EBSCRIPTION RATES.

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H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1879.

NUMBER 43.

AND WINTER GOODS

... lanking forward to the coming Possidential election in hopes of

the mobile generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

store, comprising a complete line of BY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, Bools, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general

resware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c E. CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, PULTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock PATENT CORN SHELLER,

will be said of the symarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the NT CYD QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erectional surprison, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and disclosurable. Still being determined to accommodate all who came, and especially the country, to whom the bighest; rices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, men my large and commodate state for the free use of all who may wish to put up large and commodate state for the free use of all who may wish to put up large and country.

Un) Mreet, Ehenshurg, Oct 2, 1879. N. J. FREIDHOFF.

MINETY-FIVE PER CENT. STERLING RUBBER BOOT. far demand for an All-Rubber Boot, and as pure as can be made. Upper and



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THE LARGEST STOCK OF

asuce and unequalled variety at POPULAR PIONEER

Twelfth Street, Next Door to the Postoffice, Altoona, Pa.

G. WOLF, Proprietor.

NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF JEN'S AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,

AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, At Actual Rock Bottom Cash Prices!

Or results from \$2.50 up; Pauls from 75 cents up; Dress Shirts from 75 cents

M. WOLF, RAILROAD CLOTHING HOUSE,

1127 Eleventh Avenue, below Bowman & Morrow's, Altoona, Pa.

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WANTE

THE PRINCIPAL CLOTHING HOUSE

This Long Established Clothing House, Known all the Country Round,

AS been brushed up with improvements in the house and the stock, and is in working twin. working trim for the coming season, 1879-1880, with an unapproachable

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

That beats all our own former efforts for beauty and completeness. Everywhere the note of brisk times is sounding, and Oak Hall is on time-ready now-to show the people the most worthy Exhibition of Ready-made Clothing that can be seen anywhere in America.

People may guess that Wanamaker & Brown have not been idle these past summer months when they come and see the familiar but new look on the old-fashioned rooms, and note the quantity and quality of the

FAVORITE BRAND OF CLOTHING THAT IS

TO MAKE BUSINESS SPIN And the Salesrooms of

OAK HALL to Bristle with Activity.

Prices will not be in question, for while, touching the assortment, there will be

Rooms Full of Clothing for Rough Work, Rooms Full of Clothing for Store Wear,

Rooms Full of Clothing for Fine Dress, All made up to our own high standard of manufacture, there will be prices so low marked on the garments that even the wholesale work being retailed is thrown completely in the shade. There is only one

OAK HALL FOR GOOD CLOTHING.

And Mr. Wanamaker's respects to old friends and new patrons, to say that there are Open Doors and hearty welcome every week-day for all who choose to come to buy or look or compare; and this house-warming invitation is cordially extended to everybody to drop in and see the changes and additions in convenience and stock in

Oak Hall of 1879.

55 A sufficient force of polite salesmen are in attendance to promptly wait on customers, and the number will be increased ** The MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is the special care

WANAMAKER & BROWN, Oak Hall, 6th and Market, Philadelphia. THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

PIANOS and ORGANS!

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in putting himself to serious inconvenience pledged to each other.

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE. ALTOONA. IN CHARGE OF MR. CEORGE W. COOD,

And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOSANDORGANS Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirons of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument

WE SELL NO PLANO OR ORGAN THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE

Largest Dealers in the State OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we will continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue,

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT! Beautifully Illustrated.

35th YEAR. THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

PATENTS. SCIENTIFIC AMERI-

fean of all Inventions juterited through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily effected.

Ring out merrfly, Loudly, cheerly, Bilthe old pells from the steeple tower;

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Hopefully, fearfully, Joyfully, tearfully, Moveth the bride from her maiden bower. Cloud there is none in the bright summer sky: Sunshine flings benisons down from on high; Children sing loud as the train moves along,

"Happy the bride that the sun shines on." Knell out drearily, Measure out wearily Sad old bells, from the steeple gray ; Priests clanting lowly,

Solenmly, slowly, Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day. Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall, Dripping over the plume and the pall: Murmer old folks as the train moves along, Happy the dead that the rain raineth on.

Toll at the hour of prime, Matin and Vesper chime, Loved old bells from the steeple high-Rolling like holy waves Over the lowly graves, Floating up, prayer fraught, into the sky. Solemn the lessons your lightest notes teach; nicer points of what the world call eti-Stern is the preaching your iron tongues

Peal out evermore— Peal as ye pealed of yore, Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day, In sunshine and gladness, Through clouds, through sadness.

Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife ; Tell us that death even leadeth to life ; ife is our labor and death is our rest; If happy the living the dead are blest. Dublin University Magazine.

A SAD STORY.

Fifty years ago there lived in Lincoln county. Kentucky, a man named Amos He owned a farm not far White Oak lick, His farm though large was not fertile for either grain crops or less charms. grass. But, Mr. Vaughn was a capital parmer for that day, and he acquired the means of independence, though in this day he would be deemed a poor man,

The huge stone chinineys had immense fort and cheerfulness was abundantly winding course of a large creek, diffused. It was around such fires that the young people of fifty years ago sat forc Milly and asked her to be his wife. of winter evenings. Apples and cider Milly drew back and said : crowned the board; and how the mer-

were young at that period. the hearts of parents more completely parents more happily rewarded for their tender affection. He was a noble type of manly beauty in his person—tall. glacted.

caps for Foster Vaughn, but they were to enter the marriage covenant, though o gratify their whims. Mrs. Vaughn cointing out the daughters of the weal- marriage with their daughter, thiest men of the adjoining counties; make any impression on the mind of her

he Cumberland mountain, the farmers mast in the fall, and were hunted with intend to kill me?" dogs and killed when the weather became cold enough to preserve the meat ly; but at night he told his son calm'y in by a dozen or twenty neighbors, and the marriage. they furnished a number of days of ex-

was a party. The day was cold, and in was not moved. He told his parents earth who knew this simple history and in the following: the evening the snow poured down in a plainly that he was determined to marry blinding storm. Near night Foster Mary Kidd. The storm had ceased. The clouds had rather see you dead!" parted, leaving broad patches of deep blue sky which contrasted forcibly with Vaughn.

He had five children, four sons and one ers of Black Creek, ance that can be imagined.

marble. Her hands were models for nite the ambitious artist who covet an immortality of fame. Added to these was seen that his parents would never suba voice whose tones of melody and com- mit to his wishes. pass cannot be represented in words. The next morning opened, cold and Such was the mountain maiden-Milly cloudy. The company met at Hall's

SHERIFF'S SALFS,-By virtue of in one of the rooms of the cabin. Mil-Sunday writs of Vend. Expon. and Lovari ly was wholly uneducated but her na-las, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of unbain county and to me directed, there will be tive good sense and intuitive perception. The men all met at the appointed time of propriety rendered her interesting. but Foster was not there. They wait-Johnstown, on Saturday, Nov. 29th, 1879. 2 o'tlock, P. M., the following described real She knew a number of fine old ballads, ed a long time, but he did not come; which she sang with sweetness and and they supposed that, in consequence

The Science Argues is a large Frest Care distance and the state of the storage of estate to wit:

All the right, little and interest of James Me-Falls, of, in and to z lot of ground situated in Property formuch, Cambria county, Pa., adjecting to of Timothy O'Toole, High Gallagher, and P. R. R.

Which she sang with sweetness and feeling

The hoursflew away on golden wings.

Foster was confused with strange emo-

He replied:

"I am not aware that I changed from what I have always been. She made no reply and the subject was

But Foster continued in his unusual state of mind. All and long the image of the beautiful mountain girl was before his mind, and in the night it rose up amid his fitful dreams. Her voice, so full of melody and unearthly sweetness, ometimes seemed to be actually heard sleep. There he was found—dead,

thrill of joy disturbed his being.

was not expecting him, and was in her every-day dress, But the mountain people are not much troubled with the

Ringing the dead from their rest in the tomb. Peace, deep as the still summer noon, mechanically. sat together in the same room they had they chatted till the old man came in.

conscions of it. Next morning opened with the mildness of May. The sun rose in cloudless from the foot of the knobs, near the skies, and the day was full of the peace wife to him and said : of nature and the blending of her count-

walked out together in the large apple left alone in our old age! Oh, if we old housekeeper notwithstanding. A hard orchard But their walk did not terorchard. But their walk did not ter- had Foster and Milly with us, how hapminate there; they went into the adjoin- | py we should be! I have a proposition His house was made of hewn logs, ing woods. They strayed on through to make to you. It is, that when Milly the great forest of chestnut trees chat- dies, the grave of our Foster shall be fire-places; and of winter nights, when ting till they had gone a mile, and stop- opened and her coffin be placed by the at the door. It was opened by a man in his almost a quarter of a cord of wood was ped on the brow of a high hill that compiled on and burning the sense of com- manded a far distant prospect of the did in our early life, and you and I

"That cannot be."

