Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - SEPT. 1, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Court commences next Monday. So does school.

—Every dog has his day, but cats take the night for it.

—Pure spices and flavoring extracts at James' drug store.

—Anything in the line of drugs and medicines at James' drug store.

—Demaist it, and take no other Iron preparation except Brown's Iron Bitters. It is the best.

—Pocket books, pass books, albums, etc., at James' drug store. A fine variety to select from.

—The celebrated Landreth bird seed, 10 cents per paper, at James' drug store. It's the best. Try it.

—Next Monday morn. at the ring of the bell, school will commence, and that's all we need tell.

—Coughs, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—To famous Bellefonte, where a big time awaits them, go the printers to-day, which means a big time for us.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—Any of the ladies wishing to secure one or two bushels of prime yellow peaches will do well to consult M. L. Oatman.

—Spohn's celebrated trusses at James' drug store. They are the best to be had, and are recommended by physicians everywhere.

—Oatman is selling a tea at 35 cts. per lb. which we have tried and can honestly say is as good as any at double the price we ever sold.

—A man named Ambrose was seriously injured at the Tyrone scales on Thursday night by being caught between the bumpers of two freight cars.

—Mr. Geo. H. Roberts has closed his banking house in this place and retired to the status of private life. G. H. R.—Grant like Rut.

—Mr. John Killan, a much esteemed citizen of Carr township, died of heart disease last week in the 60th year of his age. He leaves a wife and family.

—Your boy wants a new suit of clothes, don't he, before he commences going to school? You will find the only good assortment of school suits at Barkers'.

—Schiff's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness, and symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. At James' drug store.

—Rev. Father Boyle, of Gallitzin, has set the financial ball in motion for the erection of a new church, which it is hoped will be ready for occupation in about a twelvemonth.

—It is generally understood that the Republican convention to nominate a ticket in this county will be held in Ebensburg, on Monday of the second week of Court—September 11th.

—If you are a frequenter or a resident of a malarial district, barricade your system against the scourge of all new countries—agues, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

—Jacob Bender, a young man of Somerstown, Bedford county, committed suicide by hanging on Wednesday morning of last week. Excessive novel reading is said to have prompted the rash act.

—John Murphy, aged 26 years and unmarried, was instantly killed on Tuesday morning by a large lump of coal falling and crushing him in a coal drift on Cushon's Hill, near Johnstown.

—You can always find the best assortment of men's and boys' boots at Barkers', as they carry such an extensive stock of them, affording all the advantage of the large assortment to select from.

—Register and Recorder B. F. McCloskey, of our neighboring county of Indiana, died a few days ago from a complication of disorders the result of an afternoon's base ball game. It is a battery he was.

—Two of our national exchanges, the *Johnstown Democrat and Sentinel* and *Huntingdon Monitor*, have each taken a new and commendable departure of late, as we shall endeavor to elucidate next week.

—A dispatch from Somerset, dated 29th ult., says that the libel suit of Hon. A. H. Coffroth against Gen. T. Swartz, editor of the *Johnstown Tribune*, resulted in a verdict of guilty. Sentence not yet imposed.

—Col. Geo. F. Huff, of Greensburg, spent Sunday with his family, who had been, and still may be, rusticating at the Lloyd House, in this place. More welcome visitors never pressed our town with their presence.

—Capt. P. O'Connell, of Johnstown, one of the bravest soldiers of the late war and as intelligent a gentleman as one could wish to meet, has presented Congressman Campbell with a specimen of his own construction.

—For the ladies, wheat to begin that our friend and patron J. D. Hicks, Esq., prosecuting attorney of Blair county, has just harvested his wheat and finds the aggregate yield to be 1,520 bushels or thereabouts.

—Mr. E. C. Parrish desires us to say that he cannot get the yellow free-stone peaches before the middle of next week. Parties who have left their orders with him for the splendid fruit will please take notice.

—A splendid new organ has just been added to the choir of St. Bartholomew's (Catholic) church, Wilmore, and as soon as the instrument gets into complete working order a sacred concert will be given to help pay for it.

—We learn with regret that a telegram was received here this (Thursday) morning by Mrs. Mary Shoemaker announcing the sudden death at Salt Lake City, Utah, the day before, of her son-in-law, Major Chas. H. Grandy, paymaster in the army.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have this week received the finest assortment of children's boys' and youths' suits ever brought to Ebensburg. Commencing with a youth of four years of age, they can fit any child with a suit at prices as low as $3, and from thence upward.

—It is about time now to begin looking for your fall clothing, and in doing so you don't for get that V. S. Barker & Bro. have just received a new and complete assortment of Fall styles, and that their prices are low as anywhere.

—Sheriff Blair and wife, of this place, have just returned to the proud position of parents. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McDermitt (formerly Miss Maggie O'Donnell, of Minersville, born the other day, is a source from whence emanates the grandmother distinction aforesaid.

