

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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NUMBER 28.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

P. E. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]

H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 31-6m]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. [Jan 23, 1867.]

DENTISTRY. Dr. D. W. Ziegler, having opened an office in the rooms over R. R. Thomas' store, etc. [Jan 18-18m]

DENTISTRY. The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. [Jan 18-18m]

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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.

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

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.

Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co. Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated. HUGH A. M'GOY.

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

THRASHING MACHINES, COOKING STOVES, PARLOR STOVES, &c.

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. Also, 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.

LATEST ARRIVAL!

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

Flour, Bacon, Sugars, Molasses, 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.

O. K. CURTAIN FIXTURE.

Has no superior in the world! Is pronounced best by all who have seen it. It is pronounced it will supersede all other Curtain Fixtures now in use. For sale by G. HUNTLEY, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

Sent by Express.

Marion Harland was alone in the world. Her mother was just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all, she was only seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire, spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze.

"What are you going to do to earn your bread and butter, child?" he asked. "I don't know," replied the girl; "I haven't thought. Mamma had an uncle in New York who—"

"Yes, yes—I've heard tell about him. He was mad 'cause your mother did not marry just to suit him, wasn't he?"

Marion was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few moments, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the Deacon went home to tell his wife that "that Harlan girl was the queerest creature he ever came across in his born days."

In the meanwhile, Marion was packing her few scanty things into a little carpet-bag, by the word, flickering light of the dying wood fire.

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her small, pearly teeth firmly together.

"My mother's uncle shall hear her cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh! I wish my heart would not throbb so wildly! I am no longer meek Marion Harland; I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battle with her own single hands!"

Lower Broadway, at 7 o'clock, p. m.—What a babel of crushing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noise there was! Marion Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the flare of gaslight and surrounded by boxes, and wondering whether the people ever went crazy. She was dressed plain—gray poplin, with a starchy, old-fashioned little straw bonnet, tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, which her carpet-bag lay in her lap. She had sat there for two hours, and was very tired.

"Poor little thing!" thought the dark haired young clerk, nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under the circle of gaslights. And then he resumed his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans!"

The dark-haired clerk emerged from his cage, with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that you've been sitting there for some time—how came she here?"

"Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa; arrived this afternoon," answered the young man.

As though Marion Harlan was a box or a parcel!

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington."

"Why hasn't she been called for?" asked the officer.

"I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago. Expect an answer every moment."

"Very odd!" said the old gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

Some three-quarters of an hour afterwards, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side, with an indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—"

Marion looked up, with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hand clasped tightly to the handle of the faded carpet bag.

"—And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day."

A sudden blur came over Marion's eyes, and she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

"Can we do anything further for you?" questioned the young clerk, politely.

"Nothing—no one can do anything now."

Frank Evans was turning away, but something in the piteous tones of the young girl appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send you to any other of your friends?" he asked.

"I have no other friends," was the despairing answer.

"Perhaps I can have you sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Marion opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir."

So young, so beautiful, so desolate!—Frank Evans had been in New York all his life, but he had never met a case exactly parallel to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity.

"What are you going to do?" at length he ventured to ask.

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a work-house, or some such place, to which I could go until I could find something to do?"

"Hardly!" Frank Evans could not help smiling at Marion's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Marion,

starting to her feet. "I must go somewhere!"

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, quietly, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof a day or two, if you can trust me."

"Trust you?" Marion looked at him through violet eyes bedimmed with tears. "Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!"

"How late you are, Frank! Here, give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow, and—"

"Hush, mother; there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expressed on to old Harrington, the rich merchant, from Iowa.—He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I know you would not refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear; you are as welcome as a flower of May. Frank, you did quite right; you always do."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Marion Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling. "It seemed as though she had taken over blessed Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I managed without her."

"Now, Marion, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think, I have been here two months to-morrow—and the situation of governess is advantageous."

"Very well; I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please keep my secret."

"What secret is it that has to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically, wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why, Marion is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"Marion!"

"I must, Frank; I have no right to trespass further on your kindness."

"No right; eh? Marion, do you know that the house has been different since you have been here? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Marion smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Marion?"

"No," she shook her head determinedly. "Then you must stay," said Frank, "I've missed something of great value lately, and hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft."

"Missed something?" Marion rose, and turned red and white. "Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me?"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure the article is in your possession."

"The article?"

"My heart, Miss Marion! Now, look here; I love you, Marion Harlan, and I will be a true and good husband to you. Stay, and be my little wife."

So Marion Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to programme, married the dark-haired clerk in Ellison's Express office.

They were quietly married early in the morning, and Frank took Marion home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the gas light.

"Evans, sir."

"Yes, sir."

