

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
M. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1867.

NUMBER 22.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
January 24, 1867.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

JOHN STON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24] J. E. SCANLAN.

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s Shoe House. [Jan 24]

AMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel.
Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties.
Attends also to the collection of claims and judgments against the Government. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, etc., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, etc., written, and all legal business fully attended to. Pensions increased. [Jan 24]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Feb 7-6m]

KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.
Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 31-6m]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to his office. [May 23]

D. W. ZIGLER, having opened an office in the rooms over R. R. Thomas' store, will attend to all professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [Apr 18-4m]

THE UNDERSIGNED, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to acquire himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of experience, he has sought to add the experience of the highest authorities in dental science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to its own praise. [Jan 18-4m]

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
Dentist. Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, R. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Ausley, of the Baltimore College.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. [May 24, 1867.]

LOYD & CO., Bankers.—EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States. General Banking Business transacted. [May 24, 1867.]

M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers.—ALTOONA, PA.
On the principal cities, and Silver sold for sale. Collections made. Money loaned on deposit, payable on demand, interest, etc. upon time, with interest rates. [Jan 24]

STANDARD BANK OF ALTOONA.
GOVERNMENT AGENCY.
DEPOSITARY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North Altoona, Pa.

PAID CAPITAL.....\$300,000 00
CAPITAL PAID IN.....150,000 00
Business pertaining to Banking done on liberal terms.

Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.
Purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 10 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 8 per cent.; over \$200, 5 per cent. [Jan 24]

J. LLOYD,
Successor of R. S. Bunn,
Dealer in
DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES, AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE AND GENUINE BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

Cap. and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept by Druggists generally. [Jan 24]

SHARRETT'S DESERT, House, Signs, and Ornamental Painting, Graining and Paper Hanging.
Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of Hall, Ebensburg, Pa. [May 9-6m]

SHOE STORE! SHOE STORE!!

The subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Ebensburg that he has just received from the East and has now opened out, at his store-room, the

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS!

ever brought to town. The stock was made expressly to order by the

BEST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN PHILA.,

the subscriber having gone to the trouble and expense of visiting that city especially to order it. The work is warranted not to rip—if it rips, it will be

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE!

A visit to his establishment will satisfy any one that he can not only sell a BETTER ARTICLE than all competitors, but that he can also sell

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes to order, on short notice and in the most workmanlike style.

A VERY SUPERIOR LOT OF REAL FRENCH CALF SKINS ON HAND!

Stand one door east of Crawford's Hotel, High street, and immediately opposite V. S. Barker's store. [Feb 21]

JOHN D. THOMAS.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS!

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand and is still manufacturing all articles in his line, such as

SADDLES.

FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, DRAFT HARNESS.

BLIND BRIDLES, RIDING BRIDLES, CHECK LINES.

HALTERS, WHIPS, BRIDLEBANDS, &c., &c.

All which he will dispose of at low prices for cash.

His work is all warranted, and being experienced in the business, he uses only the best of leather. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him. [Jan 24]

Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co.

Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated. HUGH A. M'COY.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers at private sale the

Farm on which he now resides, situate in Cambria Township, Cambria county, containing about 60 acres, nearly all of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a Two-story Frame Dwelling House, a new Frame Barn, and all the necessary Outbuildings. There is a good Orchard on the Farm, and an excellent Well of Water at the kitchen door. Only five minutes' walk from the Railroad Depot. Terms moderate, and title indisputable. Apply to the undersigned on the premises, or address

SAMUEL TIBBOTT, Ebensburg, Pa. [Apr 11-3m]

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL WAR.

WAR.—A work of real value, absorbing interest and universal popularity. The press and literary people everywhere commend and endorse it. It records the consecrated work of woman in organized and united effort, and the names of nearly 600 of our country's noblest women, with what they did for humanity and for the nation in its darkest hours. Beautiful steel portraits of a number of these ladies adorn the work, and it is acknowledged to be one of the finest works ever published. Clergymen, Teachers, Experienced Agents, and Ladies will find it to their advantage to canvass for this work. Address ZEIGLER, M'CURDY & CO., 501 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa. [Feb 13-3m]

LIME! LIME! LIME!

