Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1878. NUMBER 37.

THE GREAT ALTOONA

Clothing Depot

WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH AN

All-Wool COAT for $1.75,

Well worth four times the amount;

A Man's Suit, lined throughout, for $3.50

—Cheap at Six Dollars.

A PAIR MEN'S HEAVY PANTS FOR 65 CTS.

A Pair Men's Overalls for 25c.

A Suit of Heavy Underclothing for 50c.

A Good Calico Shirt for 25c.

MEN'S HATS AND CAPS

FROM FORTY CENTS UP.

Trunks and Satchels

From Seventy Five Cents Up.

Gents' FURNISHING GOODS

—THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, LINEN SUITS, PARASOLS, &c., CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, OIL AND PAPER BLINDS,

Down to the Lowest Notch in Price.

☞ It is such low prices as above quoted that attract such large crowds to this CHEAP CASH STORE, and ought to convince every person that money can be saved by dealing with

CHAS. SIMON, 1307 Eleventh Ave.,

Opposite Elwey's Merchant Tailor Shop,

Altoona, Pa.

C. SIMON & CO.,

ALTOONA, PA.,

BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!

GRAND DRY GOODS SALE

—FOR THE NEXT—

30 DAYS.

Stair Carpets, 7, 15, 25, 35c.
Good Hemp Carpet, yard wide, 15, 18, 20.
Good Ingrain Carpet, 25, 35, 45c.
Oil Cloths for Tables and Floors, 20, 30, 40, 45c.
Window Shades, 30 cts. per Roll.
Window Shade Fixtures, Very Cheap.
Oil Blinds, with Gilt Borders, $1.00 per pair.
Linen Suits and Ulsters, at 10 to 50 per cent. reduction.

DRESS { At Wonderful Low Prices. } GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hats, 5 cts. and upward.
Also, Corsets, Ribbons, Buchings, &c., which will be slaughtered for the next 30 days.
Our Black Cashmere cannot be excelled in quality or price.

☞ Don't miss this opportunity, but come now and bring your cash, as we don't sell on credit.

C. SIMON & CO.,

11th Ave. & 13th St., Altoona.

S. B. CORN, Salesman.

☞ Don't Forget the Street and Number.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

TO BE FOUND IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.—Estate of JOHN BRADLEY, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of John Bradley, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY ANN BRADLEY, Adm'x.

Loretto, Sept. 6, 1878—6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of JOHN MCHUGH, dec'd. Having been granted letters testamentary on the estate of John McHugh, late of Munster township, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby calls upon all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same should present them fully substantiated for settlement.

THOMAS D. POWER, Executor.

Munster Twp., Sept. 6, 1878—6t.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law.* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. 18-27, 1y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL

INSTITUTE

General Russell's School, New Haven, Ct. 44th year. Preparatory to College, Scientific Schools or Business. Thorough physical training by military training, gymnastics, etc. Full information sent on application. Send for circular, with age of applicant.

PIANO Beautiful Sq. Grand Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Magnificent Upright Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Elegant Upright Pianos, price $300, only $175. Pianos, 7 octave, $125, 7½, $135. New Styles. Organs $35. Organs, 9 stops, $57.50. Church ORGAN 16 stops, price $300, only $115. Elegant $375 Mirror Top Organs only $105. Beautiful Parlor Organ, price $340, only $95. Fraud Exposed. $500 reward. Read "Traps for the Unwary" and Newspaper about cost of Pianos and Organs, sent FREE. Please address Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. Turner Card Co., Ashland, Mass.

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fireside Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco

Awarded the first prize at Centennial Exposition for fine chewing qualities and excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trademark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send 'or sample, to C. A. Jackson & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, Phila., Pa., General Agents.

20 CARDS, all Snowflake, 10c., or 30 Chromos, 10c., with name. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

Price, TEN CENTS.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

116th Edition.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to prices charged. Also, the Religious and Agricultural Journals, very complete lists, and many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and much other information which a beginner in advertising would do well to possess. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street, New York.

"CANDEE

PURE GUM

RUBBER BOOTS

being free from adulterative mixtures, will give longer service than common Rubber Boots.

Their great popularity has led to many cheap imitations, having a DULL FINISH, but this season the

"CANDEE" CO.

WILL

VARNISH

Their PURE GUM BOOTS, and to distinguish them from the common kind, will attach a RUBBER LABEL on the front of the leg, bearing the inscription

CUSTOM MADE.

