

Democrat and Sentinel.

U. U. O'Neil

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

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1860.

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TERMS:
This paper is published weekly on Wednesday Morning at Five CENTS per annum, in Advance. One Dollar and Seventy CENTS for six months, and Three Dollars for a year, in Advance. Single Copies Five CENTS. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. Advertising for six months will be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per line, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. The rate for a shorter period will be proportionately reduced. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. Advertising for six months will be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per line, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. The rate for a shorter period will be proportionately reduced. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised.

ADVERTISEMENTS:
For a full and complete list of the various advertisements published in this paper, and the rates therefor, see the "Advertisement" column on the first page of this issue. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. Advertising for six months will be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per line, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. The rate for a shorter period will be proportionately reduced. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised.

RECIPIENTS AND SUFFERERS:
For a full and complete list of the various recipients and sufferers of the various advertisements published in this paper, and the rates therefor, see the "Advertisement" column on the first page of this issue. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. Advertising for six months will be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per line, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. The rate for a shorter period will be proportionately reduced. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised.

FOUNDRY:
Having purchased stock and fixtures of the late foundry, the subscriber is prepared to receive orders for the manufacture of all kinds of castings, and to repair all kinds of machinery. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. Advertising for six months will be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per line, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. The rate for a shorter period will be proportionately reduced. The paper will be sent to subscribers on the first of the month, unless the option of the publisher is exercised.

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BAIGAINS!!
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GROCERY STORE:
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TEA MOLASSES:
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EGGARS CHEESE:
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SHOES, HATS, AND TRUNKS:
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UDOLPHO WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS
A SUPERLATIVE TONIC, DIURETIC, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC, INVIGORATING CORDIAL

TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA.
APOTHECARIES, DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND PRIVATE FAMILIES.
Wolfe's Pure Cognac Brandy, Sherry & Port Wine, Wolfe's Pure Jamaica and St. Croix Rum, Wolfe's Pure Scotch and Irish Whisky.

Just previous to the Revolution, a bold, fine looking, athletically built young man, whose name was Luke Denny, made his appearance in Texas, and offered his services for the bloody struggle which was then about to commence. Of course his offer was at once accepted.

Through the war Denny rendered himself particularly prominent; and no one man did more for the independence of Texas than this young volunteer. Every body conceded that point without a single qualification—Brave, bold, resolute and daring, he won universal praise and admiration from all, from the highest to the lowest.

At the conclusion of the war, he returned to his native State in the East, promising his new friends, however, to come back again and make Texas his home.

Six months later he reappeared, accompanied by a very pretty young woman, whom he introduced as his wife, and it subsequently came out that he had been engaged to the young lady, who was a poor orphan, previous to his going to Texas, and that his visit to home was almost solely and expressly to make her his wife—he, too, was nearly alone in the world.

Denny's love for Mary—that was his wife's given name—was only equalled by her love for him, and the most casual observer would have readily noticed that the interesting couple positively idolized each other.

THE WIND.
The wind is a bachelor,
Merry and free;
He roves at his pleasure
O'er land and o'er sea;
He ruffles the lake
And kisses the flower,
And he sleeps where he lists
In a jessamine bower.

MISCELLANEOUS.
VENGEANCE,
A Tale of the Texan Bravos.
BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

Just previous to the Revolution, a bold, fine looking, athletically built young man, whose name was Luke Denny, made his appearance in Texas, and offered his services for the bloody struggle which was then about to commence. Of course his offer was at once accepted.

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length, their confidence returned, and the visit of the desperadoes was more than half forgotten.
During these seven or eight days Denny would not go out of sight of his house, but at last he was compelled to run all risks, if any existed, and absent himself for the greater part of a day. Cautioning his wife to observe the utmost care—for the country was overrun with desperate cut throats—and giving her some instructions in case of danger, he departed.

For the greater part of the day, Mrs. Denny kept in the house, but about noon she was compelled to go to a spring near by, for some fresh water. After a careful reconnoissance, she ventured forth, necessarily, of course, leaving the door open behind her.

The moment she disappeared out of sight, she was compelled to go to reach the spring, a number of brutal looking ruffians, among whom were the pair who had visited the cabin before, cautiously stole out from a cluster of trees in close proximity, and silently made their way into the little house.

Less than five minutes afterwards Mrs. Denny returned, and unsuspectingly entered the house. Arrayed before her she beheld the outlaws, two of whom instantly sprang at her—the twin we have already referred to—and secured her person. The poor woman screamed and resisted, but all to no purpose.

"Now, fellows," cried one, "we'll tie this pooty creature up, and then search the house for the money. It's somehow about, 'cause I know he got it!"

Accordingly Mrs. Denny was bound hand and foot, and brutally thrown down upon the floor. The outlaws then commenced a regular search of the premises, and at last succeeded in finding quite a sum of money, which had been hidden away.

After helping themselves to various articles of clothing, and whatever else they took a fancy to, and gorging themselves with the food and liquor which was stored away, they wantonly applied the torch to the comfortable little dwelling.

little chick of a wife! I'd almost forgot it myself, the time was so long ago; but I swear, if we ain't all together yet, 'cept Bill Brand and Ike Cowper, and the 'v gone under."
Brand and Cowper were the two who first visited the cabin, and afterwards led on their associates.

The others remembered the circumstance, now that it was recalled to their minds, and looked back to the event with many a coarse oath and brutal jest.

Meanwhile the lack frame of Luke Denny had been fearfully agitated, and for a time he was hardly able to control himself, though he made every effort in his power to restrain the almost blinding rush of his feelings. At length, however, he brought his terrible emotion under, without attracting the attention of the desperadoes, and then took a long, intense silent look at the bloody villains, and once more bared his face, now working with passion, in his hands.

