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VOLUME XXVI.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

EBENSBURG, PA, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1892.

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

NUMBER 19.

1 column, 1 year ....

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# Seated and Unseated

Lands and Lots

## Cambria County,

MAYER, Treasurer of Cambria a the Commonwealth of Pennsyl-ance of the several Acts of Assemated lands for taxes.

13TH DAY OF JUNE NEXT.

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OF THE CORRECT STYLES OF FINE CLOTHING

with the Finest and Handsomest line of Men's, Boys' and Child-shown in Altoona. These goods have been manufactured for us by ferchant Tailors in this country, and they comprise all the

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Benjamin Gilpatrick...

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Mary E. Tibbott

Bernard Karl .....

Chest Township.

E. Burns .....

Samuel Gill ....

Gray & Wyland ...

Henry Schmith ....

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Croule Township.

Same ...

Wm. Johns.

Geo. Berkey and mill

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An'hony Miller
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Thomas Rickert.
Wm. Scantan.
Wm. Wampole.
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Elder Township.

Gray & Wyland, M. K.

ol Wartelsky

Maria Grove. Emma Ginter Sanf rd Hetzell... Mrs. Hottryia.... Mrs. Rose Hockins.

TAXES AND COSTS. Patrick McGough & Co ...... \$ 46 8 Mary J. Miller .... W. Krohernek .... Joseph Mulvehill
McHay' & Rodgers.
A. Menoher.
James Marron
Ed. Nob e, Jr. Horgan O'Brien.

Chas. Sheets... J. M. Stiger... E. B. Schrum.... Mary Young .... Johnstown, Eleventh Ward. Vincent B um estate. A. F. Jackson

Blacklick Navigation Co., Samuel Calvin ... Jos. Frye estate. S. L. Fries......

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G. M. Thomas ... Thos. Toner ... Wm. Mehan ... Wm. Owens ... Geo. Warley Jos. Wagner Morrellville & Cambria Water Co.... Russell Smith. Ivor Thomas. Johnstown St. R. R. Co. Mary Nightingale Mrs. Barbara Albright Fred, Derkbeck. Stephen Fodge. Jos. Hayzi... Uriah Hulzett Grace E. Yoder Abe Makin lames L. Pett. Dennis Ruden... Mrs. Lizzie Stevenson. Nancy E. Wilson. Joseph Mahaffey. Bird & Poling ... Abe Blough... Ignatius Kibler Mrs. Kate Kinley. Louis Menhold.... Michael Ruder ... Jacob Smith ... Wm. Thompson... Anthony Weller. Adam Miller ..

Mary A. Krone... Geo. E. Lingle... Treasurer of Cambria county. Treasurer's office, March 31, 1802. Happy and content is a bride with "The Ro chester;" she lives in the light of the morning. Tolearn more, write Rochester Lamp Co. New York

THE CRANKY MAN. Short and stout or lean and lanky,

Jno. B. Green... E. L. Mueler.... Samuel Ingram... For a man who s cross and cranky Summerhill Township. Thos. Donahoe .... Though from pity we endure him, Or from friendship try to cure him, He's a nuisance we assure him, Jere McGonigle estate.. 113 78

John Brown

Mary A. Evans. John Reilly

J. R. Cordell..... J. K. Charles.... J. & B. Douglass.

J. M. Estep... Francis Kline

Dell Notely.

Same, Mineral.

Mary C. Banan.

John Westover ... Stephen Wilson ...

Tunnellhill Borough.

Mrs. Ann Glancy ....

Gallitzin Myers..... Thos, J. McCloskey...

Washington Township.

Everhart & Read.

John Hamilton ..

Owen Inglesby.

Mrs. J. O'Neill.

Ed. Dougherty

H. J. Hopple.

John Dunn.

Pat. O'Dowd

Alex. Raab.

Benj. Beers.

Same, Mineral. Same, Mineral.

Perry Troxell. T. T. William

D. A. Luther.

M. Elliot.

Amanda Chambers.

