

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITORS.
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. [Aug 13]

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

WILLIAM H. SECILER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug 26]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, and United States Commissioner for Cambria county, Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Aug 13]

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

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

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office on High street, west of the Diamond. [Aug 13]

A. KOPELIN, Attorney 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'Kee. [Aug 13]

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. [Aug 13]

DR. 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.
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.
Rooms in the "Mountain House," High street. [Aug 13]

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 practical experience, he has sought to add the improved 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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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK—
OF ALTOONA, PA.
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ABRAHAM BLAINE, Barber—
Ebensburg, Pa.
Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing done in the most artistic style.
Saloons directly opposite the "Mountain House." [Aug 13]

NATIONAL SOAP AND CANDLE MANUFACTORY,
HENRY SCHNABLE,
Wholesale dealer in Soap, Candles, Groceries, Liquors and Fish, at city prices. [Aug 13]
MAIN ST., JOHNSTOWN PA.

The Drunkard's Child.

You ask me why I stray alone
A stranger 'mid the busy crowd,
Kind sir, I have not one to own—
My father rests in pauper's shroud.

To tell my tale—kind sir, 'tis sad,
But such it was not always so,
For I was once a child so glad
Who knew not want, nor care, nor woe.

I once dwelt in a cottage fair
Far from the city's crowded mart;
Mid pleasant sunshine, light and air,
A careless, free, and laughing heart.

My father—he was loving then—
I was his only, petted child,
But since we left the village gleam
He never once upon me smiled.

A happy home was ours I ween,
None happier in all the vale,
No want, no misery was seen,
No cause to make the cheek grow pale.

Ah, those were happy golden hours!
And I was like a singing bird,
That wandered 'mid the vales, the flowers,
And mimicked every sound I heard.

A gentle mother smiled on me,
She guarded, shielded with her love,
'Till from our woe and misery
Her spirit fled to worlds above.

Yes, from our woe and misery,
For father trod the path of sin;
Oh! 'twas a dreadful sight to see
My father 'mid the drunken men.

Companions lured him on to drain
The fatal glass,—my mother sigh'd,
And pleaded hard, but all in vain—
And this the reason why she died.

He had a smiling face no more
Except in some wild drunken spree,—
So different from that of yore,
Such mirth and smile were sad to see.

I went no longer to the gate
To meet him as from work he came,
He was so cross, and came so late,
And he was father in the name.

And then that awful night of woe,
He stagger'd in—my mother cried—
Alas! he struck that cruel blow—
My gentle mother droop'd and died.

She faded like a tender flower
From that first leech and cruel blow,
She never smiled from that sad hour
'Till I was left alone in woe.

My father fled the smiling gleam,
The wailing woe, the murmuring stream,
To dwell 'mid busy haunts of men,
And drink to drown that awful dream.

The crowded street—the murky air—
Such sights were not the scenes for me;
The wretched room—the scanty fare—
Ours was a life of misery!

Outside the public house one night
I watched and waited in the street,
A crowd rush'd out—there was a fight—
And he lay lifeless at my feet.

I knelt by him—I could not cry—
My fingers wandered in his hair—
I wildly gazed in that blank eye—
I kissed, I hugged in wild despair!

They laid him in a pauper's shell,
They laid him in a pauper's grave,
There was for him no passing bell,
The passing crowd no pity gave.

I know he did not mean to slay
My gentle mother by that blow;
Yet, he was somewhat kind that day
The murderous hand had laid him low.

Oh! speak not harshly of the dead—
My mother had forgiven his fall;
I kiss'd him in his narrow bed,
And, sir, I too forgave him all.

WHAT KILLED HIM.—A few years ago,
When Judge Gould of Troy, lately deceased,
was holding court in that city, a prisoner was being tried before him for willful murder, in causing the death of a man by a pistol shot. An eminent physician and surgeon was on the stand as a witness for the defense.

The prisoner's counsel, an adroit lawyer, attempted to show that the man, who lived some little time after being shot, might have died from some other cause, and examined his witness after this style: "Doctor, would not such a thing cause death?"

"Oh, yes, sir."
"This is quite sufficient for us," exclaimed the defendant's counsel, with an air of triumph, twirling his eye-glass.

Judge Gould turned on his seat, bent his large, keen, penetrating black eye full on the witness, and said a little sharply: "Doctor, you have now told us what might have caused this man's death; what did cause his death?"

"The bullet, sir," answered the witness. This ended the case.

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

"Patrick O'Flinn," called out the captain. "Here, yer honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with hand to his cap.

"How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer.

A FAMILY JAR, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

I remember it as though it had happened yesterday. It was the biggest row we ever had in our family.

It was a cold, rainy evening in the early part of December. We all sat down to the supper table as usual, but not apparently in our usual good humor.

By "all," I mean our family, which consisted of father, mother, my two sisters, Clara and Lizzie, Bob and myself.

