

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE Dews OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED EQUALLY UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1858.

VOL. 6--NO. 2.

Select Advertisements.

THE GREAT WEEKLY PAPER!

THE NEW YORK WAVERLY, AND LITERARY HOME CIRCLE. Devoted to the thrilling, the beautiful, the instructive and the refined.

The design of this paper is to furnish a literary companion for every Home Circle in the land—a weekly friend, bearing to each and all—an instructive and entertaining "feast of good things," a choice bouquet of all that is rich and rare in Art and Literature, Original stories, Novels, Romances, Poetry, amusing Anecdotes, Science, Domestic and Foreign News.

WIT AND SENTIMENT. Neutral in politics, free from all sectarianism, bold and independent. Each edition of this elegant specimen of artistic skill will contain eight super-royal quarto pages, on fine satin surface paper, and will be

ELLEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED by the first artists of the age. Its columns will be filled with the choicest productions of AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN AUTHORS, arranged expressly for this paper, at an enormous expense, thus ensuring the highest tone of morals, and the most fascinating taste.

THE NEW YORK WAVERLY, AND LITERARY HOME CIRCLE, show all others, will be the publication of the incomparable romances of Sir Walter Scott; THE "WAVERLY NOVELS."

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SQUIRE MARKHAM;

OR HOW TWO HOUSEHOLDS BECAME ONE.

Mrs. Benson Benson was fat, fair and forty, when her husband, a soap-boiler in very good circumstances, was called from his life-task of contributing to the general purification of mankind. Mrs. Benson took refuge from her grief in a pretty cottage situated on the principal street in G—

At first she was inconsolable; and she used to say with solemn emphasis, which carried conviction to the hearts of her hearers, that nothing but the thoughts of her daughter Florence would have prevented her from terminating her existence by the intervention of poison.

Mrs. Benson was in no small degree indebted to her daughter—since in less than three months she threw aside her mourning and became as lively as she always had been.

Touching Florence, she had now reached the mature age of nineteen, and began to think herself marriageable. She was quite pretty, and tolerably well accomplished; so that her wishes in that respect were very likely to be fulfilled.

Just over the way lived Squire Markham, the village lawyer, just verging upon fifty, with his son Charles, who was about half his age. Being a young man of agreeable exterior, the latter was quite a favorite among the ladies in the neighborhood, and considered, in common parlance, quite a "catch."

As yet however, his affections had never been seriously entangled, and might have remained so, had it not been for the sudden apparition, one morning, of Florence Benson on horseback.

It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful, and really quite pretty. Thereupon he cultivated her acquaintance with increased assiduity, and after awhile asked the fatal question.

Florence answered in the affirmative, and instead of referring him dutifully to her mother, hinted—being a romantic young lady—how charming it would be to steal away to the next town and get married, without anybody being any the wiser.

Charles Markham caught at the hint, which chimed with his own temperance, and they adopted it.

In order that it might be carried out with perfect success, it was resolved to send indifferent to each other until the day fixed, in order to ward off any suspicion which might otherwise be aroused.

So what were these arrangements carried out, that even Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on.

Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner, so that he not only discovered the fact of the elopement, but even the very day on which it was to occur.

"Sly dog, that Charles," thought he to himself, as he sat down before the fire in his dressing-gown and smoking-cap, leisurely puffing away a choice Havana; "but I don't wonder at it—he only takes after me. But still I owe him something for keeping it a secret from me. It would be a good joke, if I were a little younger, to cut him out, and marry her in spite of him."

Squire Markham being one of those jovial widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on the idea, struck out by chance, as it were, till he really began to think it was worth something.

"After all," said he, "I am not so old, either, or at least, the ladies say so—and they ought to be good judges in such matters. I ought to have staid single longer, and ought to have found out before this how much more comfortable it would be to have a pretty wife to welcome me home and do the honors of the table, and to help me keep that rascally Charles in order. Egad! I've half a mind to do it."

Squire Markham took two more whiffs and exclaimed: "I vow I'll do it!"

What this mysterious "it" was we will leave the reader to infer from his very next movements. Ringing the bell, he inquired of the servant: "Is Charles at home?"

