

Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1859.

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TERMS:
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No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the editor.
Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.
Advertising Rates.
One insert, 200 do. Three do.
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All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Select Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too—
For all human ties that bind me—
For the task by God assigned me—
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.
I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake—
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake.
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.
I live to hold communion
With all that is divine—
To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine—
To profit by affliction,
To reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.
I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold;
When men shall live by reason
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.
I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true—
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too—
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Miscellaneous.

TOM ROCKET. The English Highwayman.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British constitution was being pulled up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there. I cannot tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a laxy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was "on the road" at half-a-dozen different places at once, every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse for giving it up easily, because, you see, no one thought of arresting Tom. So it was, that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was awfully tall man and had a voice like thunder; another, that he was a mild little man, with black eyes and light hair. He was a fiery fat man, with blue eyes and black hair with some; he had a jolly red face—and he was pale as death—his nose was Roman one day, Grecian, or a snub in the next. His dress was all the colors of the rainbow, and as for his horse—that was of every shade and breed that was ever heard of, and of a good many more beside, that have yet to be found. He wore a black half-mask, but some how or other it was always obliging enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them could ever agree as to what it was like.
My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob him on the highway; and as I said before, he did see him, and it was Tom Rocket.
My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great little cause that was to be tried at the Warwick Spring assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business, and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again, about half past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over, or past, anything. He held a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters, and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to

have a girl that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them he drew the charges and re-loaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.
He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over Avon. Just beyond it rose a stoulish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled upon him, and bade him stand and deliver! It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge; she thrusts a pin into each touch-hole, and broke it short off.
"Any more?" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.
"Yes!" shouted my father, in a fury, "one on your nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the roadside. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be worse for him.
"You've given me a deal of trouble, said Tom. "So just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by God I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there;" and laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.
It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded firearms upon full cock, with a high-way-man's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it.
My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.
"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only three and six pence in it."
"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not hearing him.
"Pocket-book!" inquired my father, turning a little pale.
"Aye, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left hand pocket of your riding coat."
"Here it is," said my father, "you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth?"
"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal looking documents.
"They are law papers—not worth a cent to you or any one else," said my father.
"Then," Tom replied, "I can tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.
"Hold on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.
"Oh! they are worth something then," said Tom, with a grin.
"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again, my father replied sulkily—"that's all."
"How much trouble?" Tom inquired, with a meaning look.
"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."
"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.
"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.
"Go on," said Tom.
"I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them, if you'll lose your hold and fight me fairly to it."
Tom only chuckled.
"Why what a ninny you must take me for," he said; "why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without."
"You're a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted in a fury.
"Don't be cross," said Tom, "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now attend to me," he continued in an altered tone, "do you see that bridge? Well! there's a heap of stones in the centre 'st there?—Very good! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst those stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards."
"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father enquired, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were so valuable to him.
"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say; and what I say, I stick to. Now, get up, and mind," he added as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."
"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.
"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked politely.
"I'll never rest till I lodge you in jail," said my father, savagely.
"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.
"Confound your impudence," howled my father.
"Good night" said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp around, he jumped his horse over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.
It was not quite fair of my father, I must own, but he was determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow street runner, and arranged that he and his men

should come down, and help to catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Frazer, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.
It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way side inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock p. m. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed place long before the appointed time.
My father was a little late at the place of meeting; but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.
"Goodnight, maister," said the yokel.
"Good night to you," replied my father.
"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for," said the yokel, producing a folded paper.
My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.
"Where did you get that?" he asked quickly.
"I replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be telling. Be yer expecting anybody?"
"What's that to you?" replied my father.
"Oh! nough," said yokel, "only a gentleman from London."
"Ha!" cried my father; "what gentleman?"
"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.
"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.
"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir; and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocket-book containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as he sits now to business."
"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.
"All right again, sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."
So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge, they had been joined by four London officers in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a pedler another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a pre-concerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for his dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.
The bridge upon which the money was to be placed, consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a lead sort of causeway, built upon piles over long stones, that in the winter time were generally covered with water. It so happened, that the very next morning after the robbery, a heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the river. This causeway was built of wood. At some places the timbers were covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out and they were bare, so that any one looking up from underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each side of the bridge, and about 20 yards from it. This was his plan; two of his men were to be hidden on each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was placed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding places, and secure whoever was passing overhead, over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.
Mr. Fraser was very particular to practice his allies in springing quickly from their places of concealment, and impressed upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch and strict silence. "And now, sir," he said to my father as a distant clock chimed a quarter of twelve, "so, come to get to our places and to bait the trap; please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins so as be able to identify them at the trial." He had made up his mind you see to nail Mr. Tom Rocket this time.
My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down in the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.
"It's all right," said Fraser, in low tone.
"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.
"Certain," replied Fraser, "but hush, we must not talk, sir, times up!"
For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the

wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.
Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile, (so Mr. Fraser explained,) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy. So strong was the stream, that they were carried a mile and a half down it, before they could get ashore. Mr. Fraser was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but, somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—the money was gone!
Lord how did he swear!
Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met, and were to pass the night. He knocked again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a heavy kick. In it flew; and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot; trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him owlishly, sat the real Mr. Fraser and his four Bow street runners—Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself! How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers altogether, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows yet.
Upon examining his pocket-book, my father found all his documents, and paper on which were written these few words:
"By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing so I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false."
Tom Rocket.
Here, Mr. Josh paused, and smoked for some time in silence.
"And what became of Tom?" asked one of the company.
"Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds and escaped, was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle!"
The wife's Commandments.
A Sunday paper published in Cincinnati, gives the following as a correct version for the use of all doubting husbands and wives:
1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow to her, for I am jealous, &c.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not fret.
7. Thou shalt find no fault with thy wife.
8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.
9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covert the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin; nor bet his wife, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rumrunner.
11. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor in the heaps of money that lie scattered on the table.
And the twelfth commandment is that thou stay not out later than nine o'clock at night.
Somebody has said, "Courage is more than cash, and an up head more than a host of friends." I believe in that doctrine. Show me a man or a woman with courage, energy, and ambition, and I will show you one who will succeed in life. With courage and energy implanted firmly within us, disaster never can overwhelm, though it may for a time deter our progress. Energy levels the mountain and raises the plain; courage quails not before the greatest difficulties. If you have not succeeded as you hoped, never be disheartened. The true estimate of an individual is not determined by accidental or occasional achievements or failures, but by his every day conduct; and he who makes a firm resolution to conquer in life, will do it. I have strong faith that every one can be what he or she resolves to be.
Adventurous.—During the recent celebration in Iowa, of the completion of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad at Ottumwa, (75 miles) the "local" of the Chicago Times took a ride on the new cow-catcher. While enjoying himself, the train ran into a drove of cattle, and when it emerged from it another calf, beside the Reporter, was found on the cow-catcher. Fortunately, the reporter was not very badly hurt. The intruding calf was.
Enjoyment.—Those who are not easy at home, will not find enjoyment anywhere else. The man that yawns at his own fireside, will only lacerate his juglar if he goes to Saratoga. Happiness is an eternal arrangement and if it don't bloom at home, it won't flower anywhere. To undertake to run away from ennui, is as futile to undertake to run away from death.
About the only person we ever heard of that was not yet spoiled by being lionised, was a Jew named Daniel.

My Uncle's Love Story.
"Many years ago—I enjoyed a week full of North Carolina hospitality, which was then as now, a cordial generous, and better than all, altogether sincere. By the way, Arthur, I never understood why hospitality is so generally—indeed, almost universally marked as southern characteristic, so distinguished to imply that the virtue hardly exists elsewhere. Now I have found warm hearts in the devilish cold States down towards the gulf—and a Pennsylvania Dutchman has entertained me so royally, in his way, to be sure, as ever did an F. F. Virginian. The American people are everywhere hospitable; and in being so they are rather obedient to an every-day feeling than to an impulse; a feeling too, which has nothing to do with Northern or Southern color—D—n this geography in America."
"Uncle, tell me your story."
"Well, I fell in love, as we used to say, with a girl; she was only seventeen, and the sweetest, loveliest—"
"Yes, I know," said I, "I have seen such."
"But, Ellen, I tell you was a nonpareil—modest, retiring—don't interrupt me—and she loved me; and I loved her with a love so true that 'tis no wonder the course don't run smooth. Soon after our engagement—it was early in August—Ellen and I went to visit Colonel L., a friend of her father in the country. We found there half a dozen—yes, more—young ladies; and real devils they were so different from my Ellen. The old Colonel was delighted with the noise we made the gait and fun, and as gay as any of us. We had a glorious dance."
Here my uncle stopped. He was busy with memories too sacred to be scattered by any thoughtless speech of mine.
An old man's recollections—but he resumed.
"Arthur I hate fees." * My host showed me my room; I was fatigued riding and dancing, and I was soon asleep and dreaming. The ladies led the drawing room—before I did; a half dozen "huddled together," in one large chamber, as I discovered afterwards; I suppose there were plenty of beds in it—but as for that I neither know or care. Colonel L. came to my room and awakened me.
"Jump up, quick; I'll show you some fun." Come with me; no one's here.
"And so I followed the old scoundrel in the dark to a door at the extremity of the hall. I had neither pantaloons nor slippers; but it was a warm night; and the floor was smooth and cool."
"Now look," as he placed my eye to the key hole.
"I had noticed that the door was ajar, but I peeped. By the Lord, the girls were searching for fleas in their sacred linen; and Ellen was among them—six of them, by the Lord! I had no sooner seen this and digested a thought that Ellen might have been in better business, than that same Colonel gave me a push with both his hands and in a twinkling I was in the room on my hands and bare knees to all those girls. I think I went and dressed myself. Col. L., did not sleep in the house that night. I had letters which he required me to leave very early—before breakfast. I received a letter from Ellen two days afterwards and I have never seen her since."
—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.
Quercy Epitaph.—The following funeral sermon, says the Wheeling Intelligencer, is said to have been preached over in Ohio. We won't publish who told us, but we are assured that it is genuine:
"I have been begged, importuned, and entreated to preach this sermon, but I don't want to do it. I never did like the man; I knew nothing good of him. He had honors and he ran them, cocks, and he fit them; I have heard that he was occasionally good at fires. The hearers will please remove the body and sing the following hymn:
"Believe we rejoice
To see the cuss removed."
An Irish advertisement says: "A reward of \$5 is offered for the apprehension of Patrick O'Flaherty, who last week stole the jackass, which came had on a pair of corduroy breeches, with blue eyes, and smokes a short pipe; much given to squinting, and like wise his shoes let down at the heel."
Painful instance of Youthful Modesty.—*Affable Professor*—I am sorry to hear your son is so bashful, Mr. Doctor, but I think that will wear off in time. Do you take him much into society?
Promising Boy (slapping the old man familiarly on the back)—Take me into society, Old Puddinhead? Of course he does! The Governor's a brick! He and I travel around together on our shape. If he didn't take me with him I'd break his eye!
It is a Chinese maxim, that for every man who does not work, and every woman who is idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger. Loafers take notice.
At a christening while the minister was making the certificate, he happened to say—"Let me see, this is the 30th." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed it is only the eleventh."

