

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITOR.
ED. JAMES.

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

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WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
August 13, 1868.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street. [aug13]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [aug13]

WILLIAM H. SEGLER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [aug20]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, and United States Commissioner for Cambria county, Ebensburg, Pa. [aug13]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [aug13]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug12]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [aug13]

E. J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High street. [aug 13-6m.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office on High street, west of the Diamond. [aug13]

A. KOPELIN, T. W. DICK, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row, with Wm. Kittell, Esq. [Oct. 22.]

JOSEPH S. STRAYER, Justice of the Peace, Johnstown, Pa.
Office on Market street, corner of Locust street extended, and one door south of the late office of Wm. M'Kea. [aug13]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to, at his office. [aug13]

D. R. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. He will visit Ebensburg the second Tuesday of each month, to remain one week.
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Rooms adjoining G. Huntley's store, High street. [aug13]

DENTISTRY—
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 thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the imparted experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. August 13, 1868.

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SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug13]

Job Work of all kinds done at this office.

The Old Church on the Hill.

On the height of a lonely hill
Its rusty old form it uprears,
Standing in solitude where it has stood
Through the storms of a hundred years.
It meets the first rays of the morn,
While the valleys still sleep in the shade,
The glory of sunset plays round its walls,
And it shines as with sapphires inlaid.
In the dark and stormy nights,
When the tempests sweep over the hill,
It creaks in the blast, and wild, wild songs
Its desolate corridors fill.
The traveler sees it afar,
On his rough and winding way;
The husbandman sees it, resting from toil,
In the heat of a summer day.
Around it the multitude sleep,
Who of old sought its altars in prayer—
A great congregation; they rest from their toils,
Unmoved by earth's tumult and care.
O, many the thoughts of the heart,
As we stand by the temple of God,
And think of the worshippers, vanished and
gone,
Who up to its courts have trod!
They came in the joy of their souls,
Or they came with their burdens to bear,
In the sunlight of youth, in the evening of
age,
In hope, or in grief and despair.
Then peace to the church on the hill!
Where its rusty old form it uprears;
Let it stand in its loneliness, where it has
stood
Through the storms of a hundred years.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"
I, Charles Markham, a young physician, was sitting alone in a dusky little room that the sign without dignified with the title of "office" when these words fell upon my ears. I had just returned from visiting the few patients I could boast of, thoroughly heart-sick at the want of humanity in the world, wet to the skin, and more than half frozen.
I cannot remember a worse night, in all respects. It was cold as the Arctic regions, and the sleet that rattled upon the windows soon covered them with a coating of ice. It had stormed heavily all the day, the stores were closed, and the sidewalk vendors had gone under shelter.
"God help any one that is forced to be abroad to-night!" had been my thought as I hurried along after finishing my professional duties and while breathing my way homeward.
I had scarcely reached home, changed my saturated garments, coaxed the sparkling anthracite into a cheerful glow, and begun building castles in Spain of the time when I should have a lucrative practice, ride in a carriage, and own a brown stone front, when the strange and heart-chilling words fell upon my ears, causing all my pleasant fancies to drift away in an instant.
"Will you buy my body, sir?"
I sprang from my easy chair, dropping my well-colored mouscham in my astonishment, and turned to see who it was that, like Poe's raven, had uttered the terrible words—
"Will you buy my body, sir?"
The question was repeated for the second time before I had sufficiently recovered myself—before I was convinced that it was no ill-omened bird, but one of human semblance at least. Yet the request was so utterly unusual, so much at variance with all preconceived notions of barter and sale, that all I could do was to push a chair towards the intruder, and stand in silent wonderment.
In a few moments, the self-command I had learned during hospital practice came to my aid, and I saw that my visitor was a woman—a girl, rather, for she could not have been more than nineteen or twenty at the utmost; and if it had not been for the extreme pallor of the face, the pinched-up look about the mouth, and the sad, sunk-in eyes, she would have possessed far more than ordinary beauty.
The flickering light of the fire flashed upon the soft brown hair, giving it a golden glow, and dissolving the snow-flakes that had lodged there, making them glitter like liquid pearls. This much, and that her dress and shawl were of the cheapest material, and but a poor defence against the howling storm and pitiless cold, and the strange request, darted with lightning rapidity through my brain.
"Draw nearer to the fire," I said. "You are benumbed. Warm yourself, and—"
"I have no time—must not stay," she answered, with a sigh, though she dropped heavily into a chair and brushed away the snow-drops from her face with her thin hands.
Without waiting for further remonstrance, I hastened to get some reviving medicine, of which she stood so much in need, and with gentle force held it to her lips.
"I cannot, cannot," she gasped, half pushing it away.
"You must," I insisted. "Remember I am a physician—that this is my prescription—that your life may depend upon it."
"Life! O God! How long and sad! Will it give me strength?"