For farmers, look to your interests! The subscriber is now prepared to furnish any quantity of good fresh

LIME ASHES!

By the car-load of 300 bushels, at the following prices:

5 cents per bushel, or \$15.00 per car, [Feb 13-3m]

LOADED AT THE BANK.

Also, Building Lime in any quantity at reasonable rates.

All orders will be promptly attended to. Address WM. H. CANAN, [Jan 24]

El Dorado, Blair county, Pa.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE!!

The subscriber would inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity that he keeps constantly on hand everything in the

GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY

line, such as Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, all kinds of Crackers, Cheese, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

CANNED PEACHES AND TOMATOES!

Also, Buckskin and Woolen Gloves, Woolen Socks, Neck ties, &c., all of which will be sold as cheap as if not cheaper than elsewhere.

A full assortment of Candies!

Ice Cream every evening. [Jan 24]

R. R. THOMAS.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

The subscriber is now carrying on the

Colliery of Wm. Tiley, Sr., at Lily Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Cambria county, and will be glad to fill all orders, to any amount, of citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity.

Satisfaction as to quality of Coal guaranteed in all cases. WM. TILEY, Jr. [Jan 24]

Hemlock P. O., Jan. 24, 1867.

BRICKS! BRICKS! BRICKS!

THE JOHNSTOWN MANUFACTURING CO. have constantly on hand and for sale at very low prices, a superior article of

COMMON AND PRESSED BRICK!

Special rates of freight to all points on the Penna. Railroad. Address

O. N. RAMSEY, Supt., [Jan 24]

Johnstown, Pa.

O. K. CURTAIN FIXTURE.

Has no superior in the world! Is pronounced faultless by all who have seen it. It is predicted it will supersede all other

Curtain Fixtures now in use.

For sale by G. HUNTLEY, [Jan 24]

Ebensburg, Pa.

The Left Slipper.

"I thought that fairies were obsolete, and Cinderella nowhere," I exclaimed, one morning, drawing out from under the sofa of my sitting-room a small slipper for a left foot; "but if ever there was a lady, be she a Cinderella or Susannah, who had a smaller foot than this would fit, I would like to see her, that's all."

I sat down again to my coffee and ham, and wondered how it ever could happen that Mrs. Pottle, my worthy and obsequious landlady, should have allowed the slipper to have been overlooked in the thorough "cleaning" she had assured me always took place between the exit and entrance of her different sets of lodgers, yet here it was. The shining of the soft, bronze-colored leather had attracted my eye as the sun lit up the abyss beneath the sofa, and now what must I do with it? Perhaps, after all, it was Mrs. Pottle's own; but I laughed at the idea of her elephantine foot finding entrance there; perhaps it belonged to a child or a grandchild, but that was not a probable interpretation of the mystery. It could surely not be kept under the sofa for ornament, and yet how should such a thing as one slipper not be missed, if the owner possessed two feet.

However, the little innocent-looking slipper, fit to case a very fairy's foot, lay there and destroyed my peace of mind as I looked at it. My readers may laugh at me as they choose, but I will frankly confess that whilst some men fall in love with a bunch of curls, a pair of eyes, a smile, a hand, a voice, I was, before breakfast, half over head and ears in love with a slipper. It was folly, nonsense, of course; but so it was. Philosophers would say it was the form my imagination conjured up as the real owner of the slipper, but I don't care to be so particular. I believe I fell in love with the little slipper itself. Such a pretty little thing it looked and felt as I turned it over in my hand, with its silken sandals and rosette of blue, and its neat lining of white silk; a dainty little article, indeed, perfumed with a soft, sweet color of roses, that all its long isolation from its mistress had not wholly destroyed.

I heard Mrs. Pottle ascending the stairs with my letters, and hastily put the slipper in my coat-pocket. I had determined that I would be guilty of theft, if theft it was, sooner than part with my new pleasure. The landlady entered, with "Letters, sir, if you please!"