PURE GUM.

These Boots have the Patent Metal Heel Plate, which prevents the heel wearing away so quickly, and they will have also the patent

Outside Stationary Strap

Instead of the very inconvenient web inside strap, used on other makes of Boots.

ASK FOR THE

"CANDEE" BOOT.

DR. C. W. GLEASON'S

RESTORATIVE REMEDIES!

DR. GLEASON'S LUNG RESTORATIVE is a POSITIVE CURE for Coughs, Colds and early stages of Consumption. Take it in time. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S LIVER RESTORATIVE is a SURE CURE for Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, &c., &c. Test it. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S STOMACH RESTORATIVE Cures DYSPEPSIA.

DR. GLEASON'S GOLDEN ELIXIR, OR UNIVERSAL TONIC, an invaluable and invigorating Tonic for the Cure of DEBILITY and BROKEN DOWN CONSTITUTIONS.

DR. GLEASON'S SALINE APERIENT acts on the Kidneys and cleanses the system of all morbid matter. Invaluable medicine.

DR. GLEASON'S LAXATIVE WAFERS, highly Aromatic. Cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, Piles, &c. Sample box, 25 Cents.

☞ *For Sale by all Druggists.* ☜

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

August 2, 1878.—6m.e.o.w.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of F. J. Christy, Executor of F. X. Christy, deceased, as shown by his first and partial account, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1878—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Chas. Buxton, Administrator of Israel Goughnour, late of Jackson township, dec'd, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 21st day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 2 P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they think proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1878—3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of THOMAS HERTZOG, dec'd. Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of Thomas Hertzog, late of Carroll township, dec'd., have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay to

LEWIS J. BEARER, Executor.

Susquehanna Twp., Sept. 10, 1878—6t.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

A client of the law firm with which I was connected in Lincoln, Nebraska, had died, leaving a very large property, worth nearly $500,000, to be held in trust until the heir or heirs could be discovered.

I was anxious to find the heirs, not only for pecuniary motives, but because I was made deeply interested in them by the recital of the story which the client, Marvis Gray, had told to me on the day of his death. His breath was almost spent when I stood by his bedside and listened attentively to catch the low sound of his voice, as he whispered the sad tale of an erring son whom he had driven from his home in England. He had sent him from his home one dark night, twelve years before, because of his drunken habits, and he had never seen him since. He had heard from him but once in all these long years; then he was an officer aboard a ship plying between Liverpool and New York. Though he had searched the world over he could get no trace of his son, and finally worn out by incessant grief and traveling, he lay down in the far West among strangers, to die without having accomplished the one great desire of his aching heart.

As the death dew was gathering on his brow, he finished his story, and, with an indescribable look of agony, asked me to swear to take up the work where he had left it, and devote my life, if need be, to the finding of his son, if living. I should receive $20,000 when he was found.—Young and romantic, my sympathies were fully aroused; so with my hand clasp in the nervous grasp of the dying man, I promised never to give up the search until the lost one was found.

Mr. Gray had made such disposition of his property that I could draw my traveling expenses; so I commenced the important task the day after his untimely death.

I took the cars at Lincoln and was soon in Crete, a small station in Nebraska.—Here I changed to the stage coach bound for Hobler's ranche, fifteen miles to the north. As we were traveling along at a rate of speed for which Western stage coaches are renowned, I tried to shape some definite course to pursue, and had almost decided to retrace my journey to Lincoln and start for the Eastern States, when my thoughts were diverted from the subject by the sudden upsetting of the lumbering vehicle. We had been treading our way around the edge of a gulch, when the shying of one of the horses sent the coach and contents in a heap to the bottom. I was conscious of falling, and then all was blank.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was in a pleasant though plainly furnished room, through the door of which I could see a pale-faced woman sewing near a table. At the same time she was sweetly humming a baby song and rocking an old-fashioned cradle with her foot. It was an interesting picture, and made me think of my own childhood, with my mother singing baby Nell to sleep. I tried to think how I came to be there, and wondered if I had died and was in heaven.

As my thoughts turned to myself I tried to rise, when an acute pain in my side made me cry out in agony. Then the sweet face of the woman was over my pillow, and tender eyes looked pitying into mine as she asked me if I felt much pain. Her voice so low and sweet, made me forget my suffering, and I asked where I was and how I came there.

"Don't you remember your falling into the gulch with the stage coach yesterday?" she asked.

