



H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, \$2 per year in advance

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1869.

NUMBER 11.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS, LOWELL, MASS.

For sale by R. J. LLOYD, Agent, Ebensburg.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. In various cases of Scrofulous diseases, where the system seemed saturated with impurities, it has been radically cured, and the system purified and restored to its normal state. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results.

Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive causes of our race. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results.

Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this Sarsaparilla: It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is attended with the most beneficial results.

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ORPHANS' COURT SALE

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of the county of Cambria, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the times and places hereinafter stated, the following Real Estate of which DAVID LEIDY, late of Jackson township, died seized, to-wit:

PURPART NO. 1—Being a tract of land situated in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Daniel Rager, Henry Rager, Samuel Stiles, and others, containing 126 acres, 10 perches, and the usual allowance, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-story Frame House and a good Log Barn, with suitable sheds attached. There is also an orchard of excellent fruit trees on this tract of land.

To be sold on the premises, on Thursday, the 8th day of April, 1869, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

PURPART NO. 2—Being a tract of land situated in Jackson township, adjoining lands of William Giffin, Abraham Riblet, Wm. Byers, the old Leidy farm, (now occupied by Samuel Bralier), and others, containing 126 acres, 110 perches, and the usual allowance, about 40 acres of which are cleared.

To be sold on the premises, on Thursday, the 8th day of April, 1869, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

PURPART NO. 3—Being a tract of land situated in Jackson township, adjoining lands of Polly Wagner, John Lloyd, and others, containing 50 acres, 53 perches, more or less, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a Log House and Log Stable.

To be sold on the premises hereinafter designated as Purpart No. 3, on Friday, the 9th day of April, 1869, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

PURPART NO. 4—Being a tract of land situated in Jackson township, adjoining lands of John Wilkinson, John Lloyd, and others, containing 70 acres, 40 perches, about 19 acres of which are cleared and have thereon erected a Log House.

To be sold on the premises, on Saturday, the 10th day of April, 1869, at 10 o'clock, p. m.

PURPART NO. 5—Being a tract of land situated in Jackson township, adjoining lands of George W. England, E. J. Josiah Brown, and claims of Edw. Shoemaker, containing 120 acres, about 45 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a good Frame House, a Frame Barn, and a Mill.

To be sold on the premises, on Saturday, the 10th day of April, 1869, at 10 o'clock, p. m.

TERMS—One third of the purchase money to be paid on completion of the sale, one third in one year thereafter, and the balance to be secured by the bonds and mortgages of the purchasers, and the other third to remain a lien on the premises, legal interest to be paid on the said sums by the purchaser.

ADMINISTRATOR OF DAVID LEIDY, dec'd.
JACKSON TWP., March 26, 1869.

CHEAP REAL ESTATE

I will sell for cash, or on time, the following described Real Estate:

FOUR HOUSES AND LOTS in the borough of Ebensburg.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND lying immediately south of Ebensburg.

A FARM OF 120 ACRES in Blacklick Township, about 50 acres cleared. An excellent site for a mill.

The Poet's Department.

THE MISCHIEF MAKERS.

BY JAMES G. COPE.

Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might be found
Forever and forever?

Without the village tattle?
How doubly blest that place would be
Where all might dwell in liberty
Of gossip's endless prattle!

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in its shade might fix her throne
Forever and forever.

There, like a queen, might reign and live
Where every one would soon forgive
The little slight they might receive,
And be offended never.

The mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And leave us all to disapprove
I would not tell another.

They seem to take one's part, but when
They've heard our case, unkindly then
They soon reveal them all again,
Mixed with poisonous measure.

And they have such a cunning way
Of telling tales. They say:
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;
I would not tell another."

Straight to their neighbor's house they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low—
Write, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue!
That every one might know them;

Then would the village soon forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret;
And fall into an angry pet
With things too much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading art,
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart.
We ought to love and cherish.

Then let us ever more be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, peace and joy abound,
And angry feelings perish.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Kate Blake was the only daughter of Jacob Blake, the old miser of West Brook.

She was unaccountably pretty, and her frank and engaging manner enhanced the charms of rosy cheeks, golden hair, pearly skin, and eyes like the blue skies of summer—at her father's death she would be heiress to the nice little sum of seventy thousand, though men in general profess not to be influenced by pecuniary matters in affairs of love, it is to be reasonably supposed that the prospective wealth by no means lessened the number of her admirers.

Among those most ardent, and, perhaps, most sincere, was Will Dartmouth, with a heart larger than his purse, and very little thought of care and consequences.

a report fell on the air like the uncorking of a champagne bottle.