"That certainly is the object I have in urging you to take it. What else should it be?"
"Give it to me?"
And she swallowed it without a murmur, save one of thankfulness.
I wheeled her chair up nearer to the fire, and stirred the coal to a more brilliant glow, hoping that the potion would quiet her excitement, wake the chilled blood to a warmer and swifter glow, and that sleep would follow.
For a moment I fancied that I was right. The little hands dropped nervously into her lap; the softly veiled lids drooped over the deep blue eyes; the head fell forward upon the breast. But alas! it was only a momentary delusion. In another instant she sprang to her feet again, pressed her hands upon her temples, as if to still their throbbing, and looked wildly around.
"O God!" she exclaimed, "I here amid warmth and comfort, and—"
Convulsive sobs choked any further utterance.
"Sit down and tell me the reason of your coming here," I almost commanded, as I placed her in my chair.
"Ah! I remember all now! Remember! Is there no such thing as forgetfulness? Yes, I remember all. I came here to—"
"Be calm! I understand that you are in need and came for assistance."
"I came," she replied, looking upon me with such utter despair that it made my blood run cold, "I came, doctor, to sell you my body."
"Sell your body?" She spoke of it as an every-day transaction.
"Great heaven!" I exclaimed, laying my fingers upon her pulse, with the expectation of finding it bounding with race-horse rapidity, but on the contrary finding it far more calm than my own; "you cannot be in earnest."
"I am in earnest—God alone knows how much in earnest. It is my last resort. Will you buy it? Will you give me some money for it?"
And she reached out her hand towards me as a miser would have done upon hearing the sound of jingling gold.
"How can I purchase it? You are yet alive," I said.
"But I will soon die, and then you can claim it. For the love of heaven, give me a little, just a little, money."
And the hitherto dry eyes were flooded with tears.
"Why do you wish to sell it? You cannot but understand that it is an unheard-of proceeding. Our profession does not purchase bodies before death, no matter what we may do after."
"I know it—I know it; but I must have money, and there is no other means left me to get it. I must have it now."
She would have arisen again, but I resolutely held her down.
"For what purpose do you want money?" I asked.
"To purchase food, fire, medicine."
"For yourself?"
"Ah! no. Had that been the case, I never could have come hither. I would have lain down in the gutter and died, God knows how willingly. But tell me, she continued, almost fiercely, "will you give me some money? I must have it."
"If not for yourself, then in the name of heaven for whom would you make such an awful sacrifice? Is it one that is near and dear to you?"
"It is my little sister."
The words dropped from her tongue as they might have dropped from an angel's, and her face wore as holy a light as if she had been star-crowned.
"Then she is sick?"
"Dying! dying! and I sitting idly here!"
"Why did you not tell me of this before?"
"Because I had begged so long in vain. I had no money to pay a doctor, and who would go forth on a charitable errand such a night as this?"
My blood boiled so that I could not answer. Could there be such men? Alas! reason told me in a moment that her words were too true, and I almost cursed my race. Without delay, I gathered such things as I thought might be of service, wrapped the delicate form in a heavy cloak, and with a few words of comfort, we sailed out together into the black night and merciless storm and cold.
Fortunately the distance we had to travel was a short one. A few blocks were passed, and she led me up several flights of dismal, creaking stairs into a room.
"Florence, is that you?" I heard asked by what my car convinced me was a pair of childish, infantile lips.
"Yes, my darling; lie still for a moment."
"I am so glad. You have been so long, so very, very long away, and I am so sick, and cold, and hungry, and it was so dark, and I have been so frightened at the strange noises."
"Excuse me, sir," she said, as she turned, and lighted the remnant of a candle; "excuse me, but I have been so long away from Bessie."
I answered not. Her voice had a melo-

