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Directors of the Poor of CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA. FOR THE YEAR 1876.

Table listing names and amounts for the Directors of the Poor of Cambria County, PA. for the year 1876. Includes names like J. H. Fisher, J. H. Fisher, and various amounts.

Table titled 'Amount brought up' listing names and amounts. Includes names like J. H. Fisher, J. H. Fisher, and various amounts.

Table titled 'AMOUNTS DUE INSTITUTION.' listing names and amounts. Includes names like John J. Evans, John Kreschner, and various amounts.

Table titled 'REPORT OF L. LILLY, Esq., Stew-' listing names and amounts. Includes names like J. H. Fisher, J. H. Fisher, and various amounts.

Table titled 'INMATES, &c.' listing names and amounts. Includes names like J. H. Fisher, J. H. Fisher, and various amounts.

Table titled 'AMOUNTS DUE INSTITUTION.' listing names and amounts. Includes names like John J. Evans, John Kreschner, and various amounts.

JUSTICE BRADLEY'S SOLILOQUY.

By CHAUNCEY NASH. Said Bradley, deeply sighing, 'There is no other way Than sanction crime the vilest, Forsooth, to win the day; For thus one crime engenders Ten thousand of its kind; And I must sell my errand For party greed and gain.' 'My friends all press around me, I may no more resist; I yield unto the pressure, And in their game enter; Smitten by Brother Miller, And fortified by Strong, With specious reasons Everts Will fortify the wrong.'

HEARTS OF OAK.

By GEORGE WESLEY. Upon the banks of a small stream known as Elder creek, a stream that flowed into the Santee river, was encamped, at the time of which we write, a body of Tories. It may be well to state just here, that the operations of the British in South Carolina were at this time conducted almost entirely within that section of country which was enclosed by the Santee, the Congaree and Edisto rivers.

'You bet I hev!' cried the emuged Yankee, as soon as he could get in a word. 'I cacklate this 'ere's not reglar, nohow! I want to know what's the meanin' of it! Did you take me for a spy? Did you find any papers or anything about me? That's what I want to know! Is this 'ere boy a spy? I tell you no!'

'A very good argument, but you know you are a spy, and that ends it,' replied the Tory captain. 'You will be hung at sunrise,' he added. 'Hung, is it, you beef-eating, beer-swilling—'

IMAGINATION OR MYSTERY.

A READING WOMAN WHO PROPHETS HER DEATH AND TAKES SOUL-FLIGHTS. There is at this time considerable talk in some circles of this city concerning a strange and somewhat remarkable case that has developed near the Reading Driving Park, close to the Three-Mile House. About a square up the road to the right of the hotel stand two modest two-story houses with high porches. They are occupied by Mr. Henry Deeds and his wife, who are aged people, and Richard Snader and his wife Angeline, son-in-law and daughter of the first named people.

'Come hither, Donald Cameron, My race of life is nearly run, Grim death draws near to me; But as I quit the public crib I will explain to you How jobs are done and parties run And how to put things through. Lo! I have been for forty years A statesman and a chief; Some call me Wilmot! You, some have whispered thief. Whatever I have done— By day or night, of losing sight Of Simon—number one. Think in these marble Senate halls I've sat for many days; With all its tricks and ways, I've learned that statescraft is a game Like poker—with a blend— Where you're not counting on the brass, Your 'always left behind.' The Key-stone is a noble State; Brain power enough for kings, And I have ruled it many years. With what they call the ring, My pulse has been getting weak, My fingers slip, I lose my grip, And I must soon let go.

OLD SIMON'S DYING LAMENT.

An Affeting Ballad on sale by the Sewbears. Come hither, Donald Cameron, My race of life is nearly run, Grim death draws near to me; But as I quit the public crib I will explain to you How jobs are done and parties run And how to put things through. Lo! I have been for forty years A statesman and a chief; Some call me Wilmot! You, some have whispered thief. Whatever I have done— By day or night, of losing sight Of Simon—number one.

MYSTERIES OF THE EARTH.

Wonderful and inexplicable physical facts are not confined to the lowlands along the Mississippi, and stranger than the works of primitive man, consisting of mounds, canals and fortified strong-holds, are cavernous depths, within which rivers flow from the mountains to the great drain of the continent. Fourteen miles southeast of Bowling Green, Ky., is a cavern, the entrance of which is a small natural opening in the limestone rock, on a stone at the entrance of the latter, the wonder of a country bumpkin is inscribed in words once quoted in the Senate of the United States: 'The Mammoth cave, what a spot! It is deep in the earth, and the Y powers above! Great God! I wonder! Andrew Jackson!—it will thunder.'

