

The Ebensburg Alleganian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITORS.
ED. JAMES.

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

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\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

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August 13, 1868.

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Office on High street. [Aug 13]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 13]

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Office opposite the Court House. [Aug 13] J. E. SCANLAN.

SAMUEL SINGLETION, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Aug 13]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Aug 13]

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

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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. Mc Kee. [Aug 13]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
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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 imitated 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.
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August 13, 1868.

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SAMUEL SINGLETION, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Aug 13]

Job Work of all kinds done at this office.

BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew—
The lusty days of long ago,

When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail;
Proud as the cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine a brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;

To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes
With HON. and LL.D.

In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!

How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the Judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;

You've sung mankind a deathless strain;

You've made the dead past live again;

The world may call you what it will,

But you are Joe and I am Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray—
They talk like fellows in their teens!"

Mad, poor old boys! That what it means."

And shake their heads: they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe.

How Bill forges his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;

How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—

Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?

A fitful tongue of leaping flame;

A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust;

That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;

A few swift years and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe.

A weary idol takes his stand,

Holds out his bruised and aching hand,

While gaping thousands come and go—

How vain it seems, this empty show!

Till all at once his pulses thrill;

'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you Bill."

And shall we breathe in happier spheres

The names that pleased our mortal ears,

In some sweet lull of harp and song,

For earth-born spirits non too long,

Just whispering of the world below

Where this was Bill, and that was Joe.

No matter; while our home is here

No sounding name is half so dear;

When fades at length our lingering day,

Who cares what pompous tombstones say?

Read on the hearts that love us still,

Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

"I'll keep a light in the window, Sandy,
Till ye come back."

"Never mind, mother," said the boy,
standing at the door in an uncertain,
slouching kind of way, "I—I might be

"It's dark along the lane," said the mother,
"and a bit of candle light would be ill-spared, if you got a tumble by it.—
I'll keep the candle burning till you come back."

She was a very hard featured Scotch woman, healthy and active, though no longer young, and, as she talked, she worked on, ironing the linens she had washed and starched, and heaping it like a snow drift, in a great basket beside her.—

Four other children were in the room, girls and boys, too young to do much for themselves, yet Sandy was eighteen, a tall, handsome fellow, with ripe lips and cheeks and dancing eyes. "If Sandy only would have been a little steadier," the mother often sighed; but to be "steady," was not Sandy's forte.

On, ever and always, to the river side, where other lounging boys watched the boats come in at the ferry, or plunged stones into the water for the village pet, the great Newfoundland, "Whiskers," by name, to "feach." No harm in that, the mother thought, if the boys had all been good; but evenings at the store, they were worse; and the decent washerwoman shivered as she listened for her boy's home-coming steps at nights, lest some day he should copy Squire Peeler's boys and drink too much.

Peeler's boys were her terror, though they were the sons of the richest man in the neighborhood. But now as Sandy stood in the door, so tall and fair, and bony, the mother's heart grew light.—

"He'd be sure to settle down and help her with the bairns some day," she said. No doubt of that; he was a bit of a boy now; and she ironed on until her work was done, and then put the candle into the window to light the boy along the lane at his home coming. The candle burnt itself away and sunk into the socket, and the very wick smoldered out, leaving only smell and smoke behind it, and still lit no Sandy across the threshold of his humble home, for that night Sandy ran away.

The life at home was too hard for him. The restraints of his mother's watchful eye irked him. To do his own will, to have his own way, Sandy left his home behind him, but he had grace enough to remember with a pang, these words:

"I'll keep the light burning till ye come back, Sandy."

Some vague hope of being rich, and doing great things for those at home, was in his mind, or he believed so, but a selfish desire to escape the drudgery and the restraint gave the actual impulse to his steps. He shipped as a sailor the next day, and began in earnest a wild and reckless sailor's life.

It suited him. Now and then when the storm was at its height, and far in the distance the lamps of some tall light-house shone like a great red eye, the tiny flicker of that window sheltered candle would dawn upon his memory, and he would hear his mother's voice saying, "I'll keep it burning till ye come, Sandy." Now and then amidst the yarns and songs of the forecastle merry making, he heard the crooning of the tunes she used to sing over her work—old Scottish ballads, or perhaps some hymn handed down from the time when the old Covenanters worshipped God and defied man amongst the purple heather. They never lured him home to her though.