"Oh, now I remember," I replied. "I was going to Hobler's ranche when we were all tipped into that gulch and killed."

"No' not killed," she said, smiling at my serious tone; "but badly bruised; and Marvin brought you here for me to nurse back to life, for you were almost gone when he got you out of the wreck."

I was going to ask who Marvin was, but she said I must not talk any more until the fever had left me.

The following week was a period of great suffering to me, but my faithful nurse did all that could be done to make my surroundings pleasant for my rational moments. I was conscious of the presence of a young man at my bedside, and knew he was the "Marvin" who had brought me from the gulch.

Near the end of the second week after the accident the fever left me, and I began to recover. Up to that time I had been unable to converse except with great pain, but on this afternoon, when the fever was all out of my system, I could talk as well as usual. My recovery was slow, and for many days I was compelled to keep to my bed; but at last I was permitted to sit up, braced by pillows, in the big arm chair.

One day, while sitting thus, watching Mrs. Warde, my nurse, at her work, I asked how she and her husband came to settle in such a wild country. She replied that it was a long story and might tire me too much; but I assured her that it would not, so she paused for a moment and then said:

"When I promised to be Marvin's wife he was a sailor, on shore for a short vacation. He was not rich, but we loved each other, and were full of hope for the future. Marvin was to make one more trip to Liverpool, and then return and make me his wife. We parted, both vowing to remain true to our love vows. But he had not been away a week before mother was taken sick, our only horse was stolen, and father broke his leg, so he could not work. I toiled all day and far into the night, but I could not earn bread enough for the little brothers and sisters and buy the medicine that sick mother must have. In our hour of distress, my father's employer, Mr. Ennot, hearing of our need, sent the doctor for mother, and food for the children. I was grateful for his kindness, but when he asked me to marry him, I fled from his presence. He sought me again, and said, 'For the sake of your father and sick mother, Jenny, can you not be my wife?' I thought of Marvin away on the sea, and my heart made me say no. Then came the news of a terrible storm at sea, and Marvin's ship was among those that had gone down. Again Mr. Ennot renewed his offer. My father argued and commanded, but I could not forget Marvin's love.—Mother did not say a word, but when she looked into my face, I knew she wanted me to yield for the children's sake. The my heart should break I could not refuse her mute appeal, so I gave over and promised to be his wife; but my heart was on the sea.

"The day appointed for the wedding came, and everything was ready; guests had been bidden, tables spread, musicians engaged, and floors prepared for active feet. We were to be married at the church, then go for the grand feast at Mr. Ennot's house. I was sitting mournfully at the window of my little room all dressed and ready to go, when I saw my Marvin approaching. I could hardly believe my eyes till he said, 'I have come back to save you, Jenny,' and as he took me from the window in his great strong arms, and pressed me to his breast, I forgot the sorrow of the past and laughed and cried for joy.

Mrs. Warde stopped for a moment to brush away the tears that the memory of that meeting brought to her eyes, then continued:

"Marvin had heard in the village below of the reported loss of his ship, and of my approaching marriage, and had lost no time in coming to me. Once in his presence I could not resist him, so away we went to the church and, just as Mr. Ennot and his friends came, we were pronounced man and wife.

"I can never forget the scene that followed. Mr. Ennot stamped and swore, and tore his hair in his awful anger; then turning to Marvin, as we were leaving the church, he raised his hand towards heaven and swore a vow of eternal hatred to us both. I was badly frightened, but Marvin thought it only an idle threat, and soon forgot it. My parents would have nothing to do with me, and so we went to work in a large factory in a neighboring city. We were doing well till Mr. Ennot found us out and influenced our employer so that we were discharged. We then moved to a little town in a distant State, and had just got nicely settled when Mr. Ennot again found us out—so we lost that situation. We commenced in another and then another, but with the same result. Mr. Ennot was rich, and followed us from place to place, using his money in circulating stories that deprived us of work, and made honest people turn from us. Oh, those were dark days for us!" she exclaimed and again stopped to control her emotion.

I had found the tears running down my own cheeks while listening to her low tones when she spoke of moving, then again the blood would fairly boil within my veins while she was telling of the persecutions they received from Ennot. But I was all attention when she continued:

"We tried different factories in all parts of the country, but it was no use. The undying hate of that man followed us like a shadow, and for four years we were constantly moving from one town to another. At last we left the East, changed our name and settled here in the wild West, so far away from my dear old home and friends."

