THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - OCT. 4, 1878.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—If you want a pair of good custom-made boots, go to Oatman's.

—The Lewistown agricultural fair, while in progress, was levied on by the Sheriff. Debt.

—A choice lot of dress hats and caps of latest styles and qualities, just received at Oatman's.

—The Eclectic Medical Association of this state held its annual session in Altoona this week.

—Ladies' and children's shoes at from 25 to 50 cents per pair cheaper at Oatman's than elsewhere in town.

—Confidence in the coin having been restored, the trade dollar is taken at par in Pittsburgh and elsewhere.

—A Lewistown printer named James A. Coplin was of the number of yellow fever victims at Canton, Mississippi.

—The State convention of the Y. M. C. A. will meet in Harrisburg on the 10th instant, and remain in session three days.

—Col. C. T. Frazer and wife, of Johnstown, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedded life last Saturday.

—"A Picture of Real Life" has been unavoidably set back for another week at least. No danger of time spoiling it, however.

—Pheasant shooting began Tuesday of this week and lots of sport is anticipated by those professionals who shoot on the wing.

—Dr. Hoffman will be at Wilmore on Thursday of next week, Oct. 10th, and at Carrolltown on Tuesday following, Oct. 15th.

—A Republican marching club has been organized in Altoona, probably with the intention of marching to the rear after the November election.

—Rev. Nathaniel R. Gates, at one time quite extensively known as the "blind preacher," and wife, are now inmates of the Blair county almshouse.

—Gen. Coffroth is in attendance at the Blair county fair, which is held this year in Altoona, and will address a Democratic meeting in that city to-night.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Poor Directors was held in the almshouse last Tuesday. Nothing but the usual routine business was transacted.

—Mr. Max Ritter, the competent and obliging brakeman on our branch railroad, is this week enjoying the usual annual vacation accorded to employes of the Pa. R. R.

—A blind man, assisted by his little daughter, gave an instrumental and terpsichorean entertainment in the Court House last Friday evening. It was very slimly attended.

—We see it stated that the Seaboard Pipe Line, has "gone where the woodbine twineth," and that subscribers to the stock are getting their money back, less the amount expended.

—Thomas Conlon threw a goblet at a man named Bradley, in Johnstown, Saturday last, and dangerously injured him. In default of bail, he was brought to this place and lodged in jail.

—A quail got out of its latitude Wednesday afternoon and alighted on the roof of the Mountain House. Its stay there was brief, though, for Mr. Jack Rhey interviewed it with a shot-gun and brought it down.

—Dr. Brallier, formerly of Ebensburg, but now a practising physician at Cherrytree, Indiana county, is prepared to tell precisely what one and one make. Twins is the answer, both girls, and he is the happy father.

—The E. A. Booth combination troupe will give a select entertainment in the Opera House, Altoona, Thursday evening of next week. Mr. Ed. M. Kerr, formerly of Ebensburg, and wife, are members of this popular company.

—Rev. Fred Evans, of Franklin, Venango county, delivered a free lecture on "Queer People" in the Congregational church of this place last Monday evening. He was listened to by an audience which was limited only by the size of the building.

—A vile personal attack was lately made on Hon. R. Milton Speer, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, through the columns of the Huntingdon *Globe*, and now that journal is given the choice of retracting or of standing an action for slander.

—Mr. David Over, of the Hollidaysburg *Register*, has bought the Cottrell & Babcock power press on which the Altoona *Globe* was printed, and will remove the same to his office. He contemplates making some substantial improvements on the *Register* ere long.

—Gen. Wm. S. Calohan, who was Superintendent of the old Portage Railroad twenty-two years ago, presided over the Democratic mass meeting held in Washington, in this State, last Friday, at which Hons. Andrew Dill and Hiester Clymer delivered speeches.

—A letter from Washington city, written by our young friend Harry K. Coffey, another from our more venerable friend "Rob Roy," and a communication from Loretto, must all of necessity go over until next week owing to the pressure upon our columns at this time.

—If you want to buy, and we know you do, a pair of boots, or anything else you may need, at the lowest possible figures, now is the accepted time, and the People's Cheap Store, Loretto, Pa., M. J. Teitelbaum, proprietor, is or should be the accepted place for such investments.

—A Bedford county miner named John Hart was imprisoned ten hours by a land slide one day last week. At the expiration of that time, he was dug out, bruised, sore, and with mind exhausted, yet his sufferings had signally failed to spoil him entirely, for he walked home and ate a big supper.

—The boy Kunzig, who was shot and badly wounded in Altoona by James Rodger, is pronounced by his physician to be out of danger. Rodger was taken before Judge Dean on a writ of *habeas corpus* Saturday, and bail in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance at Court was required and furnished.