"No, sir; he went out this morning, and will be gone all day."

"Hurr! that's all. So much the better for my purpose," thought he, when alone.

"Now I shall have the ground left to myself. Let me see; the rascal intends running away next Thursday evening, and to-day is Monday. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot. I'll write to her in his name, telling her that I have altered my mind, and will go just at dark to-morrow night. She won't suspect anything till the knot is tied, and then what a laugh we shall have."

Squire Markham did not consider that it might make a little difference with the bride expectant. He considered it a capital joke on his son, but looked no further. He accordingly drew his writing materials towards him and indited the following epistle:

"DEAREST FLORENCE: I find the day fixed for our elopement on some accounts objectionable, and would like, with your consent, to substitute to-morrow evening. If I hear nothing in return from you, I shall infer that you assent to this arrangement. I shall have a carriage in readiness under the old oak tree at half-past eight o'clock. You can walk there without attracting suspicion, and as there will be no moon, we shall be able to carry out our plans without fear of discovery. I am happy to say that the governor does not suspect in the least that a daughter-in-law is in store for him. Won't he be ashamed? Your devoted

CHARLEY."

"Egad!" said Squire Markham, laughing heartily, "that isn't bad, especially about humbugging me. Charley could not have done any better himself."

"So saying, he sealed it up and sent it over by a little Irish boy in his employment, having first marked 'private' in the corner.

THE HUNTER'S REWARD.

OR THE HUNTERS' REWARD.

In the spring of 1790, two young men, George Dill and Peter Brown, both carpenters, launched a small boat on the Monongahela, and having supplied themselves with an ample stock of provisions and ammunition dropped down the river on an exploring and hunting expedition. They proceeded unmolested down the Ohio several hundred miles below Wheeling, where they landed, on the Kentucky side, and erected a cabin of poles, which they covered with small branches and moss.

It was situated a short distance from the river's bank, near a good spring, among tall and heavy timber. After storing their effects, consisting of cooking utensils, a few men's hats, several blankets, and some wearing apparel, into the cabin, they shouldered their rifles, and, accompanied by two trusty dogs, betook themselves to the woods.

Being aware that this section of country was sometimes visited by bands of hostile Indians, either to kill game or attack boats descending the river, the young hunters kept a sharp lookout lest they should be surprised by a superior force. Game was abundant, and they had the good fortune to kill several deer during their first excursion. After three or four days' absence they returned, laden with skins and meat, to their hut, and found their premises undisturbed. By ascending a small knoll in the vicinity of their moss-covered cabin, they had a clear view of the river, and could see any boats that might be passing, whilst the high grass and underbrush afforded them a hiding place, where they could conceal themselves completely from observation.

A month had passed, and neither friend or foe had appeared, and the hunters continued their excursions and penetrated farther into the interior, where they found a beautiful country, with a rich soil and fine streams.—On one occasion they had been absent ten days, and on returning to their cabin again found everything in the condition in which they had left it. They now began to congratulate themselves upon their peaceful and undisturbed occupancy of the country. Their dogs, however, appeared much excited, and kept moving about for some time, as if they were scenting something unusual, but they at length entered the cabin and composed themselves. Dill supposed that some wild animal had recently passed along, but Brown was strongly impressed with the belief that their habitation was discovered. Before starting on their next trip, Brown so arranged some of the articles in the cabin, without mentioning it to Dill, that the slightest touch would change their position sufficiently to enable him to detect it. The weather had now become warm, and after being out several days, Brown proposed they would return to the cabin; Dill remonstrated for some time, but eventually assented, and they agreed to start on their return trip early the next morning, so as to avoid the heat of the day, having some eight or ten miles to travel.

