



The Cambria Freeman

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Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

We have made arrangements by which we can do or 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...

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS. Black Books, Beards, Notes and Bundles; Cap, Pens, Commodore and all kinds of Note Paper, Envelopes, Stationery, Fancy Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pens, Balm, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Toys, Dolls, Bibles, Religious Prayer and Toy Books, Postcards, Pipes, &c.

THE ALTOONA WARE HOUSE CO. Dealers and Commission Merchants. Will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, LIME, SAND, &c.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY. - WAGON, BUGGY AND CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY. Having taken the Wagonmaking Shop recently occupied by Mr. Wm. Light, who still remains in their employ, the subscribers are prepared to manufacture light and heavy WAGONS, BUGGIES, CARRIAGES and other vehicles, and will guarantee all work done by them to be perfectly substantial, neat and satisfactory.

NEW TAILOR SHOP. - Having opened a TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT in the shop formerly occupied by B. D. Thomas, a few doors east of A. A. Barker's store, the subscriber respectfully informs his old customers and the rest of mankind that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of Gent's and Youths' wearing apparel in the latest style of the art, with neatness and dispatch, and upon the most reasonable terms.

RICHARD ROWAN, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER. In prepared to make contracts for the painting of Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings in Cambria and surrounding counties, and for the execution of all other work in his line. Painting done at prices more moderate and in a style far superior to most of the work executed in this section.

Wm. H. LLOYD, President.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA, GOVERNMENT AGENCY AND DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Corner Virginia and Annie Streets, North West, Altoona, Pa.
Authorized Capital, \$500,000
Cash Capital paid in, 150,000

DENTISTRY. - The undersigned, a graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the fourth Monday of each month, to remain one week.

DENTISTRY. - Dr. D. W. Zeigler has taken the rooms of High street recently occupied by Lloyd & Co. as a Banking House, and offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity.

DR. H. B. MILLER, Operative and Mechanical Dentist. Office on Caroline street, between Virginia and Egan streets. ALL WORK WARRANTED.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrollton and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Hartz & Co. as a store.

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BERN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Patent, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the 'Mansion House,' Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnston, Pa. Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets - up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnston, Pa. Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnston, Pa. Jan. 31, 1867.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co. Jan. 31, 1867.

F. P. TIERNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonside Row. Jan. 6, 1867.

JOSEPH McDONALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel. (Jan. 31, 1867.)

JOHN FENLON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan. 31, 1867.

L. W. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnston, Pa. Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonside Row, Centre street. Jan. 31, 1867.

HOW I CHANGED COACHES.

The top of the morning to you, Master William. I see you are on your way to school, with your satchel of books. So you've changed your mind, it seems.

This salutation from Mr. Dana greeted the ears of "Billy Stokes," as he passed the lawyer's office on his way to school, and it was most refreshing to him, so sedition was he called anything but "Billy Stokes," or spoken to in the language of kindness.

Blushing and stammering most painfully, he replied: "Yes, sir, I've concluded to try my hand at study once more, but I don't much think anything will come of it, there's so many things against me."

"Well, drop in, my lad, this afternoon, and we'll talk about these 'so many things.' Will you come?" "Yes, sir, if you are willing to be plagued with such an awful greenhorn."

"I haven't time to contradict you, Master William, for I hear the second bell; but give me a call this afternoon, and we'll talk about greenhorns, among other things."

"Well, I declare," said Billy Stokes to himself, as he hurried on to school, "I've always took that man for a tremendous great gentleman because he drove such a splendid team, and had such a grand-looking driver, but I hadn't no thought he was so good. Inventing me, Billy Stokes, cowboy, to give him a call! Did I ever hear the like? Well, I'll go any way, for it'll be better than a show to hear him tell 'how he changed coaches.' I reckon, though, if he ever expects to see me change coaches, he'll have to wait a while."

When Billy Stokes entered Mr. Dana's office in the afternoon, his first greeting was: "So you've come, Master William, to hear how 'Old Ragbag' changed coaches, have you?"

"Well, I'd like to know," replied Billy, with an embarrassed manner and awkward smile. "It must be a good story."