Shaw & Krebbs, Miner-

Upper Yoder Township.

Jno. D. Knox..... Mrs. Flora S. Ortys.

Mary Coburn ..

Wm. Barnett

Adam Koch

Christ Koch ..

Jno. Wilkins.

Albert Bear.

Rose Clawson

Lower Yoder Township.

Mrs. Jno. Donnelly ..

Frank Framokok.

Henry Heiner ...

Henry J. Hopple

West Taulor Township

White Township.

P. & A. Flynn, Mineral.

Albert Hall ...

Mineral ..

R. M. Lemmon estate.

M. B. McLaughlin.
David McCoy, Mineral.
M. A. McGonigle.

Standard Coal Co., Lim-

Gardner B. Morrow.

Dan, Kearney estate ...

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Chas, Ward.... Wm, C. Wolf..

Thos, Burns. Same, Mineral H. J. Evans.

Tuos, McFadden estate.

Susquehanna Township.

Snapping, snarling, scolding, scowling Glaring, grunting, grumbling, growling Hating, hitting, hissing, howling, Always he Is the most unhappy person That was ever taid a curse on, Fact there isn't any worse on Land or sea.

Wife and children fear to meet him, Friends, if any, cease to greet him, Strangers with aversion treat him Smallest things Vex and irritate bim till be Mad with passion wants to kill; he Laughter brings.

Never music is he hearing, Never beauty is appearing To his eyes; 10 fun that's cheering Does he brow. Hating self he hates his brothers; All the joys of life he smothers, Lone, foriorn, upart from others

He's a nuisance and he knows it, And his face unhappy shows it, But the cranky fellow owes it For he lets his temper rule him And life's petty troubles fool him: Now we'll lay him-just to cool him-

### BARBARA'S CHANCES.

-H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

### Her Decision in the Face of a Great Temptation.

"What a selfish, heartless world this is!" murmured Barbara Blake to herself, as she sat by the window, mend ing with deft, delicate stitches the holes in old Mrs. Dickinson's silk hose. "Here I am, a girl of eighteen to whom gayety, amusement and snashine would seem as natural as the fall of the dew: yet I am cooped up in a gloomy, brownstone house, the mere shadow of a cross, exacting old woman, whose indeed!" as she broke off the needleful of silk floss with a snap. "I am anything but that. Drudge, menial-machine, if you please-but nothing like a companion. And all to cara a paltry living! Oh, dear, why cannot people live on flowers and fresh air, as the humming birds do? Why is it necessary to toil so for bread to cat and clothes to cover us? It does seem to me as if life were all a failure! Ever since she had risen from her bed

that morning she had been at Mrs. Dickinson's beek and call. Mrs. Dickinson was not always in an amiable mood. There was hot water to bring up for her bath-it must be steaming from the kitchen, and the old lady would trust no one but Barbara to carry it, because, as she said, the servants were so careless and spilled it on the stair earpets. Just then the door softly swung

open, and in tripped a bright, pretty damsel of two or three and twenty, in 51 48 a coquettish fall hat trimmed with 85 48 scarlet poppies and bows of cherry velvet, and a beautiful jetted mantle. "Clara!" cried Barbara, nearly upsetting the work basket in her surprise and delight. "How came you here!" "In spite of the edict: 'No followers allowed?" laughingly retorted Clara

Belden. "My dear, I ran the blockade. I bribed the housemaid, and crept up the stairs as softly as a mouse. Don't be alarmed-the ogress is snoring with forty-woman power." "How beautifully you are dressed,

Clar!" said Barbara, with admiring survey. "You have got a situation at Clara nodded, and adjusted a glitter-

ng new silver bangle on her wrist. "A good one," said she, emphatically. "I'm in the company of the Cecelian theater," explained Clara. "We are supposed to be singers, but our voices lon't signify a pin. The Cecelian takes pride in its chorus being the handsomest girls in town. And you 3 70 | are pretty, Barbara, you know very 238 well-prettier than I am, if you would only give yourself a chance. I could make a first-class beauty of you! And 4 88 it's only the evenings, you see, with an hour or so at morning rehearsal, and a matinee once a week-and it's such fun. There's one young man in the audience who has thrown a bouquet to me every night for eight nights running. And there are suppers and breakfasts, and all that sort of thing.'