—Our Shaving Parlor, "High street, opposite the post office, is where the best of treatment is accorded to patrons by the proprietor, J. H. Gant, and his efficient aids are always on hand to attend to the wants of the public, and where everything is kept neat, tidy and inviting. Clean towels, courtesy.

—Mrs. Samuel Homan, of Newry, Blair county, while out on the mountains near foot of Dutch Ridge, was violently assaulted by a negro named Hurley and was badly treated before her husband, who was near by, could come to her assistance. Her assailant succeeded in making his escape.

—Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Jaggar, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Southern Ohio tarried in town with his wife and three children from Wednesday of last week until to-day (Friday), stopping at Belmont Cottage, on their return trip from Cape May Point to their residence in Cincinnati.

—On the recommendation of Judge Dean of Erie, Governor Hoyt has remitted the fine of $200 imposed on Philip H. Jones, who was tried and convicted at last December term for aggravated assault and battery, and sentenced to pay the above fine and undergo six months' imprisonment in the county jail.

—Mrs. Philip Collins and daughter, now of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss Annie McCullough and Miss Lillie Vaughn, of Altoona, have returned to their respective homes after spending a few days very pleasantly among many friends here, and also, as they say, among ladies last named, among the people of Carrolltown.

—We don't know whether there are any sharpers among the guests at the Mountain House, Cresson, but we do know there was one there Friday night before the other day, and he got "left" pretty badly. We mean that he lost his pocket book, containing about $100, belonging to our fellow-citizen, Mr. M. P. Handy, of the Philadelphia *Times*, than whom we know no more entertaining or enterprising member of the press.

—A lad named James McCloskey, aged 16 years, son of Michael McCloskey, of Hollidaysburg, fell from a swing on the premises of John Cook, back of Chimney Rocks, a distance of about thirty feet, on last Sunday afternoon, and alighting on a pile of stones, fractured his skull and received other serious injuries, which caused his death at an early hour Tuesday morning.

—At last Monday evening the Board of Directors of the Johnstown Street Passenger Railway Company awarded the contract for the construction of the road to Mr. E. A. Gallagher, of Pittsburgh. The terms of the contract have not been made public. Work on the road will be commenced within ten days and the main line must be ready for cars by the 20th of November.

—Col. Theodore Burchfield has been renominated for Assembly by the Republicans of Blair county. We don't like the Colonel's politics, but as we admire him for his winning ways and his admitted proficiency as a member of the "art preservative" and an honest legislator, we cannot but congratulate his party friends on the choice.

—What is known as an "Association" in the Congregational Church held its annual meeting in the church of that denomination in this place during several days of the past week, closing Sunday evening. The attendance from abroad was large, and the proceedings were said to have been of the most encouraging, entertaining and edifying kind.

—A few pairs more left of those bargain shoes at 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 per pair, all marked down one-half and more, at Barkers', if you want them, now is your chance, as they will soon be gone. Call and see if they are not worth looking at, and while you are at it don't forget that D. & B. have the best and prettiest of heavy shoes—just the thing for school children, and out-door work.

—Mr. Jonas B. Kauffman, chairman of the National Greenback Labor Party of this county, has called for the election of two delegates in each district on Saturday, Sept. 16th, said delegates to meet in convention at the Court House in this place at 1 o'clock, P. M., on Monday following, for the purpose of nominating a county ticket and transacting such other business as may be deemed advisable.

—Silas Gray, who was convicted at Greensburg some months ago of murder in the first degree for killing Mrs. Mary McCready, has been sentenced to be hung, notwithstanding the earnest efforts made by a number of the condemned to charge the hellish crime on Mr. J. C. Dougherty and his aunt Mrs. Susan Dougherty, who had a hearing in Greensburg on last Tuesday and were honorably acquitted.

—Our candidate for Governor never had the small pox, though his handsome phiz, as shown on our first page this week, is fully as much pitted as we ought to be pitted, but we hope not condemned, for presenting it in such an unpresentable condition. Our excuse is that we got into the wrong shop for our "cut," got too much water in wetting paper and consequently too much fuzz on the roller in working off.

—Brother Trout, of the Lewistown *Free Press*, was made as happy as happy can be, or at least we hope, by a notable and no doubt welcome addition to his family circle on Wednesday evening of last week, in the shape of two bouncing baby boys. The little Trouts, we are glad to say, are getting along swimmingly. Long life to the twins and a few more of the same sort to their worthy progenitors.

—Mr. Jos. Boley, of Allegheny township, who was recently and severely victimized by a traveling sharper, is still carrying on the saddle and harness business in the absence of his brother, who is lame, and in view of his misfortunes, as well as of his ability to do all kind of repair work promptly and at the lowest prices, we earnestly commend him to the patronage of everybody who needs anything in that line. To give him a lift if you can.