THE BRIDGE OF SOIL AND TREES AND CAVE WAS BROKEN DOWN BY THE EARTHQUAKE'S REBOUNDING FOOTSTEPS.

Where the railway from Nashville to Hickman, Ky., on the Mississippi, crosses that from Mobile to Cairo and Chicago stands the town of Union City. It is ten miles from this lake. It has been stated that when heavy locomotives and heavily-laden trains come rushing by, hotels and station houses quake, and windows are shaken from mingles and tables, and that hollowness in which the forest disappeared which bridged Reelfoot Lake, extends, it has been alleged, beneath the town and railway. The water of this lake is not that of the Mississippi. It is a crystal bright, moss and clearness, such as distinguishes the river in the depths of Mammoth Cave, while the great river above ground, bearing aluminum from north-western mountains, is tawny in its yellowness and impregnated with iron. When the earthquake of 1812 was most violent, the water of the lake, extraordinary darkness, the Mississippi flowed backward, and flatlands in the vicinity of Hickman drifted backwards forty miles toward Cairo. A mighty volume of river's flood-life receded into mountainous caverns beneath the surface of the earth, and now there were the lowlands submerged. 'There is a "Dead Sea" of murky water hidden beneath the earth's surface in the vicinity of Cairo and New Madrid and broader and deeper than the fatherless Reelfoot Lake deep by the great earthquake. It is a vast reservoir of water, and it is the receptacle for the bright waters that flow through Mammoth Cave, and if the lake would be discovered that its depths were carved out by a great river which through countless ages has been carving its path way of limestone towards the south-east to find a de-choisement in Reelfoot Lake. There are vague and indefinite speculations, and only defensible when we reflect that the Mississippi river does not merely percolate the soil in the lowlands but actually overflows the coast at Cairo. On such from the river have been caught in wild dog plantations in the swamps, and the water in these wells rises and falls with the flood-tide of the river. It may be proper to state that the late Wagoner (Longfellow) W. D. Emerson, with whom Abraham Lincoln was associated as a wood-chopper in the early years of the current century, often recounted the terrible incidents of the earthquake that destroyed New Madrid, below Cairo, in 1812, and the writer of this article heard Mr. Emerson and the father of Charles Murray, of the Atlantic Place, on the Mississippi, relate many facts here recited.—N. J. World.

A GOOD SNOR.

The other day a young man on one of the Union Pacific trains thought he would take a chew of tobacco to drive away the blues, so he took a chew. He was not an old and elegant chewer, as in about a minute and a half after he had set his teeth on the fragrant Freedom Pipe cut he wanted to spit somehow. The longer he put it off the more the salivary glands put in their work, and as he wildly sought for an obscure spot where he could spit without being detected, his cheeks fairly swelled out. Finally the agony became unendurable, and he resolved to spit along the aisle of the car and then look out of the window at the passing landscape to avoid being detected. The car was crowded with passengers, so that he could make a bold eye about ten feet down the aisle and spit.

A DEAF MAN TAKES POLITICS.

One of the oldest and most respectable citizens of San Antonio, Texas, forgot, as was his usual custom, to pay for "the snail" he had just taken. The old gentleman is a little deaf, but the barkeeper mildly intimated that if he had not paid for the snail he would not be refused in part. "Another extra out, is there?" he remarked moving toward the door. "When are you going to pay that fifteen cents, boy?" said the barkeeper to a crowd of voters, moving gently toward him. "The gentleman has paid for the snail, but he says he is deaf and he didn't hear the barkeeper say he was to pay for the snail." "Another extra out, is there?" he remarked moving toward the door. "When are you going to pay that fifteen cents, boy?" said the barkeeper to a crowd of voters, moving gently toward him.

THE DEACON ANSWERED.

Up in New Hampshire, where I was a few years ago, when a boy, says Governor Nugent, there was an old deacon who was a great deal more pious than honest. He was an old hypocrite, and when he had done particularly good things he would brag about it by saying that he had done his duty by giving out a stone wall, and kneeling beside it, and praying the Lord to topple it over on him if he had done anything offensive to Him or wrong in His sight. Well, he boys found it out, and one day, when he was the deacon making for the stone wall, he got on the other side and saw the wall, and he went through his usual piousness, closing with the prayer to have the wall toppled over if he had done anything wrong. And we topped it. Jumping out from under the stones, the old man said out in tones of mingled anger and shame: "Good gracious! can't you tell when a wall is jolting?"