"Oh, my!" cried Aunt Peggy, "what would brother Jacob say? I declare I hadn't been kissed by a man since—"

"Let Jake mind his own business," retorted the Squire, "You and I can take care of ourselves without his help," and then followed a report similar to the first, only more of it.

"Do be quiet, Daniel, and let me get a fight. Set right down there afore the fire, and make yourself perfectly at home."

A light was soon procured, and Peggy, divesting herself of her wrappings, and blushing like a girl in her teens, sat down opposite the Squire.

"It is a very fine evening," said Peggy, by way of opening the conversation.

"Very," replied the Squire, drawing his arm over her back.

"Oh, good gracious, Daniel! don't set quite so high me. I—that is, I don't consider it strictly proper. Mercy! what was that?"

Both listened attentively.

"It was the wind rattling the window, I guess," said the Squire. "Don't be getting so nervous, Peggy."

"I thought it was Kate waking up, and if she should, I would never hear the last of it!"

"Hurk! There is a noise—I—" "Gracious arth! It's the bells. It's Jake and marm coming back. What shall I do? We're done. Oh, Squire, 'tain't right for us to be nothing to one another! Do help me! What shall I do?"

"Tell me where to go, Peggy. Say the word. I'll go anywhere for your sake, if it's up the chimney."

"Under the lounge, quick! Don't delay a single moment."

The Squire obeyed; but the place was so well filled that it was with difficulty he could squeeze himself into so small a compass. Just as he had succeeded, Mr. Blake and his wife entered the room, floundering along in the dark, for Peggy had deemed it best to extinguish the light. Jake made for the fire, which still glowed red with coals, stumbled over the stool, and fell headlong against Peggy, who was standing bolt upright, trying to catch her scattered senses.

"The deuce!" cried Jake, "Look out or you'll be down over me. It's as dark as a pocket, and I've fell over the rocking-chair, or the churn, I can't tell which. Hullo! what's that? 'Tis reaching out his hand to feel his situation, and coming in contact with the bearded face of the Squire. "By goll! It's got whiskers! Peg! Peg! Where are you? and where is Kate? and what the deuce is this?"

The Squire did not like the assault on his hair's appendages, and, by way of retaliation, he gave a series of vigorous kicks, which hit Will Dartmouth in the region of the stomach, and stirred his bile.

"Look here, old chap," exclaimed he, "I'm perfectly willing to share my quarters with you, seeing we are both in for it; but you had better not undertake that again."

RACE WITH THE INDIANS.

Several members of a large travelling party who were on their way to the Rocky Mountains, became separated from the main body of the train, on one of the prairies. They had been disabled by an accident, and were somewhat leisurely following in the trail, in an emigrant wagon. This will serve as an introduction, and we will now let one of the party tell his own story:

We had reached the feeding grounds of the buffalo, and herds of that animal made their appearance, much to the joy of the hunters, but to the chagrin of the writer and his companion in the wagon, and not less to Mr. Fitzgerald, a lively Irishman, who kindly acted as driver.

While jogging along at the foot of a prairie ridge, the roll running nearly parallel with our course, a buffalo cow came dashing madly past, and within but a few yards of us. Her tongue was out, and curved inward, while her tail was carried aloft, showing that she was running in hot haste, and apparently for life.

One of the wagon curtains had at first prevented us from seeing any thing in the rear of the buffalo; but as she swiftly sped past us, a pursuer in the shape of an Indian, who could not be more than ten yards behind her, appeared in full view.

The savage was mounted on a small but beautifully formed horse of short, quick stride, yet fine and powerful action. He was armed with a long lance, which he held poised in his hand, while a bow and quiver were strapped to his back.—His dress was a buckskin shirt, with leggings of the same materials, while his long black hair, although partially confined by a yellow band about his head, was waving in the breeze created by his rapid course along the prairie.

He had scarcely got clear of the curtain which confined our view to objects only in advance of the wagon, when another Indian was discovered following immediately in his steps.

"Los Indios! los Indios!" cried my companion, Mr. Navarro, with consternation depicted in his countenance, while he was eagerly feeling about in the bottom of the wagon for his rifle.

"Camaranches!" shouted Fitz, at the same time pummeling and kicking the mules into a break-neck gallop, in the hope of soon coming up with the train, which now could not be far ahead.

"The whole tribe!" I could not help exclaiming, as I now looked out at the end of the wagon, and saw still another well-mounted Indian dashing down the roll of prairie with the speed of the wind, and, to all appearances, making directly for us.

The whole scene was enacted in a few seconds, and in our lame and unprotected situation our minds were put ill at ease on the score of an attack. The appearance of the last Indian, and the reasonable supposition that a large body might be following him, induced Fitz to kick and beat the mules more zealously than before, and at such a rate of speed did they go that the race between us and the foremost Indian was close, and for a short distance well contested; while the buffalo led her wild pursuers along directly by our side, and so near, that the very earth thrown from their horses' hoofs rattled against the curtains of our wagon.