At the mention of the old home, convulsive sobs choked her utterance, and it was some time before she resumed her interesting story.

"Under our new name we were safe from discovery, and would have done very well if Marvin had been experienced in ranche work, but he was not used to the country, and did not succeed as well as others have. Then baby was born, my health became poor, and I could not help longing for a look into my dear old mother's face. Marvin, too, who was driven from his father's house twelve years ago for dissipated habits, wished to hear from home again. He wrote two letters last year, but as he received no answer, he now thinks his father is dead, for Mr. Gray was old.

"Gray?" I asked interrupting her.

"Yes. Marvin Gray, my husband's father," she replied, wondering at my growing excitement.

"Was it Marvin Gray, of Highcliff Castle, Hampshire, England?" I questioned, hardly able to keep my seat.

"The very same."

"Then I have been searching for your husband. Marvin Gray is dead, but long before he died he forgave his son, and was searching for him, that he might tell him he was forgiven, and give him a father's blessing."

Marvin came in from his work just in time to hear this of his father, and dropping on his knees beside his wife, who had borne so much for his sake, he poured forth a fervent prayer to the One who had guided and watched over them through all the long dreary years of their wanderings.

But little more remains to be told. They easily proved their identity, and received the property which belonged to them.—And had you, kind reader, gone with them to that Eastern State, you might have witnessed a joyful meeting, when the daughter, so longed for, returned to her aged parents' home, where they now reside, having no fears of molestation from Mr. Ennot, who choked to death during an encounter he had with the end of a rope in the hands of an infuriated people among whom he had been living, away on the Western border.

WANDERINGS OF AN OLD VIOLIN.—Among the New Yorkers who fought in the Mexican war was a musician named Boyd, whose skill with the bow was often turned to account when time hung heavy in camp or the spirits of the boys drooped. After the capture of the capital Boyd met a Mexican officer who told him of an old and highly prized violin, the property of another officer. He hunted up the owner, and found that the instrument was a genuine Cremona. Every grain bore unmistakable evidences of age, and Boyd determined to secure it and carry it home as a trophy. All offers of barter were indignantly refused by the Mexican, and the American was obliged to obtain by foul means what he could not by fair. He carried the instrument home and used it for several years, but its history was kept secret until in time of adversity he was compelled, to part with it. It went into the possession of a Mr. Barnes, who paid three hundred dollars for it. It descended to his son, Dr. R. A. Barnes of Richmond. During its travels it had been shattered to fragments, and was no longer of any practical value. Mr. A. B. Clark, a virtuoso of much experience, saw it on exhibition, and exchanged it for a fine instrument of his own make. By three months labor he has restored it to its original shape and tone. The back and neck are new, but the frame and top were made by Nicholas Ammatis, in 1637. The violin is one of the small Ammatis, and is remarkable for the very large arch and deep belly. The tone is soft and sweet, but very powerful, growing louder as the listener recedes, until he is beyond a point where an ordinary instrument would be inaudible.

WHEN a man is making love to a widow, he always feels as if he had to begin where the other fellow left off.

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 nodestand 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 perennial 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 found 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.

After the 4th of March next there will be a Democratic Senate in the United States.

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.

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?"

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?

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 *Gazette* 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 deemed 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 stealing, 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.

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 interests and in favor of the moneyed aristocracy, and yet the editors of the above sheets are trying to traduce Gen. Coffroth's character after the fair, open and honest statement he made with substantial documentary evidence to sustain him to the satisfaction of the most rigid moralist. Let them go ahead; his character is beyond the reach of slander, and the people of this district will fling these slanderous stories back into the faces of his traducers by electing Gen. Coffroth to the seat in congress held when it was not safe for man to be a Democrat.

A VINDICATOR OF TRUTH.

AN Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry, was suddenly called upon one Sunday to baptize three candidates. He got along very well, but after baptizing the first astonished his congregation by hastily shouting, "Next."

A Third Party a Delusion.