Involuntarily Barbara drew back. "But, Clara-is it right to-"Right! Oh, you silly little goose, why not? There's Mrs. Dowdin, the bandmaster's wife, to chaperon us, isn't there? And she's an old woman of fifty. Oh, I assure you, it's a very select company indeed. Sixty dollars a month, and your salary raised if you do well. And when I heard that there was a vacancy, I thought of you the very first thing. I knew you had a nice mezzo-soprano voice, but, as I said before, that don't matter so much, as long as you are so pretty. A brunette, too-we have an overplus of blondes already. And I knew, also, that you were only-getting fourteen dollars here with an old martinet for a command-

ing officer. Come, am I not a good friend to you?" Still Barbara looked with questioning eyes at the handsome, voluble girl. Could it be possible that this self-possessed, beautifully-dressed woman was Clara Belden, her classmate at school, and only a month older than herself? Sixty dollars! Yes, it was kind of Clara-it would indeed oe an outlet of escape from this wretched, grinding bondage of her daily life. Sixty dollars, with suppers, bouquets, admiration unlimited. Barbara drew her breath with a gasp. It seemed almost 2 48 too much to realize.

Just then Mary, the housemaid, tiptoed into the room, with her finger on her lips. "Miss Blake," said she, with a sidelong glance of admiration at the showy

visitor in her silks, bangles and "breath of roses," "the ould lady is afther 40 wakin' up as cross as two sticks. An' she says you've forgot her morning tonic and Bijou's collar is too tight, and -this way, miss, pl'aze," as Clara rose precipitately. "It's as much as me place is worth for Mrs. Dickinson to know that Miss Blake had company unbeknown to her! Ren quick, pl'aze, Miss Blake-I can hear her scolding

now!" "Never mind, dear!" encouragingly whispered Clara, as she rustled by, leaving an odor of franggipanni in her wake; "the odious shackles will soon

drop off. Send me a line at once. Mr. Dowdin can't wait!" Mrs. Dickinson had never been so irritable, so hard to please, as she was

that day. Or, at least, so it seemed to But there was an exultant thrill in the girl's heart. "It need not be for long," she told herself. "I will write immediately and

accept Clara's kind offer." But nevertheless a certain regretful feeling kept pulling at her heart strings. She remembered how her zentle, soft-voiced mother, in her lifetime, had always distrusted Clara Belden's assured manners and dashing ways. She recalled to herself that mother's efforts to keep her in the modest retirement of the home circle, her constant precepts against brushing off the soft bloom of true womanbood.

and conscience told her to reject the

tempting offer. "But I am so young!" she plended with herself. "And I have seen so little of pleasure and variety. I am such a drudge! No one cares for me here; and perhaps, if I went to the Cecilian I might attract some true heart. Even if Eugene Dickinson were to see me dressed as Clara dresses-but no! Eugene never would go to a place like the Cecelian. Of course it must be respectable, or Clara would not belong

to it. But-oh, no! Eugene would never go there. In an instant she comprehended. She would be lowering herself in her own estimation by accepting the tempting bribe. She would be catting loose from all the traditions of her youth. And yet-

She sprang suddenly up, and threw back the masses of soft chestaut brown hair from her forchead, with both hands.

"No!" she uttered aloud-"never." Almost at the same moment she heard Eugene Dickinson's voice in the sext room, talking to his must "Yes," said he, quietly. "I think you are right. I think she deserves it at

your hands. "She has worked very hard," said the sweet-tempered. I've seen tours cominto her eyes once in nwhile, but can't call to mind that she has ever lost her temper, or spoken a word of

complaint." "The patient Griselda," said Eugene, "Yes, exactly that. The patient Griselda. So I have made up my mind

to adopt her as my daugater, and get some one else to do the work. We'll travel and go everywhere. I want her to see the world. I somehow feel conscience stricken that a young thing like Barbara should have grown up so much in the shade." "I don't think, though," slowly added

your plan is quite feasible." "Not fensible! Why not?" "Perhaps because it conflicts with a plan of my own."

