Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - JULY 25, 1879.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Democratic Committee of Cambria County.

The late Democratic County Convention having failed to place in nomination a County Ticket, the members of the County Committee are respectfully and urgently requested to meet at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, 5th August next*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of determining the future action of the party.

JOHN M. DONALD, Chairman.

Ebensburg, July 14, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-3-1y.]

—A newspaper is shortly to be established in Bairsville.

—The girls say it is too hot for anything except ice cream.

—The Jackson township experimental oil well is down over 200 feet.

—The Gautier steel works at Johnstown now employ three acres of ground.

—The number of guests at Castle Ryan hotel now foots up an even dozen.

—Some of Johnstown's young folks picnicked at Loyalsville yesterday (Thursday).

—A continuous line of railway now connects Huntingdon, Pa., with Cumberland, Md.

—Now let us all go to work and do our utmost to Barr Butler out of the State Treasury.

—A car-load of young cattle was shipped eastward by rail from this point last Saturday.

—The copious rains of the last two days have extracted the heat from the sun's fierce rays.

—An elegant pavement of squared stone is being laid in front of Thompson's store, on High street.

—The Callan House at Cresson and Linton's Summit House are swarming with summer guests.

—Two busy B's—Barr and Butler, the Democratic and Republican candidates for State Treasurer.

—Contrary to general expectation, Poor Director Patterson, of Johnstown, is regaining his wonted health.

—Governor Hoyt is spending the heated term at Cresson, where the weather is cool if the Governor is Hoyt.

—A letter addressed to Mrs. Mary Slattery, Cambria county, is held in the Altoona postoffice for better directions.

—The huckleberry yield at Lilly's and Portage this year will, it is said, be in excess of that of all former years.

—Johnstown is organizing a driving park association. The capital stock will be $3,000 in shares of ten dollars each.

—Ebensburg has no less than three first-class ten-pin alleys in full tide of successful operation at the present time.

—The Middle Penitentiary continues to furnish us an occasional item. Work on the foundation has began this week.

—Ed. Martin, Esq., of Lancaster, is with us once again. Welcome as his little namesake at the first dawn of Spring.

—A ten-year-old lad named Henry Hall was drowned at Osceola one day last week. The body was recovered soon after.

—Two or three tons of new hay were sold in Ebensburg on Tuesday last at $10 per ton, and that is said to fix the price here.

—Conemaugh borough has a thoroughfare known as Fenlon street, called after our worthy townsman, Hon. John Fenlon.

—A ten-year-old boy named Henry Hall, of Clearfield county, went bathing in deep water a few days since and was drowned.

—Lieut. Girard Hewit, who was born in Hollidaysburg in 1821, died in St. Paul, Minn., place of residence for many years past.

—The election of Mayor for Altoona will occur till next Spring, but already five or six aspirants for the position are in the field.

—A mass of rock weighing about three tons fell on James Williams, a miner in Hopewell, Bedford county, Wednesday of last week.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, made an official visit to the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in this place, on Tuesday last.

—Instead of complaining of hard times, the poor drivers of Carrolltown say they are now doing a better wholesale business than ever before.

—A hog which weighed 200 pounds anteated the sausage-making season by getting in front of the mail train east at Galitzin last Sunday morning.

—It is reported that the Greenback party in this county have it in contemplation this year to omit the farce of placing a county ticket in nomination.

—Co. H, Fifth N. G. P., Wilmore, will parade in grove adjacent to that village tomorrow. A general invitation is extended everybody to be present.

—It may be mentioned as a remarkable fact that the weather last Friday morning was reckoned cold enough to require fire in the office at the Lloyd House.

—Mr. Julius Weil, of Hollidaysburg, was in town this week. He is actively engaged in the wool trade, and informs us that he has this season shipped nearly 50,000 pounds to market.

—Our young friend D. Foster Lloyd, the efficient lightning manipulator at the telegraph office in this place, has been honored with a position on the Democratic State Central Committee.

—Thomas Garahan, of Millville, this county, had an increase in the family of his livestock last Thursday night. A cow gave birth to twin male calves. They are beauties, as black as coals, and as white as snow.

—B. M. Johnston has leased the Duncansville rolling mill until April 1, 1881, and as soon as the necessary repairs can be made he will put the mill in operation for the manufacture of muck bar.

—It is confidently counted on that the new Altoona military company will be admitted into the Fifth regiment, Co. D, of Huntingdon, being on the point of disbanding and thus creating a vacancy.

—When the Johnstown *Tribune* copies with approbation the political articles of the Carrolltown *News*, our party friends north of Ebensburg may well ask if they have a Democratic paper in their midst.

—The first of a series of "Sketches of Pioneer Life on the Allegheniies," from the prolific and entertaining pen of A. D. H., will appear in our next issue. Now is the time to send in your subscriptions.

