

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1867.

NUMBER 27.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

P. TIERNAY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Jan 24

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa. Jan 24

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

AMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. Jan 24

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Jan 24

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

KINKAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. Jan 24

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. Jan 24

Dr. D. W. ZIEGLER, having opened a room over R. R. Thomas's store, for his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Jan 24

Dr. D. W. ZIEGLER, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. Jan 24

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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. febr 21]

JOHN D. THOMAS.

TO THE LADIES OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.

Having recently arrived from the city with a handsome assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS,

of the latest styles, comprising BONNETS, SILKS and VELVETS, fine FRENCH FLOWERS, an assortment of RIBBONS, all widths and colors, Ladies' plain and fancy DRESS CAPS, Infants' silk and embroidered CAPS, together with Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Gent's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., we invite the ladies of Ebensburg and surrounding districts, to call and examine our stock, in the store-room formerly occupied by E. Hughes, below the Mountain House.

We have a Fashionable Milliner of excellent taste, who will pay particular attention to bleaching, pressing and altering Hats and Bonnets to the latest styles.

Mrs. J. DOYLE, Miss M. RUSH.

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, BRICHBRANDS, &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.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS!

Being desirous of retiring from business, I offer for sale the

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY, with all its appurtenances, including all the real and personal property thereto belonging, the Engine, Patterns, Flasks, &c. Also, all the stock, manufactured and unmanufactured, consisting of

THRESHING MACHINES, COOKING STOVES, PARLOR STOVES, PLOWS,

CASTINGS of various kinds. As I am determined to sell, purchasers may rely upon getting any or all the above named articles cheaper than they can be had anywhere else in Pennsylvania. The public are invited to call and judge for themselves. July 18, 1867

E. GLASS.

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 if not cheaper than elsewhere. A full assortment of Candies!

Ice Cream every evening. [Jan 24]

R. R. THOMAS.

LATEST ARRIVAL!

The subscriber has just received, at his store, on High street, Ebensburg, a large and salable stock of

Flour, Bacon, Sugars, Mollasses, Tea, Coffee, Table Salt, Barrel Salt, Spices, Cheese, Tobacco, Cigars,

and everything in the

Grocery, Notion and Confectionery line. Also, Boots and Shoes, Carbon and Lubricating Oils, &c., &c. All which will be sold very cheap for cash. [Jan 24]

G. G. OWENS.

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.

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

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public,

Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

ROPE FOR PATENT HAY FORKS

Can be had low for cash, at

GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

AN ADVENTURE IN ICELAND.

Mount Hecla, on the island of Iceland, is slightly under a mile in height. It has three peaks a little elevated above its body, and along its sides are numerous craters, the seats of former eruptions. The crater of the principal peak is about one hundred feet in depth. It is composed chiefly of basalt lava, but slugsand and ashes cover a great part of its surface, and obsidian is among its most remarkable products.

There have been forty-three eruptions of Mount Hecla recorded within the last thousand years, five of which have been simultaneous with eruptions of Vesuvius, four with those of Etna, and one with those of both.

The last eruption began September 2, 1845, and lasted until April 6, 1846.—On the 23d of November, the torrent of lava, two miles from the crater, was a mile in width and from forty to fifty feet in depth.

Mr. Carl Steinman visited Hecla just previous to this terrific eruption, and had one of the narrowest escapes from a horrible death that ever befel an adventurous man.

We give his narrative in almost his own words:

On the next morning after my arrival at the small village at the foot of the volcano, I engaged a guide, a faithful, honest fellow, and set out for a visit to the noted crater.

From the very first, it seemed as if I had passed the confines of the old and was entering a new world, so different was the scenery. As you press upward toward the focus of all the horror of burning stuff, you find the peril, dreariness, and desolation increase, until at length its awfulness becomes sublime; and at length when you stand on the topmost point of this burning world of chaos, you instinctively raise your heart to God, with a shudder of terror, and pray that you may be restored to the great living world you have left behind.

For six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—I had been clambering upward from the lower world, and now, among the clouds and mists that rolled around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice, and snow, the lava black as ink, the snow of dazzling whiteness, and not in all the region was there the slightest bush, shrub, plant, or living creature except the guide and myself.