Eugene's gentle, leisurely voice, "that

"A plan of your own! My dear boy, to explain. "The fact is, Aunt Adriana," said Eugene, "I have lost my heart to this sweet-voiced, sweet-natured companion of yours. I want to ask her to be my

Mrs. Dickinson was silent a moment; then she spoke again, in an altered ac-

"I wender this never occurred to me before," said she. "It was not so very unlikely, was

Not in the least. But, Eugene-"Yes, Aunt Adriana." "Why need my plan conflict with

"I don't think I quite understand ou, Aunt Adriana," said the young "You are already my adopted son. I wish to make her my daughter. Very

well. This is a big house, and I indi-

vidually occupy very little of it. Why can't I have you both?", Barbara had sat there with both hands clasped over her burning face. Was she an eavesdropper? If so, the fault was unintentional. Now she hurried away, almost believing herself to be in a dream. Surely, surely this could not be true-this lifting of the curtain of trial and toil-this clear shining of a new life?

But as she passed the parlor door it opened and Eugene Dickinson met her face to face. "Miss Blake!" he exclaimed. "You are the very person I have been wishing to see. Will you honor me with a few minutes of your time?"

Clara Belden was at her evening toilet, with a surrounding of mirrors, rouge pots, darkening pencils and highly scented pomades, when Barbara's brief note of declination reached her. "What a fool!" said Clara. "Reach

me that nail polisher, Jane. But, at all events, she's had a chance." But Miss Belden did not know what other "chances" Barbara Biake had had.-The Home Queen.

### A FEW ART NOTES.

HENRY S. KITSON, the young Englishman, who has been selected to make a statue of Farragut for Boston, is only twenty-eight years of age. SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON has con

the Chicago exhibition. MISS HARRIET HOSMER, the sculptor, is to receive \$25,000 for her work 'Queen Isabella of Castile," which is to be unveiled at the opening of the women's department of the world's fair. ROSA BONDEUR has finished the largest animal picture ever painted. It is called "Le Depiquage," and represents

ten horses, large as life, trotting over

the thrashing floor still used in parts of

southern Europe. She has declined

ented to act as chairman of the fine

arts section of the royal commission for

A Skillful Flatterer.

\$60,000 for the picture.

Bob Van Slyck called on a Madison avenue family, in which there were two old maiden sisters of about fifty years of age. Van Slyck is an old friend of the family, and one of them being in a bantering mood said: "Mr. Van Slyck, which of us do you think is the oldest?"

Van was in a dilemma. He did not like to hurt the feelings of either. He looked from one to the other, and "You want me to say which of you

two girls is the oldest?" "Yes." "Neither of you looks older than the other. Each of you girls looks younger than the other."-Texas Siftings.

STAR-LYES.

The Pathetic Story of an Indian Boy.

The beautiful valley, called by the Indiana (manachson, and known to us as the west branch of the Susquelun nn, was the last footbold in Pennsylvania, east of the Allegheny mountains that the Indians abandoned. Long of ter the outposts of civilization had advanced far up the valley the red men tarried by the graves of their ances tors. They were loath to leave the clear waters of the river, encased in the fruitful little valley that was hearmed in by hills and mountains. Well they knew that the time was drawing near when inexecuble fatwould compel them to turn their backon their old homes and trudge towards the setting sun, but they dreaded to make the change.

The time came, however, when the westward movement was almost imperative. It was decided that the tribe should migrate to the headwaters of the stream, fully fifty miles be youd the limit of white settlement But a few friendly Indians, who were on the best of terms with the whites, refused to heed the command of the chiefs to move westward. This bred vengeful feelings on the part of their

The advance line of civilization at this time was the mouth of Lycoming creek, now within the limits of Williamsport. At the base of the mountain lived a young friendly Indian named Fleet-Foot, who made a fair living by hunting and fishing, assisted by the handiwork of his young squaw who made bandsome baskets that were sold to the settlers.