—The new Ebensburg base ball club is achieving quite a reputation for itself. Organized only about a month ago, it has already played two match games, both of which it won with ease. The last was played at Loretto with a club of that place, the score at the end of nine innings standing 9 to 5 in favor of Ebensburg. If the programme be carried out, the Woodvale club will come here to-morrow to play a game with the Ebensburg boys.

—Some merchants may talk about the big stock of dry goods and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce people to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this fact bear it, mind, nowhere will you find, though many miles you tread o'er, a better stock, cheap and fine, in almost every desirable line, than John Owens can supply at his lowest price store. So buy ye from John and you'll make no mistake; he has bargains to give it will pay you to take.

—Mr. Henry Cassidy, of Munster township, one of the oldest and most trusted engineers on the P. R. R. and one of the best friends the FREEMAN can boast of, paid his visit to our sanctum on Wednesday last, and two years' subscription, nearly all in advance, found its way into the printer's pocket as the result of his call. Mr. Daniel Hanlon, of Gallitzin township, another time-honored friend, added a couple of dollars to our plethoric purse at the same time.

—The Blair county Republican convention constructed the following ticket on Wednesday of last week: Congress, Hon. S. S. Blair; Assembly, Col. Theo. Burchfield and Dr. J. A. Rehrer; Sheriff, George Fay; Prothonotary, Charles Geesey; Poor House Director, Wm. Richardson; Jury Commissioner, Samuel Fink. The nomination of the candidate for Prothonotary over F. H. Rice, who, as is claimed, had a clear majority on the sixth ballot, is considered a very Geesey-goosey piece of business.

—Martha and Flora Crossly, aged respectively fourteen and eleven years, and Minnie Pedrick, aged twelve years, were drowned in the Juniata river at Huntingdon, on Monday. They were with Ruth Crossly, a sister, boating on Fisher's dam, and when about thirty feet from the shore the boat sprang a leak and the girls in their fright upset it and it sank in ten feet of water. Ruth clung to the boat and was rescued. The river is being dragged and the bodies of the Crossly children have been recovered.

—Mrs. Mary Dunn Sutton, widow of the late Judge Wm. H. Sutton, a gentleman who was well known to some of our older citizens, died at the residence of her son, A. N. Sutton, Esq., at Brush Station, near Pittsburgh, on Monday last. She was married to Judge Sutton in Arkansas, either shortly before or immediately after he became President Judge of the Courts of the county in that State in which he took up his residence after he removed from Pennsylvania. She was about sixty years of age.

—The Democratic convention of Blair county met at Hollidaysburg on Monday last and made the following nominations: Congress, A. V. Dively; Assembly, Abraham Lingafelter and Adolphus Ake; Prothonotary, James P. Stewart; Sheriff, Mercer Gray; Associate Judge, William McGarvey; Poor Director, William McDowell; Jury Commissioner, Joseph Maize. Fisk Conrad, Esq., of Tyrone, was elected Chairman of the County Committee. The selections throughout are considered first class, and seem to give entire satisfaction.

—We have received the first number of the *Times*, Altoona's new Democratic daily. It is as pretty as the *Tribune*, which is talk enough on that score, and not only presents a very attractive and creditable appearance, but displays marked ability in its editorial, local and general news departments. The vignette in its "head" is largely made up of highly artistic views of the Logan House and P. R. R. shops, Altoona, and the Mountain House, Cresson, which same prompts us to hope that it may soon get ahead and keep ahead of all competitors.

—Bernard Fitzpatrick, a former resident of Johnstown, was killed at Saxman's station, on the Pittsburgh division of the P. R. R., on last Monday morning while enroute to Johnstown to meet his wife. He was 28 years of age, and had been lately employed at McKeesport. The same train which killed Fitzpatrick injured another man near Loyalhanna station. He had been attending campmeeting and while on his way home sat down on the railroad track to rest. He did not observe the approaching train until the engine struck him, knocking him over the embankment. One of his legs was badly cut and he was hurt about the head. His injuries are not thought to be fatal.

—A gentleman who has been a prominent coal producer in Carbon county, but who has sold out his interests in that section, was in Ebensburg last week, on a visit of considerable importance to our people. He had heard much of the bituminous coal measures of this section, and came to see and judge for himself whether or not they could be successfully worked on an extensive scale. After visiting various points in the neighborhood, he expressed himself to the effect that the proper quality and quantity of coal is here, and that there can be no doubt that it would pay to mine it. He has gone back to Carbon county, but will return at an early day to make further investigations.