As far as the eye could discern, when the sweeping clouds afforded a view, was a succession of dark hills, glistening glaciers, snow-capped peaks, and frozen streams—a world devoid of life, filled with gaping caverns, terrific abysses, and Stygian caves, which reverberated only to the sullen groanings of the troubled earth around and beneath.

So impressive was the scene that I felt a strange chill creeping through me, and I shouted to break the horrible stillness, which was more awe-inspiring than the Niagara. I frequently found myself imagining that I was dreaming, and I was only assured to the contrary by pinching my limbs or conversing with my guide.

Drawing my blanket around me to shelter me from the chilling atmosphere, and carefully puncturing the ground before me with my sharp-pointed stick, to make my footsteps sure, I began to pick my way over piles and heaps of lava and pitfalls and patches of snow, my guide keeping near me, and often warning me when he imagined my footsteps were leading me into danger.

Occasionally I struck the fragments of lava that rolled down behind me, and as yet had discovered no signs of the crater, which, eighty years before, had vomited forth its tremendous volume of melted black sand. At length, however, I reached the summit, and looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having several deep seams or chasms in the center, into which the melted snow and ice on the sides were running in small streams.

A repulsive odor, in the shape of a thin smoky vapor, came up, and I fancied I heard a distant rumbling noise that sounded far down in the earth.

I turned to my guide, and was about to speak, when I observed he was trembling and as pale as death.

"What's the matter?" I asked; "you seem to be frightened."

"O, my God!" he gasped, "there's going to be another eruption!"

"How do you know that? Have you ever been here before?"

"Yes; but I never saw it look like this. When I was here last, there was no hollow there, but a level piece of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, with intense interest; "and you judge that fact to be decisive with regard to an eruption?"

"O, my master," said he, in the greatest agony, "what else could have caused this change? There must be fire below, or what has melted this glacier? You see the ice is nearly gone, and what is left is fast melting and will soon follow."

I observed at this point that my feet had a sensation of warmth, and stooping down found the ground quite hot.

"How is this?" I inquired.

He shook his head.

"All wrong; there's trouble brewing, master, as sure as you live. You had better leave."

I recalled the fact that the last eruption of Hecla occurred 80 years before, long previous to the birth of my guide, and consequently he could know as little of that as I did. This foolish thought prevented me from putting the faith in his words that I ought to have done.

"There is no hurry," I replied; "I have been so long finding my way to the top, that I am hardly disposed to leave until I have seen more of the volcano."

I observed his paleness and trembling increase, if possible, but I still felt a reluctance to retreat so ignominiously after toiling so hard to make the summit.

He stood a moment in silence, and then ventured again:

"Let us go while there is time. I am afraid to remain here. We may be overwhelmed at any moment."

"Hold on!" said I, sensible of a curious fascination, such as sometimes comes over one when on the brink of the most appalling peril. "It is true the ice has melted, but it has done so very gradually. I have spent a great deal of time to reach Iceland, and when I started, it was with the resolve to see Hecla."

"Heaven knows I have seen too much already," he replied; "more than has ever been seen before by living man."

"How do you know that?" I demanded, somewhat annoyed at the dogmatical manner of my guide.

"At least I think so."

"And I think you are mistaken. I cannot consent to go back until I have descended into this basin and looked down into one of those chasms."

"Let me beseech you, do not. It will be the death of you!"

"If you are afraid, you can return," said I with an unfeeling tone for which there was no justification.

"Oh, no, master, I will not desert you."

"All I ask, then, is, that you will merely wait for me."

I had no right to ask even that, and I considered the guide a simpleton because he heeded my request.

"I will wait," he replied; "but remember when you go down that I kept entrusting you not to do so."

"I hold you blameless, whatever should occur, so have no apprehension upon that score."

The crater was about twenty yards in depth, with sides that sloped so gradually that it could be descended without difficulty if ordinary care was only exercised.

I first felt the lava and found it quite hot, but not unpleasantly so, and using my stick with great precaution, I began the descent. I observed the temperature of the lava beneath my feet constantly increase, but I had thick shoes and I knew they would be unharmed.