—M. J. Teitelbaum, of Loretto, has just returned from the eastern cities with what he claims to be the largest, finest and cheapest stock of fall and winter goods ever brought to that ancient village. Call and examine his stock and prices before making your purchases at any other establishment.

—The Democrats of Blair county will meet in grand rally at the Opera House, Altoona, this (Friday) evening. Addresses on the live issues of the day will be delivered by Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, U. S. Senator, Hon. H. Yerkes, Hon. A. H. Coffroth, our candidate for Congress, and Col. John P. Linton, of Johnstown.

—A colored youth of Philadelphia, named Henry Price Williams, was introduced to an Altoona audience of Greenbackers by Mr. T. P. Rynder, one evening last week, and it is said that he held high sway till somebody asked him what was the reason he left Hollidaysburg a decade or so ago, between two days! Who frowed dat egg?

—A Republican campaign club has been formed in Altoona, and we can't say it affords us pleasure to note the fact that our typographical friends, Col. Theodore Burchfield and Major Geo. F. Dern, have become actually connected therewith. The club, which is to meet once a week, Maso(o)n and itself very much mistaken if it expects to make things politically Ho(y)t for the diligent Democrats down that way.

—As showing much enterprise on the part of the illustrated weeklies, we note the fact that two New York journals of that class lately contained pictures of the discovery of the robber Lewis' hoard of silver in Huntingdon county and the frightful death in Williamsburg, Blair county, of a young girl from the bite of a blowing viper—two events which had existence only in the fertile brain of a lively but lying newspaper correspondent.

—The Altoona *Tribune* informs us that its regular circulation of that live sheet is 1,600 copies daily. It is a sign of prosperity which we gate to note, and evinces an appreciation for what is good in daily journalism on the part of the people of Altoona that is commendable. The regular edition of 1,600 was largely increased throughout the present week, to meet the demand of the public for its very full report of the doings at the fair.

—Railroad excursion tickets to the Altoona Fair were sold along the line between Johnstown and Huntingdon during the present week, and many of our citizens took advantage of this circumstance to go down and look at the big pumpkins and things.

—A young man named F. B. Harmony, while employed in repairing a cupola in the Steel Mill at Johnstown, last Monday, missed his footing and fell a distance of fourteen feet. His head struck the ground first, causing a fracture of the skull of nearly three inches in length, and, as a matter of course, death ensued almost instantly. The deceased was a married man with a family, and formerly lived at Shirleysburg, Huntingdon county. His remains were taken to that place for interment.

—Altoona would like to have the new penitentiary located at that point, and Tyrone, Bellefonte, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Huntingdon, Carlisle, and several other places, are each animated by the like desire. But, if late advices are to be relied on, the fight is narrowed down to Huntingdon and Williamsport, with the chances in favor of the former. A few more days will tell the tale. Johnstown, for a wonder of mammoth proportions, is not included in the list of competitors for the location.

—At the Franciscan Monastery, Loretto, on Tuesday, Sept. 17th, Rev. E. A. Bush, the Bishop's delegate for the occasion, received the vows of the following named postulants, who were clothed with the Holy Habit of St. Francis: Mr. Peter Phelan (in religion, Brother James), Mr. Martin Gleason (in religion, Brother Athanasius), and Mr. Edmund Johnson (in religion, Brother Paul). After the reception a sermon replete with good counsel and proper exhortation was preached by Father Bush.

—S. Teitelbaum, of Carrolltown, will return from the eastern cities to-day with a new stock of goods, consisting of the following: $2,000 worth of dry goods, $2,000 worth of made up clothing, $2,000 worth of boots and shoes, $1,000 worth of ladies' and gent's hats, $1,000 worth of hardware, and $2,000 worth of fresh groceries, all of which have been bought at the closest margins for cash and will be sold on the same terms to all who wish to purchase. Look out for Teitelbaum and the largest and cheapest stock of goods northern Cambria has ever seen.

—According to the allegation of Mr. Replogle, the huckster man of this place, a young lad named Alf. Fagan has been in the habit for some time past of throwing stones at and otherwise imposing on his (Replogle's) small children. The gentleman got tired of this sort of work, and concluded to put a stop to it Monday last by taking the law into his own hands. He chastised Fagan severely, which fact coming to the knowledge of the boy's father, information was made and Replogle bound over by Esquire Rinkead in the sum of $200 to answer at the December term of Court.

—A hearing came off Monday afternoon before Esquire Strayer, Johnstown, in which thirteen gentlemen from different townships in the northern section of this county, including Messrs. A. Strittmatter, John Bearer, and others, were accused of not paying dues and assessments to the Blair County Horse Insurance Company. The defendants, it seems, had somehow been led to believe that the Company was about becoming defunct, and very naturally refused to pay more money into its coffers. The case was appealed to Court, and will doubtless receive attention at the December term.

