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CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office recently occupied by M. J. Buck, M. D.,
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acw building. Centre street. All eval business attended to satisfac-follections a specialty. [10-14, r., 1

G. LAKE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Ebenshing, Pa. Office with Register Recorder, in Court House. OAL AND LIME for sale in large direction of the state of the s Is now located at St. Augustine. Cambria county Night calls should be made at the Post-office. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1876.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. There are beautiful songs that we never sing, And names that are never spoken; There are treasures guarded with jealous care

And kept as a sacred token. There are faded flowers and letters dim With tears that have rained above them, For the fickle words and the faithless hearts That taught us how to love them.

There are sighs that come in our joyous hours, To chasten our dreams of gladness,

And tears that spring to our aching eyes, In hours of thoughtless sadness. For the blithest birds that sing in spring, Will flit the waning summer, And lips that we kissed in fondest love

Over the breast where lilies rest In white hands stilled forever, The roses of June will nod and i loom, Unheeding the hearts that sever. And lips that quiver in silent grief, All words of hope refusing, Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys That perish with the using.

Will smile on the first new comer

Summer blossoms and winter snows, Love and its sweet elysian; Hope, like a siren dim and fair, Quickening our fainting vision; Drooping spirit and failing pulse, Where untold memories bover, Eyelids touched with the seal of death, And the fitful dream is over.

MARRIED IN A SNOW STORM.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

About the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate of Nemaradof a rich landed proprietor, Gabrilovitch by name, noted for his affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who used to congregate there every eveningthe older ones to enjoy a game of cards with the host and his wife Petrowna, the younger ones in the hope of winning the favor of Marie, a beautiful girl of seventeen, the only daughter and heiress of Ga-

Also, another valuable medical work treat ng exclusively on MENTAL AND NERVOUS DIS-EASES; more than 200 royal octave pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial mus-lin. Frice only \$2.00. Barely enough to pay for Marie read novels, which naturally renread just now, is the Science of Life, or Self Pre-servation. The author has returned from Furepe in excellent health, and is again the Chief Condered her very sentimental and romantic. Under these circumstances love was not long in coming. The object of her affections was a Russian cadet, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, who resided in the neighborhood, and was then at home on leave of absence. As a matter of course he returned her love with equal ardor. Marie's parents had strictly forbidden ber thinking of such a union, and they treated the lover with just as much friendliness as they would have shown to an ex-collector of taxes. The pair meantime carried on a correspondence, and met clandestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove or behind the old chapel, where they vowed eternal fidelity to each other, complained of the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plans for the future. After some time they na-June 3d, 1876.

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INSTITUTE, (or W. H. PARKER, M. D., Consuiting Physician.) No. 4 Bulfinch St., Mass. turally came to think that should their parents persist in opposing the union it might in the end be consummated secretly, and without their consent. The young gentleman was the first to propose this, and the

young lady soon saw the expediency of it. The approach of winter put an end to these stolen inte views, but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of Vladimir Nickolovieth's he confured his beloved to leave the paternal of and consent to a claudestine marriage. "We will disappear for a short while," be wrote, "come back, and cast ourselves at such constancy, will exclaim, 'Come to our a ms, dear children !" Marie was long itresolute. At length it was agreed that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed, but should retire to her room under a pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret. Both were to escape by a back door, in front of which they would find a sleigh ready to convey them a distance of five wersts to the chapel of Jadrino, where Vladimir and the priest

would await them. Having made her preparations, and written a long apologetical letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of a headache, and this was certainly no mere pretext, for the nervous excitement had in trath indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: "How do you feel now? Are you no better?" This loving solicitude cut the girl to the heart, and with the approach of evening her excitement increased. At supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good night. The latter kissed and blessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scarcely repress her sobs. Having reached her room, she threw herself into a chair and wept aloud. Her maid finally suc-

creded in comforting and cheering her up. Later in the evening a snow-storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The inmates had hardly gone to rest when the young girl. wrapping herself in her clothes and furs, and followed by the servant with a port manteau, left the paternal roof. A sleigh drawn by three horses received them, and away they went at a furious speed.

Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he had called It was in the year 1812. No one uttered well known to him, he should find a shorter for the ceremony, and then went to look | herself never made mention of him in any | ever, and got into a region to which he was up the required witnesses. The first ac- way. Two or three months had elapsed, an entire stranger. The storm continued quaintance to whom he applied was an when one day she found his name among to rage; at length we descried a light in JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., PHY-SICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office and residence in new building on High street, one door west of Blair House. Aug. 25, 1876, etc. officer on half-pay, who expressed himself the list of the officers who had distinguished the distance. We made for it and stopped quite ready to serve him. Such an adven- themselves at the battle of Borodino and before a church, from the brightly-illumiture, he said, carried him back to the days Seen mortally wounded. She fainted away nated windows of which the light shone. of his own youth. He determined Vladi- and had a relapse, from which she recov- The door was open, three sleighs were in ALEX. TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (late of Carrolltowu,) mir to remain with him. There accord- ered but slowly. ingly appeared at dinner Surveyor Schmidt, Not long after her father died, bequeath- vestibule. One of them called to me : to say a word.

with his spurs and mustache, accompanied by Ispravnik's son, a lad of seventeen, who had just enlisted with the Uhlans. Both immediately promised Vladimir their leave her. They sold Nemaradof and reassistance, and after a cordial embrace the happy lover parted from his three friends to complete his preparations at home.

Having dispatched a trusty servant with a sleigh for Marie, he got into a one horse sleigh himself and took the road leading to Jadrine. Scarcely had he set off when the storm burst forth with violence, and soon every trace of the way was gone. The entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes, but masses of snow; at last it became impossi- the letters he had written to her-in brief, ble to distinguish between earth and sky. In vain Vladimir beat about for the way; his horse went on at a random, now leaping over banks of snow, now sinking into ditches, and threatening every moment to overturn the sleigh. The insupportable thought of having lost the road had become a certainty. The forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovored, and after two hours the jaded animal seemed ready to drop to the ground. At length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance. Vladimir urged his horse forward and reached the skirt of a forest. He now hoped to reach his destination soon, as it was easier to pursue his way in the forest, into which the snow had not yet penetrated. Vladimir took fresh courage; however, there were no signs of Jadrino. By degrees the storm abated and the moon shone brightly. He finally reached the opposite skirt of the forest. Still no Jadrino; but a group of four or five houses met his view. His knock at the door of the near-

est was answered by the old man, "What do you want?" "Where lies Jadrino?" asked Vladimir

"About ten miles distant," At this reply Vladimir felt as if his senence of death was being announced to

"Can you procure me a horse and take me thither?" he asked. "We have no horse."

"Or at least a guide. I will pay any "Very well, my son can accompany the gentleman."

After a little while, which seemed an eternity to Vladimir, a young fellow made his appearance, holding a thick staff in his hand, and they took their way across the snow covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir. "It is already past midnight."

And in very truth the sun began to gild the east when they arrived at Jadrino. The church door was locked. Vladimin paid and dismissed his guide, and then instantly hastened to the minister's dwelling. What he there learned will appear from

At Nemaradof the night passed quietly. In the morning the master of the house and his wife arose as usual, and proceeded to the dining-room, Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woolen jacket and nightcap, Petrowna in her morning gown. After they had breakfasted Gabriel sent one of the girls up to inquire how Marie was. She returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a sleepless night, but the feet of our parents, who, touched by that she was feeling better, and would come down presently. Marie soon after entered the room, looking exceedingly pale, yet without the least perceptible agi-

> "How do you feel this morning, love?" inquired her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed as usual, but instead of the looked for improvement a serious condition. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, who found her in a state of most violent fever. For you might become mine if-"

fourteen days she lay at the point of death. Nothing transpired of the nocturnal heart!" flight, for the maid took good care to keep with a syllable, so greatly did they dread am-I am already married !" Gabrilovitch's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Vladimir, when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of her illness. Having advised who my wife is, where she is, or whether with a few friends, her parents resolved I shall ever meet her." to let Marie marry the young soldier, seeing that one cannot escape one's fate, and, the girl. besides that, riches do not always lead to

ing the whole property to her. But riches iwere not able to comfort her; she wept with her mother, and promised never to moved to another estate. Suitors thronged around the wealthy and amiable heiress; encouragment from her. Often did her again." mother press her to choose a husband-she would merely shake her bead in silence. Vladimir was no more; he died at Moscow on the evening before the entrance of the My friends tugged me into the interior of Lion Trapper, or, Why They Didn't Mar-French. Marie seemed to hold his memory sacred; she carefully preserved the two or three lamps. A female was sitting books they had read together, his sketches, everything that could serve to keep alive temples. the remembrance of the ill-fated youth.

