

**A TREMENDOUS FIGHT**  
**AMONG THE**  
**CLOTHING MEN**  
**Of Johnstown!**  
**L. M. WOOLF**  
**CARRIES THE BELT!**

READ THE SOLID PRINCIPLES  
 OF THIS FAVORITE  
**CLOTHING HOUSE!**

We shall endeavor to make the present winter trade the most successful ever known in Johnstown, and hereby cordially invite our friends and the public generally to honor us with their kind and welcome patronage. Our immense stock in the largest city of Pennsylvania, and we are confident that we can furnish every article of clothing and accessories at a price never before attained in the reach of all, at a little cheaper than goods of the same quality can be bought at any other establishment in the country. The great principle of this favorite clothing store is one price and one quality, and we are confident that we can furnish every article of clothing and accessories at a price never before attained in the reach of all, at a little cheaper than goods of the same quality can be bought at any other establishment in the country. The great principle of this favorite clothing store is one price and one quality, and we are confident that we can furnish every article of clothing and accessories at a price never before attained in the reach of all, at a little cheaper than goods of the same quality can be bought at any other establishment in the country.

**LOOK AT THESE**  
**Astonishing Low Prices!**  
**THE LIKE WAS NEVER KNOWN.**

10-12 lbs. Cans Tomatoes for	\$1.00	25 pieces Palm Soap for	\$1.00
8 lbs. French Prunes for	1.00	25 pieces Olive Soap for	1.00
10 lbs. French Currants for	1.00	25 pieces Marble Soap for	1.00
10 lbs. Dried Apples for	1.00	25 pieces Diamond Soap for	1.00
10 lbs. Dried Peaches (halves) for	1.00	17 pieces Telephone Soap for	1.00
12 lbs. Pricked Prunes for	1.00	14 pieces Gold Soap for	1.00
8 lbs. Pulverized Sugar for	1.00	14 pieces Rabbit Soap for	1.00
8 lbs. Pat. Cut Leaf Sugar for	1.00	11 boxes Lye for	1.00
10 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	1.00	17 lbs. Oat Meal for	1.00
10 lbs. White Sugar for	1.00	14 lbs. Oyster Crackers for	1.00
11 lbs. Extra C Sugar for	1.00	14 lbs. Water Crackers for	1.00
12 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1.00	Mackerel at 12 and 15 cts. per doz.	

I have without exception the largest and best stock of  
**TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES**  
 IN ALTOONA.  
**D. G. McCULLOUGH,**  
 CHECKERED FRONT,  
 1121 ELEVENTH AVENUE, - - ALTOONA, PA.

**ADJOURNED ASSIGNEE'S SALE.**  
 BY virtue of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will offer at public sale, at Blinn's Hall, in Carrolltown borough, on **SATURDAY, December 28, 1878,** at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to-wit:

**ADJOURNED ASSIGNEE'S SALE**  
 Of Valuable TOWN PROP-RTY.  
 BY virtue of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will offer for sale at public outcry, on the premises hereinafter described, on **SATURDAY, December 21st, 1878,** at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to-wit:

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**"KNOWLEDGE SHALL INCREASE."**  
 "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—DANIEL XII, 4.

Listen to the wonderful story,  
 Written by Frederick Douglass,  
 In the "Lives of the Negroes,"  
 And unrolled the future pages  
 In the history of the nation—  
 And see their lives again.

**A REMINISCENCE OF 1770.**  
 THE STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL.

Far down the South Carolina coast lies the lovely island of St. John, whose story one hundred years ago, a noble brick built mansion, with lofty portico and broad piazza. It was the home of Mr. Robert Gibbs and his beautiful young wife, and the great house was full at all seasons—Eight children had already come to this good couple, and seven little adopted orphans were their playmates—the orphan children of Mrs. Fenwick, sister of Mr. Gibbs. He had a son, a girl, a boy, and a girl, and in a chair which ran on wheels he was drawn daily over the pleasant paths, sometimes by the faithful black servants, sometimes by the still more devoted white boys. The little child, who was like so many little children, was the love of the spot suited well its name of "Peaceful Retreat," by which it was known throughout the island.

But in those troublous times it could not always remain peaceful, and in the month of 1770, the British took possession of all the seaboard. Gen. Provoost marched up from Savannah and laid siege to Charleston; but, hearing that Gen. Lincoln was hastening on with his army, he retreated rapidly toward Savannah. He crossed the Somo Ferry and fortified himself on John's Island, as the island of St. John's was often called.

For weeks now the British artillery and heavy guns destroyed the quiet joy of Peaceful Retreat. The children, in the midst of play, would hear the dreadful booming and would suddenly grow still and pale. Their mother, Mary, was a slightly, courageous girl of thirteen, and she had the care of all the little ones, for her mother's hands were full in managing the large estate and caring for her husband's troops.