About a quarter of a mile inland from their cabin, in a small open space, our adventurers had planted a few hills of squashes and corn, which soon came up, but received no further attention. In returning that morning they digressed a little from their direct course for the purpose of looking a little at their "truck patch." Immediately after trying their dogs exhibited unmistakable signs of alarm. Brown observed it, and immediately communicated his suspicions, that all was not right to his comrade. After some consultation, it was agreed that Dill should conceal himself in the underbrush, and keep one of the dogs with him, whilst Brown would take the other and advance toward the cabin. When within about thirty rods from the cabin, and after reconnoitering the vicinity, he motioned to Dill to come on, and the two, with their rifles at a trail, and the dogs at their heels, approached the cabin together. In glancing over the effects in the cabin, Brown discovered that somebody had been there during their absence, which vindicated his suspicions, and in his opinion, accounted for the strange conduct of the dogs, on the former as well as on the present occasion. The ground around the hut was examined for footprints, but none could be discovered; Dill then went to examine their boat, which they had run into the mouth of a creek a short distance below, and secured there—it was safe, and had not been disturbed.

In the evening, measures were taken for defense, should an attack be made in the course of the night—but the hunters were not molested. At the dawn of day they seized their rifles and repaired to the knoll in the rear of the cabin, and there concealed themselves, intending to remain there during the day, unless circumstances should arise making it necessary for them to alter their resolution. They lay quiet until the afternoon, and began to think they had been unnecessarily alarmed, when they espied a female with no other clothing than a calico skirt reaching from her middle to a little below the knees, approaching the cabin with cautious steps. A single glance sufficed to convince them that, whoever or whatever she might be, she was not an Indian squaw; and as soon as she had entered the cabin, Brown approached it alone and unarmed, so as not to alarm her or frighten her away. He walked leisurely forward, with his hands crossed on his back—and when the female saw him, she threw up both arms and uttered a wild scream but did not attempt to run. Brown addressed her kindly, and she awaited his approach without speaking a word until he was within several yards of her, when she told him, in a few words, that she had been a captive among the Indians, from whom she had just escaped—and with tears in her eyes asked his aid and protection.

Dill then left his place of concealment and took both the rifles on his shoulder, and went to the cabin. The three then sat down on a log together, and the female related her story

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which was listened to with great interest by both hunters.

She was the daughter of a wealthy planter in Virginia, and had been taken captive the preceding fall, and carried first to Chillicothe, and afterwards to Sandusky, where she was adopted into the family of an Indian, who had two sons and two daughters, who generally treated her kindly. Several weeks prior to her escape, this family had come to the Ohio river in search of game and plunder, and had encamped several miles above, where the men constructed a light canoe, and crossed to the Kentucky side, leaving the women alone at the camp.

After their return in the evening, she gathered from their conversation that there were white men not far off. They crossed over the river a second time, and on coming into camp the next evening, held a council about some matter apparently of great importance to them. The next morning the men started early in the direction of Chillicothe, charging the women to remain about the camp until their return; and it was her opinion they had gone for reinforcements to attack the white men whom they had discovered. During their absence she formed the resolution of attempting an escape, and managed to separate herself from her companions, and jumped into the canoe she had constructed, and rowing for life, soon reached the Kentucky shore. After wandering about for three days, she discovered the hunters' hut, and then withdrew resolved to watch for its owners, and if they were friends, as she doubted not they would prove to be, to cast herself upon their kind protection. Her name she gave as Sallie Green, the only daughter of Richard Green, of Virginia.

The hunters had a pretty good supply of wearing apparel left, from which Sallie was directed to select such articles as were most suitable, and made them into a dress for herself, which she promptly did, and the next day had herself decently clad. Being barefoot, Dill presented her with a pair of shoes and socks, which, though much too large for her feet, became of great service to her afterwards.

What was now to be done? It was quite manifest that the party's situation was unsafe. The Indians had discovered them, and would undoubtedly attack them before many days. The warm sun had opened the seams of their boat, and it was leaky and unfit for use. The river was at a low ebb, and it was not likely that any boats would soon descend the river, on which they might secure a passage to some of the settlements below. After full deliberation it was resolved to attempt escape from their perilous situation by land, and endeavor to reach the border settlements of Virginia. They would be obliged to leave their few implements and stock of skins behind—but what were these compared to their own lives, which would be jeopardized by remaining much longer?

A little of their stock of meal still remained, and they had a sufficient supply of jerked venison to last them during their journey, and a pocket compass by which to direct their course. The remainder of the day was spent in arranging their packs, and on the following morning they were to take up their line of march for Virginia, through an unbroken wilderness.