"In the present state of the country," says the Erie *Observer*, "a third party is a delusion—a snare set to catch unsuspecting voters for the benefit of the Republican organization." "Any laboring man," said Hon. John F. Follett, at Hamilton, Ohio, on Tuesday, "who at this election bends his neck to the Republican yoke should never again complain of burden and distress." The same can be said of the men who are deluded into a third party organization. There is not an act upon the statute books the third party leaders complain of that, at the time it was passed by the Republicans, was not opposed by the Democrats of the Senate and House. There is not an essential measure advocated in their platforms that the Democrats in the last and present Congress did not attempt to engraft upon the policy of the country. Democratic voters passed the silver bill—Democratic voters made the present greenback issue a permanent part of the currency of the country, and gave to it its only and first recognition as 'money' in time of peace. Democratic voters wrested from Jay Gould and the Pacific Railroad ring their power over Congress, and secured the ultimate payment to the Government of more than two hundred and seventeen millions of dollars that would otherwise have been retained by that giant monopoly.—Democratic voters lifted carpet bag rule from the necks of the Southern people, and remanded back the army to its legitimate use, the protection of the frontier. Democratic voters have compelled the Interior Department to take measures to recover from railroad corporations more than a million acres of the public domain given to them during the past fifteen years in the shape of land grants. In fact there is not an evil brought upon the country during the Grant rule, susceptible of being remedied by Congressional action, that the Democrats since they obtained control of the House have not tried to remove. That they have not succeeded in every measure of reform introduced, is because the Senate and the Executive have been against them. One of these impediments will be removed on the 4th of March next, and the other two years thereafter, if the voters who won the victory in 1876 stand firm.

With these facts so plain that he who runs may read, the organization of a third party, with objects ostensibly the same as those already begun and half accomplished by the Democratic party in Congress, can have but one object—the perpetuation of Republican rule in the state and nation by dividing the Democratic vote. Out of 293 members of the 46th Congress to be elected this fall, a third party—no matter how disguised—cannot secure a solitary member without uniting with one of the other old parties. By dividing the Democratic vote a few Republicans may be elected in close districts that would otherwise not be, and thus the House thrown into the hands of the third term Grant party. If that is what the managers of the National Greenback party want, a proclamation to that effect would be both manly and honest. Voters would know just what they voted for.—They would not be fooled with soft phrases about "reform," and promises that can never be kept without the aid of the very party they are seeking to defeat, for whatever the fate of the next House, the Senate at the close of the 47th Congress will contain a Democratic majority of at least ten, and with that majority the party will "hold the fort" for ten years at least against all assaults, whether led by Grant, or Butler, or both combined!

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—The following story is true in every detail:

A milliner of respectability married a dissipated tailor, who abused, neglected and abandoned her. Several years having passed without a clue to his whereabouts, her friends advised divorce and her acceptance of an advantageous offer of marriage. The woman persistently declined every offer, and when she had accumulated a sufficient sum, started off in the direction her husband was supposed to have taken when he left her. At Halifax, N. S., she received a slight clue, and took the steamer to Portland, where she ceased for many months to hear of him. Finally, she found that he was working in Albany, for which place she started immediately. She was about a week too late; he had been discharged for drunkenness. Spending her days at lucrative work and evenings at detective service, the unwearying wife at length discovered that he was employed by a large firm in Chicago. She wrote there and was answered that her husband had gone away, nobody knew where. Not satisfied with this, she traveled to Chicago and ransacked every concern interested in the tailoring business there, until she met a fellow-countryman, who said that her husband, when last heard from was in Omaha City. She wrote there, but got no answer, but went on. Then she heard that he had certainly left for San Francisco, where he had obtained a fine place as cutter in a large firm. She of course went thither, only to be told that her husband had been several days away from work and was drinking hard. He had not been seen to his boarding house. This led her to visit the station-houses, and in one of them she ascertained that her husband was in jail for ten days. He was released, and prevailed upon to return home after six years' absence. All this occurred eighteen years ago, and to day the prodigal husband of yore is a strict temperance man and in independent circumstances, a model husband and father and a respected citizen.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PERILS OF NEVADA TRAVEL.—A traveler while crossing the White Pine Mountains recently came near losing his life by a waterspout that descended in that vicinity. He was following a trail on horseback down the mountain side, when he heard a rumbling noise above him, and turning discovered that a vast volume of water at least ten feet high was rapidly approaching him. There was now only one chance of escape, and that was to jump from his animal and climb one of the steep banks which rose abruptly on either side of the trail, which he did just in time to save his life. The horse was taken by the flood and rolled and tumbled down the ravine some hundred yards, where the owner found him, after the water had subsided, lodged among the rocks and rubbish, dead. The poor animal was bruised and torn in a frightful manner, and stripped of everything but the rope that was fastened about his neck. It was a narrow escape.—*Tybo (Nev.) Sun.*