John's Island is less than thirty miles from Charleston, and when the American officers in the city heard that Peaceful Retreat had been captured by the British, they determined to rescue it from the enemy. Two large galleys were instantly manned and equipped and sent to the plantation, with strict orders not to fire upon the mansion. Sailing noiselessly up the river at night, the vessels anchored abreast the plantation. The officers in the house sprang from their beds, out of the thick darkness burst a flame and a roar and the shot came crashing through the British encampment. The British were instantly in an uproar. The officers in the house sprang from their beds, out of the thick darkness burst a flame and a roar and the shot came crashing through the British encampment.

ones could walk but a short distance at a time, and had to be carried, Mary having always one, sometimes two, in her arms. Several of the servants were hurt, but none of them seemed to notice her or her burdens. The last horse had been carried off that very day; there was no escape but on foot.

Suddenly a ball came crashing by them through the trees. Then a charge of grape shot cut the trees overhead. They were exactly in the range of the guns! It was evident that they had taken the worst direction, but there was no help for it now; it was too late to turn back. In her agony the mother cried aloud on God to protect her family. Mary hugged closer the child in her arms, and trembled so that she could hardly keep up. Another crash! The shot struck the trees, striking the trees in every direction. The assault was fierce, the roar incessant. The frightened family rushed on as swiftly as possible toward a friend's plantation, far back from the shore; but it was too late, for a ball from the British struck the child, and she fell dead.

Soon they found they were getting more out of the range of the guns. They began to hope; yet now and then a ball tore up the trees around them, and they were obliged to stop here. They reached one of the houses where the field hands lived, with no one hurt; they were over a mile from the mansion and out of range. The negroes said no shot had come that way. Unable to flee further, the family determined to stop here. As soon as they entered, Mrs. Gibbs felt her strength leaving her, and sank upon a low bed. Chilled to the bone, drenched with cold, and exhausted, she opened her eyes and looked around her. She sprang up wildly.

"O Mary!" she cried, "where is John?"  
 "He is dead," she answered, and moaned.  
 "O mother, mother, he's left!"  
 She broke into crying. The negroes, quickly sympathetic, began to wring their hands and wail.

She turned to Mr. Gibbs, with stern but trembling voice.  
 "The tears were in his own eyes. The little child now missing was very dear to them all, and, moreover, was deemed a sacred charge, as he was one of the orphan children of Mr. Gibbs' sister, entrusted to him on her death bed. The wailing ceased; there was silence, broken only by sobs; then the master asked—  
 "Who is willing to go back for the child?"  
 He looked at the boys and girls, and said to his wife for counsel. As the two talked in low tones Mrs. Gibbs called her husband's attention to Mary, who was kneeling, with hands clasped in prayer, at the foot of the bed. "Who is willing to go back for the child?" she asked.

At a recent trial of a liquor case the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen in the defendant's domicile, which he said he had visited.  
 "Did you ever see any spirits there?"  
 "Yes, sir; I don't know but I have."  
 "Do you know what kind of spirits?"  
 "Yes."  
 "How do you know?"  
 "I kinder smell it."  
 The witness, after the judge's straightening himself for the concluding answer, which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirits it was?"  
 "Spirits o' turpentine!"  
 As soon as the roars of laughter that resulted had subsided, the witness was at once discharged, the opinion being that his testimony was not to the point.

**HEROES OF TWO DISASTERS.**  
 THE WRECK OF THE BIRKENHEAD AND THE CENTRAL AMERICA RECALLED—WHAT THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE IN THE TRYING TIME OF SHIPWRECK DEVELOPED IN MEN.

Stories of men and sailors insisting on saving themselves in time of peril at sea, in selfish disregard of the weaker women and children, are by no means uncommon in the annals of marine disaster—which is as much as to say that the instinct of self-preservation will in many instances itself superior on occasion to more heroic passions and promptings. There is on record the case of the London, which foundered in 1866 in the Bay of Biscay, where the captain undertook to save himself and departed in the only boat—three engineers, one fireman, one midshipman, one carpenter, eight sailors, a steward and a boy—taking three passengers, friends of their number, and leaving to go down with the ship 250 men, women and children. There is a much larger and more local instance, in our own Southern waters, where a vessel taking fire, the cooks, waiters and stokers seized the boats, and again the captain and crew, and escaped. But, on the other hand, there are to be found in many instances recorded where discipline sternly commanded and loyalty enlisted to, or manly obedience to heroic instincts, has proved the salvation of the helpless.