—While picking raspberries last Monday, Miss Ellen Doyle, of Gaysport, Blair county, was bitten on the ancle by a venomous snake. The effects of the poison were counteracted by the use of the customary remedies.

—A reunion of the 11th regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves will be held at Indiana on the 25th of September next. Co. A. of that noble organization belonged to Ebensburg, and of course will be represented on the occasion.

—Squire Kinkead, who for the benefit of his health was away in McKean county for a month's vacation, returned home Tuesday night. He looks as though the change of air did a decidedly beneficial effect on his system.

—It is fish you wish for festive trout you'd better soon meander out, for before you know what you're about the time will pass straight up the spout, and then you'll wish, beyond a doubt, you had stirred your stumps you lazy lout.

—There is a base ball club down at Altoona who lay claim to the championship of Blair and Cambria counties, and the Ebensburg club propose disputing the claim at an early day, provided satisfactory arrangements can be effected.

—The number of guests at Cresson Springs is up to the average of the past half-dozen years, but the house and cottages are not yet fully thoroughfilling. It is the fault of neither the weather nor the management, but probably of the money market.

—Prof. Bigelow's peripatetic musicians serenaded the FREEMAN office last Tuesday afternoon. Owing to the fact that our shotguns had been loaned, they were enabled to leave town without being under the necessity of being each a pair of crutches.

—A special convocation of the Select Castle and Order Knights of the Mystic Chain of Pennsylvania will convene at Johnstown to-morrow evening, for the purpose of conferring the mark degree on past officers of Cambria and surrounding counties.

—Both the Lloyd House and Belmont summer resorts are booming full with guests. The proprietor of the former, Mr. A. Lloyd, is so hard pressed for room that as a matter of necessity he declares he must erect a large addition to his establishment in time for next year's influx of visitors.

—An editor is described as a man who carries a pair of scissors in his vest pocket, a remover in his hip pocket, a lead pencil in his vest pocket, a memorandum in his coat pocket, and an empty purse in his pants pocket. Barring the scissors and revolver, that's the kind of hair-pin we are.

—We never had the pleasure of more than one interview with General Superintendent Pugh, of the P. R. R., but that one was sufficient to convince us that the Wilkinsburg Times is indulging in the unadulterated truth when it says that Mr. Pugh is general favorite among all classes of employes, and they feel a pleasure in doing their very best for the interests of the road that is so fortunate as to have such an officer.

—If the nominations for county offices on the Democratic ticket this fall don't prove empty honors it will be no fault of the *Northern Cambria News*, which is just now doing the dirty work of the opposition as effectually and industriously as if it had been paid for its services and was anxious to earn the money.

—Prof. T. J. Chapman, formerly Superintendent of Common Schools for Cambria county, has been elected principal of the Mansfield, Allegheny county, public schools for the forthcoming session. Being an accomplished educator and a thorough gentleman, we wish him success wherever his lot may be cast.

—The Greensburg United Brethren church was destroyed by fire last Tuesday morning, involving a loss of $8,000, on which was an insurance of $2,000. The flames damaged the adjacent residence of Mr. James K. Stewart to the extent of about $300. Spontaneous combustion is given as the explanation of the origin of the fire.

—The Huntingdon *Local News* issued an extra on Wednesday giving a full and graphic account of the terrible explosion of a sand-blast in that place the day previous, whereby three persons were literally blown to atoms. Great indeed is the enterprise, and Brother's Lindsey & Willoughby have, we hope, reaped its profit.

—We chronicled several weeks ago the particulars of the explosion of a quantity of lime in Johnstown, whereby the eyes of both Dr. Wakefield and his son were dangerously burned. The sight of the Doctor was not permanently impaired, but examination made by experts revealed the fact that the optics of the son is entirely and forever destroyed.

—Mr. Cham Roberts is putting a mansard roof on his fine residence and store on High street. The other kept the rain out good enough, but this, he thinks, will not only perform that service, as well as furnish additional room in the upper story, but will also and at the same time relieve the sameness in appearance of the row in which the building is located.

—A deaf mute calling himself Charles Girlye is canvassing this portion of the State for the sale of books, varying the programme occasionally by procuring an advance of money in the shape of a loan. Though he carries with him a numerously signed certificate of character, he is pronounced a fraud for all that, and our readers will do well to be on their guard against him.

—Large numbers of this year's spawn of black bass are to be seen in shoal places along the dams below town, and not unfrequently they swallow a hook which is not too large for their capacity. It should not be forgotten that all such fish thus taken must be immediately returned to the water. The law forbids the catching and carrying away of bass under six inches in length.

—Some contemptible sneak thief entered Dr. Keim's office on Monday evening last, during the absence of that gentleman, and notwithstanding the terridity of the weather froze fast to a valuable revolver. The Doctor thinks he could find the fellow and the thief without much trouble, and if he don't return the stolen property within a reasonable time he may expect to feel the rigors of the law.