dy in it, now attuned by love, that I wished to linger upon my ears unbroken, like the strains of some songs I have heard, and which haunted me for years.
In a moment, the candle shed a sickly light around the little room. Little, indeed, and unfinished to nothingness. One scantily covered bed was all. But within I saw a sweet, wee face that made me forget all else. I approached it, and laid my hand upon the pulse of the little sufferer.
"Who are you?" she asked, drawing back in alarm.
"He is a doctor, Bessie; a dear, good, kind friend," replied her sister; and from that moment she became perfectly passive in my hands.
"I did not require one much learned in materia medica to see what was required. I made the proper prescription, saw that it was tenderly administered, told the elder sister that I would be back in a few moments, and resisting all her attempts to light me down the stairs, groped my way into the street. I had noticed an eating house, at but a little distance as we came along, and a statement of the case, backed by the all-powerful king of the world, gold, soon procured the loan of a disused stove, a couple of chairs, fuel, light, and proper food, and in a brief half hour that little room wore something like an air of comfort. Another hour, and the eyes of the child were closed in slumber, and I urged her sister to seek repose, but in vain.
"At least, lie down and let me cover you with my cloak," I urged.
"No, doctor," was the constant reply, "I cannot. I am so happy. It must have been God that directed my wandering steps to you."
And so we sat, with the night wind roaring without, watching the almost angelic face of the peacefully slumbering child—sat and talked of what I was most anxious to hear. But the conversation of those long hours can be condensed into a very brief space.
She who would have sold her body for the sake of giving a little longer of life to her sister was the daughter of wealthy parents. But a few years previously, she could have held her head as high as the highest. Both birth and education fitted her for it. But misfortune came—a series of disasters upon land and sea, against which no human forethought could have guarded, combined with treachery and ingratitude of the deepest die, swept away all. In their footsteps followed the death of her mother, leaving an infant of but a few months old. The fond father struggled manfully against the tide for a brief time, then his health gave way, and he followed his wife through the dark valley and beyond the shining river, leaving the elder sister to provide for the younger.
"For a time," continued the girl, "I was able to live comfortably by the sale of the furniture and articles of value I possessed. Then—but why should I so unbecomingly myself to a stranger?" she asked, stopping suddenly and looking me full in the face.
"Because," I replied, with a smile at her earnestness, "because you have found a true heart, and one that can feel for you."
"Yes, may kind heaven be thanked!" she replied, "I feel that it is so. Well, I struggled on—fought on were the better word," she continued, the lines about her mobile mouth suddenly becoming hard. "I fought for life, sometimes teaching, sometimes obtaining a little sewing in short, doing anything that my strength permitted, until sickness came. Still, I gave not away to despair. Truly, I was bound to the stake—a sweet one—my darling sister. Of the insults I received while seeking work, I shall not speak. They must remain forever locked in my breast," and the pallid face flushed scarlet at the thought.
"And found no employment?"
"None! Piece by piece I parted with the little furniture I was the possessor of until what you see was all that remained."
"My poor child!"
"It is true—I saw that she was nursing herself to tell me something that was painful, very painful, and would have stopped her, but she resolutely continued, "It is true, some money was offered me by more than one man, but I instantly and indignantly hurled it back in my insulter's face. Then, great Heaven! upon this bitter night, with all hope gone, I determined to sell my body to some surgeon."
"What in the name of Heaven could have put such an idea into your head?"
"I do not know, I cannot tell. Somewhere, I had either heard or read of something of the kind."
"You must have been very desperate?"
"On the verge of destruction! I had but one dream, one desire, to save my darling even a single hour of pain."
"Have you no relatives?"
"Not a single one that I know of. Both of my parents were only children, and their parents came from foreign lands."
She paused and turned to smooth the hair of the slumbering Bessie, and imprint a kiss upon the curl-wreathed and snowy brow; and I thought what desperate trials one like her must have passed through in order to bring her mind to look calmly upon giving herself to the knife and the ribald jests of the dissecting room! And I thought, too, of the sterling truth of her young heart that could resist the allurements of gold when so hedged by want and

