

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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

TERMS: \$2.50 PER ANNUM. \$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

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

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W. M. JONES, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa. [Apr. 29.]

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

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13.] Office on High street.

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

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 20.] Office in Colonnade Row.

SHOEMAKER & OATMAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Particular attention paid to collections. Office on High street, west of the Diamond. [Apr. 29.]

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

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. Office adjoining dwelling, on High st., Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13-6m.]

A. KOPELIN, T. W. DICK, EBENSBURG. KOPELIN & 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. McKee. [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.]

D. 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 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.

LOYD & CO., Bankers—EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and other Securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. August 13, 1868.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. [Aug 13.]

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK—OF JOHNSTOWN, PENNA. Paid up Capital.....\$ 60,000 00 Privilege to increase to.....100,600 00 We buy and sell Inland and Foreign Drafts, Gold and Silver, and all classes of Government Securities; make collections at home and abroad; receive deposits; loan money; and do a general banking business. All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention and care, at moderate prices. Give us a trial. Directors: D. J. MORRELL, JOHN LIBERT, ISAAC KAUFMAN, JACOB LEVERGOOD, JACOB M. CAMPBELL, JAMES McMILLEN, GEORGE FRITZ. DANIEL J. MORRELL, President. H. J. ROBERTS, Cashier. [Sep 13.]

W. M. LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA, GOVERNMENT AGENCY, AND DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North Ward, Altoona, Pa. AUTHORIZED CAPITAL.....\$300,000 00 CASH CAPITAL PAID IN.....150,000 00 All business pertaining to Banking done on favorable terms. Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand. To purchasers of Stamp, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Aug 13.]

ABRAHAM BLAINE, Barber—EBENSBURG, PA. Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing done in the most artistic style. Saloon 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.] MAIZ ST., JOHNSTOWN PA.

L. LANGSTROTH'S PATENT MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE!

Pronounced the best ever yet introduced in this county or State. Any person buying a family right can have their Bees transferred from an old box to a new one. In every instance in which this has been done the result has been entirely satisfactory, and the first take of honey has invariably paid all expenses, and frequently exceeded them. Proof of the superior merits of this invention will be found in the testimony of every man who has given it a trial, and among the number are the gentlemen named below, and their experience should induce every one interested in Bees to

BUY A FAMILY RIGHT! Henry C. Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township, took 100 pounds of surplus honey from two hives, which he sold at 35 cents per pound. Adam Dietrich, of Carroll township, took from two hives 100 pounds of surplus honey. James Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, took 60 pounds of surplus honey from one hive. Jacob Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, obtained 72 pounds of surplus honey from one hive, worth not less than \$21, and the right cost him only \$5.

Peter Campbell from one hive obtained 36 pounds of surplus honey at one time. Quite a number of similar statements, authenticated by some of the best citizens of Cambria county, could be obtained in proof of the superior merits of Langstroth's Patent Movable Comb Bee Hive. Persons wishing to purchase family rights should call on or address

PETER CAMPBELL, Nov. 26, 1868-tf Carrolltown, Pa.

DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN?—The subscriber offers at private sale the following described valuable property, situated in Strongtown, Indiana county:

ONE LARGE HOUSE. Two stories high, L-shape, one L being 50 feet long, and the other 40 feet. It contains some 20 rooms, and is well suited for, and has heretofore been used as, a Hotel. Situated in the business portion of town.

ONE SMALLER HOUSE. Two stories high, 40x22 feet, capable of accommodating two families.

THREE ACRES OF GROUND. Upon which the foregoing described houses are situated.

The property was formerly owned and occupied by Barker & Litzinger, who have dissolved partnership.

TERMS: \$1,300 for the entire property. \$300 to \$500 in hand; the balance in payments. Possession given the 1st of April, if desired. For particulars, apply to or address A. A. BARKER, Ebensburg, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.—H! every one that wants Pictures, come ye to Ebensburg and get them!

Having located in Ebensburg, I would very respectfully inform the people that I am now fully prepared to take PHOTOGRAPHS in every style of the art, from the smallest Card Picture up to Life Size.

Pictures taken in any weather. Every attention given to the taking of CHILDREN'S PICTURES. Photographs painted in Oil, India Ink, or Water Colors.

Your attention is called to my FRAMES FOR LARGE PICTURES, and also, Copying and enlarging done in the very best style of the art.

I ask comparison, and defy competition. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. Gallery on Julian street, three doors north of the Town Hall. T. T. SPENCE, Photographer.

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, Neckties, &c., all of which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than elsewhere. A full assortment of Candies! Ice Cream every evening. R. R. THOMAS.