—As we can conceive of no reason why the *Northern Cambria News* should seek to belie or belittle the editor of this paper by insinuating the Johnstown Democrat is the author of (?) about the removal of the FREEMAN to Portage Station, we are forced to conclude that, like the *Tribune*, it has "a crow to pick" with Mr. Martin because he had nerve enough to contest the nomination with Scotty's favorite candidate for Congress, Gen. Jacob M. Campbell, at his own county.

—Brother Conrad, of the McVeytown *Journal*, not finding enough for his busy hands to do in running a print shop, a tin shop, a news stand and a tobacco store, has just set up a soda fountain and is going to make things "sizz" during the heated term. Good luck to you, Conney, and a little lemon in ours, please, notwithstanding the great to invite us, in accordance with promise, to that fishing excursion which the Altoona *Tribune* had so much to tell about.

—As the Johnstown *Tribune* rolls the political enunciations of the Carrolltown *News* as a sweet morsel under his tongue, it is easy to guess who the editor of the Pittsburgh paper had in his mind's eye when he penned the following: Whenever the editor of a Democratic paper finds his political articles copied approvingly by a Republican journal, it is time for him to stop and take an observation. It doesn't always follow that the article is untrue, but it is almo t always certain that it was injudicious.

—A charge of blasting powder comprising three kegs was prematurely exploded in a stone quarry at Huntingdon last Tuesday afternoon, whereby three men lost their lives. Their names were Michael Ryan, of Philadelphia, Joseph Rancorona, of Huntingdon, and Jacob Hawker, of Mount Hope. As they were literally blown to pieces. Another man, named James Davis, was so shocked by the explosion as to be rendered totally deaf. The parties were engaged taking out stone for the foundation of the new penitentiary.

—Just who the reprobate is we are not prepared to say, but it is certain a fellow that is a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad was caught a few days ago in the act of flirting with the daughter of a resident of a town some sixty miles this side of Pittsburgh. Her father jumped on a special engine and hurried to that city after the brakeman, whom he headed off at Twenty-eighth street. The father had a revolver in his hand, and the railroader was terribly frightened thereat, but by a little strategy he managed to escape.

—And now it is our esteemed friend and patron, Mr. Henry Hughes, of Summerhill, who would like to be afforded an opportunity to lend a helping hand in directing the affairs of the county ship-house, which all who know him are fully aware that he could do with intelligence and economy and also with honesty and fidelity. We won't say, "Give the old man a chance!" but we will say that if the Democratic county convention makes straight the way for Mr. Hughes the taxpayers of the county will never have cause to regret it.

—As the immaculate editor of the Carrolltown *News* wouldn't lie if he could, and couldn't lie if he would, it must be the writer hereof who is prevaricating when he asserts that he never told the immaculate editor aforesaid, or any other man, that the FREEMAN received from $1,200 to $1,300 per year for county printing. What we did say was that the receipts for transient advertising, which includes a great deal besides the county printing, was worth from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars per year. And so we say yet.

—The schedule time of the special excursion train from Pittsburgh to Ebensburg Saturday evenings is three hours and fifteen minutes. It leaves Pittsburgh at 2.55 P. M., and arrives here, and always on time, at 6.20 P. M. When it is remembered that the distance between the two points is 112 miles, with a transfer from one track to another necessary at Cresson, it will become apparent that this is pretty rapid traveling. The distance from Cresson to Ebensburg, 11 miles, was traversed on Saturday last in just 17 minutes.

—We were pained to learn a few days ago of the serious illness of the estimable wife of our excellent friend, John W. Geis, of Salina, Kansas, who was taken sick, she was also one of her children, while visiting her relatives at Latrobe, but later information received from Mr. Geis himself, who had been summoned by telegraph and was in Johnstown several days this week, brings the gratifying intelligence that both mother and child are now doing well. We hope, by the way, that "Billy" will not go back to Kansas without paying us a visit.

—The information upon which we last week based the announcement of the death by lightning of Mr. John Patton, of Indiana, ought to have been trustworthy, one would have thought, for the lady volunteering it stated that she had been present at the funeral of the young man. But there must have been a mistake somewhere, for we are now assured that not only was Mr. Patton not killed and buried, but, on the contrary, that he was then and is now in the enjoyment of stalwart health. We gladly make the correction, and hope that it will be of old age that he will die, as die he must some time.

—We had the pleasure of a call yesterday afternoon from our old friend Abram Makin, of Blacklick township, now in the 78th year of his age, who not only enjoys the remarkable distinction of being the father of twenty-four children, but, what is stranger still, had seven sons and five daughters by his first wife and five sons and seven daughters by the second one—a complete reversal, as will be noticed in the matter of sex. All of the first wife's children were raised to manhood and womanhood, two of the boys subsequently being killed in the army during the late civil war, as were also two of Mr. Makin's sons-in-law. The old patriarch looks rugged and healthy enough to live for many years yet.