—Rumor has it that a gentleman sojourning in this place encountered a bear while hunting in Blacklick township, on Saturday last, and that it was a bad thing for the bear, as a few holes in his hide, provided the shot took effect, and a shockingly demoralized countenance is said to attest. As the gentleman is a Spiller by name, though not by nature, it is *bear*-ly possible that the encounter took place, that some of Bruin's blood was spilled, and that the gentleman came out of the contest, as alleged, with his epidermis unscathed, though some of his clothing, we are told, was rent in twain.

—Round fern-embroidered valleys hangs the dreamy, mellow haze, which rests on hill and lakelet in the "melancholy daze;" the lilac sky has here and there a snowy aureole, the while the gay philosopher lays in his winter coal. He wonders meanwhile where he will go to buy some seasonable ready-made clothing for himself and boys, if he has any, and if he is wise he invariably settles down on Godfrey Wolff, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, as the man he will patronize. Mr. Wolff's reputation as a cheap and fair dealing clothier has become a household word in central Pennsylvania.

—While Mr. John Storm, of Allegheny township, this county, was engaged, Saturday last, in storing corn-fodder, an accident occurred which may result in the death of one of his little daughters. The fodder was being hauled in from the field on a sled, and the horse attached to this unseasonable vehicle gave a sudden lurch and stumbled over the sled, falling with his full weight on the little girl. She was badly bruised externally, but it is thought her internal injuries are more severe and that death will be the result. At latest accounts, however, the sufferer was perceptibly improving, and that her life may yet be saved is our sincerest hope.

—After long and painful cogitation, it has been finally decided by the Republican ring managers that Mr. Joe Van Ormer, of White township, shall take the place on the local Republican ticket made vacant by the resignation of Mr. George Myers, of Gallitzin, who withdrew in either dread or disgust from the canvass for County Treasurer a couple of months ago. Joe is certainly a worthy citizen and a jolly good fellow, and for this reason, if for none other, we are sorry that the choice for the sacrifice at the polls next November has fallen on him. He will be beaten by something less than a million votes, provided of course he remains on the track.

—Capt. M. McDonald, whose price-list is a source of never-ending wonder to the people of Loretto and vicinity, wishes us to say for him this week that he is receiving his Fall and Winter stock of goods, all complete in every department, and that those who want bargains should call and see him at the earliest opportunity. Men's boots, from $2 upward; men's wool hats and caps, 75 cents and upward; 12 pounds sugar, $1; 6 pounds coffee, $1; 3 pounds tea, $1; best syrup, 75 cents per gallon; common syrup, 50 cents per gallon, and all other goods at prices equally low. The Captain is determined not to be undersold, as the foregoing figures very plainly indicate.

—Those piles on piles of empty store-boxes in front of John Lloyd & Co.'s store, High street, Ebensburg, mean that that energetic and deservedly popular firm have just laid in a very large and very fine stock of fall and winter goods, all which they mean to dispose of at prices considerably lower than rule in other mercantile establishments in town. Those who may feel disposed to doubt the accuracy of this statement have only to call and look at the price list and be convinced. In addition to all manner of dress and dry goods, the stock comprises groceries, hardware, queensware, notions, etc., etc.—everything, in fact, usually kept in a first-class country store.

—The sunlight's joy his face besours, his foot a flower is crushing; a frank look links his soul with ours—"Friend, whither art thou rushing?" The answer to this query is usually to the effect that the person spoken to is rushing in the direction of S. Blumenthal's Great Eastern Boot and Shoe Store, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, for the purpose of picking up one or more of the bargains daily and nightly there dispensed. The stock to be chosen from is unexcelled in central Pennsylvania, both as regards variety of styles and cheapness. Any description of boot, shoe or slipper can there be obtained, and at a price which will make your pocket-book fairly titter with joy.

—In the U. S. District Court, Pittsburgh, on Saturday last, in the matter of Wm. M. Lloyd, bankrupt, the petition of Jonathan Hamilton, trustee for the widow and devisees of Gabriel S. Thomas, deceased, was presented, and leave granted to issue *fi. fas.* in Court of Common Pleas of Blair county. These proceedings, the Altoona *Mirror* argues, and very correctly too, bode no good to the unsecured creditors of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., as the amount involved is about $48,000, while the claim is secured in such a way as to make the estate of said debtor liable for the amount in any event, and hence will necessitate a great sacrifice of property by Sheriff's sale in order to meet so heavy a draft.

—When the South wind hums and sighs, and ocean smiles, and wild birds sing in woodland ways 'neath cloudless skies, and care and gloom take hasty wing, we think of love—then think again, and wonder if that cloud means rain. But when the cold winds begin to whistle around the edges, as now, our thoughts are turned into another channel. We inquire of one another where can be bought a suit of ready-made clothing for winter wear at a reasonable price? The answer is invariably—at James J. Murphy's 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. His stock, which of late has been largely added to, comprises all the fresh styles, while in the matter of prices he defies the world to beat him for cheapness.