"Why?" said the still kneeling Fosnow know except those still living who ter. "Can or do you not love me well clouded reason and a peaceful soul,enough to be my wife? This is my first. He told her that he and his wife wished Mr. Vaughn had but one child, a son, where a woman was lywhose name was Foster. He was inwife before, I love and adore you, and that of their son. She smiled sweetly ing, a new-born infant beside her, and three dustrious and exemplary. Never were my life will be wretched without you." and said : the hearts of parents more completely binn up. She sat down on a fallen to my heart the last shadow, and all I wish voice, extending her cold hand, we coming hound up in a child; and never were binn up. She sat down on a fallen to my heart the last shadow, and all I wish voice, extending her cold hand, we coming now is to die."

of manly beauty in his person—tall, erect, robust. His eyes were large, dictate of my heart I would accept your Foster was opened, and the coffin of God!" haded by long eye lashes; and his au- hand with its true love. But I am a Miliey was placed right by the side of mrn suit of hair curled a little so as to poor mountain girl, and my marriage his. all in wavelets over his well formed with you would be an insult to your pa-His education had not been ne- rents and friends. I could not come sun shed radiance over field, stream and

all defeated. He did not seem inclined eloquence which the loving heart can alone inspire and dictate. Finally, around was in attendance. The dishe paid the girls great respect, often terms were settled-the couple rose up tinction of rich and poor was forgotten

In the morning Foster had a conver- the human heart. often took occassion to suggest to her sation with the father and mother of son certain girls for a wife, always Milly, and gained their consent to his down beside that of her affianced lover

Foster returned home in the evening, but her suggestions did not seem to On the next day, at dinner, he told his parents of the engagement with Milly Kidd, His mother burst into tears, In the Knobs, which are the spurs of and then into a fit of extreme passion

"The Knobinite," she said, shall it the time of which I speak, had herds never be my son's wife with my consent, of wild hogs which grew fat on the How perfectly ridiculous, Foster do you Mr. Vaughn took matters more cool-

These annual hunts were participated that he could never give his consent to tors, because every soul was smitten Then the kin and the intimate friends of the family came in with their aston-In one of these hunts Foster Vaughn ishment and indignation. But Foster

"And so had I," responded Mr.

the woods that were heavily clad with | In the evening Foster went to Walsnow. He accordingly accepted the nut Flat, a small villag some two miles invitation of a Mr. Kidd to remain all distant. There he met with a number of persons who wished to go deer hunt-Mr. Kidd had but poor accommodations ing in the Knobs. The next day was His cabin consisted of only two rooms, set apart for the hunt on the head wat-

daughter, who was the eldest of the When Foster came home he told his family. She was nineteen years old and parents of the contemplated hunt the was a marvelous specimen of female next day. They at once upbraided him beauty. Her person was absolutely per- with forming an excuse to go back to fect developed in perfect harmony, and see Milly Kidd. Mildly but firmly he presenting the most captivating appear- told them he was not going to see Milly but simply to have a hunt for deer,

Her forehead was ample, revealing vigorous intellectual faculties evenly balanced, and it was like the whitest have you marry that miserable Knobi-

Gap, and having appointed a meeting Afeer a frugal supper, Milly enter-place in the evening, each struck out tained Mr. Vaughn. They sat alone into the lone hills. At about one o'clock snow began to

of the storm, he had gone home; and

Foster left the fodder house and went through the field to Buck creek. He tried to walk over the stream on a felled tree, but he fell off in the water, three feet deep, as the broken ice attested. He took up the creek, his tracks remaining plainly in the snow. But he had wet, and he was chilled. After going over a mile he gave out, sat down

at the root of a hornbeam and went to by him than remembered; and then a His body was carried home. The grief of his parents was intense. Two weeks passed, and Foster was on the dagger which pierced his mother's his way to Mr. Kidd's home in the hills. heart was one of her own making; "I It was the middle of December but the had rather see you dead!" And now, weather was mild as spring time. It here was the lifeless body of her only was Saturday evening. The sky was son, whose first and only love she had clear, and the genial sunshine diffused rudely crossed. Her anguish was ex-