REES J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Bunn, Dealer in PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

Letter, Cap, and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept by Druggists generally. Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug 13.]

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at private sale, a lot of ground situated in the west ward of Ebensburg borough, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, with a plank fence attached, and a one-story frame house, fronting 66 feet on High street, and extending 132 feet back to lot of Wm. S. Lloyd, adjoining lot of Robt. Evans on the east, and an alley on the west, formerly owned by E. Stiles. The property will be sold cheap for cash, or on good terms. For full particulars apply to V. S. BARKER, June 3-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

FOR RENT.—The subscriber will offer for rent his STORE ROOM, located on High street, near the diamond, and now occupied by R. R. Davis. This is one of the best locations in town. Possession given the 1st of July. For terms and particulars call on or address May 27-tf. E. J. MILLS, Ebensburg, Pa.

NOTICE.—All persons wanting to get one of the celebrated Aetna Mowing and Reaping Machines, must leave their orders with me between this and the 20th of June, in order that I may have time to order them before they are wanted to use. GEO. HUNTLEY.

### Going Home.

Mourners, weeping o'er the slumber Of a man with silver hairs, Did you see his spirit going Up the angels' starry stairs? Did you hear the angels calling, "Weary pilgrim, cease to roam?" Weep not o'er his peaceful slumber He is only going home!

Mother, bending o'er the cradle Where your little one has laid, Do you know the transformation That the sleep of death has made? Think! his feet had only started In the path beset by sin When the gates of heaven opened And they let your darling in.

Write, upon the grasses kneeling Where they hid away from sight He who won your love, oh! tell me, Do you see no gleam of light? He is waiting o'er the river, On the sunset ferry's shore, Till the pale and silent boatman Comes to row your spirit o'er.

Children, longing for the sunshine Of a loving mother's smile, She has only gone before you— Tarry yet a little while. Soon for you the sunset gateway Shall, at day's decline, unclose, And you'll pass beyond its portals To a long and sweet repose.

When we see our loved ones dying, How our bitter teardrops fall! And we vain would keep them with us, Though we hear the angels call. Yes, we kiss their lips at parting. While the angels whisper, "Come!" And forget, in human sorrow, That they're only going home!

### A WHOLESOME LESSON.

"Charles, how would you like to go to Allston?" asked Mr. Lyons one morning. "As it is your vacation, and there are some little matters which you might attend to, it would make you a pleasant trip. I met Governor Dunlap the other day. He is an old school friend of mine, and he told me that it would give him great pleasure to entertain you at his house."

"I should like it, of all things," said Charles, with difficulty keeping down the delight which threatened to send the blood in torrents to his cheeks; for Charles Lyons prided himself on his coolness. "A gentleman should never show that he is surprised," was his maxim, and above all things he wished to be quoted as a gentleman. To be sure he was only seventeen, but he had put off boyish sports and manners long ago; studied deeply upon the shade of the newest colors in gloves, or the most elegant style of cravats; was extremely particular about the cut of his coat, and would not have worn an unfashionable hat for all the wealth of the universe. I am afraid Charles stood on the extreme verge of dandyism, and that he was in danger of losing whatever of manliness nature had originally imparted to him from the moment he began coaxing the shade of a handsome pair of whiskers, which made him in appearance years older than he really was.

"Mr. Dunlap is Governor of the State now, is he not, father?" asked Charles, placing his cup of coffee carefully back, for his hand trembled with the excitement which the offer he had given him.

"Yes, and one of the best men living. I never met with his equal for simple, earnest, high minded manhood. He is nearly worshipped by the people where he lives, and might, I suppose, keep his office for life, if he should choose. But it was in a manner forced on him. I think he cares very little about it."

"I'll have those fine shirts done just in time, then," said Anna Lyons, who was very proud of her brother. "I don't believe you'll see any as handsome in Allston, or any other place. It has taken a month's hard work just to embroider the bosoms, and there are only two. I'm so glad they're all but finished. How nice you will look in your new suit!"

"I shall try to do the family credit," said Charles, swelling with pride, as he rose from the table. He did not say that he conferred an honor on his father in accepting the opportunity, but undoubtedly he felt that he did.

It took several days to get ready, and meantime he made the announcement among his friends that he was going to stop at Governor Dunlap's, as if it were only an every-day occurrence.

"Didn't know you were acquainted out there," said one of his friends.

"Oh, yes, the Governor's an old chum of father's. Know him very well, or, rather, feel as if I did, he being a particular friend of the family. I expect to make some jolly new acquaintances out in Allston, and I understand the Governor has some very pretty daughters. I shan't be slow in getting interested there, you may be sure."