—A party of excursionists went from Indiana to Pittsburgh to take in the Exposition the other day, and the Pittsburgh *Leader* man ran across them. He describes their appearance on the whole as what might have been expected had the catacombs of Egypt emptied their contents upon the streets of the Smoky City, and avers that they gazed long and earnestly at the steeples and patronized pop and peanut stands. Brothers Samsom and Smith composed part of the crowd, and they resent the *Leader* man's slurs with so much severity that we incline to the belief that there must be some mistake about the matter. Maybe the sightseers were the ones who recently went out from Blair county.

—We have been furnished with a report of the proceedings of two Greenback-Labor meetings held at Loretto and Chest Springs on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, but owing to a lack of space, to say nothing of a scarcity of type, we are unable to print it. Suffice it then to note that the report represents both meetings as having been large and enthusiastic, and says that both were addressed by Mr. John McCormick, of Summerhill township, who was followed at the first meeting by Mr. Henry C. Kaylor, of Munster township, and at the latter by Mr. Jas. Daley, of Allegheny township. The speeches were all well received, and our correspondent pretends to believe that the N. G.-L. movement made a nice thing out of the meetings.

—We made mention a week or two ago that either the real or assumed lunacy of Barney Vogel, the Barr township "moonshiner," had secured the removal of that somewhat notorious individual from the Pittsburgh Workhouse to Dixmont Hospital. The lunacy is now popularly thought to have been put on for a purpose, for Barney a few days since succeeded in effecting his escape from the latter institution, where he was looked upon as a weak-minded, inoffensive fellow who needed no guarding, and as a consequence he is now at large. The scene of his future operations is of course a sealed book as yet, but whatever point he may settle down at will receive a valuable acquisition to its population in the person of Barney, for he pays his taxes like a man and don't go round bothering folks with particulars about his business.

—A wagon to which were attached two horses passed through town, westward bound, Saturday last. In the wagon were eleven children, none of them above the age of twelve years, and two women, while outside contentedly trudged a couple of men, driving the horses and seeing that nothing or nobody got lost from the drove. In answer to interrogatories, they said they had cut loose from Snyder county a month since, with the intention of getting to Kansas before the cold weather sets in to stay. Kansas is a good farming country, they explained, and they meant to pre-empt a couple of sections of land and undertake the cultivation of tobacco. Provided the two women don't get fighting for the ownership of the old baby, they expect to reach their destination by Christmas, when they promised to send word back how they found things *en route*.

—Thomas Denny, aged 15 years, and a younger brother, sons of Mr. Richard Denny, of Allegheny township, this county, whistled up the dogs and went hunting the cows last Sunday week. While traveling leisurely through the woods, the dogs treed something which the boys, after a hasty reconnoisance, declared to be a coon. We don't know whether meat was scarce in the Denny household or not, but Thomas said to his brother that it would be a nice thing to take that coon along home with them anyhow. Accordingly, armed with a club, he shinned it up the tree, but the animal, seemingly averse to close acquaintanceship, jumped to the ground. The dogs seized it and soon despatched it, when it was discovered that the supposed coon was nothing more nor less than a full-grown and particularly savage-looking wildcat! Thomas and his brother gathered up their game and made tracks for home with much celerity, fearful that the wildcat's mate might be in the neighborhood and disapprove of their doings, and from that time on they have been, as they deserve to be, the youthful heroes of Allegheny township.

ON THE WING.—Business called us to Philadelphia last week, and while there we put up at the celebrated St. Cloud Hotel, of which Messrs. Geo. W. Mullin & Co. are proprietors, and did a little shopping at Wanamaker's wonderful Dry Goods and Outfitting Depot, 13th and Market, and also at the no less popular and renowned Oak Hall Clothing House of Wanamaker & Brown, 6th and Market, of both which establishments, as well as of the St. Cloud Hotel, we shall have something to say in the near future. On our way home we stopped Saturday afternoon and remained until 2.45 Monday morning in Lancaster, whither we had been invited by our genial and gentlemanly friend, W. W. Hensel, Esq., of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, from whom and from his younger brother Harry, as well as from our no less esteemed friend Ed. Martin, Esq., we received many courtesies and kindnesses which we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. The latter gentleman, who is well known in this place, having studied law here, is, we are glad to say, not only prospering professionally and otherwise, but "holds the fort" in one of the largest and finest mansions which adorn that beautiful city, so greatly enriched by elegant homes. Other friends of other days also greeted and welcomed us, while of new acquaintances we formed quite a number, prominent among whom, for pleasant attentions, we name the veteran and able editor of the *New Era*, J. W. Geist, Esq., and the junior member of the large and enterprising watch and jewelry firm of H. Z. Rhoads & Brother, with both of whom we held brief but pleasant intercourse. May time and opportunity soon again enable us to visit a city in which, thanks to the Messrs. Hensel, we saw so much to interest, instruct and edify.