> my old age. The funeral was largely attended, and

hundreds wept over the coffin. The sight of the beautiful girl gave forsaken by the world. She was silent, serenity to the mind of the young man, and performed her accustomed duties

came over his soul, with an absolute | Gradually her health gave way. May happiness that he had never known be- the hectic flush was upon her cheek, After supper Foster and Milly During her many weeks of illness she never complained. Mr. Vaughn and at first acquaintance occupied. She his wife visited her and begged her forsang the same old songs which Foster giveness. She told them that she had felt to be still more beautiful; and then nothing to forgive; that she bore no enmity or unkind feelings towards them ; On retiring, Foster lay sleepiess, en- but that her soul was crushed. Her tranced in glorious happiness. He on- meekness, her patience, her triumphant ly felt his bliss; he was not distinctly faith in Christ, touched every heart who visited her, and shed around her dying pillow an unfading radiance. One evening Mr. Vaughn called his kne

"My dear, we have done a great wrong ss charms. in crossing the love of our son. Be-In the evening Foster and Milly hold what has come upon us! We are And here it was that Foster knelt be-

Mrs. Vaughn consented, amid con- "Dia you send for me" vulsions of sorrow. The next day Mr. Vaughn went to see Milly. She was the man; "did we send for ye? shows

Twelve hours after this her pure and

It was a bright day. The evening among them as an equal and will not as grove. The birds were singing in every

The whole community for miles tinction of rich and poor was forgotten in the remembrance of the holy love of the human heart.

The man maintained positively that no one had been sent for Father McB—— They had no friends, were the only Catholics in the plant.

the venerable minister sang, in a plaintive minor, the following verses: "In the grave distress and sorrow Pain no more the troubled breast;

There the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest, There the pris'ners freed from anguish, Rest secure from all their dread;

And the voice of proud oppression By the poor no more is heard." The effect was electrical. There was not a tearless eye in the crowd of specta-

with a great sorrow. Years have passed away, and still the spring birds sing above those forgotten graves; and perhans none are left on went over it in other years.

A TRUE HERO.—After the yellow fever had ravaged Memphis in 1878, such was the terror of the people that t became impossible to find any one dead. James Forbes, an engineer on a worst only silly and exaggerated and highl railway running into the city, had a colored. But in these seemingly inner fireman named George, a gruff, silent exaggerations and high colorings lies hid a fellow, who had worked with him for

One day the engineer was sent for. His boy, a lad of 18, was struck down with the plague. As he left the engine George struck his shovel into the coal and pulled on his cap. "Where are you going?" said Forbes, "Along with you. I'll see you through

this pull, Jem. Forbes lived in a small house, on the edge of the Bayon Gayoso, a sluggish stream laden with impurity, which oozes through the city. The boy had been siezed with the disease in its malignant form. He died that night,

Forbes and George nursed him, carried him out in the coffin, and, with Jemon. Here are more their own hands, dug a grave and buried a few hours later, was struck down. Both died. The two men stood beside them. The air was heavy with a borrible odor, literally the breath of death. "You've done all you can, George,"

Advertisers by Avertisers addressing G.P. Rowell & Co.'s No, not in the least,"

"No, not in the least,"

"Why then," she demanded, "are line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers.

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"In replied:

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"To prevent moths in carpets, wash the floor before laying them, with spirits of turbentine or bending.

Rubbing flat from one continuent to the other.

To prevent moths in carpets, wash the floor before laying them, with spirits of turbentine or bending.

Rubbing flat from one continuent to the other.

AT Resolutions or proceedings of any corpora-tion or society, and communications designed to additionation to any matter of limited or included in interest, must be paid for as advertisements. Jon PRINTING of a'll kind neatly and expedi-lously executed at lowest prices. Don't you orget it.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

1 " 1 year. 75.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices 2.50
Auditor's Notices 2.00
Stray and similar Notices 1.50
Business Items, first insertion 10c, per line; cach subsequent insertion 5c, per line.

f months.

Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of The Fireman commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

STRANGE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A

MISSIONARY PRIEST. A correspondent who signs himself "Philip Quarles" sends to the Bazaar Journal the following strange story:

The subsequent experience of Father McB.—, as related to me by my friend, was even more strange than the first. One night. in November, he had gone to bed early, as the weather was very cold, and toward dark a heavy rain had set in, which as the night wore on changed to hail and sleet. The bedroom was on the ground floor—indeed, the house consisted of but one story. Somewhere in the small bours of the night, Father Mc-B was awakened out of a heavy sleep by what he supposed to be a tapping on the window-pane. He listened intently, but over the world the aspect of spring, not of winter. About an hour after sunset he halted at the house of Mr. Kidd.