I noticed, also, a thick, sulphurous odor, but considered this nothing unusual, although it left a thick, disagreeable taste in my mouth and gave an unpleasant twinge to my olfactory.

The rill of water made by the melting ice flowed hissing down, and was lost to view in the dark chasm, from which came puffs of hot air, accompanied by a rumbling and trembling of the ground.

The place, the scene, and, withal, the sense of danger connected with it, held me there by a sort of magnetic fascination, and I soon found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. Conscious that reason frequently loses her power at such times, I forced myself backward a few feet, but still remained fearfully near the opening, heedless of the frantic entreaties of my guide.

Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now determined, if possible, to sound the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to examine the other.

For this purpose I pulled off a small piece of lava, and stepping to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye.

The depth was so immense that I heard it for fully a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease from the block having reached its destination. It was a terrific depth, and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot sulphurous air puffed upward, followed immediately by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow boom, as if a piece of ordnance had been discharged in the bowels of the mountain.

By this time, I had regained my common sense, and became impressed with the danger that hung over me. I turned to fly, when all at once there came a rumbling crash, and the ground, heaving and shaking and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss.

I was thrown down, and on my hands and knees, praying to God for mercy, was scrambling over it, and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without actually crushing, held them as in a vice.

Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! What pen or tongue can portray them? There, over the mouth of the black and heated abyss, I was held suspended, a helpless and conscious prisoner, to be hurled downward by the next great throes of trembling nature.

"Help! help! help!—for the love of God, help!" I shrieked, in the very agony of my despair.

I looked up and around to catch sight of my guide, but he, with a commendable prudence I could but admire, in my dire extremity, had sought his own safety in flight.

I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of Heaven, and I prayed to God as I had never prayed before for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment.

It might be a second, it might be a minute, it might be an hour, that I should have to undergo a living death; but, be the time long or short, I felt there was no escape from a doom which even now makes me grow pale and shudder when I think of it.

Above me, a clear blue sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might take place any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla.

I strove with the madness of desperation to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move the mountain itself. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was waiting. O, God of Heaven! what a fate!

All at once I heard a shout, and, looking around, I beheld, with feelings that cannot be described, my fellow-guide hastening down the sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first ominous demonstration, but had no returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned you, master," said he, as he came up, his eyes starting and his whole countenance expressive of commiseration and horror.

"You did! you did!" cried I, "but forgive and save me, for I am perishing."

"I will save you if I can, or perish with you."

The noble fellow instantly set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress, when again the earth trembled and the rocks parted, one of them rolling down the chasm with a dull, booming sound.

I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled desperately, and the next moment we had fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment might see us both hurled to destruction.

"Quick! quick!—there's not a moment to be lost!" cried the guide. "Up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half carried by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater.

As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion, and looking back, I saw, with a horror which no pen can describe, the dark, smoking pit where we had so lately stood. Without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would permit.

We reached our horses in safety, and hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained.

A few days later, when the mighty and long extinct Hecla was convulsing the island, and pouring forth its tremendous volume of melted lava, I was far out on the Atlantic, on my way home, where I devoutly thanked God again and again that I had lived to tell my wonderful escape from death in its burning crater.

THAD. STEVENS' GRAVE.

Several years ago, when the Lancaster Cemetery was incorporated, Mr. Stevens purchased two lots, for which a deed was duly executed. Some years later, in looking over his papers, he noticed, for the first time, a clause prohibiting the interment of colored people in the cemetery. He at once re-conveyed the lots to the company, with his reasons, and asked that they be put upon the record. A short time ago, he purchased a couple of lots in Woodward Hill Cemetery, and when the deeds were handed to him, he noticed a similar clause forbidding the burial of people of color. The brave old man declared that he could not consent to have his bones laid in a cemetery where any of God's children were excluded, for no fault of their own, and he promptly returned the deeds. He then selected a lot in Schreiner's Cemetery, where no distinction is made among the dead, and there will repose the dust of the Old Comraiser. History records no instance of sublimer devotion to principle than is exhibited in this incident in the private life of Mr. Stevens. So says the Lancaster Express.