—Clark Creery, son of Dr. M. R. B. Creery, of this place, a youth whom we recently introducted into the high and honorable position of "printer's devil," went in quest of blackberries on Saturday last, in company with Ira Davis, another lad of about the same age and also in company of a four-barreled revolver of the pepper-box species. The truth of history requires us to state that they didn't get many berries, but his Satanic majesty aforesaid did get a hole put through the fleshy part of his left hand, and he did it with his little pistol. Since then he has failed to report for duty, but we presume that when the hole in his hand heals up he will get his whole hand in again.

—"There is nothing like leather," was a notable expression of the lamented and gifted Wm. Murphy, and to see the leather in the new stock of boots for men and boys, the elegant shoes for ladies, and the substantial foot coverings, velept shoes, for men, boys, misses and children, all of which have just been received by C. T. Roberts, is to see work and material which can't be excelled in the county. We speak this time of kid, goat, grain, calf, button and lace shoes in particular, of all which there is a stock at Roberts' variety store that for quantity, quality and low prices is simply ahead of all competition. The proof of the pudding is in devouring it; therefore you are invited to call and be convinced. The largest assortment of hats in Ebensburg, very cheap for cash.

—The Republican bosses hereaway called in several of their brother bosses from the south of the county and held counsel and compared notes with them in this place on last Monday evening, and the result of the conference was the fixing up of a full county ticket and the sending out of proficient political trimmers to arrange for the election of the right kind of delegates from the several wards, boroughs and townships to ratify their work. All right, gentlemen, set 'em up to suit yourselves and we will knock 'em down to suit ourselves when election day comes around.

—A legal gentleman in this place, whose pun-ishment ought to be great, was in Johnstown the early part of last week, and while in conversation with several of his brethren of the bar, the remark was incidentally made by the Elder, though not the eldest of the fraternity that the waters were very low—referring, of course, to the waters of the Conemaugh and Stonycreek. "Yes," promptly responded the pungent punster from Ebensburg, "that is true. Luther is about three hundred ahead." This unlooked for sally of agneo-politico wit "brought down the house," as a matter of course, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the "guffaw" of the punster was as loud and as long as any of 'em.

—Mr. Henry Cassidy, of Munster township a notice of whose visit to our office will be found elsewhere, left his home in Newry, Blair county, with his mother's blessing on his head and no shoes or boots on his feet, on the 4th of July, 1835, and wending his way to the old Portage railroad, drove teams for the following two years on the level between Planes 5 and 6 and 9 and 10. Ever since that time, forty-seven years ago, Mr. Cassidy has stuck to the railroad, and what is more wonderful still has never met with an accident of any kind, not even so much as losing enough of his cuticle in that way to cause the science of a man down-town to cheat the printer. It may well be said that Mr. C. has been as fortunate in his calling as we know him to be honest in his principles, intelligent in his knowledge, and entertaining in his conversation. Long life to the old veteran.

—Another corps of civil engineers, whose mysterious movements caused much speculation, trapped hither and thither in this neighborhood for a week or so, leaving for Philadelphia last Saturday in response to a telegram from that city. They are understood to be in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, though the precise object they aim at is merely matter of surmise. One theory hints at the extension of the Ebensburg branch to the Blacklick township coal and iron region, so as to interfere with the line surveyed by a rival railroad last year, while another holds that the shortest route between Hollidaysburg and Pittsburg, for a special freight track, is being sought. As was the case with the engineers last year, so too do these keep their own council, and the interviewing process as applied to them it found to be *nix cum arous—nix forsthay*.

—We were greatly pleased on Saturday last to take by the hand our worthy friend and long time schoolmate, Mr. Levi R. Bratlier, of Dixen, Illinois, formerly of Blacklick township, this county, and also the hand of his equally worthy brother, Dr. Jacob Bratlier, of Lewisburg, Pa., both of whom are at the parental home on a visit to their father, who is ill, and to their many other relatives and former neighbors hereaway. Our Illinois friend brought with him a half bushel or so of monster onions of his own production, and on Monday last presented us with four of the largest and finest vegetable eye-waterers we ever sampled. These onions are of the Yellow Danvers variety and were grown from the seed, less than a quarter pound of which was sown on a piece of land about 18 rods square, and not only produced some 60 bushels of onions, but the same ground also brought forth 240 heads of cabbage and nearly half that number of beets. That is what may be called truck farming extraordinary.

—Mr. Ross Piper, of Cresson, is the owner of a big fine-looking Texan mustang. He brought it to town last Tuesday, to get it shod by Blacksmith Tom Evans, but it turned on that the mustang had well-defined scruples against the shoeing process as applied to itself. The result of an hour's contest was that a good-sized section of the blacksmith shop was kicked to pieces by the enthustastic animal, and fearing, possibly that the anvil might be damaged by one of its terrific hoofs, the mustang was removed to a stall in the Messrs. Davis' livery stable. Another attempt was there made to tie the animal, but after a couple of stails had been demolished it was agreed all round to call it a day or a day and a half and quit. Tom says it is the only beast he ever failed to shoe, "but," he added, "who *would* shoe a thing that kicked with both the fore and the hind feet at the same time and reached out a rod!" The mustang is quite gentle under harness, and was hitched up by Mr. Piper after the circus and driven to Cresson.