—The man who thinks he guides the destinies of the Democratic party in the north of this county would have done well to remove the beam from his own eye before he attempted to abstract the mote from a neighbor's optic. In other words, he should have tried to convince his readers, if not his conscience, that he himself wasn't completely obfuscated on the night of the late Democratic county convention before he printed what another wise man of the north wrote about those "occasional decoctions" with the aid of which, as he asserts, the President of said convention "found himself as much in the dark as ever, and the longer he presided the more confused he became," as well as some other contemptible claptrap equally reprehensible.

—A furious wind and hail storm visited portions of Indiana and Clearfield counties on Friday last. At Gettysburg a new frame church edifice owned by the Evangelical Association, and nearly ready for the roof, was blown down and completely demolished, involving a heavy loss which will probably have to be made good by the contractor. On what is known as the Eisklick tract, about one mile below Burnside and near the Susquehanna river, between twenty and thirty thousand feet of pine timber were prostrated, while in the vicinity of Westover apple and other trees were almost completely divested of their fruit, and growing crops very generally levelled to the earth. At other points a considerable amount of damage was done, but as yet we are without particulars.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* learned the other day in a roundabout way, which of course didn't invest the rumor with any greater degree of probability, that a man named William Wilson, a resident of Clearfield county, about fourteen miles from St. Boniface, this county, had killed his twelve-year-old son by striking him on the head with a hoe and then jumping on the lad's body. This story was supplemented by the assurance that Wilson was arrested and is now in jail at Clearfield, but as none of our exchanges from that county give any account of the alleged tragedy, we are inclined to think that the story is a cruel hoax notwithstanding Wilson is said to be a desperate character and has served one or two terms of imprisonment in the jail of this county.

—McDonald, Loretto, sells goods in quantities to suit purchasers, and advertises only goods which he has in store. Some of his prices are: Sugars, 7, 8, 9 and 10c. per lb.; green and black teas, 25, 50 and 75c. per lb.; green coffee, 12, 16 and 20c. per lb.; roasted coffee, 12½, 15, 18 and 20c. per lb.; 2 boxes essence coffee, 5c.; 2 papers baking soda, 5c.; 1 lb. baking soda, 8c.; 2 boxes blacking, 5c.; 3 boxes or balls lye, 25c.; smoking tobacco, 40c. per lb.; chewing tobacco, 50c. per lb.; molasses, 30c. per gallon; syrup, 50c. per gallon; extra best syrup, 65c. per gallon; flour, $1.30 per sack; salt, $1.60 per bbl.; calicoes, 5c. up; muslins, 5c. up; ginghams, 8c. up; dress goods, 10c. up; Kentucky jeans, 10c. up; toweling, 10c. up; Clark's O. N. T., 5c. per spool, and all other goods sold at proportionately low prices.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kinsel are the names of an aged couple who live on a farm near Eldorado, Blair county. In the early part of last week they drew some money, $150, from bank, and took it home. The greater portion of this sum was expended for various purposes, but about $50 remained on hand the following Thursday. About 11 o'clock at night of that day, two masked men entered the house, and, despite a vigorous resistance, overpowered the couple and robbed them of their money. One of the robbers grappled the woman and the other the man. Mr. Kinsel, old and all as he was, was rapidly getting the best of his assailant, when a pistol presented at his head caused him to surrender. It is related as a coincidence that a robbery similar in many respects to the foregoing was committed in the same farm house about four years ago, when the mother (since deceased) of Mr. Kinsel was relieved of several hundred dollars. The men who did the job at that time were masked and entered through a window, and though there were suspicions as to their identity no arrests were ever made in the first case, as none have as yet been made in this one.

—Prof. John Hart, an elocutionist of more than ordinary ability, and a gentleman not unknown to fame in this community, where he formed the acquaintance and gained the respect of all with whom he came in contact during a professional visit made to this place about three years ago, died of neuralgia of the heart, at his residence in Lancaster, Pa., on Sunday morning last, in the forty-third years of his age. Prof. Hart was a fine, portly looking gentleman, and was as sure to attract by his presence as he was certain to please by his talents and courtesy all who had the pleasure of becoming his acquaintance. At the time of his death he was a useful and honored member of the Lancaster school board, and the *Intelligencer* says the day was probably not far distant, had his life been spared, when he would have been elected mayor of his native city. He was a lifelong member of the Catholic church, but his death suddenly and unexpectedly, expiring in his wife's arms about 3 o'clock in the morning, no opportunity was afforded for administering the consolations of religion to him in his last moments. May his soul rest in peace.