The years rolled on, and even this one stings of conscience ceased its paining. In those days there were no such beings as sober sailors, nor captains of temperance principles. Hard drinkers were most old salts, and most young ones. Sandy drank with the rest. He grew broad and stout. His cheeks were bronzed, his light hair changed its tint, his voice grew deep and coarse. He was in no way a good man, but he was a good sailor. As the years passed, he came to be an officer—first mate of the Agamemnon. His pockets were full enough for all his purposes. The sea was better than land to him, and when on shore he led that sort of life that drove the thought of mother from men's very souls. He had friends, at least he thought so, men who knew when his pay jingled in his pocket, women who did not blush to receive the lavish gifts of the jovial sailor. He was not niggardly, nay—once he emptied his last remaining dollar into a beggar's hand. It happened to be a pretty beggar girl, and he had gone on a year's cruise, shoeless, and during shipwreck, or when the Agamemnon found a sister vessel in distress, Sandy was bravest of the brave; but he had never been generous enough nor brave enough to go him back to the eastward seaport, where his mother had left the candle burning for him in the window—never, never.

The lane was no more—a street of houses now—but at its end, or the dreamt San dy saw a candle gleam. He drew near. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle, in very truth; and in the window of his old home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. There's a light in the window for thee; and then the tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said, "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy."

Twenty years ago, and she was nearly fifty then. Probably she was dead; but some one might be in the house, yet who could tell him of her. And so, in the midnight darkness the sailor staggered up the river path—through the changed streets and, led by the compass of his heart, to the lane where his boyhood home had been so long before.

The lane was no more—a street of houses now—but at its end, or the dreamt San dy saw a candle gleam. He drew near. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle, in very truth; and in the window of his old home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. There's a light in the window for thee;

and then the tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said, "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy—and I will."

And then he flung himself upon his knees before her, she knew that Sandy had come back, indeed.

He never again forsook her. A better son and a better man than Sandy came to be, those of the seaport say they may never see him again. And if you go thither, they will point you out the little cottage window at which, strong in her faith for the return, Captain Cameron's mother kept a light burning for all the nights of twenty years—that and the mansion where, with her son, now married and Captain of an ocean steamer, she yet lives to bless him!

The scene that followed beggars description. None who lived to remember could ever forget it. There was no hope from the first, none, save in the boats. They were filled at once. Who could forget it? Oh, who can forget it? The old man pointing to the lights on shore and crying:

"I wanted to see the children once before I died."

The captain was deathly pale, showing strange bravery which sailors only possess at such a time.

Changing from a dictatorial old hard drinker to a very hero; clinging in romantic fondness to his ship; and while he did his best for every soul on board, forgetting himself, and vowed to sink with her.

The young passenger and his bride—she clinging to him; the mother with her babe bound to her breast—praying on her knees amid the tumult. The orphan child going home to its grand parents, wonder stricken, and yet scarcely conscious of its danger. The sailors changed like the captain into heroes. Who could forget all this? Amidst them all, gigantic in his strength, sobered at last by the awful scenes around him, toiled Sandy Cameron. They remembered him well whose lives he saved. The bronzed man with light hair, and the grip of Hercules. So all the boats and rafts—some to live, some to die—were all afloat. All gone into the darkness, and struggling forms had vanished from the waves, and alone together, the flames approaching them like dancing demons, stood

old Captain Oaks and his first mate, Sandy Cameron.

"Captain," said Sandy, "it's most over."

"Aye, aye, lad," said the captain. "Give us your fist. We've sailed together a good while now. We seem bound for the long voyage now. Lord help us, Sandy."

"There's a chance yet, maybe," said the first mate. "Try for it, captain."

"No," said the sailor, "I go with her. —No wife waits for me, no child. She's my wife and children, all in one. Try you, I go down with her."

That was the last that Sandy Cameron saw or heard of the captain. A rush and roar from below, where spirits were stored, ended the words. Then came blindness and silence and the time passed for him.

* * * * *

At last there was a sound again. The sound of waters. Light, the red lamps of the light house. Feeling, that the wet sand against his face. Some strange providence may have been Sandy Cameron's life. Bruised and weak, he lay motionless for a long while. Bruised and weak, still he staggered to his feet at last.

Above him—his sailor eye used to remember such things—towered well known rocks kissed by the struggling moonlight.

The sea had flung him into the arms of his native seaport; and up above, a man