In a few moments the outlaws demanded more drink. Luke rose with alacrity, and produced a huge bottle of the fiery stimulant. The men, half drunk when they entered, now knew no bounds to their degraded appetites, and fell to with the avidity of confirmed drunkards, as they were. Luke encouraged them, but they scarcely needed it. In a brief time, one by one they tumbled to the floor dead drunk. In that moment Denny might easily have taken their lives, but to his mind that would have been poor satisfaction.

"Curse their black hearts, they must know how to die, and by whose hands!" he hissed out between his clenched teeth, as he stood and surveyed the prostrate braves. "Ten years I have lived and looked for vengeance, and the hour has come at last!"

Though his heart was all on fire, Luke deliberately set about carrying out his designs. Procuring a quantity of rope, he divided it into six lengths, and then tied the hands and feet of the six outlaws, after which he carried the six doomed men outside, and standing them upon the ground, with their backs resting against the trunks of trees, there lashed them. Then, arming himself with rifle, knife, and pistol, he kept silent watch until about the break of day, at which time the drunken braves began to show signs of returning consciousness.—But who shall describe their astonishment and consternation when they fully awoke and were enabled to realize their situation?

Before them stood Luke Denny, the very embodiment of the direct vengeance.
"Ten years ago, as you made your brags not long since, a house was robbed and burned in this neighborhood, and a woman murdered. I'll hussled out, in the forest and most intense tones. "That house was mine—that woman was my wife! Look at me! I am Luke Denny, if you don't know me! For ten years I have lived in the hope of vengeance—and the hour has come! By your own confession you are convicted, and now may the Lord have mercy on your black souls!"

Policy of Elections.
I was reading Governor —'s message to my Uncle Toby, and when I got through that part where he speaks of the evil effects of employing money on our elections, the old gentleman smiled and related the following anecdote:

"It puts me in mind," said he, "of a young clergyman I once knew, many years since, who preached an eloquent sermon, in the course of which he took occasion to remark on the impropriety of spending the evenings of the Sabbath in social visits—a custom as he said, very common among young men. You remember the sermon, I think?"

"O, yes, your honor, perfectly well," said the corporal, "and the clergyman, too; he was a sedate looking man, and wore spectacles."
"Well, as I was saying," continued my Uncle, "he had been preaching against the evil of going to see the girls on Sunday evening—when after service he took up by the arm,—'Come, let us go to the deacon's and spend the evening with his daughters.'—'How,' cried I, with much surprise, 'is it possible you can make such a proposal to me, after the sermon you have just concluded?'—'Pshaw!' says he, 'I only made those remarks in order that we might have better chance ourselves!'"

Great Accession.
The Davenport (Iowa) Gazette furnishes the following interesting local statistics of the town of Le Claire:

As an instance of the rapid increase in importance and population of the Western country—as in instance of the cheering abundance of the crops of Scott county—as an instance of the soundness of the people of Le Claire on the goose question—we chronicle the fact—we point with feelings of just country pride to the imposing fact, that the full number of forty births have taken place in the town of Le Claire within the last ten days! Talk about your big potatoes; about your wheat, forty bushels to the acre; talk about secession and disunion, and such stuff—that ain't nothing compared with this mighty vindication of Iowa progress and Iowa institutions. Forty babies in ten days; forty homes made happy; forty jubilant fathers; forty cradles on rock; forty thousand screams! Jerusalem, what a country! The doctors say that the good mothers are as well as could be expected. Thank you; and the children are all smart, healthy, pretty, able to draw their regular rations, and principally girls.

Kissing the Handsomest Girl.
A distinguished candidate for an office of high trust in a certain State, who is "up to a thing or two," and has a keen appreciation of live beauty, when about to set off on an electioneering tour recently, said to his wife, who was to accompany him for the prudential reasons:

"My dear, inasmuch as this election is a complicated one, and the canvass will be close I am anxious to leave nothing undone that would promote my popularity, and so I have thought it would be a good plan to kiss a number of the handsomest girls in every place where I may be honored with a public reception. Don't you think it would be a good idea?"

"Capital!" exclaimed the devoted wife, "and to make your election a sure thing, while you are kissing the girls, I'll kiss an equal number of the handsomest young men I see!"

The distinguished candidate, we believe, has not since referred to this pleasing means of popularity.

A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him; on one occasion, Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called, and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft.

"You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master.
"No I didn't massa," responded Dick. The master persisted.
"Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you massa, I didn't steal dem turkeys, but last night when I went across Mr. Jones' pasture I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and confound it when I come to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail!"

An ingenious attorney, who always made it a point to get the case, was applied to by a man who had stolen some pork, to defend him. Accordingly, in his usual inventive way, he ruined the principal evidence on which the plaintiff relied, and the jury brought in a verdict not guilty. After the verdict was declared, as the fellow was leaving the court house, he whispered to his attorney thus: "Squire, what shall I do with the pork, for I have got it yet?" "Eat it," replied the lawyer, "for the jury say you did not steal it."

A good looking fellow stopped at Major Bell's hotel, Cahawba, Ala. and ordered his baggage down to the boat, and went down himself without paying his bill.
Said the Major: "Sir, you must not leave without paying this bill. I cannot afford to hire servants, and pay for provisions, and board people for nothing!"
"You caught?"
"No."
"Well, why don't you sell out to somebody that can then?"

An enraged gentleman, addressing, from his chamber window, a youth who had been serenading his daughter half an hour, said: "You are a great bore, and I think you mean to keep on boring until you get water," adding "here it is," emptying a pitcherful upon his head.