About this time the war, fought with such glory to the allies, of which Russia was one, came to an end. The victorious regiments returned home, and large crowds of people flocked together to greet them. Officers who had gone forth as beardless advisedly. youths came back with the grave faces of

with badges.

name, with an interestingly pale face, and eral months, took up his residence upon abode. The young girl received him with far more favor than she had hitherto shown to any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many respects; both were handsome, intelligent, tacitum and reserved. There was something mysterious about Wurmin, which roused the curiosity did he never speak of love, though his cry of 'It is not he!' fell to the floor. itive declaration? Already the neighbors | was soon beyond the reach of pursuit." spoke of their marriage as a settled matter, and Mother Petrowna was more than happy | gazed in silence on the ground. at the thought of her daughter finding a worthy husband at last.

One morning, when the latter was sitting in the parlor. Wurmin entered and asked

if you would like to see her." The young officer hastily walked out into

Petrowa crossed berself, murmuring "God, be praised! To-day, I trust, his visit will have some result."

Wurmin found his beloved, clad white, sitting under a tree by the side of the pond, a book upon her lap, like a heroine of romance. The usual salutations over, Wurmin who was strangely agitated, told how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her and begged that she would listen to him a few moments. She closed her book and nodded in tokens of assent.

"I love you," said Wurmin-"I love you passionately.'

Marie cast down her eyes.

"I have been imprudent enough to see you, to hear you-daily. It is now too late to escape my fate. The thought of your lovely face, of your sweet voice, will henceforth constitute the joy and the anguish of my existence. But I have a duty to perform toward you; I must reveal to you a secret, which has placed an insurmountable barrier between us."

always-I could never have become yours," "I know," replied Wurmin, in a sup-

pressed voice, "that you have loved before; change for the worse took place in Marie's but death-three long years of mourning- The offspring, who is upsetting the tacks, dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my is slapped, and other means are found to last comfort, of the blissful thought that

"Yes, you will grant me the comfort of silence on her own account, and the others knowing that you would have become who knew of it never betrayed themselves | mine; but, most wretched of men that I

Marie gazed up at him with a look of astonishmeut.

"Yes, married for four years," continued the Lieutenant, "and I do not know either

"Explain yourself more clearly," said

"I love you, Marie, and will confide in you. You shall know all, and you will not The patient recovered. During her ill- judge too severely an act of youthful levity. ness Vladimir had not once shown his face It was in the year 1812. I happened to be in the house, and it was resolved to apprise on my way to Wilna, with the intention of him of his unexpected good-fortune. But, joining my regiment. Late in the evening to the astonishment of the proud propries I reached a station, and had already ordered tor of Nemaradof, the cadet declared that that the horses should be instantly put to he should never again cross the threshold again, when a flerce snow-storm suddenly of his house, begging them at the same arose. My landlord and the postilion urtime to forget utterly so wretched a crea- gently advised me to postpone my departture as he, to whom death alone would ure, but I was determined to go in spite of the rough weather. The postillion had got A few days afterward they learned that it into his head that, by crossing a small Vladimir had again returned to the army. river, the banks of which were perfectly pon the minister at Jadrino to arrange his name in Marie's presence, and she route. He missed the right crossing, howfront of it, and I saw several persons in the

'This way! this way!" I got out and walked toward the vestibule "The person who had called advanced

toward me," " 'Great Heaven!' he said, 'how late you come! Your intended has fainled, and we to those which so many are fond of reading but none of them received the slightest were on the very point of driving home in the sensational story papers, only that

"Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to let the adventure take its course. And, indeed, I had little time for reflection, tled Tiger Jack, or the Dead Shot and the church, which was poorly lighted by ry; in five chapters. upon the bench in the shadow, while another stood beside her and chafed her

"'At last!' cried the latter. 'God be praised that you have come! My poor mistress like to have died.'