On the 26th of February, 1852, that the troopship Birkenhead, having on board a large number of soldiers, with the usual proportion of women and children, fell into all track on the coast of Newfoundland, and the larger boats could not be launched, but two cutters and a gig were got out and manned, and the women and children placed in them. The Colonel summoned his officers to a consultation and impressed upon them the necessity of composure and of preserving discipline among their men to the very last. At this moment the ship parted, and the fore part went down, and the word was passed that further effort was in vain; let each do the best he could to secure his individual safety. A few men jumped overboard, but the remainder collected on the poop, soldiers and seamen alike, "steady, quiet and resolute."

The captain retained his post, cool and collected, as if there were still a ship under him, and Colonel St. John, with his drawn sword in hand, stood in the gateway to cut down any one who might endeavor to force his way towards the boats. When the ship parted and quivered ere going down, Capt. Salmond shouted, "Let all who can swim now try to save themselves." One man exclaimed, "Make for the boats!" as he threw himself into the water. The officers and their men retreated their men—and not in vain—to attempt an entrance into the boats, which were already fully loaded with women and children. The officers now shook hands and took leave of one another, and, on a sudden, the vessel broke again crosswise abaft the mainmast, and the poop, heeling over with a lurch, plunged beneath the water, only twenty minutes from the time she struck. The captain was brained by a falling spar; the Colonel was drowned, and of the hundreds so rudely awakened only 184 lived to tell the story of the Birkenhead, but among them were all the women and children, and a soldier post, the late Sir F. Hastings Doyle.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no "By the bye," no "I'm not trained for that," no "To trample down the weak," no "We made women with their children go," no "Whist, meek by inch, the drowning ship sank low," still under steadfast men.

What followed you recall? The brave who died, their noble flinching in the bloody strife, they sleep as well beneath that purple tide as others under tort.

They sleep as well; and, roused from their slumber, their wounds like stars, shall rise, Jointly with Christ, because they died to save.

His weak ones, not in vain.

In the other instance to be recorded the men who died lacked the example of superiors who had long commanded them, and to obey whom was second nature, but the circumstances were ever more tragic, the agony more ghastly, and the heroism more triumphant perhaps ever greater. The story of the Central America was once in everybody's mouth, yet how many folks of this generation does Herndon's name recall? Herndon's name recall?

touching upon the sofas. One of the passengers, who afterwards escaped, flung about the cabin \$20,000 and bade who would satisfy his thirst for gold, but it was passed by. Forthwith the passengers and the emrage exhibited was marvellous, and not even the women shed a tear. On the afternoon of Saturday they hailed the big Marine, of Boston, which had suffered cruelly the storm, but promised to do her best to relieve them. "Until her hopeful appearance," wrote a woman passenger, "my a fear had been shed that I am aware of on board the steamer. Till the moment we first espied the sail which we believed brought us relief, we had remained passively awaiting the result. There seemed to be a perfect calmness, which I could not have believed it possible for so great a number of persons to exhibit under such fearful circumstances. By when the boat hove in sight there were tears of joy, and the men worked with renewed energy and hope. The women besought them to work with all their might, and said they would themselves longer at such trials, besides the men did no their best. In fact some of them were so eager to help that they even tried to put on men's clothing in order to go and work at the pumps." It was 3:30 when the boat hove in sight, and the men worked with renewed energy and hope. The women besought them to work with all their might, and said they would themselves longer at such trials, besides the men did no their best. In fact some of them were so eager to help that they even tried to put on men's clothing in order to go and work at the pumps.

At 176 miles from Chicago, and 36 miles from Madison, we reached the celebrated Devil's Lake. This is a beautiful body of water, surrounded by precipitous mountains on every side, except at two points, one being at the son here end, where the railroad enters the lake basin, and the other at the northern end, where the railroad finds exit from the basin of the lake. On every side of the lake you see "rock piled on rock" in every conceivable form, and in immense columns, pillars, piers and masses of very great magnitude and height. The railroad runs along the shores of the lake on a bed that was literally blasted out of the sides of the mountain. From the car windows all the beauties of this wonderful lake are visible. This is a region can readily be seen. This was the home of Minnawakane, a beautiful but unfortunate Indian maiden, and many legends are related of her by the simple hearted and kind people of the vicinity. This was a favorite summer resort, and to it the people for many miles around come for picnicking, sailing, boating, fishing and other sports.

At Haraboo you reach the Baraboo river, a fine stream, and a fine view for many miles.

At Elroy you are six miles from Chicago, and at the Southern terminus of the West Wisconsin Railway. From Elroy you have a fine view of the Wisconsin river, which soon reach the great pine woods, which have rendered Wisconsin celebrated the world over. Under the heart of the pine lumber region, passing through the River Falls, Hayward, Eau Claire, Menomonie and other noted lumber towns, and finally cross the River St. Croix at Hudson. This river is the dividing line between Wisconsin and Minnesota, and is a fine view of the great branch of Sillwater, a flourishing town on the St. Croix river. A fine mile ride brings you to St. Paul, and here you rest, or push on eleven miles further, to the so-called "great city" of Minneapolis and St. Anthony.