NEW GOODS.

THE UNDERSIGNED has just received and is now opening, a full supply of Goods suitable for the season, consisting of

DRY GOODS,

MADE UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS SHOES HATS, AND CAPS.
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GROCERIES &c. &c.

Which will be sold Wholesale or Retail at the VERY LOWEST Market prices for Cash or Country Produce.

E. HUGHES.

June 29, 1859. ft.

THE RAIL ROAD IS COMING.

THE Subscriber has just received at his New

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

One door East of Thompsons Mountain House a new lot of ALL KINDS of

SPRING AND SUMMER HATS,

which he offers very low for CASH.

CLINTON R. JONES.

April 18, 1859—21—31m.

NEW ARRIVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED, has added to his

Stock of Boots and Shoes &c. A very large and well selected assortment of MEN'S READY MADE SHIRTS, MENS MARSEILLES and Linen Collars.

LADIES WHITE AND COLORED HOSE

Mens do do do do
Childrens do do do do
Ladies Gloves, and Ladies Mitts, and Gents, do
Mens and Boys Suspenders, Black Neck Ties,
Fancy Neck Ties, Ladies and Gent. Linen Handkerchiefs, White and Colored Linnen Flows,
Stationery, Carpet Socks, Trunks, and every other article necessary kept in his line.

Gives him a call and examine for yourselves.

TEAMS CASEL. CLINTON R. JONES.

June 29, 1859. ft.

DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!

JUST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Staffs,
BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLUID.

Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Segars, Snuffs and other articles usually kept in Drug Stores.

R. S. BUNN, M. D.

Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859—24—1y.

JACKSON & CLARK,

SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

ONE of the firm will be in Ebensburg during

the first ten days, each month, during which time and persons desiring his professional services can call him at the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. [March 9, 1856.]

REMOVED—PAUL GRAFF, MANUFACTURER

and Wholesale Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Sewing Goods, Hats and Caps, No. 63 1/2 North Third Street, between Arch and Cherry, Philadelphia. [March 9, 1856.]

JOHN SHARBAUGH,

Justice of the Peace, Summitville, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIS care will be promptly attended to. He will also act as Auctioneer at Public Sales whenever his services in that capacity are required.

April 28, 1858-24

R. FOSTER, P. S. NOON,

Ebensburg, Ebensburg.

FOSTER & NOON,

HAVING associated themselves for the practice of the Law in Cam ersburg county, will attend to all business intrusted to them. Office on "Lansdown Row" Ebensburg.

Oct. 7, 1857.

THIS WAY.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and splendid Assortment of American Pocket Knives. (Every knife warranted.) by

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

August, 10, 1859. ft.

T. L. HEYER, Ebensburg.

REED & HEYER, Attorneys at Law

Consul given in the English and German languages.

Office on High Street Ebensburg, Penn'a.

Feb. 6, 1856. 1y

BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECUTIONS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.