"I am to blame. God has taken venture of the house of Mr. Kidd.

"I am to blame. God has taken venture of the house of Mr. Kidd.

"I am to blame. God has taken venture of the sound was repeated, and this time of the called out, "Who is there?" A voice,

which seemed to be that of a boy or a woman, replied: "A woman is dying at Smithson Post-office—come at once for God's sake!" There was no mistaking this sumthe points of what the world call etiquette; and Milly gave Foster welcome
with the heart, the lips being merely
instruments.

The priest gross, threw on some
every limb and fell down unconscious
on the floor. She became sad like one
on the floor. She became sad like one
forsaken by the world. She was silent. in, come in, out of the storm," swer. Having dressed, he lighted a lantern, and again opened the door. Up and down the road, around by the foot-paths, near the stable, he looked in vain-there was no one

to be seen.

Now, Smithson Post-office is eighteen uniles from St. Mary's, and it seemed almost impossible that any one should have come from there on foot-atterly so that they should have gone back on this terrible night without waiting for lum to accompany them. The good priest deliberated for a few momts, and began to think himself the victim of a practical joke. But this idea was scarcely tenable. He knelt down and asked the assistance of Heaven. "I will go in the name of God," he said, as he arose from his

It did not take many minutes to saddle his half an hour from the time be first beard the tapping on the window-pa ..., he was on his , the tears and protestar ons of his good brought him to Smithson Post-office, which consists of two or three houses and the same number of shantles near the railroad. He saw a light in one of the latter and knocked said: "Who are ye, in God's name, atwhere do ve come from ?

"Did we send for ye, Father?" answered had not one for served, first the moon wearant in when death struck her. Come in, Father come in." The priest followed the poor man nall children sleeping on a mattress on the

ing-"Father, I sent my guardian angel for

suld an old woman, who was scaled in front of the fire, "when she was drown to herself all night, 'Bring blue, good angel, sweet an-The priest saw no time was to be lost in clump of trees, and every breeze bore hearing the woman's confession. Her story But Foster pressed his suit with an with it the perfume of countless flowers, was soon told, and she died almost humedi ately after the last Sacraments were admin

> place. The daughter of a pious Irish mother, his wife had kept her faith and piety Just as Milly's coffin was lowering burning as bright in that desolate spot as when she went regularly to the Sunday Mass and her monthly confession in the home of her girlbood. They had not seen a priest for months. She had always prayed that she night not die without the last ministrations

Father McB -- firmly believed that he had a supernatural visitant that night, and so did his friend, Father A.—. I tell the tale as it was fold to me. Nothing is impossible with God, and his ways are not our ways.

PARENTS AND DIME NOVELS, -- Parents are guilty of a most dengerous neglect when they do not supervise and select the reading of their children, and exclude the pernicious and corrupting. The Catholic Standard comments justly on the evil influence of the dime nevel,

Is it not time for parents to look into this matter? The country is flooded with trash published especially for the young, such of it written by authors who wish to be considered respectable, and bearing the imprint of respectable publishing houses. The most dangerous portion, too, of this trash seems willing to nurse the sick or bury the to a superficial examiner harmless, to be at subtle poison. It dissutisfies its readers with their common-place routine of youthful drities, with subordination to the authority of parents and teachers. It causes them to long themselves, to become men and women at once, though they have not yet outgrown the garb of childhood. It stimulates precocious-ly their imaginations and passions and prepares them for vice and crime. Many a father and mother, who mourn in agony hopes blasted in a ruined daughter or sou, night find the cause, if disposed to review the past, in his or her own neglect to super-vise and direct what that daughter or son habitually read when a child.

> More Uses of the Lemon .- We have already given many uses of the

Lemonade is one of the best and safest iim. When they came back, they drinks for any person, whether in health or ound that Forbes' only other child, a not. It is suitable to all stomach dieases, is ittle girl, had been seized. The mother, excellent in sickness-in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the lowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. crushed may also be used with water and sugar and be used as a drink. Lemon juice s the best anti-seorbutic remedy known. said Forbes, "Save yourself. Fly be- not only cores the disease, but prevents it

To prevent moths in carpets, wash the