"Thank you," I answered, coolly, and let her go again, though I longed for the history of her previous lodgers. I thought she eyed me suspiciously, but of course I was mistaken, and I turned and finished my breakfast, and then broke open the envelopes of my letters.

I ring the bell. Mrs. Pottle enters. I am sitting on the sofa, reading the papers; but I just say carelessly:

"You have kept these lodgings some time, I suppose, Mrs. Pottle?"

"Law! yes, sir," she answers, stopping short in a general gathering together of plates and dishes—"nigh upon twenty years. Though my poor Samuel being taken off early, sir, I was obliged to begin at forty. Now, I'm turned sixty, sir; though some do say," said Mrs. Pottle, with a smile, "that they can hardly think 'tis more than a few years ago I began—I'm so much the same."

"There they are right," I said, willing to propitiate Mrs. Pottle—"you might as well pass for fifty, and a young looking woman at that; but, however, what sort of people do you generally get here—

young men, like I am, in merchant's offices, or something of that kind?"

"Well, yes, sir; first and last, I've had some scores of clerks and junior partners, but still 'tis always so; but there was one young man—nearly the first one I ever had—"

I did not exactly want a twenty years' list of lodgers, so I interrupted the worthy soul by saying, "But who have you had lately?—who was the last now, before I came?"

"A curious old couple, sir, as you ever set eyes on."

"Oh! I gaped, and I—"

Mrs. Pottle did not, I suppose, notice my agitation, but replied:

"Yes, sir, the gentleman about seventy-five, I should think, and the lady might be a year or two younger—not much between them. But I beg your pardon—that's your 'bus, sir." And Mrs. Pottle disappeared with the tray just as the horn and rattling wheels were distinctly heard nearing the terrace. I put on my hat mechanically, and went down stairs, vexed with the abrupt termination to her recital. As I rode along, the thought struck me that the whole affair was a trick, and that Mrs. Pottle wanted to bind me to the spot, or make me interested in her house, or inveigle me on some foolish love affair. This decided me to not take notice of her attempts at conversation in future, and not even to permit her to finish the story begun in the morning.

Just then the omnibus stopped, and an old maiden lady, whom I had known through her acquaintance with a respected aunt of mine, similarly circumstanced as to age and matrimony, entered it. I politely handed her to a seat, for my aunt's sake, and commenced a conversation which I strove to render interesting, though my

mind was very absent that day—so absent, in fact, that in one of the short pauses of our discourse, I incautiously drew out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my forehead, and with it—horror of horrors!—the little bronze-colored slipper with its blue rosette. I shook it hastily from my lap into the straw beneath, but the old lady had seen it, and I felt agast as I remembered that the story of the little slipper for the left foot of my pretty Cinderella would probably cost me \$5,000 of my discreet aunt's money.

Should I throw myself on the old lady's mercy at once, in the omnibus, by confessing the truth? But would she be likely to believe me if I did? I thought not. I should only have falsehood added to the black list already prepared, I doubted not, for presentation to my aunt. I knew the old lady would not go so far as I would, down town, for she had told me her destination; so I put my foot on one edge of the slipper, determined to pick it up again, in spite of anything and everything, at the very first opportunity.

"I think you dropped something, sir," said my friend, coldly.

"Nothing of consequence, I think, thank you," I replied, in confusion.

"I should rather think it was of great consequence," she remarked, cruelly; "doubtless the young lady wants her slipper matched."

The young lady! What young lady? Ah! if I could only find the Cinderella! Deeply mortified, I said no more, and the old lady soon left me. I went into the office, carrying my handkerchief in a different pocket, that I might not draw out the slipper with it, and sat down to my writing; but my head was confused, and that little bronze-colored slipper danced over the page, over every line of my ledger, in each leaf of the memorandum book. "If things go on like this," I exclaimed, mentally, "I shall go mad about the slipper; I almost wish I had never seen it!"

Just then, one of the partners came into the office. "Haley," he said, "did you pick up an account written on a slip of paper, or an order to be executed by Grylls?"

"I did, sir," I answered, "and put it in my pocket-book, as I thought you had most likely dropped it."