Frank, with his pen behind his ear, as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray-headed official.

"Do you remember the young lady who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?"

"Yes, sir; I remember her."

A tall, silver-haired old gentleman here interposed with eager quickness:

"Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I had just returned from Paris, when the news of her arrival reached me. I want her; she is the only living relative I have."

"Ah! but, sir, you cannot have her," said Frank.

"Can't have her? What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, sir, something has happened.—Miss Harlan was married to me this morning."

Walter Harrington started.

"Take me to her," he said, hoarsely.—"I can't be parted from my only relative for such a whim."

"I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding rings mere whims," thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence.

"Marion," said the old man in faltering accents, "you will come to me and be the daughter of my old age? I am rich, Marion, and you are all that I have in the world."

But Marion stole her hand through her husband's arm.

"Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was desolate and alone. I cannot leave

my husband, Uncle Walter. I love him."

"Then you must both come and be my children," said the old man, doggedly. "And you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb."

Frank Evans is no longer an express clerk, and pretty Marion moves in violets and diamonds, but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feeble every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

A New England Lover.

The best portion of the opening chapters of Henry Ward Beecher's new novel is a New England love passage, the proposal of 'Bliah Cathcart to Rachel Lascomb:—

They were walking silently and gravely home one Sunday afternoon, under the tall elms that line the street for half a mile. Neither had spoken. There had been some little parish quarrel, and on that afternoon the text was, "A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another." But, after the sermon was done, the text was the best part of it.—

Some one said that Parson Marsh's sermons were like the meeting house—the steeple was the only thing that folks could see after they got home.

They walked slowly, without a word. Once or twice 'Bliah essayed to speak, but was still silent. He plucked a flower from between the pickets of the fence, and unconsciously pulled it to pieces, as with troubled face, he glanced at Rachel, as fearing she would catch his eye, he looked at the trees, at the clouds, at the grass, at everything, and saw nothing—nothing but Rachel. The most solemn hour of human experience is not that of Death, but of Life—when the heart is born again, and from a natural heart becomes a heart of love? What wonder that it was a silent hour and perplexed!

Is the soul confused? Why not, when the divine spirit, rolling clear across the aerial ocean, breaks upon the heart's shore with all the mystery of heaven? Is it strange that uncertain lights dim the eye, if above the head of him that truly loves hover clouds of saintly spirits? Why should not the tongue stammer and refuse its accustomed offices, when all the world—skies, trees, plains, hills, atmosphere, and the solid earth—spring forth in new colors, with strange meanings, and seem to chant for the soul the glory of that mystic law with which God has bound to himself His infinite realm—the law of Love! Then, for the first time, when one so loves that love is sacrifice, death to self, resurrection and glory, is man brought into harmony with the whole universe; and, like him who beheld the seventh heaven, hears things unlawful to be uttered.

The great elm trees sighed as the fitful breeze swept their tops. The soft shadows fitted back and forth beneath the walkers' feet, fell upon them in light and dark, ran over the ground, quivered and shook, until sober Cathcart thought that his heart was throwing its shifting network of hope and fear along the ground before him!

How strangely his voice sounded to him as, at length, all his emotions could only say, "Rachel, how did you like the sermon?"

Quietly she answered, "I liked the text."

"A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another." Rachel, will you help me keep it?"

At first she looked down and lost a little color; then, raising her face, she turned upon him her large eyes, with a look both clear and tender. It was as if some painful restraint had given way, and her eyes blossomed into full beauty.

Not another word was spoken. They walked home hand in hand. He neither smiled nor exulted. He saw neither the trees, nor the long level rays of sunlight that were slanting across the fields. His soul was overshadowed with a cloud as if God were drawing near. He had never felt so solemn. This woman's life had been entrusted to him!

Long years—the whole length of life—the eternal years beyond, seemed in an indistinct way to rise up in his imagination. All that he could say as he left her at the door, was:

"Rachel, this is forever—forever."

She again said nothing, but turned to him with a clear and open face, in which joy and trust wrought beauty. It seemed to him as if a light fell upon him from her eyes. There was a look that descended and covered him as with atmosphere; and all the way home he was as one walking in a luminous cloud. He had never felt such personal dignity as now. He that wins such love is crowned, and may call himself king. He did not feel the earth under his feet. As he drew near his lodgings, the sun went down. The children began to pour forth, no longer restrained. Abiah turned to his evening chores. No animal that night but had reason to bless him. The children found him unusually good and tender. And Aunt Keziah said to her sister:

"Abiah's been going to meetin' very regular for some weeks, and I shouldn't wonder, by the way he looks, if he had got a hope. I trust he ain't deceiving himself."

He had a hope, and he was not deceived;