Who can tell what to-morrow may bring forth? Whilst these preparations were going on at the cabin, the old Indian and his sons, with two others whom they had met in the path to Chillicothe, returned to camp, and on learning the escape of the "pale-faced squaw," immediately went to work and constructed a small raft, on which they crossed the river in the night and proceeded toward the cabin. Just as it became clear enough to discern objects, the hunter's dogs grew very restless and set up a low growl. Sallie expressed her belief of Indians lurking about. Brown and Dill seized their rifles, and placed themselves immediately outside of the entrance of the cabin, ready for emergencies.—Presently two Indians were seen approaching with stealthy steps. They were suffered to come within range of rifle-shot, and then both hunters fired and both Indians fell. Three others, who stood concealed behind some large trees, now rushed forward over the dead bodies of their comrades, and before the hunters had time to reload, were within a few rods of the cabin, brandishing their tomahawks, and yelling, as they were wont to do when making an attack. Brown and Dill prepared to meet them, the former with a hatchet, and the latter with the butt of his rifle, whilst Sallie was coolly re-loading the other rifle. The Indians paused a moment in the face of such a foe, and in another moment a ball from the rifle in the hands of the maiden laid one of them sprawling on the ground.

The hunters now sallied out, and averting the blows aimed by the Indians with their tomahawks, each grappled his man. For a time the contest was doubtful, but at last the hunters got the better of their adversaries and held them firmly the ground, where, with the aid of Sallie, they were securely bound with deer-skin straps. Dill kept watch over the prisoners, while Brown went forth to reconnoiter. Seeing the coast clear, he quickly returned, and at the girl's suggestion, the prisoners, with their arms pinioned, were led to the river and placed on their own raft, which was then pushed into the current, and with its live freight, set adrift.

Before the hunters had got fairly out of the water, they were greeted with a volley from the rifles of four Indians, who, it was supposed, had been lying somewhere in the vicinity, watching for passing boats, and were attracted to the spot by the late firing of the combatants. Dill was shot dead, but Brown escaped unharmed, and ran in the direction of the cabin. Three of the savages followed the raft to save their brethren, and the other, a tall athletic fellow, gave chase to Brown. The firing at the river alarmed Sallie who was in possession of the hunters' rifles,

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and she therefore held herself in readiness to repel any attack that might be made on her, or to give any assistance she could to the hunters. She soon saw Brown approaching, followed by his savage foe—but so swift was their speed, that she did not venture to fire, preferring to wait a better opportunity. An Indian seldom stumbles; but this one happened to strike his foot against some impediment when within sixty yards of the cabin, and close to the heels of Brown, and almost fell. Before he had fully recovered himself, the girl sent a ball through his body, which arrested his progress. Brown's trusty rifle always proved fatal when held in the hands of Sallie Green.

Brown and the girl, knowing that the savages at the river would soon come up in search of their comrade, hastily left the spot, armed with the two rifles, and carrying some dried venison and a blanket, and were followed by the hunters' faithful dogs. The day was now far spent—but the moon rising in the evening gave sufficient light to enable them to proceed through the woods. They traveled all night without halting. A little after daylight they stopped a few moments at a spring and refreshed themselves with a little venison and a few draughts of cold water, and then again pressed forward, and continued with but little abatement during that day and the following night. Finding they were not pursued, they now travelled more leisurely. After enduring hunger and fatigue, on the tenth day they reached one of the border settlements of Virginia, where they procured horses and a guide, and in three days arrived at Mr. Green's. The meeting between Sallie and her parents can be better imagined than described. Tears of joy were shed in profusion.

The hunter remained with Mr. Green for a season, and then engaged in the erection of a handsome dwelling for himself on a neighboring plantation, which he had purchased. About the time of its completion, they had a merry time one day at the house of Mr. Green—it was the day on which Peter Brown and Sallie Green were married.