—Dr. William A. Smith, who became a resident of this place in 1856 and removed to Philadelphia in 1858, where he still resides, has just been paying his usual periodical visit to our town, arriving on Saturday and leaving on Thursday morning. On this occasion the Doctor was accompanied by Mr. Thomas Woodhouse, also of Philadelphia, a most intelligent and entertaining gentleman, and a Democrat of the first water—being as strong in his political faith as the Doctor himself, and when that is said nothing more need be added. Time has dealt gently with Dr. S., his health being as vigorous and robust as it was when he left here twenty-four years ago. His numerous friends and acquaintances who are yet living in this locality, and who entertain for him a feeling of the most sincere regard, were much gratified at being afforded an opportunity of again taking him by the hand and reviving old-time associations. The Doctor has two children, Thomas and Robert, the first named being employed in a banking house in New York, and the latter a cavalry officer in the United States army, with his headquarters at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

A MODEST maid,
A bashful youth,
Both half afraid—
Of what forsooth?
Two hands firm clasped,
A secret kiss,
A waist firm grasped,
Ah, this is bliss!
A stealthy foot
Behind the door,
The old man's hoot—
The dream is o'er.

In case the old man's boot was bought at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, the result may be imagined, for Mr. B.'s boots, for both young and old, are made for use. He has a big stock for Fall wear on hand—custom-made, coarse and fine, high-priced and low-priced but all very cheap—to which the attention of the public is asked. His wear for the ladies in point of elegance and style and fleetness of finish has never been surpassed in these parts, and if the dear creatures honor him with a call he promises each and every one of them a bargain they cannot secure elsewhere.

THE farmer in the grassy field
Doth make the fragrant hay,
And as he pauses in his work
Sings a roundelay.
Oh, why does he behind the barn
So suddenly retire?
A bee hath climbed his trouser's leg—
He's putting out the fire.

That is some more so-called poetry which is a few weeks behind date, but it will answer the purpose of calling attention to the fact that the New York Clothing Hall, 210 Main street, Johnstown, is so called because it sells men's, youths' and boys' wear at as low prices as the same article can be bought in Gothany. Indeed, the lowness of its prices is a source of never-ending wonder to its customers, while the texture, style and make of its goods may not be cavilled at. Our advise to our readers is to give it an order, the assurance being held out that if everything is not precisely as represented the money will be refunded. Its Summer stock *must* be closed out forthwith at any price, to make room for Fall and Winter goods.

OH, shoot the man
With the palm leaf fan,
Who carries a red, red rose:
And says "Whoof! whew!
Hot enough for you?"
Which is all the creature knows.

Particularly, shoot the man who in this latitude during the past week could venture the remark that the calorific in the atmosphere was oppressive, for, with the thermometer rarely above 85°, such has not been the case. Indeed, at times it was cold enough to suggest wearing apparel considerably heavier than cassimere, and the thought occasionally came into the mind that it will soon be to visit Jas. J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, to buy a Fall suit. He is clearing out his Summer stock at greatly reduced prices to make room for cold weather goods, which, when fully opened, will be found to be stylish, serviceable and cheap. [P. S.—If you want a bargain in Summer wear, call soon.]

The Fruits of Merit.

DR. HARTMAN & CO.—Please send me a lot of your books on the "Ills of Life." I sell a great deal of your *Peruna* and *Manilla*. They are very highly spoken of in this part of the country. F. H. BUSSMAN, P. M., Westford, Pa.

Dear Sir: I have taken half a dozen bottles of your *Peruna* and think it is doing me great good. Yours truly, JAMES WYATT, Steubenville, Ohio.

—MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.—Millions of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as trial bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, and get a trial bottle *free*, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

Sparkling Eyes,

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, makes pure, rich blood, and brings health, joyous spirits, strength and beauty. Ladies try it.—*Beamer.*

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A VISIT TO THE QUAINT OLD TOWN OF EBENSBURG—BY WHOM IT WAS FOUNDED AND THE ORIGIN OF ITS NAME—HOW IT IS REACHED BY RAIL—SIGHTS AND SCENES ABOUT CRESSON.

