

Cambria

Freeman

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

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1868.

NUMBER 29.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

VOLUME 2.

The Cambria Freeman

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

One copy, one year, \$2 00. One copy, six months, 1 00. One copy, three months, 50 Cts.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00.

Special and business notices eight cents per line for first insertion, and four cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements by which we are enabled to have done all kinds of plain and fancy job printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices.

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lotion, Hair and Toilet Preparations, &c.

THE ALTOONA WAREHOUSE CO., DEALERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Corner Virginia St. and Blank Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

Will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of FLOUR, FLOUR, RICE, HAMS, &c.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY. The Wagon and Carriage Manufacturing Co.

Having taken the Wagon and Carriage Manufacturing Shop recently occupied by Mr. Wm. Lichty, who still remains in their employ.

NEW TAILOR SHOP.—Having opened a TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT in the shop formerly occupied by R. D. Thomas, a few doors east of A. A. Barker's store.

RICHARD ROWAN, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

Is prepared to make contracts for the painting of Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings in Cambria and surrounding counties.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity.



DR. T. F. M'CLURE, SURGEON DENTIST, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.

DR. H. B. MILLER, ALTOONA, PA. Operative and Mechanical Dentist.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity.

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity.

E. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. Bess, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c.

D. McLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnston, Pa.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnston, Pa.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.

F. P. TIERNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.

W. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.

JOSEPH McDONALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.

GEORGE W. OATMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.

H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.

J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnston, Pa.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers, Ebensburg, Pa.

W. M. LLOYD & CO., Bankers, Altoona, Pa.

THE BOXHOLDER'S SONG.

The bondholder sat in his easy chair, Counting his bonds was he; And he turned up his nose at Seymour and Blair.

"The people are saddled for us to ride, And booted and spurred are we; We rowel well every parting side.

"We gave them paper for what we hold, At not quite half of the face; But we'll get full payment in gold, hard cash.

"The war is over—some folks say, But certainly that won't do; We must keep it up till election day.

"I have misgivings, I must confess, That we can't put the ticket through; That the people at last are beginning to guess.

"But away with misgivings; for who can prevent The 'loyal' from getting their pay? It is only three hundred and fifty per cent.

"Hurray for the flag of our country, then; For, writing on every fold, I see, inscribed by Jay Cooke's pen 'Down with rebels,' which means all men who won't pay our loans in gold!"

Corry O'Lanus on Bachelors. Corry O'Lanus argues the advantages of married life over 'boarding' institutions from the following standpoint:

"He gets along very well for a little while, until his first fortnight's washing is brought home, when he begins to realize the value of matrimony by the absence of his shirt buttons.

"Man can never be an independent creature until the necessity for buttons can be dispensed with.

"In a boarding-house a man has considerable credit taken out of him.

"His interest in the establishment is limited—authority he has none.

"The landlady agrees to fuddle him two or three times a day, and stable him at night somewhere on the third floor.

"If he doesn't like it he can leave it. There are other boarding-houses, and he has a choice of evils.

"In the evening he has all the world before him.

"He has perfect liberty of choice between his bedroom and the street.

"There is the parlor to be sure; but the young lady who has steady company is already there.

"You go in and the damsel looks daggers. Her young man looks as though he would like to punch your head.

"If you are possessed of a sensitive and sympathetic nature, you can't resist this mute but eloquent appeal.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In the month of October, 1828, my vessel was lying in Mobile. I went ashore one bright morning to do some business with the house to which I was consigned.

As I passed along the street, it occurred to me that I might as well have a beard of a week's growth reaped before I presented myself at the counting-room.

He was a bright mulatto, a good looking young fellow, not more than two and twenty years of age, it appeared.

"That is a good interest on the capital invested," I remarked; "can you pay your rent and live on the balance of your savings?"

"Yes, I would, because they would be better off than if they were free."

"By this time he had done the brush and commenced running the razor over the strap, and looking at the blade every time he drew it across the leather.

"Barbers handle a deadly weapon, sir," I replied, "but you handle yours skillfully, although I notice your hand shakes a little."

"That's nothing, sir; I can shave just as well with my hand shakes because I did not have much sleep last night. But I was thinking just now," he added, with a laugh, "how easy it would be for me to cut your throat."