Both Fleet-Foot and his wife Minna waqua (Sparkling Water) were remarkably fine types of the Indian of those days, but they had a little papoose that was a wonder and a delight to all the whites in the sparse settlements. Even the fondest mothers admitted that he was just the sweetest exception of their own children, of course. He had great, big, laughing hazel eyes, half-rosy cheeks, a none that a sculptor would have adored and the cannings t little mouth. He was very appropriately named Star-Eyes.

Little Star-Eyes was about two years old when the tribe migrated to the new location for up the river. Angry throuts find been made against Flori-Foot because of his reinsal to join them, but he was happy and contented, and Minnawaqua dread of the thought of leaving her white friends. One day, shortly after the migration,

Fleet-Foot was bunting in the mountains. Minna vaqua left her wigwam, a solid structure of loss, which the whites had helped to build, to go to a spring for water. She had left Star-Eyes playing on the floor, but when she returned in a few minutes the child had disappeared. She hastly looked about, called bim, and then harried out of the house to renew the search.

She had hardly passed the door when she stopped, turned pale and pressed her hands to her heart. Her keen mative instinct detected strange moccasin tracks on the ground. Her mind comprehended it all as she sunk fainting to the ground. Star-Eyes had been cidnaped by his kindred in revenge for Fleet-Foot's refusal to join them; that

There was a great commotion among the settlers wh they heard of the dastardly act. Juny of them were eager for immediate pursuit of the aptors, but Fleet-Foot dissuaded them by saying that the Indians would surey kill the papoose if they found that they were followed, and besides there would be danger of ambush by a large party of Indians.

About ten days after this episode, inst before daylight in the morning, Fleet-Foot and Minnawaqua were suddenly awakened by the voice of Star-Eyes at the door, crying bitterly. In a trice the child was in the arms of his overjoyed parents, but they were surprised to find him tremblingly feeling their faces with his hands. What was the matter? He always spoke in Eng-

"Star-Eves tan't see." True enough, he was totally blind, although the big, lustrous eyes looked just as natural as on the day he was abducted. Fleet-Foot understood it all. The tribe had wreaked their vengeance by blinding the innocent child and then stealthily returned him. The settlers were wild with rage when they heard of it. Some of them were eager for an expedition against the Indians, but cooler counsels pre-

Among the settlers were a Quaker family from Philadelphia, who had taken a special interest in Flect-Foot's little family. Part of the Quaker family, including the mother, were about to make a journey to the city to visit their friends, and it was suggested that Minnawaqua and her blind child should accompany them in order that the latter's eyes might be examined by an oculist and treated if there was any prospect of restoring the sight.

It was a tedious journey in those days on horseback all the way to Harrisburg and thence by primitive stage coach, but it was accomplished, and the little blind papoose was taken to an eminent oculist. Examination showed that the eyes had been blinded by holding close to them, with the lids opened, a very hot object, probably either a red-hot iron or a super-heated stone. It was not the first case known of such Indian atrocity.

The oculist did his best to repair the vision but all he could accomplish was to restore just sufficient sight for the shade. He could distinguish persons only by their voices.

Ten years passed and the line of set-

tlement reached further up the valley. The kind Quaker family moved a dozen miles above to the mouth of Pine creek, and Fleetfoot, with three children in addition to the nearly blind boy, determined to move westward with them. It was difficult for the Indian, even with the help of Minnawaqua in basket making, to earn a living for his little family. There were white hunters in the woods now and game was getting comparatively scarce. Even after the removal to Pine creek the Indian was sorely pressed by poverty and he soon determined, though with great reluctance, to join his tribe at the headwaters of the river, nearly

forty miles away. It was a sad parting. Minnawaqua, with all the stoicism of her race, could

from the teamtitud but nearly directless orbs of Star-Eves, now a hatel smelt framed youth of fourteen years. And