Bob Carver was one of our family, as he said, "by brevet." His mother and my mother had been friends in girlhood, and had never out-grown their intimacy. Ever since Bob had lived in the city he had boarded at our house, and he seemed like one of us.

He was a jolly fellow, and appeared to think a good deal of us all, especially Clara, who, by the way, did not seem to care particularly for him, though of course, she liked him "well enough," as we all did.

The relations between these two had caused me some painful consideration. I liked Bob very much, and would have been glad to have him in the family more fully than by "brevet." Besides this, my regard for him made me feel a warm sympathy for his unreciprocated affection for Clara. I was in love myself, and thought that if Maggie Cranston showed as much indifference to me as Clara did sometimes toward Bob, that I should have been in expressible misery.

Besides this, Clara seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in the company of that stupid Jim Bayne, whose chief delight seemed to be in talking about religion, politics and other subjects, which bored me intolerably. I was nineteen, and poetical.

It always seemed to me that Lizzie would have suited Bob better than Clara, anyhow. They were both fond of music, and often played and sang together; but they never got along smoothly together; they did not appear to agree about anything but music, and they quarreled about that. Yet they would still practice together. Their voices harmonized well, and I supposed they tolerated each for the sake of the music.

I could never understand Lizzie's conduct toward Bob. It was absurd. Some of his ideas that she argued against with all her might, when he stated them, she warmly defended in conversation with the rest of us. I believe she delighted in being contrary.

Father had a sort of half-library, half-office on the stairs, and there, I suppose, he took a smoke and myself to read.

After we had been there a short time, Lizzie tapped at the door and walked in. I asked her if she would have a cigar, to which she made no reply, but walked directly toward Bob, who involuntarily got up to meet her.

I saw that they were about to make up their quarrel; but as I had been present at half a dozen make-ups of theirs, I only thought it necessary to gaze, with sudden interest, out of the window.

Lizzie commenced: "Mr. Carver, I was rude; I was provoked at what you said at the table, and so forgot myself; I'm sorry."

I wished I had gone out, but they were between me and the door, so I did not know what to do.

Bob maintained an awkward silence for a few seconds. I began to feel interested. I knew that was pretty much of an apology for Lib to make to any one, and I mentally said if he did not accept it as frankly as it was offered, he was as well, not what I thought him.

Lizzie must have grown tired of his silence for she had turned around from the window, when Bob said "Stop." She turned toward him and he continued:

"Lizzie, don't think I am such a brute as not to accept your apology. I was only at a loss to find words to express my regret at having provoked you into saying what you did. It was all my fault."

"No it wasn't," cutly returned Lizzie; and I mentally concluded that they would quarrel over this.

But Bob continued seriously, and in a most lugubrious tone, said, "Well, may be it isn't. I guess it is fate. It is the result, I suppose, of over-sensitiveness to your indifference—or dislike."

"Bob!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"It's true," he said, "I can't help feeling that you don't like me, and my uneasiness leads me to act so as to increase your aversion."

I wished I had gone. They seemed to be settling not only their last quarrel, but all that they had ever had.

"You had no right to say that, Bob—You know—I don't—dislike you," said Lizzie, actually breaking down and sobbing.

I guess he must have concluded that he knew it, for he took her in his spacious arms just as I passed them on a retreat, terribly ashamed of not having gone in the first place.

I do not know what took place after I left, but so far as dinner was concerned, Lib might as well have gone to church.

Bridget got it all right, and I think it was about the happiest one we ever dined.

Happiness is contagious, and there was enough of it in Lizzie's eyes alone to have inoculated a whole regiment with joy.

I believe Clara saw the state of affairs at once and shared Lizzie's joy to the greatest possible degree.

He asked father about the sermon, and on being assured that it was an excellent one, said he would take a little of it.

Father asked him, "What?" and he said "potatoes."

He helped himself to a spoonful, and then deliberately took a spoonful of butter.

Mother significantly asked him if he thought smoking agreed with him, and he told her yes, he considered it a delightful exercise; and as he gave her this novel assurance, he reached for the molasses and poured it over his potatoes and butter.

This was too much for Clara and me, and we burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which recalled Bob to his senses, and blushing crimson, he confessed that he was absent minded, as he had just been able to see his way clear in a matter which had troubled him for months.

He then heartily joined in the general laugh at his mistakes; Lizzie joining in, and blushing a pink accompaniment to his deep crimson flush.

Bob and father took a smoke in the office that afternoon, and mother and the girls held a conference in the parlor; I took a walk.

When I came back Clara said, "You're a gump."

Without any idea of what that might be, I meekly assented, and said, "I had no idea of what was coming; I thought Bob wanted you instead of Lib."

"You're all the worse gump for that," said she; "and for fear you can't see something else in time, I'll tell you now that I am engaged to Mr. Bayne."

I thought the marrying days of the year had come, and I went off to my room to indulge in a delightful dream of my own marriage, in the far-off future with Maggie Cranston.