OFF FOR BRAZIL.—Our stalwart friend of long standing—in his boots as well as in the matter of time—Mr. Peter F. Collins, rushed in upon us about the hour of nine Wednesday night, looking haggard and careworn from recent travel and urgent business, and before we knew the purport of his visit he grasped us by the hand and bade us a fond and feeling farewell, stating at the same time that he was to leave for Brazil on Saturday (to-morrow) for the purpose of assisting his brother Thomas in the management of the great railroad contract which has made the names of Collins Brothers synonymous throughout the civilized world with unbounded energy and unequalled enterprise. "Pete," as we have always taken the liberty to call him, gave us to understand that he would rather not be expatriated from his native land in such a way, but when duty calls he is one of the last men to shrink from its performance, even though in so doing he has to part for a time from a devoted wife and two lovely little children. We have long known "Pete," and while we have never experienced a brother's love, we are sure that it partakes no more of the tender and true than do the sentiments of friendship which for more than a quarter of a century have existed between the subject of this sketch and the writer thereof. In commemoration of which lasting friendship, we bid you, "Pete," a public and cordial farewell, and trust that God will preserve you from the dangers and vicissitudes which must of necessity await you in the land of torrid heat and attendant miseries. Farewell; and may Heaven's blessing go with you!

—The Sahm farm sale, in Summerhill township, will commence at 1 p. m. instead 10 a. m. on Thursday, Oct. 31st, as stated in advertisement elsewhere.

GREENBACK VAGARIES.—A series of Greenback meetings, addressed by Mr. John McCormick, of Summerhill township; Mr. James M. Daley, of Munster township; Mr. John E. McKenzie, of Chest Springs; Mr. Henry C. Kaylor, of Munster township, and others of that ilk, was held in the northern portion of Cambria county last week, followed by a faint repetition this week all along that line. It is expected that these meetings will be kept up uninterrupedly till election day, though what the honest yeomanry of those boroughs and townships have done to merit such an infliction is more than we can conjecture. In his speech delivered at St. Augustine Saturday evening last, Mr. Henry C. Kaylor, one of the orators of the new financial school, saw fit to say that in case of the election of Mr. Fenlon for Assembly, Mr. Lake for Register and Recorder, and Mr. Gurley for County Commissioner, the first joint efforts of those gentlemen would be directed toward having payment of the water bonds of Ebensburg borough assumed by the county, and for the erection of a new Court House. The absurdity of such stuff is of so dense a nature that we hesitate to refer to it at all in these columns; but in as much as some inquiries, having their origin in the allegations of Mr. Kaylor and his *confreres*, have reached us, we proceed to throw a couple of rays of light on the subject. Mr. Fenlon, when elected as a member of the Legislature, will be possessed of precisely the same right to legislate on the subject of the water bonds of Ebensburg, in the shape proposed, that he would have to cast a vote in favor of the resuscitation of slavery; Mr. Lake, as Register and Recorder, would have no vote in the Legislature or elsewhere, and the measure of responsibility attaching to Mr. Gurley is in about the same ratio. The man who suggested the water bonds idea ought to be killed and stuffed—always provided, of course, that no better use can be made of him. As regards the new Court House, which measure, despite a fling in a late number of the Johnstown *Tribune*, is not being pressed, we append an extract from the law having special reference to such buildings, a careful reading of which will show that it is only upon recommendation of two successive Grand Juries, drawn in a prescribed manner, that improvements of the sort can be attained. The law says:

> The Jury Commissioners and the Sheriff of the respective county, or any two of them, shall draw from the proper jury wheel, panels of jurors, as grand jurors of the proper county, and as petit and traverse, for the trial of issues in fact which may be taken in any action in any of the Courts, civil and criminal, of the several counties aforesaid, in the manner now practised and allowed; but before the said Jury Commissioners and Sheriff shall proceed to select or draw jurors in the manner aforesaid, they shall severally take the oath or affirmation now prescribed by law to be taken by the Sheriff and County Commissioners before selecting and drawing jurors, as follows:
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> "You, and each of you, do swear that you will use your utmost endeavors and diligence in making an impartial selection of competent persons for jurors during the ensuing year, and that you will not suffer partiality, favor, affection, hatred, malice, or ill-will in any case whatever to influence you in the selecting, drawing, or returning of jurors, but that you will in all respects honestly conform to the true intent and meaning of the acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided."—Purdon's Digest, pp. 1465 and 580.
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> It shall be lawful for the Commissioners of any county, having first obtained the approbation of two successive grand juries, and of the Court of Quarter Sessions of such county, to cause to be erected at the seat of justice thereof, when occasion shall require, such building or buildings as may be necessary for the accommodation of the Courts and of the several officers of the county, and for the reception and safe-keeping of the records and other papers in charge of such officers, and also such other building or buildings as may be necessary and proper for the purpose of a county jail and workhouse, and, if need be, to purchase ground for the erection of such buildings. (This section is not confined to the case of new counties; and, therefore, the approbation of the Court and of two successive grand juries is necessary to authorize the rebuilding of a new Court House.—6 W. 229, 3 Barr 202, Purdon's Digest, note p. 294.) It shall be the duty of the Commissioners of every county to keep and maintain the public buildings aforesaid of the county in suitable and convenient order and repair, and it shall be lawful for them, when necessary, having first obtained the approbation of the grand jury, etc., to alter, add to, or enlarge said buildings.—Purdon's Digest, pages 293 4.