His figure was good, and his clothes fitted him faultlessly. With his new and elegant portmanteau strapped upon his shoulder, and his jaunty traveling dress, he felt that he could defy and conquer the world.

Behold him, then, on his journey, the most particular and dunctitious of travelers, looking about him with an air of kingly condescension, as if he would say, "Pray, notice me. I am an altogether unique specimen, perfectly exceptional as to style, dress, and address. My destination is the mansion of the Chief Executive of the State of —. Ordinary people had better not speak to me unless they wish to be snubbed. Take notice!"

The journey was nearly ended—the cars were within two score miles of their destination, when they stopped at a thriving town, where the many empty seats were soon taken up. Our hero had passed an uncomfortable night, on account of the crowded state of the cars. He had just taken down his stylish portmanteau and placed it on the seat beside him, that he might avail himself, if possible, of more space. One and another speedily seated themselves in the vacant places.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a pleasant voice.

Charles looked up. A young man, in a rough coat, a little the worse for wear, a common woolen comforter about his neck, a shaggy and well-worn cap on his head, stood with one hand on the back of the seat specified.

"Decidedly some low fellow," thought Charles, "going out for work. He looks exactly like a hand out of employment."

"Yes, it is," was the quick reply. "You had better pass into the other car; there are plenty of seats there—for such as you." The disdainful addition, conveyed by look rather than speech.

Presently the cars moved on. The young fellow stationed himself against a projection in the partition, and stood there patiently for some time. Then he returned to the charge.

"Does this carpet-bag belong to you?" he asked, fixing a clear, cool blue eye upon our exquisite.

"It isn't a carpet-bag," was the curt rejoinder.

"This portmanteau, then?" "Yes, it does."

"Have you paid double fare?" "That's none of your business," retorted Charles.

"Which means no" was the cool rejoinder, and lifting the handsome article, he swung it in place on the rack, and before the astonished Charles could find his tongue he had seated himself by his side.

"That was an impertinent trick of yours," said Charles, hotly.

that. No poor man comes to him for a favor and is turned away. He never judges a man by the cut of his clothes or the quality of his garments. Yes, we are all of us proud of our Governor, because he is a gentleman.

This retort made the young exquisite feel unpleasantly warm, but he determined to keep up the appearance of extreme annoyance and did so till the cars stopped at the very city in which he was to sojourn.

"John," cried his rough acquaintance, beckoning to a man who stood beside a plain handsome carriage, "this gentleman is going to Governor Dunlap's," then adding a few words aside, he turned to go in another direction. John, looking like a man who was forcing himself to wear a serious face, put Charles into the handsome carriage, and our hero had time only to ask the coachman who that fellow was who spoke to him.

"A young man that does odd jobs for the Governor," was the grinning reply; and Charles, quite satisfied that he was right, enjoying the admiring glances of the crowd, was driven off.

Quite at home in the Governor's splendid palace-house, Charles had nearly forgotten his little contre by evening. Two pretty daughters of his host, with their pretty cousin, made his visit more than agreeable, with reminiscences of his college days. Suddenly the door was opened, both sisters sprang forward with the cry, "Is our dear old Hal!—brother Harry, of whom we have been telling you?"

Charles stood rooted to the floor. Words cannot express the confusion he felt at the magical glance of that clear blue eye that twinkled as if it wanted to explode in showers of mischievous fun. The blood rushed into his face and receded again, leaving him quite pale and faint. He felt, indeed, like a very common place individual, and the completely crushed at that.

Fortunately the joy was so universal that he was narrowly observed.

"Don't trouble yourself," whispered Harry, aside to him. Nobody need to know that we have met before. But let me repeat to you that I am a working man, and do little jobs for the Governor," and he turned away, laughing, as he shook poor Charles by the hand.

It was a good lesson for our young coxcomb, and in his heart of hearts he acknowledged it as such. Never again did he judge a man by his outward appearance, and though, let us hope, he always afterwards took a reasonable pride in appearing like a gentleman externally, the idea did not crop out so luxuriantly as before in gloves, shirt fronts and gold studs.

Pacific Railway Charges. The Superintendent of the Central Pacific railway announces through the Chicago papers that the freight charges from Sacramento to Promontory Point have been reduced to \$45. \$55 and \$65 per ton in greenbacks—the charges being for the usual classes of railway freights. The passenger fare for the same distance is \$67 in greenbacks and \$50 in coin. These charges will not be increased when the Central runs its cars fifty-two miles further east, to Ogden, as they expect to do so soon as arrangements are completed with the Union Pacific Company. The distance from Sacramento to Promontory Point is six hundred and ninety miles, and to Ogden seven hundred and forty-two miles. The Directors of the road are acting wisely in making this reduction, though the charges on freight are still so extravagant as to be prohibitory of everything but the bare necessities of life. It is hoped that by agreement of the two companies, the first class fare from Omaha to San Francisco will be reduced to one hundred dollars in currency and forty dollars to emigrants.