"An aged priest emerged from behind the altar and asked: 'Can we begin?'

warriors, and their gallant breasts covered to rise; she appeared to be very pretty. In times about his head, vanished upon the a fit of unpardonable, and now incompre- prairie. A Lieutenant of hussars, Wurmin by bensible, levity I readily stepped with her to the altar. Her maid and the three gendecorated with the cross of St. George, tlemen present were so much busied with having obtained leave of absence for sev- her as scarcely to throw a look at me .-Besides, the light in this part of the church his estate, which adjoined Marie's present was dim, and my head was muffled in the hood of my cloak.

> "In a few minutes the nuptial ceremony was over, and the priest, according to custom, desired the newly-married pair to embrace.

"My young wife turned her pale, charming little face toward me, and was about to and interest of Marie. His affection for rest her head upon my shoulder with a her was soon unmistakable; he showed smile, when suddenly she stared at me as her every conceivable attention; but why if turned into stone, tottered, and with the

dark, ardent eyes would rest upon her's "Then I rushed out of the church. Behalf dreamily, half with an expression fore anyone could think of staying me I had that seemed to announce an early and pos- jumped into my sleigh, seized the reins and The Lieutenant was silent. Marie also

"And have you never discovered what

became of the poor girl?" she finally asked. "Never. I know neither the name of the village where I was married, nor do I recollect the station where I stopped. At "She is in the garden," answered her the time my culpably frivolous prank mother. "You will find my daughter there seemed to me a matter of so little moment that as soon as there was no longer any pursuit to fear I went to sleep in the sleigh and did not wake until we arrived at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle; all my efforts to find out the postillion who drove us proved unavailing, and so every clew seems indeed lost by which I might again find the scenes of that folly, for which I have now to suffer so heavily."

Marie turned her pale face toward him and took both his hands. The Lieutenant gazed, thunder-struck, into her eyes; a dim foreboding awoke in his breast; a veil suddenly dropped from his eyes.

"Marie! God of Heaven, how can I have been so blind! Marie, was it indeed you?" "I am your wife!" was the only answer of the girl who sank fainting into his arms.

A WOMAN'S WORK .- To see a woman drive a tack is something worth observing. She will first proceed to fill her mouth with material, then take one, stick it in the offending carpet, and firmly clutching the hammer in her right hand, prepare to come down on the innocent tack, But-alas! "That barrier," murmured Marie, "exists | for female calculation !- she misses it, and pounds her finger instead! The bammer is dropped and the injured member is instantly thrust into the feminine mouth. relieve the feelings, when business is proceeded with again, and the tack again stuck "Cease, I conjure you! You rend my in its place. This time the hammer hits it but knocks it on one side-a blow being given sideways to straighten it, which knocks the point clear off, another one is tried, and after a succession of thumpssometimes on the finger, sometimes on the floor, and occasionally on the tack—it is and had been picked up early in the morn-finally driven in. And so the operation is ing by a passing brig and taken to a distrepeated until the carpet is down, and a ant port. disheveled female with red fingers, red face and inflamed temper, stands looking at her work, and congratulates berself on having finished it at last.

THE BAME OLD FASHION. - There is a oung man in town of somewhat bashful temperament who visits frequently a dertain widow, and in course of time there will doubtless be a wedding; but it all de pends upon whether or not the widow encourages him as she did a night or two He was sitting on the sofa beside her, admiring her soft cheeks and her red lips, and wishing with two horse power, when he ventured to remark : "It's a pity all the good old fashions are

'Is it? responded the pretty widow, "What fashions do you mean !

"Why the good old sashions of our ancesters, you know. They weren't hampered by style as we are. We're so cold and formal. I've herd my grandfather say he'd bet he kissed grammother a million times before they were engaged, but that isn't the fashion any more. The widow leaned over toward the young

man, and her eyes seemed to be a thousand feet deep as she auswered : "Why, you foolish fellow! You cannot

read the newspapers, possibly, or you'd know that kissing was never so fashionable

as now !" Concerning the subsequent proceedings the bashful young man cannot be induced Fiction for the Young.