That ought to be enough to demonstrate that the election of Messrs. Fenlon, Lake and Gurley can by no possibility have aught to do with increased taxation; and when the next Greenback meeting is held and Mr. Kaylor, or any one else, follows the line of session inaugurated at St. Augustine, we trust somebody will be on hand to confront him and confound him with the foregoing extracts from the *law*.

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS IN MATRIMONIAL HARNESS.—On the 26th day of September, 1821, John Dougherty, sr., was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with Miss Mary Brookbank. The nuptial ceremony was performed in Ebensburg, of which town Mr. Dougherty and wife have from that time up to the present been almost constant residents. Their descendants are many, and those who know them best respect them the most.—Yesterday week was in the nature of things the fifty-seventh anniversary of the marriage of Mr. Dougherty and Miss Brookbank. A "golden wedding" is a something which is of unusual occurrence in this age of fast living, but this wedding goes not only a half century back, but a half decade and more better. Some of us—indeed a large majority of us—at that time were not born, but we all know from tradition that the Ebensburg of 1821 was a different sort of place from the Ebensburg of 1878. For example, the census of Ebensburg for the year previous presented a total population for the town of 216, and an advertisement of Mr. Dougherty printed in the Ebensburg *Olive Branch* of July 18, 1819, a copy of which is before us, recites that he is an adept in the art of "Tayloring," and that his patterns are all from the Eastern cities and only three months old. A large number of relatives and friends called on Mr. Dougherty throughout the day and cordially shook him by the hand, giving utterance to the hope that he would never grow so old that he wouldn't wish himself young enough to do it over again. Mr. Dougherty is about 84 years of age, and is sound of mind and muscle as a man in the prime of life, but his wife, we are sorry to say, has for many months been confined to her bed by reason of an attack of rheumatism, but she is yet hopeful that when the fifty-eighth anniversary of her wedding rolls round she will be able once more to stand erect by the side of her "good old man."

—Mr. Dennis Bronin, an employe of the Blair Iron and Coal Co., at Bennington, was struck by a locomotive at the east end of the tunnel on last Saturday evening. His right hand was cut off, and he received an ugly cut in the scalp. The unfortunate man was removed to Gallitzen, where the stump of the arm was properly re-amputated by Dr. C. C. Miller. Fears are entertained that the wound in the head will prove fatal.

HYMENEAL.

CLARK—MILLER.—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 25, 1878, by Rev. J. E. Powers, of the M. E. church, Mr. CHAS. S. CLARK, of Council Bluffs, and Miss ELLA MILLER, of Marengo, Iowa.

The happy bridegroom in this case is none other than our young friend "Summer" Clark, formerly of Ebensburg, but now and for a year or two past connected with the reportorial staff of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, while the lady of his choice is a daughter of John Miller, Esq., a prominent attorney of Marengo. We join with the many friends of Sumner, now that he has become a Miller's Clark, in the heartiest of congratulations to himself and his fair young bride, and bespeak for them a pathway through life in which only the fairest of flowers shall blossom and bloom. More than that, we trust that the newly wedded, whom the decrees of heaven and Powers of earth have so happily joined together, may live to look back through a long vista of years only to bless and cherish the day upon which they were joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. Still more, and as summarizing (we had almost said Sumner-izing) all the blessings which should flow from this alliance of true manhood with maidenly worth and beauty, we adopt the benizon of Scotland's great bard—

"May good luck hit ye."

CAUTION.—Having on the 11th of July, 1878, purchased the following described property from A. R. Litzinger, of Chest Springs borough, and left the same in his possession during my pleasure, I hereby caution all persons against interfering in any way with said property, to wit: 1 grey horse, 1 sorrel horse, 1 cow, 1 wagon, plow, harrow, and harness, a lot of grain, hay, corn and potatoes.

ELIZABETH LIBBY.