Passengers arrived in Chicago on Monday last who came through from Sacramento in five days. They represent that these portions of the Union and Central Pacific roads that were built last winter have now settled, and large gangs of hands have so far ballasted the roads that it is now perfectly safe to pass over them. Workmen are engaged everywhere making embankments wider, building the most substantial stone abutments to the bridges, and bringing the whole line up to the standard of first class as rapidly as possible.

The fruit trade over the Pacific road alone will require large accommodations, if the rates of freight permit. Luscious cherries grown in Sacramento have already come through, as specimens of what may be looked for hereafter.

A CURIOUS CLOCK.—A clock has just been completed for the cathedral of Beauvais, France, which far surpasses all the existing specimens of the clockmaker's art. It contains no less than 90,000 wheels, and indicates among many other things too numerous here to recite, the days of the week, the month, the year, the signs of the zodiac, the equation of time, the course of the planets, the phases of the moon, the time at every capital in the world, the moveable feasts for a hundred years, the saints' days, etc. Perhaps the most curious part of the mechanism is that which gives the additional day in leap year, and which, consequently, is called into action once in four years. The clock is wound up every eight days. The main dial is twelve feet in diameter, and the total cost exceeds \$90,000.

### Sold by a Yankee.

Professor Anderson was looking over the American and Foreign papers in a news office a few months since, when he saw that he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature and swarthy appearance, and who was evidently from the country. The following conversation took place:

"I say! are you professor Anderson, hey?" "Yes sir."

"Well, sir, you're a tarnation smart man I hear. You han't got that bottle of yours with ye, have ye?" "No sir."

"Well, I'm from down east, having been raised in the State of Maine, and I should like to purchase a duplicate of that ere bottle, as I am going out stumping for —, I guess if I had your bottle, or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the scotties, without talking politics either."

"I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it." "Sorry for that, sir," said the stumper. "However I was once taught a trick when a boy, but I almost forgot how the thing was done now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent, and change it into a ten dollar gold piece."

"Oh! yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold your hand," said the wizzard. "This is your cent is it not?" "Yes sir."

"Close your hand!" The down easter closed his hand fast. "Are you sure you have it?" asked the wizzard.

"I guess I have," said he; "and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten dollar gold piece." "Done," said the wizzard. "Now hold fast."

"Yes, sir, I reckon I will—but stop!—down with your dollar! here's mine!" said the Yankee.

The Wizzard covered his dollar. "Now, sir, are you ready?" "I ain't nothin' else."

"Change!" said the Wizzard. "Now, sir, open your hand!" He did so, and to his utter astonishment he held a bona fide ten dollar gold piece!

"Well, sir," said the Wizzard, you see you have lost your dollar." "I guess I have," said he, handing over the two dollars.

"Now," said the professor, I'll bet another dollar I'll change the ten dollar piece into your cent again." "No yer don't!" said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket and buttoning it up tight. "I'm obliged to you, professor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is. Good morning!" said he, walking out of the office, and turning round as he reached the door he placed his digitals in close proximity to his proboscis, saying "I guess there ain't any thing green about this child!" and left the professor in utter astonishment at his coolness.

THE STINGIEST MAN ON RECORD.—Hans Von Spigen is notorious in the upper portion of the State of New York for the excellent quality of his cider, and he is furthermore notorious for being the meanest, stingiest Dutchman that ever visited those parts. He never was known to give a living soul one drop of his delicious beverage.

Now at the time of the following occurrence, John B. — visited the town, and hearing of the excellent quality of Hans' cider, rode over to his farm one morning, when the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Hans?" "Good morning, Zhon?"

"Hans, you have a fine orchard?" "Oh, yes, got orchard?"

"Fine press, that of yours?" "Yes, vine bress, vine orchard?"

"Hans, I hear that your cider is the best in the country."

"Zhon"—to his son—"go down and draws a muck of cider."

John brought up the desired mug, and Hans drained it to the bottom, then he turned round to the astonished B., and said: "If you don't believe dat's good cider just smell de mug!"

Poor B., mounted his horse and rode away, fully convinced that Hans Von Spigen was the meanest Dutchman on record.

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking glass," was her brother's reply.

"He who says that the half is often better than the whole might have added that none at all is better than the half."

A desperate man of Omaha has proposed marriage to Anna Dickinson. And may the Lord have mercy on him!

—It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."