pain in their most terrible shapes. I thought, too—but she interrupted me with: "My kind—indeed, I might say my only friend—whom God raised up to me in the hour when all was darkness and misery, and black death and a pauper's grave were staring me in the face. My kind friend—but I am—have been keeping you from rest."
"Me! A physician's life is one that is constantly broken in upon and—will you pardon me? I have never had my heart so deeply touched, or my feelings so much interested in all my life."
A faint rose blush crept up from the exquisitely moulded throat and mantled the soft cheeks. She took my hand and pressed it to her lips, leaving a warm kiss lingering upon it. Did I really—
When the morning light broke again over the gay city the storm had ceased and nature smiled—cold, it is true, but brilliantly. There was a plentiful breakfast served in that little room, but the dinner was taken in far other quarters.
As I write these lines, I (with some, at least, of my dreams of wealth and position realized) sit in a cozy study and listen to the wrathful howling of the storm without. There is a beautiful brown haired woman sewing near—a sprite of a girl decorating a snow white kitten with crimson ribbons on the rag in front of the glowing grate. I look up suddenly from the book I am reading at the former. Our eyes meet. Are we both thinking of the past? It may be so. She steals softly behind my chair and twines her arms around my neck.
"Darling, do you remember such a night as this scarcely a year ago?" she asks.
"Yes. I was thinking of it."
"And of what brought me to you?"
"Yes."
She bends still nearer to me. I feel her fervent kiss—such a one as only a young and lovely wife can give; and I hear, as it were, whispered rather by spirit than by mortal lips:
"Now, my darling, I am yours body and soul."
Thank God that it is so.

Facetia.
—All over town—smoke.
—Long division—divorce.
—The greatest linguist—echo.
—Feeling fellows—pick-pockets.
—A matter of course—horse-racing.
—Behind time—the back of a clock.
—A blunder-buss—kissing the wrong girl.
—A wooden wedding—marrying a blockhead.
—The man of musical turn—the organ grinder.
—Capital punishment—serving in the legislature.
—Our means—embers from which the sparks have fled.
—Changed his vocation—Grant, from tanning to Cabinet making.
—Why was Noah never hungry? Because he had Ham with him.
—Beautiful extract—a handsome lady just helped out of a mud hole.
—What is that, which, when thrown out may be caught without hands? A hint.
—To remove stains from the character, get rich.
—When is a young man's arm like the Gospel? When it maketh glad the waist places.
—A large number of the Department clerks are dissatisfied with Grant's Cabinet. Of course they will resign (?)
—If time is money, most people have a good deal more money than they know what to do with.
—The woodman who spared that tree, came near freezing to death the past winter, on account of the scarcity of wood.
—A tombstone in Maine, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription: "Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."
—There is a man in town so knowing, that people who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.
—A young lady went to a photograph artist the other day and wanted him to take her with an expression as if composing a poem.
—It is supposed that the thief who was reported in the morning papers as having left the house, did so because he was not able to take it with him.
—It is estimated that there are 1,554,823,436,456,524 threshing machines in the United States, without counting the school marms.
—Sentimentalists sing, "Give me a cot in the valley I love," but persons of a more practical turn would prefer a walnut French bedstead.
—Fanny Fern having said that "men of the present day are fast," Prentice replies "that they have to be to catch the women."
—When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is which is the one? Sometimes there is a long struggle between them to finally settle this matter.
—A showman advertises that among his other curiosities is the celebrated "difference," which has so often been split by bargain makers. He says he has both halves of it.
—The man who has a family and who refuses to subscribe for a newspaper, debars his children the privilege of gaining more information in three months than they will in twelve advertising school.
—A gentleman advertises for a horse "for a lady of dark color, a good trotter, and of stylish action?" The horse "must be young and have a long tail about fifteen hands high."
—"Fine day for the race," said a wag to a sporting friend one bright morning lately. "What race?" anxiously inquired his friend. "Why, the human race, to be sure," was the reply.
—In a recent temperance lecture Beecher remarked that Ireland grew no wines. One of his hearers reminded him that the Green Isle grows whiskey. "Oh, yes," said Beecher, "I acknowledge the corn."
—Among the curious tombstone inscriptions which have come to our ears lately, is the following:
"Here lies Betsy:
Where she's gone, and how she fares,
No one knows, and no one cares."
—"Mr. Timothy," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of an admirer, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied the adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy the upper story entirely."
—A tall eastern girl named Short loved a certain big Mr. Little, while little Little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query—Did tall Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long?