Five years have passed since then.—Clara and Lizzie got married, of course, and I stood up at their weddings. Clara keeps house. Bob and Lizzie still live at our house, and father insists that they always shall.

I did not think Jim Bayne so stupid as I once did. Three years in the fish and oil business as junior member of the firm of Marton & Son, have damaged my poetic enthusiasm, while Bayne's seem somehow or other on the increase.

I have not married Maggie Cranston.—In fact I do not know her. We did not keep our acquaintance long after she left our boarding house, and she, I suppose, so fully expected to marry her, and that I could not get along without her.

I am still a youthful bachelor, awaiting an opportunity to quarrel with some young lady, as Bob Carver did with our Lizzie; but I don't want any nineteen year-old brothers on hand at the reconciliation.

Pretty Top Boots.

If there is anything prettier or more sensible than the short dresses which the ladies wear now, what is it? If there is anything more bewitching than those cunning little feet that trip with a light spring across the streets and along our sidewalks, even in the muddy days, what can it be? As when Tammyson's Princess and her train were climbing the rocks,

"May a light foot alone like a jewel set In the dark erag?"

So they staid over our rough cross-walks and pavements. And you remember that one very charming characteristic of pretty Arabella Allen in Piekwick was that she wore a very nice little pair of boots with fur around the tops which Mr. Piek-

over the stile with a bivy of damisels who were enjoying their Christmas frolic, and "who," says the author, "having pretty feet and unexceptionable ankles, preferred standing on the top rail five minutes, declaring that they were too frigh'nd to move."

The short dresses have led the ladies to pay particular attention to their feet, and they have almost reached perfection in those thick, firm and artistically shaped shoes which they now wear in place of the thin soled and sprawling things around which they used to drape their muddy skirts.

A woman's foot now is, as it ought to be, a legitimate object of admiration, and it is not necessary for curious loungers to wait for muddy days and wind storms, and to congregate on corners to see them, while the modest young ladies could only express their admiration of that wise compensation of Providence which the same wind that mussed their crinoline blew dust into the eyes of the wicked young men who would take advantage of their confusion. We can echo at this time an equal praise to the girl that wears short dresses that Steadman sang in the "sweet brogue" of the Emerald Isle to the girl with the balmaral:

"Thin here's to the gal with the balmaral And dainty top-boots slender, Who's as discrete as she is swate, And wise as she is tender."

BEDBUGS IN IDAHO.—"Talk about bedbugs," said Bill Jones, who had been across the plains, "you should have seen some of the critters down west. There were bedbugs, who lived in a log cabin containing only one room and a loft. When it came time to go to bed, they strung a blanket across the middle of the room, and the settler's family slept on one side of it and gave me the other. I laid down to go to sleep, and the bedbugs began to gather like locusts around a free lay out. I tried to kiver up and keep away from 'em, but the pesky varmin'ts would catch hold of the bed-clothes and pull them off from me. They didn't think nothing of dragging me around the room if I held on. I fit 'em till midnight, and then looked around for some way of escape. There was a ladder reaching 'up into the loft, and I thought the best way to get away from the blood-suckers was to climb up that, so I did. There wasn't any bugs in the loft, and I laid down congratulating myself on my escape. Pretty quick I heard the ladder squeakin' as if somebody was comin' 'up. Bimeby I saw a bedbug raise himself up through the hole in the floor and look carefully around the loft. Soon's he saw me he motioned to his chums below, the blood-thirsty cuss, and cried, exultingly: 'Come up, boys, he's here!'"

TAKING OUT YOUR WATCH during a sermon is no small exploit. There are many advantages arising from it. In the first place it will be known that a man has a watch. In the second place, he will show that the sermon has not much affected him. Thirdly, it will be a means of ascertaining whether he has preached long enough, and should bring the sermon a close. Fourthly, it will take up a portion of the time and attention, so that a part of the sermon, certainly, if not the whole, will pass by the man as the idle wind, and be lost. Fifthly, it will show what estimate the man puts on the message of grace. Sixthly, it will abstract the notice of others around, and turn away their attention from the message in like manner. Seventhly, it is an act very much in harmony with a passage of the Scripture: "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn; and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat?"—Amos, viii, 1.

Two lawyers in Lowell were returning from court, when one said to the other: "I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. —'s church—been debating the subject for some time. What do you think of it?"

"Wouldn't do it," said the other.

"Well, why?"

"Because it could do you no possible good, while it might be a great injury to the church."

THE MULE.—The mule is a larger bird than the guse or the turkey.

It has two legs to walk with, and 2 more to kick with; and it wears its wings on the side of its head.

It is stubbornly backward about going forward.

—The new back-gammon—the Grecian bend.

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir, I've been married a week."

"I mean do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?"

"No! I belong to the order of married men."

"Thunder! how dumb. Are you a mason?"

"No. I am a carpenter by trade."

"Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?"

"Confound you, no. I am the son of Mr. John Gosling."