Oct. 2, 1878.—3t.*

Freeman.

"ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

OCTOBER 11, 1878. NUMBER 37.

The Boy Who Wanted a Drink.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* fiend, in describing a recent railway journey, says: Moreover, I saw the boy who wanted a drink—a restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile. He stood out on the platform until he was encrusted two inches deep with ashes and dust and cinders. He went to the water-cooler and go a drink; then he came back and told his mother he was hot, and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile, seldom oftener, unless he was suddenly seized with an uncontrolable spasm of thirst. If he was drinking and somebody else came after a drink, the boy would suddenly seize the cup he had just sat down and refill it, and drink as though he had wrapped his stomach in the desert of Sahara, glaring suspiciously over the top of the cup at the waiting passengers as he drank.

When he was in his seat he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until thirsty passengers forgot what he went down there for. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. The remotest hint or suggestion was sufficient to send him to the cooler. When the train ran over a creek, the water made him think of his thirst. When it rattled over a long stretch of prairie, the absence of water drove him mad. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the boy was filled up, and he was a rather small boy, too. His interior circumference, I think, must have enclosed an area double in extent to that enclosed by the exterior belt. Near Waseca, we run nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank.

I grew very nervous now for I was fearful that during such an unheard of abstinence from water, his pumps would run dry, rust out, and he might blow up. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said, carelessly:

"By George, but I *am* thirsty. I wonder if there is any water on this car?"

You want to understand me now, as recording very plainly, and without any mental reservation, the fact that that boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark, she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash with:

"I wish you would mind your own business and leave my boy alone."

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car, a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the charity boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed yours truly very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she finished that brief sentence, her boy was down at the water cooler, holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them, while he flooded his system as though he had taken a contract to keep up a parennial Baptist revival inside of himself.

—A new association, known as the English Labor Association, is now being formed in Washington city. It is proposed to urge upon Congress the passage of a law by which 100,000 volunteers may be enlisted for five years, for military and agricultural purposes on the reservations of the Government. Twelve skilled mechanics or artisans are to be in each company, and one regiment of each corps is to be engineers exclusively. As soon as 10,000 men shall be enlisted, they shall be sent to the reservations, and upon their arrival shall lay out a city, and begin the erection of suitable quarters for a permanent settlement, preparing ground for agricultural purposes, and developing the mineral resources of the country. Each corps to be furnished by the Government with seed, stock, farming implements and tools. Volunteers are to receive the same pay as regular soldiers, and every person so enlisting shall, upon honorable discharge, be entitled to a patent for one hundred and sixty acres of land, as now provided for by the Homestead act, or to one lot within the limits of the city, as he may elect. Every alternate lot is to be reserved to the United States.

"SAVE MAMMA."—Capt. Roscoe Burke, of the steamer Henry Clay, plying between Cincinnati and Wabash, relates the following:

Down on the Mississippi, near St. Louis, one of his boilers exploded or collapsed in backing away from a wood wharf and the steamer was sinking. Many of the passengers had leaped overboard, some with life-preservers and some without. Among the latter, who had been swept over by the wildly rushing mass of humanity, were a boy of 12 years and his mother. A man upon the stern of the boat, seeing the boy buffeting the troubled waves, attempted to throw him a rope, and at the same time crying out to him to catch it and save himself.

"No! no!" cried the little hero, pointing to a woman who struggled resolutely close by his side, "save my mamma and let me go! I can swim and she cannot."

Both were saved, and we can readily believe that boy was a hero in all honor while he remained on board. That his mother was proud and fond of him, worshipping him from the depths of her heart, was evident to all.

AN AFFECTING SENTENCE.—Judge——, of the—— judicial district of Arkansas, had brought before him a convicted felon to be sentenced. The opportunity to "improve" the occasion was not to be lost, and so, after the usual demand for reason why sentence should not be pronounced, his honor, slowly and with genuine feeling addressed the prisoner: "My poor fellow, you are about to go to the penitentiary. You are required to give up for a long term everything which the great world values: your *family*—and instead to take for your associates only felons like yourself; your *home*—and to take instead what can never have the semblance of a home; you *will*—and so be subject to order of men who have no sympathy with you. Even your ordinary clothing you will exchange for [here his honor hesitated, and raising his left arm, pointed to it with the index finger of the right hand]—you will exchange for striped clothes, the stripes running not lengthwise, like these, but so—*round and round, like a coon's tail.*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Word to Democratic Greenbackers.