"Thank you, Haley. Just like you. I admire a young fellow that has his wits about him."

I put my hand in my pocket for my pocket-book, and forgot all about the slipper for a moment in my pleasure at my employer's praise; but the slipper had not forgotten me. It was in the same pocket with the pocket-book, and when I drew out my hand, it followed after and fell on the floor. My employer noticed all, and a grave frown rested on his face.

"Take care, Haley," he said. "Don't resent it if I give you a fatherly word of warning. It is better that a young man should not carry such things in his pocket—at least, should not allow other people to see them!"

I looked up astonished. Mr. Arnold, second partner in the firm, was fifty years of age, and a bachelor. What did he know about such things?

"I think I could explain to your satisfaction, sir," I said, "that this is an accident, if you had time, and really involves nothing wrong."

"I quite believe you, Haley; but every one won't be so merciful."

Mr. Arnold went out and closed the door. I never thought, never guessed what elaborate circumstances might depend upon a slipper; but when I got home I looked it away, determined to bring no more annoyance upon myself by keeping it too close at hand.

I had invited one, two, or three young men, a few days afterwards, to have a pull on the river, and then to sup with me.

After a pleasant hour and a half we came back hungry and exhilarated. I conducted my friends to my room, and, whilst we chatted, Mrs. Pottle brought in supper. A discussion arose about a lecture of Ruskin's and his opinion of a certain picture of Turner's. "I can tell exactly what he said," I exclaimed, pulling out my keys and opening my desk, "for I copied the paragraph into a small note-book."

I turned down the lid, and there in the sight of my three friends was—not only the note-book, but the little slipper for that unknown, unseen foot. A roar of laughter recalled me to my senses.

"Is that a Chinese specimen, Haley?" I heard only bought one."

"What a silly boy you are! Who is she, Haley?"

"Brown, turned out with blue. Very tasty indeed, I should say."

"Meet me by moonlight alone."

"Who stole the slipper?"

Need I say more. Mrs. Pottle, walking about the room, heard some of these remarks, and gave me, I thought, a look of malicious triumph.

"Be merciful to a fellow for once," I said desperately, "and keep the affair secret, till I give you leave to split."

"When will that be?" inquired Harry Dawson.

"Give me a month, Harry."

"And you'll let us know in a month how it goes on?"

"Yes, if I know myself."

"Haley hasn't cheek enough to carry

on courting," said Dawson. "He hardly knows what's what, or who's who, or when's when. I think, my boy, you'd better come to me for a drill in the art. I've had plenty of practice and am up to a nice little thing or two. I should advise you to get the other foot, and have a pair of them."

"You are a dreadful nuisance, Dawson," said Frank Jones. "Let the poor fellow rest in peace now, and come away home; it is getting late."

But I had no rest that night; for continually that little slipper walked round my bed, and over my chest, and on my forehead, and round my bed again.

Next day I thought Mrs. Pottle looked at her spoons and furniture suspiciously, and appeared ill at ease; the day after that I found her hunting behind my sofa when I came in to breakfast, and I ventured to say, "Are you looking for anything, Mrs. Pottle?"

"Well, no, sir, thank you, sir," she said, hesitatingly; and immediately went down stairs for the coffee-pot.

When I returned home in the evening, there was a young lady in the passage talking to Mrs. Pottle; but I passed up without a close investigation. Just as I turned the corner of the stair-case, I heard these words, in a pleasant voice, "I wish I could find it; it is such a ridiculous thing to lose. I am almost sure I must have left it in the parlor when I brought it down to show to grandmamma, and forgot to carry it away. I am sorry to have troubled you again, Mrs. Pottle, as it is of no very great consequence."

"Shall I ask Mr. Haley?"

"O, no! Of course, if he had seen it he would have given it to you. It wasn't his."

And she laughed a girlish, silvery, merry laugh.

I softly opened my room-door and went in. Would she think me a thief, then? Who was she? The front-door closed after a "Good evening, Mrs. Pottle," and I looked out of my window, and watched her; then taking my hat again, ran down stairs, obeying a sudden impulse, and followed her.