—A meeting of the Republican Committee of Cambria county, or, rather, a remarkably small section of that important—we had almost said impotent—body, those present numbering no more than a baker's dozen, was held at the Court House last Saturday afternoon, Chairman P. H. Barker presiding. By unanimous consent, Mr. A. S. Brubaker, of Johnstown, was elected Senatorial delegate to the State Convention, and Messrs. Samuel Eldridge, of Johnstown, and John C. Gates, of White township, Representative delegates. A letter was read from Hon. John Lemon, who declined going into the fight for State Treasurer, and Cambria county is having no other choice the delegates were not instructed. It not being deemed advisable to call a convention to place a county ticket in the field this hot weather, for fear of sunstroke, the call for a county convention was deferred. The Chairman of the County Committee was empowered to fix things to suit himself. The entire proceedings were lethargic and spiritless, and the presence of delegates Pete Levergood and Tom Davis, men of strong lungs, not being potent to cause things to rise above the dead level of stagnation.

—A little daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Donovan, formerly of this place, where his parents still reside, was so terribly burned at Braddocks, Allegheny county, on Thursday morning last, that at latest accounts there was no hope whatever for her recovery. It seems that the little unfortunate was in the act of taking some money out of the cupboard for the purpose of going to the store to make a small purchase, when she accidentally upset a can containing coal oil on the hot cooking stove, and the oil becoming ignited the flames shot up and communicated to her clothing. Speedily realizing her great danger, the frightened child ran with all haste to her mother, who, by the way, is a daughter of Mrs. M'Cann, of this place, and who at the time was doing something in the garden, but before the agonized parent could succeed in quenching the flames with the aid of some of the neighbors, who went to her assistance as soon as possible, the left arm, side and leg of her poor child were roasted almost to a crisp, while she herself had both hands terribly burned in the effort to save her offspring. Mr. Donovan, who was confined to the house by severe and long-continued illness, but was then in a fair way of recovery, experienced a relapse owing to this heartrending accident, and it is possible that he too may not recover. A sad blow indeed to an already sadly afflicted family.

—The crop of candidates for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, like the yellow fever in Memphis, grows more luxuriant as the weather waxes warmer. Some time ago, and from the start, we had Mr. John C. Gates, of White township, who appears to be a standing candidate of anything that comes to the surface on the political caldron, from a township office up to an office of either large or small magnitude to a delegateship to either a State or a county convention. Major P. M. Woleslagle, of Wilmore, next announced that he would endeavor to withdraw enough time from the study of abstruse military questions to enable him to make the canvass. And now to the front come Capt. Sam. A. Criste, of Gallitzin, and Mr. N. R. Westbrook, of Somman, each with his own particular claims for recognition at the hands of his party friends, and each with facts and figures to prove that he alone can insure success. In addition to those already named, several other possible candidates are spoken of, noticeably Mr. Jesse Vanormer, of the township; but they are not yet in the fight by authority. Let the ball proceed, say we. It's fun for the boys, and if they refrain from spending all the money they've got in setting up delegates, no harm can ensue. As to the election next November, that's quite another thing, provided the Carrolltown *News* don't succeed in "busting up" the Democratic party, which it is doing its utmost just now to accomplish.

—The Holidaysburg *Standard* tells of a young limb of the law over there who lately attempted to swell the scant volume of his clients by a unique dodge. He procured a pack of postal cards, on which he traced something like this: "*Dear Sir*: Call at my office immediately. I want to see you on important business." Then the cards were sent to persons living in town and country. Those living in town dropped their work, and those whose place of residence was further removed hitched up and drove to town with much celerity, and all rendezvoused at the office of the young limb of the law aforesaid. When they were informed that the important business on which they were to be seen consisted, first, of an invitation to take a seat, and, second, of an inquiry as to whether they had any legal business they felt like entrusting to the care of the author of the invitations in question, it quite took their breath away, so to speak. But only for a moment, for the windows of the office were immediately shattered to pieces through the energy of the language indulged in by the visitors, while fists were doubled and feet threateningly raised. There has, in truth, been no such storm in Hollidaysburg since the time Fitzharris' fox-hounds ran down a dead cow. The young lawyer may not have gained many additional clients by his cleverness, but his name has certainly become a household word in many a domicil where it never was heard of before.

AN EXCITING BEAR HUNT.—The Lock Haven *Republican* furnishes the particulars of a recent thrilling tussle with bruin which occurred in our neighboring county of Clearfield, and in which a citizen of Lock Haven took a very prominent part. The *Republican* says:

