something more in this than is at first sight apparent. There has been no theft here for the sake of the thief; and either David Thomas, as an accomplice, or he is a victim. If the former, how is it this accomplice did not make away yesterday with the sum?"

"I'm main sorry I gave the lad into custody; and let me tell you, lawyer, I like him all the better for knocking me down, though I am Ruth's father, when I accused him of stealing the notes."

"I know who stole the money, father!" interposed Ruth.

"You, child?"

She pointed to Josiah Thomas, now wearily coming towards the house, and looking a picture of despair.

"Farmer," he said, "you won't say a word against Dave, will you? I'll pay you double the sum, and here's the money! Dave couldn't do no harm; and if harm comes to him, it will be bad for him and me."

"I've got my ward's money back," said the farmer; "and I shall not go up to the hall, except to say my brother is innocent, as I believe him to be."

"Is it?" said Josiah Thomas, earnestly.

"Who took him by the left hand, pointed to the maimed finger, dragged the half-fainting man to the window, took up the hat, and showed him the mark of the hand, less the third finger, in the turf."

"I did it," she said, faling on the ground.