This is no time for political experiments, in wandering off after strange gods by Democrats who have kept the faith and made the good fight in the long years that the Republican party has managed to control the government, first by fanaticism, then by force, and lastly by fraud. Judge Thurman in a speech he made at London, Ohio, a few nights ago, said:

> Everywhere I have been in the State I have found the party solid as one man. No party was ever so well conditioned. If we lose this election it will be because we have not done our duty to the cause we love, because we like our case better than we do our party. Let every Democrat do his duty at the next election, and we are certain of victory.
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> After the 4th of March next there will be a Democratic Senate in the United States.
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> What a strange change, my friends.—When I entered the Senate there were but seven Democrats therein. After the 4th of March next we will have a majority of six. The Democratic House has been the means of accomplishing some grand results. It was the means of restoring the silver coinage to circulation; it was the cause of putting a stop to military interference with the elections of the State.
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> These things would have never been accomplished had they been left to the Republicans. If a Democratic House has done so much, what may we expect when we have both branches of Congress?
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> This being the case, my friends, I believe that every one of you who believes in Democratic principles—every one who believes that the Republican policy is not a wise policy, believes there should be change in our administration. I appeal to you to see that you elect a solid Democrat for this Congressional district this fall. Of what use are your Democratic principles if they are not carried into effect. Do you ever reflect that your influence in general government is confined to one day in two years? It is only one day in this time that you have a right to decide what man you will have to make your laws. When you put in your ballot, if on that paper is inscribed the name of a Republican, how can you say that you have sought to carry Democratic principles into effect?
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> Faith is shown by works. The man who sincerely believes in the principles of a Democratic party will see that he votes for the man who will carry those principles into effect.

These words will answer as well for Pennsylvania as for Ohio. Let Democrats who are impatient at the slow results that follow their adherence to Democratic principles and support of the Democratic organization, look at what we have achieved in nine years:

In 1869, the Democrats in the United States Senate, numbered but eight Senators, while in the House of Representatives we had but seventy-one Representatives.—There was more than a two thirds Radical majority in both branches, and that party in Congress was supreme as the law making power. The President's veto, as Andrew Johnson found out, was a useless prerogative. This was the Congress that passed the act nullifying the contract with the bondholders, and making the bonds payable in gold or silver coin; by another act of repudiation afterwards changed by this same Republican party, in demonetizing silver, to gold coin.

But look at the results brought about by faithful adherence to the Democratic party and our constant appeals to the patriotism and good sense of the people. We have had control of the House of Representatives since December, 1875; the Senate is a tie, and after the fourth of March next, will be Democratic by a majority of not less than ten and possibly fourteen. The law-making power of the nation will be under the control of the Democrtic party in five months.—Heretofore, having only one house of Congess, our power on legislation was but of a negative character. After the fourth of March next it will be positive and controlling. Then the Democracy will be responsible for the laws that are made, for the first time in nearly twenty years.

In 1869, the only States the Democrats controlled, as indicated by the elections of Governor, were Connecticut, California, Delaware, New Jersey and New York, five in all. All the rest were under Radical rule. Now, out of the *thirty-eight* States in the Union, the Democracy control *twenty-four*, leaving the Republicans but *thirteen*, not counting Maine, which may have a Democratic or Greenback Governor, but is certain not to have a Republican.

THE SLANDERERS OF COFFROTH.—A correspondent of the Bedford *Gagette* reads a lecture to a couple of radical newspaper libellers of that county which would apply with much more force to the unsanctified case of the Johnstown *Tribune*. Hear is what he says:

> BEDFORD, Oct. 1, 1878.—I have been a careful and constant reader for a number of years of the Bedford *Inquirer* and Everett *Press*, and always desired them worthy of the appellation of decent papers. But, sir, I am sorry that they no longer deserve such credit at the hands of the public. In the language of a distinguished Republican of this county, they have forgotten their missions and have gone to slandering and blackguarding. Look at the ungentlemanly and untruthful attacks they are making on Gen. Coffroth. Without the shadow of proof they invent and publish the most damnable falsehoods in order to traduce his most excellent character. They find their old ship of state rapidly sinking, and they have gone into wholesale slander and lying. Political slander should be kept out of a respectable newspaper. Every issue of those sheets is full of these foul and criminal charges, and they are using every effort to rob him of his good name and reputation. The people are disgusted with this scalding, stabbing and slanderous manner of trying to uphold a hopeless cause. Why, sir, they are trying to make the people believe that Gen. Coffroth is one of the greatest criminals in the world. It has been my good fortune to know Gen. Coffroth personally and intimately for many years, and I know him to be an honest man in every sense of the word.
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> Gen. Coffroth is a self-made man and has the confidence of his fellow-men at home and abroad. No man stands higher for stability of character and integrity of purpose in Somerset county than Gen. Coffroth. He has made a reputation and established a practice that he may well be proud of, and these slanderous charges and misrepresentations will not be able to defeat him. He is the friend of the poor man and always proved true to their interests. He is sound on the money question and in favor of an honest dollar alike for the poor and the rich. The people of this district have been wronged and insulted by the votes of Campbell against their