Quaker's family and in the households of the other settlers. It was in the autumn following the spring when Fleet-Foot johnst his tribe: Eumors had been rife all summer that the Indians were as ugly mood and that a mid down the river to aweep away the advanced settle-

there were moist eyes, too, in the

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ments, was imminent. The consequences was that the settlers were fully armed and prepared to quickly muster all the men within a dozen alles along the river. Just at daylight one morning the Qualier's family was awakened by a violent normains on the door. On opening if they were amuzed at finding

Sing-Eyes there in most pitiable light. He was weak and happard: buckskin clothing was almost in shreas; there were only remains of his moccasius, and his feet were breeding He quickly told his story. The In-

dians were on the warpath up the river. After the war party started he instantly took to the woods, made it ong detour in-the mountain remain at his best speed all the time, and ther struck the river below the a vance reddicing. His imperfect sight his cannot his chalking to be form to tarter day and night for forly incline He hought the Indiana would surely reach the settlement the following

The alarm was quickly sounded sions the valley. A good force of heave men hurried up to meet the say ages, and to take a good defensive position. But their services were not needed. When the Indians found timt their approach had been heral led, and they are reliantly the rand and retreated Star-Eyes remained with his Qualor friends. About two weeks after the

harmed. This was the awful retribution visite upon the murrly sightless hallow by for saving his white triangle from

Widness at hour offer the destant net of assermination a dozen brave or there even on the trail of the sounds ers, five in number, as indicated t rible atrocky witho Indiana, they was descripted to avenue the crime at:

found that the trail was got "wmun"-they were muring the a prits. Sundown, twilight, and the t still warmer. As the tracks grow distinct, and when fully twenty not of distance had been covered one the men saw a glimmer of light it little valley some distance alread. was evident that the Indians, beling themselves now safe from purs-

were camping for the night. A careful reconnoismuse, a par wait of three hours under the gliming sture, a cautious advance, simultaneous crack of a dozen carly-nimed rifles at close range. Four of the sleeping Indians no awoke; the fifth one beliefewrithed in agony. As the will rushed up to dispatch the wounded a skin the light from the camp-line

It was Fleet-Foot, the father of The muzzle of a rifle was at his and a finger on the trigger. His turned up saily; he recognized the tler, raised his hand and faintly was "Yes; but listen." They kne ! !side him to catch his words, for him

full upon his face and they sudd

stopped as if they had been rivets

evidently dying. "When the war party returne said, slowly and painfully, "they of course, that Star-Eyes had be them. They bound me, Minne and my three young children to intending to burn us all. () dians, with one or two chiefs, that we knew nothing about the Star-Eyes. In the end there compromise. Five warriors, incl. myself, were to go to the settle. and kill Star-Eyes. I was obligaccept the terms to save Minns

"And you were one of the inn of your own boy?" excitedly exc the settler that covered him w "No," came faintly from the

Indian. "I might shoot mysel" not Star-Eyes. There was no in Fleet-Foot's rifle-I deceived Suddenly he raised his bend his already glassy eyes tow twinkling stars, pointed his file ward and said:

"There is Star-Eyes now! see him? He is beckening to must go to him!" Then his head fell back, dropped-he was with his bo adelphia Times.

Engineers of railroad trains at Uand most of the for western stillerevolvers, and often rifles, in for various contingencies the shooting at the telegraph, polother mark while running at and attain a wonderful skill manship. A few days ago ar on the Denver & Rio Grand. shot and killed a wildcat near is tle from the cab of his locome

A Mountainone Island The Island of Formosa is a hundred and seventy mileone hundred and forty wide of mountains extend from the the southern portion. Some peaks are quite lofty. Mount Warrant being twelve thousand feet high an all are volcanie. Every livin with there is a rumble in the cents the peaks and the whole ishud is and valsed. The climate is far such disturbances, the the rarely getting below forty d