



McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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ADVERTISEMENTS EXPENDITURES

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THE PITTSBURG Daily Dispatch.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Leading Journal of Western Pennsylvania, and one of the Largest, Livelest, Cheapest and Best Newspapers in the United States.

Furnished in Clubs of Ten at Six Dollars a Year, and Postage Prepaid.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR IT.

Those of our readers who desire a good city Daily should, by all means, subscribe for the PITTSBURG DISPATCH, a Large, Live, Independent Paper.

These are our reasons: We are the only paper published in this city which is published in the United States. The DISPATCH will enter on its Thirty-Second year on the 8th of February, when it will appear in new type, new being cast for it, and otherwise improved in all its departments.

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THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

One of the Cheapest, Cheapest and Best Family Newspapers Published.

EVERY BODY SHOULD READ IT!

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1877. Terms, \$2 per year, in advance. NUMBER 4.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

Well, Farmer Smith has lost his wheat, his shed and manure-horn;

I tell you, wife, he'll feel it sore; a man on money bent to the grave;

Can't stand under such a load when not insured a cent.

I don't know as I pity him; I call it a great sin

To hoard the harvest of three years in spanglers barn and bin;

I can't feel pity for any man who doubtly looks his door,

And stops his ears to all the cries that come up from the poor.

I like to see economy; I like to see men save

And lay up something for their kin when they are in the grave;

But you and I know very well from what we both have seen,

There is a line which when it's crossed a man gets to be mean.

When wheat was sixteen shillings a price, Smith said: "I'll wait for twenty, I vow, before I'll sell."

Then, when it reached that figure, he said to me one morn:

"I guess I'll hold it longer, 'till be three dollars soon."

He held it, and ran in debt for things to wear and eat;

When merchants dinned him he would say, "I'll sell I'll sell my wheat."

Soon that old time got fiddled out, and the men began to sue,

And he began to borrow to pay accounts past due.

When Smith goes off to buy a thing he spies through the town,

And tries with all his might and main the price to bunter down;

When he has anything to sell 'tis priceless in his eyes.

And he'll most have the highest price—the lowest when he buys.

"Live and let live," are golden words; the other motto, too;

"Do unto others as you'd wish that they should do to you."

If Smith had done as they command, he would not have to-day

The ashes of three harvests to load and drag away.

Wife, if you take a berry and dry it in the sun,

THE WEATHER FOR THE FALL WAS DELIGHTFUL.

Indian summer was upon us, and the days had the mellowness of the true Indian summer.

The sky was soft and beautiful overhead. I used to wander into the grove on Sabbath afternoons;

but my visits ceased suddenly. One day I happened to cast my eyes towards the grove, which was just from the place I occupied, and behold!

I saw a pale face at the window of John Upshot's cell.

The condemned man seemed to be looking at me, who had been summoned to launch him into eternity.

His eyes seemed what of mere pleading and burned into my very heart.

I could not stand that awful look, and made my way back to town, unnerfed for the first time since his conviction.

"I did not return to that spot until the night prior to the execution for the executioner." The town was becoming filled with people for the few executions that had taken place in the county had been public, and the precedent was to be adhered to in Upshot's case.

My programme had been carefully studied, and, with the matter in mind, I concluded to seek the grove and find a little rest.

For several days and nights the prisoner had paced his cell with that terrible tread which rings in my ears to-day, and I wanted to get beyond each of these sounds.

The night was lovely, a full moon was in the sky, and her light fell directly upon the jail.

The white walls had a ghost-like look from the grove, and the winds that rustled the leaves around me seemed to rustle the requiem of the doomed man.

I found a white man in the cell, but all at once I was wishing that I had not left my house.

"A face white and wan as death appeared suddenly at one of the barred windows. I knew that it was John Upshot's.

The application of the law was made in an instant, starting at the window. He seemed to be taking his last look at the beautiful earth unfolded in his gaze by the moon, and a longing look it seemed to me.

I could see that his face was pressed against the bars, and I saw that the prisoner man must be standing on the very tips of his toes in order to maintain his position.

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THE KANSAS CITY TIMES TELLS THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF A GENTLEMAN WHO IS NOW TEACHING MODERN LANGUAGES IN ONE OF THE SCHOOLS OF THAT CITY.