LIFE in the mountains of Clearfield county, especially in places as remote as this from which I write, is anything but pleasant to those who, for the greater part of the year, see nothing but the wild woods by which they are surrounded. The chief, and I might say only, amusement of "campers" in their leisure hours is found in their rambles through the woods in quest of wild game, or along the streams for trout, which may be had in abundance. It is one of those excursions I am about to write, one which came near ending with fatal results to at least two young men. On Friday last, John L. Campbell, William Whiteman, J. A. McNerney, and a man named Brown (all except Brown being from Lock Haven), left camp on the middle fork of Mosquito creek to go over to the west fork, or as it is better known, Gifford run, about four miles away, to fish for trout. Campbell, Brown and Whiteman each, in addition to their fishing tackle, carried a rifle in the hope of getting a shot at a pack of wolves that have their lair in a wild gorge on the head of the last-named run. When immediately gave chase and soon captured it. So elated was he with his success that he failed to notice the approach of the maternal bruin until she was within a few feet of him. For a moment he stood undecided as to how he would act, when prompted by that courage so well sustained by massive frames, he concluded to adopt young bruin, with, or without the consent of his relatives. Acting on the impulse he darted down the mountain with his prize, his enraged dam in hot pursuit. The race was short and unequal. Jim soon found himself in the rude embrace of an enemy whose power to inflict injury he had underrated. His cry for help soon brought the others to his assistance, and not a moment too soon either. They found him with his clothes torn in shreds, and so badly lacerated from the teeth and claws of the powerful brute that he was quite helpless. Whiteman and Campbell arriving together advanced within a few feet of their unfortunate friend, and taking aim fired at the bear. Although both charges took effect the contest was not to end there. With a savage growl she sprang upon Whiteman, bearing him to the ground, the shock rendering him for the time insensible, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Brown, would in all probability have killed him. Brown sustained his reputation for cool courage and capital marksmanship by sending a bullet through the brain of the plucky beast, thereby ending the contest. The wounded men, by the assistance of the others, succeeded in making their way back to camp in about two hours after the close of the contest. Whiteman's injuries are trivial, being confined to a few bruises. He can now indulge in a good laugh in relating the adventure. J. A., who is a foreman of his brother P. H. McNerney in stocking the D. Blanchard lumber mill here, thinks there's not much of a joke about it, and says thereafter he will not attempt to separate families even if they are bears.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN AT JOHNSTOWN.—The Altoona *Tribune* of Monday furnishes the following particulars, condensed from Saturday's Johnstown *Tribune*, of a shocking accident which occurred at the rod mill in the latter place, about 5 o'clock on Saturday morning last, and whereby a young man employed therein was literally cut in two by a coil of red-hot iron. The *Tribune* says:

The name of the man who suffered this terrible death was Richard O. Jones, a young Welshman, not quite 21 years of age. His business in the mill was to catch at the first revolving roll the end of the wire rods as they came through the rolls and guide them through the last pass before they are wound upon the spindle. While thus engaged one of the long red-hot rods, whose end he had just inserted in his part of the rolls, became twisted as it was guided along the iron floor behind him. The rolls were running at the rate of from twenty to thirty revolutions per minute, and the twist caused the wire to correct through the air, one of the loops falling over young Jones' body, just below the hips, and the long bim down on his knees with his back against the rolls, through which the wire sped with lightning like rapidity. A fellow-workman was standing within a few feet of the victim, but he was powerless to render any assistance. Another workman seized an axe, and with one blow severed the wire, but not before it had entwined himself in two, right in the body of the victim. The left arm was severed between the elbow and shoulder, the right between the elbow and wrist, and a portion of the back-bone was all that held the unfortunate young sufferer. His bowels were cut into small pieces and fell out in a mass on the floor. Death is supposed to have resulted almost instantaneously.

Apropos of the above, the Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday relates the following strange story:

About 1 o'clock on Friday last we were told by the assistant manager of one of the departments of the Cambria Iron Works that a young man had that morning been killed in the rod mill. Our informant stated that the victim had been caught in a loop of red-hot wire and literally cut in two. He got his information from the engineer of one of the Company's locomotives, on which he had occasion to ride for a short distance. As he could not give us the particulars, we set to work to hunt them up, but could not find anybody who could give us any further light on the subject. We found a man who had just come up from the rod mill, and as he knew nothing of the rumored horrible tragedy, we concluded that we had been made the victim of a hoax, and gave up the search. What was our surprise, early Saturday morning, to learn that Richard Jones, for that was his name, had been killed at the rod mill at quarter after 5 o'clock in precisely the same manner as we were informed the mythical workman had been the day before? The coincidence struck us at the time, and the gentlemen to whom we spoke on Friday have called our attention to it so often since that we concluded to make an item of it. Was the terrible accident foretold? is what they would like to know.

FACTS INCONTROVERTIBLE.—The people of Cambria county, or a goodly portion of them at least, will substantiate the fact—

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $3.50 to $2.75, we are never out of them;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $4.00 to $3.00, we always have them on hand;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $5.50 to $4.00, they are always in stock;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $6.75 to $5.75, we can always find them for customers;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $8.50 to $6.75, we don't tell people we have just sold the last suit;

That when we reduce the price of a suit of clothes from $12.25 to $10.50, we can always furnish a perfect fit.

Remember that the goods quoted above are lined throughout, and are saleable, desirable and serviceable clothing.