Writing from this place under date of the 19th ult., "John of Lancaster," a brilliant, observant and well known special correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* unbosoms himself in this wise, the only error he falls into, so far as we are aware, being about the way our town came to be called Ebensburg, Rev. Rees Lloyd, the founder, never having had a son named Eben, and consequently that part of the story goes for naught. We may say here, however, that the name is of scriptural origin, ye ancient Ebenezer being the individual for whom the honor was intended. But here is the letter, and well worthy it is of perusal:

EBENSBURG, Aug. 19.—It might with more propriety be said that this old-fashioned town is on, than in, the mountains; however, it is a quaint little town, and grows but slowly. Years ago it was regarded as finished. Like many county seats in this good old Commonwealth, but the flood tide of civilization as it rolled over these mountains in search of a western outlet infused new life into Ebensburg, and it took another start. Cambria, of which it is the capital, is a wonderful mountain county. Steadily it grows in wealth. Its manufacturing industries rank among the greatest in the world today. I been there myself. Iron and barbed wire, of which there is enough of the latter manufactured to fence a continent. Johnstown, with its vast industries, turns out less than $10,000,000 of manufactures annually, and yet it keeps growing, developing, expanding.

Perched on a hill, overlooking the site on the summit of the Alleghenies, Ebensburg looks back with pride to the beginning of the present century, when it was founded by the Rev. Rees Lloyd, who called it Eben, in honor of his son. It is in the geographical centre of the county, on a great plateau of this mighty mountain chain, where the waters divide to the right and the left, some flowing to the Gulf of Mexico and others to Chesapeake Bay. The "Blue Juniata," as well as the West Branch of the Susquehanna, has its source in these everlasting hills, and the Conemaugh, too, meanders down the western slope. Standing on Maple Hill, in the outskirts of the town, you can fairly view the glories of the setting sun as it sinks to rest in a flood of golden light. And then, when the magnificent orb of day returns via the eastern horizon, you can watch him peep over the hills and climb towards the zenith, if you are on hand early enough. A sunrise at sea is pronounced one of the grandest sights mortal eyes can gaze upon, and is only equalled by a sunrise on the mountains, such as can be witnessed from the Ebensburg hill.

A CROOKED RAILROAD.

The town is not large, but it contains one of the handsomest brick court houses to be found in the State, which cost about $90,000. Its position is a conspicuous one, and the tower is adorned with a clock. The jail, too, is in keeping with the temple of justice, only the walls are of the native stone, of a handsome specimen of sandstone. As the land rolls off to the right and the left the tourist is surprised at the degree of perfection to which it has been brought agriculturally. Smiling farms dot the landscape, and the homes of thrifty husbandmen are seen in all directions. The stranger would not expect such evidences of thrift in this mountain region. Coal and iron, however, are the great staples of the county. There is also considerable lumbering yet, but the source of industry is almost exhausted. Ebensburg is reached by a branch railroad from the main line at Cresson, eleven miles long. It winds around the hills and is so crooked as the fabled ram's horn of the Israelites. In fact it is composed of one compound curve after another. A mixed train runs between the two points at convenient hours during the day, and in order to give the traveler ample time to drink in the beauties of this wild mountain region, the Pa. R. R. company, which runs the swiftest trains in the world over its main stem, allows one hour to the remarkably short distance of the road, to the mile! And yet there are nervous old ladies who are not happy over this rate of speed, just as there are others who are disposed to grumble when a train thunders along at the rate of a mile a minute, because it don't make better time! There are many queer people in this beautiful world, and we find them at the fashionable summer resort, as well as by the side of the moaning sea, or on the bosom of the dancing river.

ONE OF THE FOUNDER'S DESCENDANTS.

Ebensburg has many kind, hospitable and jolly inhabitants. They are found in all mountain regions, just as the diamond is found in the sands. When you land in the quiet old town and step off the cars at the unassuming station at the foot of the steep hill on which it sits, you can't help rubbing your eyes and rubbing them again, when you look across the way and behold an inviting summer hotel called the Lloyd House. Sauntering into the office yesterday, which is in one end of a long, low building outside, I encountered a medium sized gentleman with a beard slightly silvered and good cheer beaming from his countenance.

"What fire in the stove in the afternoon of the 18th day of August," I remarked.

"Yes, sir; we're disposed to be happy here."

"But you have frost this morning."

"Oh, no; the mercury only got down to sixty."

Noticing by the register that the name of the proprietor was Abel Lloyd, and confident that he stood before me, I remarked:

"I presume you are a descendant of Rev. Rees Lloyd, the founder of Ebensburg?"

"You presume right; he was my grandfather, and this property descended in direct line from him. When he came and settled here, in seventeen hundred and something, this was a howling wilderness."

"He was of Welsh extraction, was he not?"

"No extraction at all; he was of pure blood. I am a Welsman; we never mix."

"This country was also a howling wilderness when the Prince-Priest, Gallitzin, came," I ventured to remark.

"Yes, sir, it was. What a curious old fellow he was; I remember seeing him often when I was a boy. He would tolerate no extravagant dressing among his people. He wore a set of false teeth hung on wires, and when he became excited they made a sound like a rattlesnake!"

AS A SUMMER RESORT.