"Very likely," I replied, laughing in return, but looking sternly at him—"very likely, yet I would not advise you to try the experiment."

"Nothing more was said. He soon finished, and I arose from the chair, just as an elderly gentleman entered the shop.

I went to the glass, which did not reflect the chair, to arrange my collar.

"Certainly I had not stood before it a moment when I heard something like a suppressed shriek and a gurgling horrible sound that made my blood run cold.

"On the instant the man's eye caught mine, the razor dropped from his hand, and he fell down in a fit. I rushed towards the door and called for assistance.

"We secured the barber, who, as I subsequently learned, had been drinking deeply the night before, and was laboring under mania potu.

A REMARKABLE HUNTER.—Wilburn Waters is the name of a remarkable man, known as the hermit of the 'White Top,' and the greatest hunter of the age.

"After an absence of two years, during which time he has been wandering through the peaks and spurs of the Blue Ridge, killing bears and wolves, he returned to his cabin on Saturday, (18th ult.) when we had the pleasure of meeting him an hour or two after his arrival.

"Altogether, and withal an humble christian, He starts again on a trapping tour in Mitchell county, N. C., but expects to be back at the White Top at the time of the rally on the last day of August."

SURE CURE FOR CORNS.—Mr. Rose, a merchant of San Diego, announces that these creators of much misery in this world, can easily and surely be cured by applying a good coat of gum arabic mucilage every evening on going to bed.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following incident of travel is narrated by a correspondent of the Daily Saratoga. It took place on the Rensselaer & Saratoga Railroad, on one of the Northern trains, between Saratoga and Whitehall.

When the train halted at Saratoga, among the passengers from the West came a man of about thirty years of age, appearing his way through the crowd, and bearing in his arms a child.

"This man was rough in exterior, yet his face was an honest one. He handled the baby awkwardly, yet there was a tenderness in his sad look that showed the purity of a father's love.

"The poor child cried; it might be the little thing was tired, it might be it missed its mother; perhaps it was hungry; perhaps it was sick, and so it cried. The tears rolled down its baby cheeks; the father wiped away the dew-drops as they fell, and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle—his had been a life of toil and hardship—and he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment.

"The poor fellow looked at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as though it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The woman took it; its soiled clothes rested on her costly silk; its tiny head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still.

"The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear welled in his eye, and his voice was thick with emotion. "Thank you, I'll take him now."

"The mother's nature spoke forth, as she gently answered, "Not yet, you will wake him," and while after while that noble-hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not until her own babe required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose and placed the stranger boy with its father.

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EXTRAORDINARY DIET.

An Algiers correspondent writes the following account of a wonderful exhibition: Our party to witness the exhibition consisted of some twenty Englishmen, and among them a few ladies.

We were shown into a Moorish house, in the quadrangle of which open to the sky were a number of Arabs seated on the floor in the centre, singing, as is their nature, a most monotonous chant, to the accompaniment of a big drum.

The faces of the Arabs, some of them magnificent looking men, and excited by the music, the lights, the delicately carved pilasters supporting the gallery, and over all the star-studded, blue sky, forming an impressive contrast to its noise and tumult beneath, made an extraordinary picture which no canvass could accurately convey to the mind.

But perhaps the most extraordinary performance was that of a man who held for nearly a minute, between his teeth, a bar of red hot iron—so hot that one felt its heat at a considerable distance. He afterward cooled his mouth by eating some prickly pears, which, as it grows out into pins and needles of approved pattern, must be a delicious food.

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A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Those who have been around in the Central station house late at night have doubtless observed an old man, dignified in appearance, and evidently superior to such surroundings, who for some time has been seeking lodgings there.

His deposits in the Union Bank of this city, at one time reached \$20,000 in gold. His lauded estate stretched over leagues of territory, and more resembled a German principality than the possessions of an American planter.

The faces of the Arabs, some of them magnificent looking men, and excited by the music, the lights, the delicately carved pilasters supporting the gallery, and over all the star-studded, blue sky, forming an impressive contrast to its noise and tumult beneath, made an extraordinary picture which no canvass could accurately convey to the mind.

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