Pants we can sell in jeans from 50c. up; in cotton worsted from 90c. up; in cassimeres from $2.75 up. In gents' furnishing goods we can sell white laundried shirts from 40c. up; calico shirts from 20c. up; undershirts and drawers from 20c. up; suspenders from 6c. up; half hose from 4c. up; hats from 25c. up; caps from 5c. up. The largest stock of trunks and valises in Altoona.

Remember we are slaughtering summer clothing, straw hats, etc., in order to close out all kind of summer wear at the New Clothing Depot, 1230 Eleventh avenue, which is known far and near as the cheapest house in the trade, and the best place in the country to buy good clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods at honest prices.

CHARLES SIMON,
In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of Logan House, Altoona, Pa.

—The hay harvest for this section has been completed, and though not as large as last year, the yield may yet be said to be nearly an average one. At the beginning of this month the grass presented a wilted, burnt-up, and altogether most unpreposing appearance, but several subsequent rains came to the rescue and brought it forward to a comparatively fair standard. The wheat and rye crops cannot be excelled at by the most captious farmer, while the oats give promise of a yield rarely equaled in other years. As to the corn, it will be a fair crop, but not so large as it would have been had rain and warm weather visited us earlier in the season. The fruit crop will be an ordinary one, and the potatoes an extraordinary one. In a word, Providence has been good to us, and the man whose mission in life is to find fault and prophesy universal failure has about come to the conclusion that this isn't exactly the year he was looking for.

—Jacob Hawker seems to be incorrigible. He was released from jail on the 13th and sent home to Johnstown, but he is not there now. Whiskey is Jacob's bane, and a series of big drunks with which he celebrated his restoration to liberty wound up last Friday night in a row and an arraignment for a disturbance of the peace. The process for his arrest was violently resisted by Jacob, and by some persons young men named Billy Alt and Enoch Gileauff became involved in the melee which ensued. But eventually all three were gathered in by the police, and on Tuesday night of this week they were brought here and safely lodged in jail. The people of Johnstown are unanimous in saying that they would be satisfied to hear of the trio escaping from their prison before their course of flight led them to Memphis or some other place where the yellow fever is just now raging with a great rage.

"BACHELOR DAVE."—That's what they call the good-looking and far from venerable proprietor of one of the most popular, best stocked and best conducted clothing houses in Altoona, and this is what the *Advance* of that city says about him in its last issue:

We understand that Mr. D. Rosenthall, otherwise known as "Bachelor Dave," of the Young America Clothing House, will leave this evening for a summer vacation of three or four weeks, which he will spend in part with his brothers in Ashland and Mt. Vernon, Ohio, with whom he is associated in large clothing stores there. After that he will go to Cleveland and other desirable points on the lakes. We wish you a pleasant trip, old boy, but you must be careful, very careful, old boy. We know Ben can take care of your clothing house here; but a bachelor among those charming, dashing Ohio girls, every one of whom believes she has as good a right to a husband as an Ohio man has to an office, is pretty apt to be hit by a lap-load of loveliness and his identity lost in a matrimonial cyclone. Be careful, old boy, be careful.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, July 22, 1879.

The homes in Philadelphia are generally so pleasant and convenient that many of our ladies prefer remaining here during the summer solstice, where they can have a whole household of room for the children to play in instead of migrating to the country and living in one or two small rooms merely for the sake of getting away from home, or, ostensibly, getting the fresh air.

Those who are here in the heated term pay special attention to the care of their children, and in no city—North, South, East or West—do the little ones receive more earnest consideration than in Philadelphia in the matter of personal comfort and dainty dress arrangements. It must, indeed, be a poverty-stricken household where they cannot afford to buy baby a carriage or put on the clean, pretty afternoon suit, so that the little one can "play out front," and look as attractive, if not as richly dressed, as the child of a wealthy neighbor.

Comfort is the first consideration and they must be well cared for and appropriately apparelled; by all means flannel must be worn next to its tender body. Gauze or very thin flannel is best, and let the skirt, too, be of the lightest kind of flannel. The shirt, skirt and dress, together with a light sacque or cape for warm, clear days, and a wool cloak for cool, damp mornings and evenings, will be all the necessary garments until baby gets to be a year old. At night, too, the flannel should be worn, and it may be even lighter than that intended for day wear, but flannel it should be, to save baby from the illness so often caused by the bowels and chest not being properly protected.

The novelty in baby-clothes consists merely in the arrangement of trimmings, the shapes being the same used since the infant's wardrobe has been constituted upon hygienic principles. For best robes or christening dresses, sheet linen, cambric or fine organdies and mull muslin may be used, with decorations of point Breton or Valenciennes lace and French embroidery.

For small boys little plaited dresses made of linen, lawn and piqué, with but little trimmings, are the most stylish, although some mothers imagine the garments must be garnitured for boys as well as girls, but it is not at all necessary.