At St. Paul you can make close connections, via the Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad, for Duluth, Moorhead, Bismarck and other noted cities. This is a fine view of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and also with the St. Paul & Pacific Railway, for Breckinridge, Fort Gary and points in Manitoba.

On the line we have hastily sketched, you have a fine view of the country, a beautiful prairie of North eastern Illinois; the rolling farming country of Southern Wisconsin; the widely romantic mountain scenery of the Devil's Lake country; the heavily timbered woods of the Wisconsin lumber camps; and the charming river country of the St. Croix valley. A greater diversity of country can not be found anywhere in a journey of the same length. You will find comfortable, clean and commodious dining stations and hotels along the line, at which ample time is given for all meals.

One management controls the route, and Pullman Palace Sleepers run through to St. Paul and for Minneapolis. It will be seen that this line runs nearly due northwest from Chicago to St. Paul, and is but a few miles longer than an air line, and it is the most direct route, and the only one that can be built between these points. This assures the passenger the quickest time that can be made. No other route is now or can be made as fast.

We will mention a few of the many quiet spots, where we daily pull from the "wasty deep" the speckled beauties we have heard so much about.—The Courier.

ALPHABETICAL CURIOSITIES.—The phonetic nature of the vowel sounds is familiar to all. The following amusing examples will show that the consonants are nearly as bad:

B makes a road broad, turns the sea to a bay, and a tub into a tub. C makes a tub climb, lugged, changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to lover. D turns a seat to beard, a crew to crowd, and makes a flower region. B changes eight to height. K makes you know. L transforms part into part. N turns a lion into a lion, a crew to crown, and makes one none. P makes morphoses lumber into plumber. Q of it, self has significance. S turns even into seven, makes a horse shoe, and a sword a spear, a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a nose to shaving a nose. T makes a tough thought, turns here to there, alters one to two, and transforms the phrase "allow his own" to "allow this town." W does well—e. g., hose are worn, and becomes ware, on woe, cures women, so sew, in view, it makes arm warm, and turns hat into what? X turns fur into fury, a man into many, in to too, a tub to a ratty and a lady.—Every Saturday.

It is often said a good stand at a high rent is better than a poor one at rent free. Well, advertising brings a man before the public eye, and that makes him "stand good." The best stand you can have is to be in the newspapers.

**"The Odorous Piney Woods."**

These words caught our eye as we were lazily glancing through The North and West Illustrated, and they caused us to long for a trip to the home of the "pinny woods." Without much thought as to where we should stop, we took our start from the good city of Louisville, Ky., and soon found ourselves at Chicago. There we found but one route that would give us what we were looking for, and found that to be the new Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis line, that led through prairie and meadow, through hill and valley, along great rivers and streams, and finally to the depths of the pine forests of Wisconsin, and so on to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Buying our tickets we started, and left the Canal and Kinzie streets depot of the Chicago & North Western Railroad, and passed through many pleasant villages, such as Irving Park, Desplaines, Barrington, Crystal Lake and Woodstock, and reached Harvard, thence to Beloit, Hanover and Madison. We found that the route was a fine one, and at the capital of Wisconsin, a city of over fifteen thousand people.

The city is pleasantly situated on an island about three fourths of a mile wide, between Lake Mendota and Monona, in the centre valley, surrounded by heights from which it can be seen at a distance of several miles. Lake Mendota lies north-west of the town, six miles long and four miles wide, with clean, gravelly shores, and a depth sufficient for the navigation of steamboats. Lake Monona is somewhat smaller.

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DIDN'T WANT TO DIE IN THAT WAY.—Judge Al E. Rivers, when a young man, saw a good old man riding down the Monticello road (then a single track). A boy, with a long cross cut saw lying crossways on his horse, was also coming down the same narrow road, some distance in the rear of the first man. The boy's horse ran away, and as he was approaching the pious divine the latter sprang from his horse and scrambled up a precipice. Whereupon the Judge exclaimed: "Bless my life, Mr. —, you have told me that you were 'ready toiling and anxious to die,' which you did, you struggle so hard to get out of the way of the horse and saw?"

"Well, Mr. Rivers," the good man replied, "I am anxious to die, but I do not want to be sawed to death."

This circumstance reminds us of the following from the Courier Journal:

If a man is going to the woods to commit suicide and build a wooden gallows, he should do so in a different way than he will for his life. Of course he will run. He is going to the woods to commit suicide, not to be killed by a bull. Besides, do you suppose a man wants his last moments disturbed by a personal difficulty that may cost him his life?—Scottville (Pa.) Courier.

"Why didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home?" called out an impatient young fog to an omnibus driver, "I 'cause your mother hadn't sent home the washing," was the extinguishing reply.