Since Cresson has become such a popular place of resort, old Ebensburg has caught the fashionable fever, and now offers attractions to pleasure-seekers also. The Lloyd House presents as cheery an appearance as its proprietor, and it is reported filled with summer boarders. Adjoining it is a magnificent grove of native trees, whose foliage is so dense that the sun is scarcely able to penetrate it. Walks run in various directions, and in a shady dell not far away is a spring of pure water, which bubbles up through sandstone rock. No medicinal properties are claimed for it, the reader will be surprised to learn, further than what may be derived from pure water distilled by Nature in her own laboratory. As you climb the steep hill from the station and pass the stately Court House you come to an ancient hostelrie called the Mountain House. The old turnpike, which passes on the principal street, once brought many customers to it. But turnpike days have departed. No coaches of the olden time roll over it now. The proprietor of this quiet old inn, Heist by name, looks forward to the day when Ebensburg will be a popular summer resort, and he has commenced the erection of a grand hotel at a place in the outskirts, in a beautiful grove called Maple Park Springs. The building is 48x115 feet, three stories high and in the Queen Anne style of architecture. The grove contains fifty-five acres, and the hotel is 2,250 feet above tide. The view in all directions is very charming, and in this rarefied atmosphere objects can be seen with great distinctness a long distance off. How different are things here since the austere Gallitzin passed away! The goddess of fashion had no show in his time. Now she has reared her altar in sight of his loved Loretto, and the sound of music, revelry and mirth swells upon the air in sufficient volume almost to make the pious priest turn in his coffin.

Little did old Dr. Cresson think in his day that this place was destined to become so famous and that his name would be perpetuated by one of the most delightful places of resort in the mountains. Such, however, was destiny. The Keystone Hotel has already expended $50,000 in building the great hotel known as the Mountain House, and in beautifying and adorning the grounds. But still the work goes on, and when another summer comes round the place will be found more inviting than now—there will be more flower beds, the hillocks in the grove in the rear of the house will be smoothed down, grass will be growing where wild brambles now thrive, the trees will be neatly trimmed more fountains will send up their spray and the little lake at the foot of the hill will be more of a lake than it is now. A monument will be erected over the grave of Minnequa, the dusky Indian maiden, whose bones have been transferred hither from Bradford county. The romantic story of her life will be engraved on a marble tablet and placed in a conspicuous position where palefaced maidens can peruse, study and weep over it.—There are many other delightful places in Cambria county. In fact it is as full of wonders as it is of mountains. Tourists need not journey thousands of upon miles and at an enormous expense to gaze the wonders of the Alps; they can find as grand sights, as glorious prospects, as sublime peaks, as wild canons and as glorious falls in the Appalachin Chain as they can find in the land of the Swiss, the sturdy German, the vivacious Frenchman or the indolent Spaniard. The grandeur of these mountains is unknown, and although we talk and write about them we know comparatively little of their hidden glories, and it remains for posterity to point them out and enjoy them. It is in view of this, no doubt, that the prophet of the Keystone Hotel Company directs that the work of adornment shall go on, because future generations will fly to the mountains to not only inhale the exhilarating air, but to admire the handiwork of Nature in these stupendous rocks, these towering cliffs and hidden coverts.

THE SUMMIT.

About a mile from Cresson, up the turnpike, Summitville is reached. It is a central point of attraction to all guests, tourists and pleasure seekers, and not a day passes during the season but it has more or less visitors. The old turnpike, which climbed the mountain from Hollidaysburg, passed through the village. Summitville is the highest point on the old Portage Railroad, which crossed the mountains by ten incline planes, up which the cars were hauled by powerful ropes by great steam engines and let down by the same means. These engines were located at the head of every plane, and operated by expert engineers. The passengers remained seated in the cars as they were hauled up or let down the mountain.—Sectional canal boats were transported in the same way without removing their cargoes. The ruins of the wonderful railroad are still plainly seen, and the foundations where the greatest stationery engines were located are pointed out. No one visiting Ebensburg or Cresson should fail to drive from Summitville and view the remains of what was once regarded as a masterpiece of railroad engineering. The scenery, too, is unsurpassed, bold and picturesque grandeur, and in many points rises a degree of sublimity seldom witnessed. At an elevation of fully 2,500 feet, the visitor looks down upon the mountain peaks all around him, and on a clear day the Court House in Ebensburg, eleven miles away, can be distinctly seen, with its tall spire and clock-tower. Standing at the highest point, not far from the old hotel, the visitor takes in at a sweep a vast range of territy; and, as he gazes upon the scene, the mountains below him recede like the billowy waves of an angry sea, and far to the right and the left the curling smoke indicates the homes of sturdy farmers, lumbermen and miners. The old turnpike at his feet brings a romantic story of bygone days, when stages rolled over it and the echoes of its winding horn awoke the echoes of these mountain solitudes.

LETTER FROM CRESSON.