And now a word about the costumes of little girls, for they are as beautiful as willing, skillful hands and mother-love can make them. This afternoon the children on our block are dressed up for a small birthday party, and some of the costumes are worth describing.

Hattie has on a perle dress of delicate moonlight-blue silk, the only shade of blue she can wear, for Hattie is a brunette. The jacket is simulated with fine point Russe and collar, cuffs, plastrons and plailings are edged with the same lace. No sash is needed with this dress, but small bows of pale blue ribbon are intermixed with the lace over the body and skirt of the pretty garment.

Mamie, too, is a dear little brunette, with a gentle, loving smile and kindly greeting for the old folks "out front," and she wears a dress of rose-leaf pink silk challie, with silken side plaitings and rows of dainty lace, which also trims sleeves and neck.

Irene's dresses are always beautiful, but to-day she has on a silken slip, and over it a dress of puffs and rows of inserting and valenciennes lace, held in place by a wide sash in color to match the suit.

May wears a lawn plaited dress, with trimmings of inserting and Hamburg, with a wide sash of blue ribbon.

Ruby feels quite as fine in a dress of tiny-checked silk in blue and white, garnitured with frills and plaitings edged with Valenciennes lace, outlined basque of the lace and neck and sleeves decoration.

A little blonde Georgina wears a suit of plaits, rows of inserting and edging, secured with knots of delicate blue ribbon. Hair tied back with the same, in a bow on side of the head.

Two little sisters have on pink and blue slips with overdresses of ecru lace, trimmed with edge to match the creations; white Marie wears a dress of changeable silk, with trimmings of the fabric, finished at neck and sleeves with lace. Upon questioning these children I was surprised to learn that, with one or two exceptions, the garments were bought at Wanamaker's from the children's outfitting department, or were made there to order.

In truth, that room is a special feature of the Grand Depot, and should be visited by all mothers who come to Philadelphia, if for nothing else just for the fun of seeing the children trying on suits. One day last week I counted forty-five children getting "suited" all at once, and really the scene was exceedingly animated. L.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LORETTO, July 22, 1879.

DEAR FREEMAN—On a farm near this place the other day, while the hands were engaged in making hay, (no rhyme intended,) a few minutes before porter-time the feminine persuasion invaded the lower regions of the dwelling house, and finding no one at home seized the favorable opportunity thus presented to enjoy a rich feast. She first made a grand charge on the milk and cream crocks, which she soon emptied, and then took the butter crocks and pickles by the right and left hand, in which she wound up the performance by gulping down a lot of "rising." Having thus filled herself to repletion, she made good her exit before the hands came to their dinner, though it is truth to say that she was badly demoralized by the amount of rations she had stowed away in her haversack. In a word, to put it in the graphic language used by the dairy maid, "she just sup she dhirtied." When the young farmer came to dinner he gave vent to his feelings in language more emphatic than elegant, but it is fair to presume that if the dose hadn't sickened the old sow he would have given her a bit of his mind in shape of a fence rail or something of that kind.

On Saturday evening last, just before the special train for Ebensburg came that way, and while a son of Mr. H. C. Naylor and another party were engaged in cradling wheat in a field adjoining the west side of the road, Mr. Naylor meantime harrowing the ground with the intention of planting turnips where grain grew only the day before, the "special" was coming at a speaking speed when it came to a fence that flew past the horse and harrow the animal took fright and began to rear and plunge as horses will under such circumstances. Mr. Naylor, in addition to being the beast by the head at the time, but it soon broke loose, nearly throwing Mr. K. on the harrow, and then dashed like a mad gallop down the cradling wheat. In its wild career it dragged the harrow over a grain cradle when lay on the ground, but strange to say the cradle was only slightly demonitized, while the horse was not hurt in the least. The animal with his harrowing appendage went through the standing wheat like the flying Pagasus of old, leaving a swath the width of the harrow in its wake. Providentially neither man, horse, harrow nor cradle was damaged to any extent.

A PARALLEL.

When I see a hen on a dunghill, without any spurs on her heels, waving feathers in her tail, or distinguishing comb-crest on her head, boldly flapping her wings and crowing unnaturally, I feel like saying to her, "Madam, you may lay well or a shot-gun; she is assuming a position which nature derides. And when I see a woman as a preacher, as a lawyer, as a physician, as a politician, or as a public official, in any place, I think of the hen.

Yours, &c., A. D. H.

WHEN are we dead? is a question quite strange, Yet it's been asked by a valued exchange;
Which seems to us rather outpassing queer,
Any one might know without a word being said,
That a man is indeed quite hopelessly dead
The moment he stops advertising.

Mantz's Boots and Shoes, 1208 Eleventh avenue, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, are not dead. On the contrary, they give evidence of fully-developed vigor by advertising in the newspapers generally. Feathers are the best evidence of the clothing business, with the most extensive stock ever brought to that city and the most liberal price-list. One thing they pride themselves on particularly is the fact that everybody who purchases with which