

REDUCTION!
LOW PRICES!
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY, Etc.,

W. A. S. G. A. C.

**BARGAINS!
CASH.
BARGAINS!
CASH.
BARGAINS!
CASH.**

A. A. BARKER & SON

**BARGAINS!
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, Queensware,**

LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES:

Superb CLOTHING
For men and boys, which they do not purchase elsewhere. They are prepared to purchase at lower rates than elsewhere, and they are prepared to sell at lower prices than elsewhere.

W. A. S. G. A. C.

A. A. BARKER & SON

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT

DISSOLUTION—The wooden manufactory, situated on the corner of Second and Third streets, in the city of Ebensburg, Pa., is hereby dissolved.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

NOTICE—I hereby give notice that I have purchased of Mrs. M. A. McPike the real estate of her late husband, H. A. McPike.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

Mrs. Rogers lay on her bed, bandaged and blistered from foot to head, and bandaged and blistered from head to foot. Mrs. Rogers was very low; she could scarcely speak a word. On the table stood bravely up, a bottle of medicine, and a glass. Physic of high and low degree: Colic, catarrh, bonnet tea—Everything a body could bear—Excepting light and water and air.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

I have passed through many a trying scene in my life, scenes wherein danger lurked and death snuffed grimly. On water and on land I have stood, as it were, face to face with that dread of the human race. On the night of horror, when our fair bark was tossed as if it were a feather, I could gaze upon the strange billows with awe, awe, wild, veneration—for there, amid the roaring of the tempest, the lashing of the waves, I saw the power and might of the Deity.

HEROISM IN MONTENEGRO WOMEN.

Montenegro women have the same passionate attachment with the men to family and country, and display much of the same noble qualities. A sister and four brothers, the four of course all armed, are making a pilgrimage or excursion to a church. The state of war with the Turk being normal, we need not wonder when we find that they are attacked by a number of their way, in a pass where they were in a single file, by seven armed Turks, who announce themselves by shooting dead the first of the brothers and dangerously wounding the second. The odds are fearful, but the flight proceeds. The women, however, stand firm, and but for the fact that they are women, they would kill two of the Turks before they die. The sister presses forward, and grasps the arm of her brother, and she dashes the wretch over the precipice into the yawning depths below.

SOCIAL CRIMES.

AN EPISCOPAL BISHOP INDULGES IN PLAIN TALK.

The following is a portion of the annual address of the Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Philadelphia, Rt. Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, D. D.:

A few weeks ago a large meeting of influential citizens was held at Association Hall, at which measures were taken, with the cooperation of the Medical Society of Philadelphia, to check, by legal and moral means, the evils resulting from the circulation of obscene literature and pre-natal murder. I regret that I was prevented from being present, as the subjects under consideration are of the greatest importance to the community. Such evils, for fear of offending delicacy, are suffered to pass on in silence, until the very enormity of their growth cries out for repressive legislation.

LEGAL, BIBLICAL, IGNORANCE.

During the trial of the celebrated Leavenworth baby case, in which two women claimed the child, one of the lawyers in the course of his remarks pointed to the portrait of Solomon ordering the child to be severed in halves and divided between the two women. His scriptural knowledge being small, he alluded to Pilate instead of Solomon. The opposing counsel, supposing he knew all about it, instantly jumped to his feet and called him a fool, and said that the order was by Caesar, not Pilate. After a heated discussion, they agreed to leave it to the judge. His Honor decided that both of the attorneys were talking upon a subject foreign to their knowledge, and pointing to the painting, said it was in error to represent Herod and not Pilate or Caesar. The lawyers considered the matter settled, and proceeded with the case.

AN EDMAN HAIR.

As a manly hair is now popular in some quarters, says a correspondent, I would like to make suggestions drawn from an instrument which is admired by many of my friends. These who are favored with an old-fashioned hair place, closed by a fibrous web with a quarter of an inch of space left around or over it, should drive a smooth tack near one corner; then attach a line double and crested silk thread, well waxed and draw it nearby to the opposite corner; there attach it to another tack. The string must pass midway along the space, without the least friction or obstruction to the vibration of the cord. The continual draft through the chimney will produce perpetual music of sweetest strain, to be heard all through the house.

ROBBERIES.

They were burglars who came for the purpose of plunder. They told me so; and instead of money they found what they took to be a corpse. They stood apart, whispered—seemed to hesitate how to act. The safe was opened; the owner was there at their mercy. Weak as I was, I at once discovered the cause of their hesitation.

"You came," I said to "robme, instead of which you saved my life. The amount of money which you would have obtained is no inconsiderable sum; it is there—there in that second drawer from the right. Take it—divide it between yourselves, and with it take my thanks. You see I am very weak—the excitement caused by my incarceration."

One of the men approached me and said: "We are robbers; we are in your power, but we are not murderers. We came for money, but—"

I interrupted him.

"No hesitation, sir; it is yours—my free gift," said he.

He then joined his companions, consulted awhile, then came to me and said: "Suppose, sir, that we were detected? Our entrance upon us—being observed—the money found upon us—the condition of the safe—your story—your evidence—we would be convicted at once."

"Will you please sit down at the table and help me to eat? I am completely unwell. Seven hours in that safe nearly killed me."

His chair was placed as ordered—the man who had spoken assisted me to it. I took paper and pen, and wrote the following:

"For valuable services, I pay these four men the sum of \$1000 each, to be paid to them on the first day of the month of January next, for their most heroic deed, for which, in addition to their own lives, they have my most hearty thanks."

"Take that paper, sir, and if anything should occur come to me."

This was I saved, but it was many weeks before I recovered from the effects of that night of horror.—Harford Times.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Some years ago, when the plague was raging to severe extents in the United States, the writer of this narrative had an uncle who was seized with the pestilence at his abode in Boston. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he should die. She accordingly stayed, and watched him with unflinching care. Tith, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who were around with the red hands had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but that she was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overhauled by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it.

The half-hour again came round, and again she was cold and rigid, but still she refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but that she was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overhauled by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

The other day a son of the Emerald Isle came to a man named Martin, and taking a bottle from his pocket asked for a quart of whisky. The salesman asked to what use it was to be put, and the reply was to sink roots in. The order was filled, and the clerk, after handing over the bottle, said to the customer: "What kind of root are you going to sink?" "Pocking the hole in the customer remarked with a merry twinkle in his eye: "The roots of my tongue, be jollies!"

Geo. Huntley,

STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

Notice to Taxpayers

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