Soon she turned into a wide street, then another, and then calling a cab, she stepped into it; but I heard the address—No. 14 Victoria Terrace. So I called another and followed her. On we went till the terrace was reached, and I stepped out, dismissed the cabman, and waited for Cinderella to alight. A curious accident occurred here; the horses took fright as the driver descended to open the door, the poor man fell on the pavement, and the young lady, whose foot was on the step, fell into my arms; but I could not avoid her receiving a bad sprain, though she acted bravely, like a true little heroine, and did not faint.

"You are hurt, I fear," I said, carefully lifting her in my arms and slowly ascending the steps. Just then the door of Number 14 opened; an old lady and gentleman and one or two servants appeared. The poor old gentleman began to cry.

He was evidently childish. "Look to the poor cab-driver," I said to the servants as I passed. "Madam, where shall I carry the young lady?"

"In here, sir, if you please. I am so very much obliged to you; it would have been the death of us both if anything ever happened to Katie."

The old lady led the way to a handsomely furnished dining-room, and I laid Katie on the sofa. She opened a pair of mischievous eyes, and looked up in my face.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir; I'm afraid I'm very heavy. Where is that poor cabman? Will you see about him for me? and do not let him want for anything."

I promised to do so, and came back at once and reported to her, and I hastened down. The driver was lying in his own cab, to which another horse was being harnessed, whilst his own, rather badly wounded, was led off to the stables as he had requested it should be. I got in beside the poor fellow, and accompanied him to the hospital.

"I should like to see my wife," he said.

"Of course you would," I replied. "I will go for her at once; where does she live?"

He gave me her address, and I set off, feeling that I was fulfilling Cinderella's wishes. I told my tale to the cabman's wife, who was naturally thrown into much distress.

"You say I can go to him at once, sir?"

"Yes, surely you can."

"And stay the night with him?"

"I really don't know about that; you must ask the matron. The young lady wished me to say that she hopes you will allow her to help you in every way she can."

I then put a sovereign into her hand, and left a card on which I had scribbled "14 Victoria Terrace." She thanked me, and so I left her.

It was getting late, but I proceeded at once to Cinderella's abiding-place. Outside the door I found a doctor's carriage, and my anxiety was at once awakened. I rang the bell, and the servant who answered it told me that Miss Ayrton's foot was badly sprained, and that her papa, Dr. Ayrton, had been sent for, and was now with her; but she expected Miss Katie would wish to see me, for she had inquired more than once if the gentleman had brought any news of the poor cabman.

In a few minutes the girl came again and

requested me to follow her to the dining-room.

Miss Ayrton was still lying where I had left her, and the old gentleman and lady were at her side.

"It is very kind of you, sir, to come again to-night. I have given you a great deal of trouble. This is my papa."

The doctor gave his hand cordially.—"I am very thankful to you, sir, for saving my poor little girl from what I feel sure would have happened to her but for your presence of mind."

I fear I made an incoherent reply.

"And now," said Miss Ayrton with more animation, "sit down, Mr. Haley, and tell me all about that poor cabman."

I did so, and when I had told her all, she said:

"Poor woman! I wish I could go and comfort her; but you will see to her for me from time to time, won't you, Mr. Haley? and come and tell me sometimes?"

She took her papa's purse, and handing me a magnificent sum of money, said:—"Don't let them want for anything, please."

I readily promised, and was about to leave, when the supper was brought in. Dr. Ayrton invited me to take a few mouthfuls with him, and then he would drive me home.

"I expect it will be out of your way," I said, blushing a little as I felt the secret of my following her might now be guessed by Miss Ayrton. "I lodge at—Burnwood Place."

"How strange!" said the lady. "Why, that is the very place Katie went to this afternoon to inquire about a slipper she thought she had left there. We lodged there, sir, a little while, till we found a house to suit us. How very strange!—And I suppose you are in our old rooms?"

"I have one parlor and bedroom on the first floor," I said quietly, but coloring to the very roots of my hair.

"Ah, yes; those were two of our rooms, and we had a parlor down stairs as well. You don't happen to have seen such a thing as a little bronze-colored slipper, with a blue rosette