The savages, though they must have been aware of our proximity, did not appear to bestow a single glance upon an object so strange as a Jersey wagon must have been to them, but kept their eyes steadily bent upon their prey.

With mad eagerness this strange race went on, the Indians using every endeavor to overtake and lance the unfortunate cow, while we were even more anxious to gain the protection of our friends. I had noticed, not a little to our relief, that the kindest Indian wheeled his horse suddenly on seeing our wagon, and retraced his steps over the roll of the prairie, but the other two never deviated from their course. In a race of half a mile they had gained perhaps a hundred yards on us.

An abrupt turn in the prairie ridge now concealed them from our sight, and before we had reached this point, the sharp report of several rifles in quick succession convinced us that our unexpected neighbor had been seen by the main body of our party, and that succor was near if needed.

From the time when the Indians were first in sight, until they were lost to view by the roll of the prairie, could not have been more than five minutes, yet there was an ordinary lifetime of excitement in the scene.

Had we known that there were but three, or even three times that number, and had we been in possession of our limbs, with our rifles fresh loaded and in readiness, we should have taken their sudden advent with less trepidation; but neither Mr. Navarro nor myself could more than hop about on one foot, and our rifles were in the very bottom of the wagon, where, in our overhaste, we could not get at them.

We even found, on reaching camp, that our arms were not loaded—a pleasant situation, truly, for one to find himself when in danger of being attacked by prairie Indians, whose movements are characterized by a startling rapidity, and who must be met with the utmost promptness; yet so it was.

We took special care, however, not to

Mono Lake--An Unrippled Sea.

be caught in a like predicament again.—On arriving at our camp, which was hardly a mile from the point where the Indians had passed our wagon, we found that all was hurry and excitement. A small but well-mounted party had already set off in pursuit, and another party was on the eve of mounting. The savages had driven the buffalo almost directly into the camp, the rifle shots we had heard turning the course of the pursuers, but not that of the pursued. The cow was shot with a musket by one of our men, and found to be young and exceedingly fat and delicious.

Mono Lake lies ten miles southwest of the dividing line between California and Nevada, and is about fourteen miles long and nine wide. It has never been sounded, but a trial said to have been made with a line of three hundred feet failed to reach bottom. By chemical analysis a gallon of the water, weighing eight pounds, was found to contain 1,200 grains of solid matter, consisting principally of chloride of sodium, carbonate of soda, sulphate of soda, borax and silica.

These substances render the water so acid and insupportable that it is unfit for drinking or even bathing. Leather immersed in it is soon destroyed by its corrosive properties, and no animal, not even a fish or frog, can exist in the water for more than a short time. The only thing able to live within or upon the waters of this lake is a species of fly, which, springing from larvae bred in its bosom after an ephemeral life, dies, and collects on the surface, is drifted to the shore, where the remains collect in vast quantities, and are fed upon by the ducks and gathered by the Indians, with whom they are a staple article of food.

Nestling under the eastern water-shed of the Sierra, Mono lake receives several considerable tributaries; and although destitute of any outlet, such is the aridity of the atmosphere that it is always kept at nearly a uniform level by the process of evaporation. So dense and sluggish is the water rendered through supersaturation with various salts and other foreign matter that only the strongest winds raise a ripple on its surface. As the Sierra in this neighborhood reaches nearly its greatest altitude, the scenery about Mono Lake is varied and majestic, some parts of it being at the same time marked by a most cheerless and desolate aspect.

The bitter and fatal waters of this lake render it literally a dead sea, and all its surroundings—wild, gloomy and forbidding—are suggestive of sterility and death. The decomposing action of the water is shown by its effect upon the bodies of a company of Indians, twenty or thirty in number, who, while seeking to escape from pursuers, took refuge in the lake, where they were shot by their enemies, who left them in the water. In the course of a few weeks not a vestige of their bodies was to be seen, even the bones having decomposed by this powerful solvent. Mineral curiosities abound in the neighborhood of Mono Lake, among which are numberless deposits in the shape of tiny pine trees.

A SUNDAY SUNSET SCENE.—One lovely summer evening, as the king of day sank into his fiery bed of crimson light, bequeathing to the tops of the far distant mountain a splendid inheritance of golden sunshine, the silence of nature betokened the departure of the great luminary; and, as the stars peeped forth from their home above, twilight's sombre robe verged into the sable mantle of night. Beneath a monarch oak, the chief of those in the dawn before me, stood a young, yet lovely damsel; her form the paragon of beauty, her brow pure as Parian marble, and eyes large, lustrous and expressive, gazing with intent admiration upon the far lit prospect painted in silvery beauty upon the broad panorama of Heaven's high dome. Emotion, deep seated in her sensitive soul, and stamped upon every lineament of her classic face, wafted her spirit on the downy pinions of thought, away into the boundless realms of her vivid imagination. The zephyrs of reverie, moved by angel's wings, bore her high soaring aspirations still farther and farther into the infinite chambers of immensity—her sparkling eye raised above, and beaming in exalted thought, and flashing with the light of genius, now filled with shining tears, glanced toward the earth.