Shield, the Irish orator, was endowed with an extraordinary verbal memory. His mode of preparing his speeches was altogether singular. In the O'Connell case in 1843 he recited his speech to the London reporters beforehand. "Great was the disappointment of the reporters," says his biographer, "at being told that, although he had the speech in his head, nothing but a few memoranda existed on paper. Far greater was their surprise when he undertook to speak it for them by anticipation. With his hands wrapped in flannel, he kept slowly moving up and down the room, repeating with great rapidity, and occasionally with his wonted vehemence of intonation, passage after passage, and paragraph after paragraph, them, wearing out the strange and irksome effort, he would lay himself down upon a sofa, and after a short pause recommence his expostulation with the jury, his allusions to the bench, and his sarcastic apostrophes to the counsel for the Crown. On he went, with but brief interruptions, and few pauses to correct or alter, until the whole was finished, and had been accurately noted down. Written out with care, it was sent to the printer, and, at the moment when he arose to speak in court, printed copies were in the hands of those who had faithfully rendered his ideas previously. As he proceeded, they were thus enabled to mark easy and rapidly any slight variations of phraseology; but these, for the most part, were so few and so trivial as to cause little delay in the correction of the proofs.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM THE CAMANCHES.—Nelson Lee arrived last Thursday in Albany, N. Y. In March, 1856, Mr. Lee, accompanied by 27 white men, when on his way from Texas to California, was attacked by the Camanches, who butchered 24 of the number on the field, and killed two of the survivors the day after the fight. Wm. Aiken, one of the two, was carried off by a portion of the tribe, and Mr. Lee's life was spared because the Indians could not manage his repeating watch without his aid. In the camp were 28 captive white women and 30 or 40 children, one of the former, Anna Haskin, was brutally murdered during his captivity. While accompanying the chief to a distant lodge, Lee managed to kill the Indian and mounting his horse, after severe suffering he reached Mexico, where he was kindly treated and furnished with means to reach his home.

PIETY AND PROFIT.—A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the West of England, in order to keep his work-people in a due attendance at church, told them that if they attended public worship on the Sabbath, they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work; upon which a deputation was formed to acquaint the employer, that if he would pay them for over-time, they would attend the Methodist church, also in the evening.

"Have you," said a young lady, entering a music-store, and leaning over the counter, and addressing the obliging young clerk: "Have you 'A heart that loves me only?'" "Yes, miss," was the reply; "and here is 'A heart to thee, Mary.'" Mary took the songs, and was leaving the store, when suddenly she returned. "Oh, I forgot! I want 'One sweet kiss before we part.'" The clerk glanced at the front store—nobody was there; he looked in the counting-room—the 'bos' was out; rapidly he leaned forward; Mary advanced her face, her mouth assumed the 'lip-tickle' shape exquisite, and eleven soul-stirring lusses were at once turned out in the neatest style of prompt workmanship. "Go thou and do likewise." And she said she would.

"Honesty is the best policy." Stick to it.

JOSEPH M'DONALD, Prsh'y

Prothonotary's Office November 1st 1858.

STRAY—CAME TO THE RESIDENCE OF

the subscriber, in Summerhill tp., on the 24th of November, A. D. 1858, a black and white OW with tail cut off, about 17 or 18 years old. Any person coming forward, proving property and paying charges can take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. Jefferson, Nov. 24, 1858:113

JOHN MURRAY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 24, 1858.

NOTICE OF INQUISITION.—TO JAMES

O'Keefe, William O'Keefe, heirs and legal representatives of William O'Keefe, (the elder) deceased, and in case the said Edward and John O'Keefe, then to the heirs and legal representatives of the said Edward O'Keefe and John O'Keefe, respectively: That an inquest will be held on the premises of the said William O'Keefe, (the elder) deceased, in the township of Cambria, of the county of Cambria, and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on THURSDAY, the 2d day of DECEMBER next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of the said William O'Keefe, (the elder) deceased, and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole, otherwise to value and appraise the same, according to law. At which time and place you may attend if you think proper. JOHN ROBERTS, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 20, '58--6t

D. O. P.—Highland Lodge No

452 meet every WEDNESDAY evening at their Hall on High st., in the upper story of Shoemaker's store.

NOTICE OF TEMPERANCE.—HIGHLAND

Lodge No. 84, Sons of Temperance, meet at their Hall every Saturday evening, in the upper story of R. Davis's building.