THE SIMILARITY OF THE KIMBLE AND DORSEY TRIALS—OLD JOHN BROWN'S SOUL STILL MARCHING ON—A CANVASSING SONG DEDICATED TO THE CAMBRIA CANDIDATES.

CALLAN HOUSE, Aug. 28, 1882.

DEAR HENRY—The crushing speech of the obedient ruffled-shirt son didn't pulverize the Star routers. In one thing the Star route trial was a perfect success. Whatever has been the outcome of this trial, it was a fruitful harvest for lawyers and witnesses. Col. Bliss received one hundred dollars per day and expenses, and the other lawyers for the prosecution were compensated with equal liberality. There were regiments of witnesses from the most remote points in Oregon, Dakota and other Territories, from distances of over two thousand miles, at ten cents per mile and two dollars and fifty cents a day. It seems the main issue was on Brady and Reidel, Dorsey being lost sight of. It was well developed, by the many strange incidents in the trial, that an elaborate plan had been laid to secure the acquittal of Dorsey. Ex-Senator Dorsey was as deep in the friendship and political secrets of Conkling, Arthur, and their immediate associates, as ex-Treasurer Kemble was in the secrets of the Pennsylvania State administration.—There was a marked similiarity between the Kemble trial, this State, and the Dorsey trial, Washington. The Pennsylvania State administration was no more anxious for the acquittal of Kemble than the National administration was for the acquittal of Dorsey. Both Kemble and Dorsey were prominent politicians, and both were in the secrets and friendship of their administration, and had Dorsey been convicted he would have received executive pardon, as did Kemble.—The flourish of trumpets made by Attorney General Brewster will deceive nobody. The shadow of the Dorsey banquet, when Arthur, then Vice President, declared Dorsey to be a high-toned, honest gentleman, is over; the whole trial and the impudent letter of Dorsey to President Garfield are eloquent proof of close intimacy existing between the Star route conspirators and the head of the management of the administration.—There is no doubt about the administration desiring the acquittal of Dorsey long before Messrs. James and McVeigh were "smoked out" of the Cabinet, while being ostensibly urged to remain. Every obstacle was thrown in the way of the progress of the trials, with the constant and malignant attacks of every administration paper in Washington on all who were sincerely engaged in the prosecution. Juries may acquit Dorsey, but that will not convince the people that he is not a thief. They know him to be a person whose pockets are swollen with money stolen from the public treasury.

The thought that a jury could be bought in any case is repellant, but in this particular case it is horrible to contemplate. From the beginning to the end of the trial, the buoyant, hopeful and insolent demeanor of the Star route thieves, their lawyers and interested friends, gave sufficient reason to believe that they were confident of an acquittal, not through means of a judicial character, but through a fixed jury.

The American people are being informed through the press that the soul of the man who was the first to fire on the American flag is still "marching on." Its last reported encamping ground was at Chicago, a point selected as being a favorable one in its march for holding a picnic, to which it invited the attendance of all the leading spirits of the land. It seems, however, that very few of the invited guests to its monumental picnic attended, and but few of them even sent their regrets. Of the distinguished persons on the elaborate programme who were communicated with on the subject, and into whose hands the invitations fell, and who had respect enough for the "horse thief's" soul to send regrets, were Mrs. President Garfield, President Arthur, Wendell Phillips, Senator Pinchback, Roscoe Conkling, Gen. Grant, Gen. McClellan, Gen. Butler and Col. Ingersoll. The above named persons, who had respect enough for Old John Brown's "marching soul" to answer its invitations, should not be forgotten, and especially should Gen. McClellan be remembered.

This "murderous old horse thief," the hero (?) of Osan Wattomie and Harper's Ferry—this human monster, who was feared, hated, scorned and hung—who was notoriously blood thirsty, and who had it in his heart to deluge the land with the blood of the white race, is, it seems, to have a marble monument to perpetuate his memory. That there should be in this civilized land men and women who wish to secure for him in laudatory history the highest place in the long list of American heroes, is incomprehensible. To hear an American journal, such as the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, in its laudation of the gross outrages of the vile old wretch, say: "Every head should be uncovered when the name of John Brown is mentioned, and his statue should occupy the public place in every city of the land," is disgusting and revolting to every true Christian. Such stuff is sickening. The *Dispatch* man's liver must be in a torpid condition, and I would advise him to take some of Lydia E. Pinkham's liver pills.—They are good for either sex. "God save our country!" should be the devout prayer of every Christian heart, when a cold blooded murderer like John Brown, who would have deluged the land in human gore, is regarded as a brave and noble patriot, and made to stand out in bold relief as the greatest figure in American history.

I take pleasure in dedicating to all the Cambria county candidates for office the following æsthetic ditty as a campaign song:

A dear little babe, in its proud mother's arms,
With fuzzy red cheeks and a billi