A THRILLING TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

We feel it our duty to give our youthful readers a romance, now and then, similar our romances shall be pure and less exaggerated than those we refer to, besides containing a moral. The first one is enti-

CHAPTER FIRST.

'Twas night. The sun was not shining, but the gas lights were lit. She leaned in maidenly meditation against a curbstone. There was a blood cardling yell, and 2994 Indians, headed by Hit-him-on-the-headand he tumbled-down, sprang upon the scene. The maden sank unconscious upon the wet stones, and only her bustle preven-"Begin, reverend father,' I cried, un- ted her from catching a death cold. Hithim-on-the-head, &c., seized her in his "They assisted the half-unconscious girl arms, and swinging his tomahawk fifty-two

CHAPTER SECOND.

A form is seen stealing softly over the earth. It is the maiden's lover. He will rescue her or die in the attempt. He comes upon the Indian camp; he sees his fair one cleaning her teeth at a gurgling stream, while the 2994 Indians stand around His blows fall thick and fast, and 298 redskins bite the dust, while the remaining one and a half grapple with him in a deathly grip. The fair maiden, nerved by her lover's danger, and with more than superhuman strength, attempted to soothe the savage breast by singing a soft melody, which so overcome the one and a baif Indian that he fainted and died. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was that he came to death in a false-set-to.

CHAPTER THIRD, "We are saved," he shouted, and she would have said the same thing only she had got her teeth twisted and couldn't

CHAPTER FOURTH.

At that moment a huge grizzly bear came suddenly upon them, "We must flee," be cried, and seizing her in his arms he ran twenty-five miles and climbed a tree. The grizzely followed. At this juncture Tiger Jack appeared upon the scene, and with unerring aim laid the beast dead.

CHAPTER FIVE. The relaxation of the nerves from fear by this sudden deliverance was too much. and he and she, sitting side by side on the tree, sighed, and tumbled down and broke their recks. Tiger Jack was so overcome by emotion that he could only say : "Well I'll be consained," and he dropped two tears. And the place was ever after known as the broken necked lovers' hill, - Oil City

A NOBLE Dog, -One dark night, the watchmen at a small village on one of our coasts heard the whining of a dog. They went out and found the dog, and having tied a lantern to his neck, they followed him to the beach. There they found a woman and her child, a little girl two years old, stretched on the saud, and as it

seemed to them, all but dead. They carried them to a house about half mile off, and used means to revive them. The child was nearly quite well next morning, but the mother came round very slow-After a few days, however, she was able to speak. The first thing she said was, "Where is Robert? Where is my husband?" And very bitterly she wept as she thought that she should never see her dear husband more,

She had sailed with him some weeks before in his ship, the "Merry May." had met with one stormafter another; and at last the ship, all the masts gone, had been driven on the rocks and wrecked.

The only thing the good lady could remember after the breaking up of the ship, was that she had been dragged ashore by some one, while she held her child firmly clasped in her arms. It was their faithful log that had saved them from drowning, and that had brought to their help the good watchman who had treated them so kindly.

What was her joy when she found, a day or two later, that her husband also was He had floated on a spar all night, Great was the joy of the meeting of

father, mother and child; and deeply thankful they were to God for his mercy, Nor did they ever forget how much they owed to their noble dog. As soon as they reached their own home the captain had a new collar made for him, on which the story of his brave act was told.

Title Empress of Brazil lately gave Queen Victoria a dress woven from spider's webs, the fabric being far finer than the finest silk. Some time ago the London Society of Arts, conferred upon Mr. Rott their medal of honor for obtaining a thread of silk of the estimated length of some 18,000 feet from twenty four of the aranea diadema, or ordinary garden spiders. In the course of the investigation which followed this remarkable achievement, the thread was found to be six and three-tenths times finer than that produced by the silkworm, and, as the average number of the latter required to yield a pound of silk is found to be between three and four thousand, it is calculated that no less than some two uty-five thousand spiders would be required to spin a similar quantity. Unfortunately, however, except in the use of spider filaments for astronomical purposes, no further encouragement seems to have been given to this species of industry. This is owing to the fact that when collected together the insects cannot be prevented from fighting and killing each other.

Many find it easier to weigh their pay than to pay their way.