She started back in horror wild!
And stooping down in action mild,
She—blowed her little nose.

A VERY remarkable feature in the topography of the country presents itself in Wise county, Virginia. At or near the Pound Gap, on the Kentucky side, is a mountain about four miles in circumference at its base; in this mountain head four rivers, flowing in different directions, nearly corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass. The four springs can be seen at one view from the top of this mountain, and they are nearly equi-distant from each other, say a mile apart. These rivers are, the Guest river, flowing south into the Clinch; the Lick, fork of the Kentucky, running west; the Cumberland river south, and the Pond river north into the Sandy. They flow through four States, and are all tributary to the Ohio river.

A LOVE AFFAIR.

The following story as it was told to us, happened near Lake City, Ind., where there lived at the breaking out of the war a wealthy farmer, whom we will call Blank. This man kept a number of servants; among them was a good and religious young girl, possessing unusual attractions. She was courted by an officer of some rank in the Federal army, while at home recruiting for his regiment. When the day of his departure came, he made known to the servant girl how deeply she had interested him, and begged to know if there was any hope. She confessed that his attachment was reciprocated, and they were at once affianced.

"Should Mr. Blank," said Jennie, "come to know of this I shall at once be discharged. He believes it was his daughter for whom your visits were intended."

"Should this be so," returned the fond lover, "only write and let me know, and you shall not suffer."

With an affectionate kiss and a promise that both would be punctual in their letter writing, they separated, he to join his regiment among the boys on the Potomac.

He waited long and anxiously for tidings of his loved one, but not one word was received to ease his troubled mind. Finally his own letters were returned. What could it mean? Was Jennie false? He could not believe it.

After the soldier's departure, Mr. Blank took Jennie into a room, fastened the door, and, with rawhide in hand, commanded her to tell him if she was betrothed to Colonel ——. When she told him all, he had her blindfolded, taken to the great city of Chicago, and there left without friends or money.

He reported that she had died of cholera, and to make the deception complete, built a false grave.

When the war was over, and Colonel ——— returned he made his way at once to the old graveyard, and sought out that of his lost Jennie. After bathing the little mound with his tears, he made his way to the house of Mr. Blank to learn the particulars. While he was there the guilty man ordered the tombstones for the false grave. In due time they were placed at the supposed grave, with some evergreens and flowers.

Colonel ——— had been a mourner three years before the war closed, until December, 1838, when business called him to Chicago. There, in a street car, with a bundle of soiled clothes which she was taking home to be washed, he found his buried Jennie. He flew across the car, taking her in his arms and almost screaming with joy. He had found her at last.—Kansas City Journal.

A GOOD STORY.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris a short time ago, while three crowned heads of Europe were there on a visit to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon. These distinguished personages were the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia. One day, having thrown aside all state ceremonial, they determined to see the sights of the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose they resolved to go incog, so as not to be recognized by the people.—However, in their stroll through Paris they went astray, and meeting a gentlemanly looking person, who happened to be an Irishman, they politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith, and that I will, my boys," says Pat, at the same time taking a mental photograph of the three "boys"—"This way, my barties," and so they were conducted to the gates of the Royal Palace, and the Irishman was about bidding them farewell, when the Emperor of Russia, interested and pleased as much by the genuine politeness of Pat (and what son of Erin was ever yet deficient in courtesy and politeness,) as by his naïve and witty remarks, asked him who he was.

"Well," rejoined their guide, "I did not ask who you were, and before I answer you, perhaps you would tell me who you may be."

After some further parleying, one said, "I am Alexander, and they call me the Czar or Emperor of all the Russias."

"Indeed," said Pat, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an incredulous nod of the head (as much as to say, "This boy is up to coddling me a bit"), "And might I make bold to ask who you be, my flower?"

"They call me Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria."

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," says the Irishman, who thinking he was hoaxed, and in his despairing efforts to get the truth, as he conceived, out of any of them, turned to the third one, and said, "Who are you?"

"They call me Frederick William, and I am king of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and, after some hesitation, and with a mysterious air of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered, "I am the Emperor of China; but don't tell any body."

GRANT won't receive Dr. Mary Walker in pantaloons. He wants her to come without.