Captain Van Atowitz was an officer in the Russian army in the Crimea.

He was a gentleman of noble family, residing in the province of Astrakhan, Southern Russia, and in the routine of his duties was sent to Sebastopol, and there became attached to the staff of the Prince Gortschakoff, and was on regular staff duty when he fell into trouble.

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THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

The story of Andre, as we commonly read it, tells little of Andre himself.

It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he dressed, and what he said and did.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed to be his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly.

He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier.

He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times.

Once he found a poor little boy who had been captured by the British soldiers in Westchester county, and brought to New York to be put into the dreadful prisons the British kept in our city.

Such a little fellow could do no harm, and Andre took him away from the soldiers and sent him back to his mother in safety.

Besides painting and drawing, Andre could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette.

Many of his pictures and letters are still preserved, and should you read the letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively and entertaining man.

While he was in this country he kept a journal, and, it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery, and plans of cities and towns.

He used to give his pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children in the village to draw.

One of the Lancaster boys played so much, and Andre took him so much, that Andre offered to make an artist of him, and to take him to England when the war was at an end.

The boy's father would not consent to this, though he was pleased to think the English officer should take so much interest in his son.

Andre had to leave his pupil. He did not forget him, for he afterward wrote a letter to the boy's father, in which he said that the boy was a much talented and very high position upon the Russian bench—a sort of Supreme Judge—in one of the provinces.

This old gentleman had friends in Siberia who assisted him in transferring money to his home, so that he could be used in other parts of the course judges in America cannot be corrupted, but Siberia is another country.

So when the exile received a notification at the fortress of Narn to be ready to make his escape when the opportunity offered, he did not forget the old gentleman.

The opportunity was soon presented, and all the twelve condemned officers escaped. Ten of the party were afterwards recaptured and shot, and two escaped.

One of these is the Captain Atowitz now in this city, but he escaped in a different way. The United States service and received a commission in the Seventh New York Volunteers, and served during the war.

At the close of the war he went to Rochester, N. Y., and went into business. It was there he met and became acquainted with the late General Sherman.

General Sherman, the present Superintendent of the Public Schools of Kansas City. But a desire to return to his native land, and if possible recover a portion of his confiscated estate, or its revenue, induced him to return to Europe.

He went to Paris and there received some assistance from his friends, and he returned to his residence in Paris; but as a discovery of any will being rendered to the escaped exile would result in the confiscation of his grand-parents' estate, he was obliged to leave again.

In all this time he has had no other work than to study the art of making cheese. He has been successful in his efforts, and will be welcome among the people of the go-ahead New West.

ANTHROPOMORPHIC CHEESE.—Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the Book of Job. David was sent by his father Jesse to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brothers fared.

"Cheese of love" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mauthausen, during the German invasion of Alsace.

It is said that a portion of the army of the British general, Lord Wellington, was sent to the camp of the Duke of Wellington, and that they were so ignorant that though they had an abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese.

There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese; they appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have found the cheese from the curdling of the milk, after expelling serum or whey.

As David, when young, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, it is probable that the cheese must have been very small.—The Grocer.

THE BEST QUESTION FOR THOSE WHO ARE ATTEMPTING TO REFORM.

The question is frequently asked, What course should a drinking man pursue to rid himself of the habit?

None but those who have been through the terrible the appetite and how difficult it is to resist its demands.

The desire for just one more drink haunts every man who has ever fallen a victim to the curse, and the effort for something to fill up the void without returning to the insidious cup are heard everywhere.

It is a pleasure to announce that such a substitute does exist. A drinking man can supply himself easily with the remedies used at nearly all the "reformatory" asylums, and he is his own physician at his own house, without the necessity, expense and publicity of visiting any reformatory institution.

His laboratory need contain only a small quantity of cayenne pepper, a pot of concentrated extract of beef and a few grains of bromide of potassium.

When the desire for drink recurs, make a tea from the cayenne pepper, as strong as can be taken with any degree of comfort, sweeten it with milk and sugar and drink.

The tea will supply the same place that a glass of liquor would fill, and have no injurious effects.

Repeated daily, or so often as the appetite returns, it will be but a few days before the sufferer will have become disgusted with the taste of the pepper, and with the appearance of this disgusting beverage the love of liquor will be rejected.

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