—New axiom: A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Three Stories of Mr. Lincoln.

STORY NUMBER ONE.

One summer, years ago, at the close of a session of the Court at Springfield, Mr. Lincoln proposed to Judge and lawyers a horseback excursion to the comparatively unknown region of Illinois lying to the South and West. They had all been wearied with professional labors, especially with a case or cases which concerned the interference of navigation on rivers by proposed bridges. A recreative trip would be a good thing for all.

The proposition was received with favor, horses were procured, and the party started for the country beyond the Kaskaskia river, I believe, and expected to reach it in two or three days. Mr. Lincoln only was familiar with the region. About the anticipated time, they came to a broad sweep of water, and the general expression was that the river was before them. The question arose, how shall we cross, what appeared to be, the river, overflowed? Mr. Lincoln alone knew that it was but a swale, covered with water one or two feet deep, but he acceded to the proposal that it was best (as the horses would probably, they said, have to swim at the deepest part) that all the party should divest themselves of so much of their clothing as would get wet, and fasten the bundles on their backs. So the divestiture was accomplished, the packs fastened, the horses mounted, and the procession, in single file, began to move across the broad waters, with Lincoln at the head. Imagine the group! What a scene for a painter?

Cautiously they move on, watching the slow steps of the horses, with reins securely held, momentarily expecting the plunge when they should go down the submerged bank into the deep water of the river. On they move, near the water, two-thirds across, and the water not reaching the horses' knees! Yet not a word was spoken, until, as they approached the other side, Mr. Lincoln turned his steed about, and addressing the party with mook solemnity, said: "Is it the judgment of the Court that a bridge across this stream would seriously interfere with navigation?"

The expedition was planned and executed by Mr. Lincoln for the sake of holding up to ridicule some lawyer's arguments before the Court on a bridge case.

STORY NUMBER TWO.

In a certain case in court, Mr. Lincoln had for his legal opponent a lawyer whose excellent character, thorough knowledge of law and superior logic combined to exert a controlling influence over the jury. This lawyer (whom we will call Judge Jones) had made a speech, and a most able speech it was. It was necessary in some way to dissipate its impression. Mr. Lincoln, in reply, opened his speech substantially as follows:

"May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, we have just heard the learned and masterly argument on the other side. We know how thoroughly versed is Judge Jones in the law, and how upright he is, and we say, really, Judge Jones cannot be mistaken in his positions. We also know how true a gentleman Judge Jones is, how irreproachable are his manners and dress; and I presume if I should say to you that Judge Jones had put on his shirt wrong side foremost this morning, you would reply, it is impossible; and yet Judge Jones has put on his shirt wrong side foremost this morning; you can look for yourselves, gentlemen, and so in this case he has got things wrong end foremost, and his whole argument is wrong from beginning to end."

Surely enough, the irreproachable lawyer, while pondering over his coming speech, had dressed himself in the mistaken manner indicated. After the laugh had subsided consequent upon the detection, Mr. Lincoln analyzed the argument of the Judge and won the case!

STORY NUMBER THREE.

Years before Mr. Lincoln was President, it happened, at the close of a matter of business at some hotel in which several gentlemen were engaged with Mr. Lincoln, that a Mr. Whitney asked the circle to take something to drink. All assented except Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Whitney urged him, but he declined on the plea that he never drank. Mr. Whitney still pressed him, saying: "Come, Mr. Lincoln, and take a glass of lager, that's a harmless beverage, and it will do you good"—to which Mr. Lincoln finally, in the kindness of his heart, assented. The lager made him very sick.

It was the first and the last time the two men met until Mr. Whitney joined the throng on the public reception day to shake hands with the beloved President. Imagine his surprise, as he slowly drew near in the procession that passed in front of the President, to see his long arm stretched out to him, and to hear his recognition:—"How do you do, Mr. Whitney? I have never drunk a glass of lager since!" Is not that a good temperance story?

—A Milwaukee paper says the Japanese as balancers have no living equal, except it be a smart fellow who balanced the books of a wholesale clothing store after he had stolen some fifteen thousand dollars therefrom.

—The door of a house in Boston bears the inscription, "Habits made, repaired, and sold."