"That it is, my boy; but I can't tell you the whole of it this afternoon, for it is too long. I can tell you enough, however, to satisfy you that just as good a story may be told about you, some time or other. Well, the first thing I want to tell you is, that I came to prosperity step by step. I didn't wake up, on a fine morning, and find myself grown up and riding round in a coach, but I worked my way—and that's another thing I want you to notice—up to prosperity and into my coach. It was a long time before I ceased to be 'Old Ragbag' and gave up my cart. And now do you want to know what was the first turn in my fortune? Well, it was this: I was riding along in my rag cart one day, when I saw an unruly cow chasing a young lady, and she was running as fast as she could run, while the boys in the street stood and laughed, for they thought it was great fun. As soon as I saw what was the trouble, I jumped out of the cart and pursued the cow, calling out to the young lady not to be afraid, for I was used to cows and could manage a dozen.

"Look back at the cart and see the rags flying," called out one of the boys. "Look! Old Ragbag!"

"Never mind about the rags flying," I answered coolly, as I returned and took my seat in the cart. "I've sent that cow flying, and that's enough!"

"Oh! I drove, with as independent and kingly an air as if I were in a triumphal chariot, and I think I held my head a little higher than usual because I had refused to take the young lady's money that she offered me. She was determined to pay me; but although I had quite an idea of gallantry, and a great aversion to being paid for it, not a penny of her three dollars had I taken, and I drove off, much more satisfied with myself than I should have been if I had had the three dollars in my pocket. But the young lady was not so satisfied, and it wasn't long before she gave my mother a new spring calico dress and a half dozen fine white pocket-handkerchiefs. I went home one day to dinner, and my mother said to me, pointing to the open package on the table, 'Why didn't you ever tell me that you drove off a cow that was running after Miss Fanny Barber?'

"Oh, it wasn't worth telling," I said. "But this dress and those handkerchiefs are worth having," she answered, "and nothing has pleased me so much in a long time."

"Well, they pleased me too, Master William, and I had a chance that summer to be pleased over and over again, for there was no end to Miss Fanny's kindnesses. She gave my mother, and me too, a great many presents, and furnished my mother with sewing, and paid her the highest price for it."

"We lived near Mr. Barber's, fortunately, and I was never out of profitable employment after I sent that ugly cow flying. Miss Fanny was always wanting me to do something for her in her flower-garden, and Mr. Barber wanted me to take care of his strawberry-bed, and do many other things which, he said, he knew I would do faithfully. Oh, how happy I was under such treatment and with such confidence placed in me. Well, the good Lord at length gave me such favor in the eyes of Mr. Barber as I never expected. Miss Fanny told me, one evening, when I was poring over a book, that her father was going to send me to school and give me as good a chance for an education as if I were his own son.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BLOWN UP.

Most of our readers will doubtless remember the explosion of the steamer Magnolia, on the Ohio river, some ten miles above Cincinnati, in March last. Mention was made, at the time, of the supposed fatal injuries received by Charles B. Lewis ("Em Quaid"), ex local of the Lansing Democrat, who was on his way to accept a situation on the Maysville (Ky.) Bulletin.

"When I bought my ticket, I asked the clerk if the Magnolia was considered a safe boat. He looked at me with a half sneering, half pitying expression, and replied by inquiring if I had ever traveled much."

"Well, no—not above the average." "Then you'll learn something by and by," he continued.

"I did. Was seated in the cabin, between an ex-Colonel of a Georgia regiment and a Cincinnati pork dealer, and we were all talking over the impeachment matter. My fellow passengers soon became heated and angry. They were cursing Congress and a President across my head—each one as he felt—and I was looking for a moss. Their angry talk soon collected a crowd. I had just got up from my chair to keep clear of the coming fracas, when I heard a yell of agony, and before you could have counted three, up through the cabin, and almost under our feet, came a huge jagged mass of iron.

"For an instant thereafter I was conscious of every thing going on. I saw the cabin roof lifted up, heard the angry hiss of steam, the crashing of timbers, and a cry from the injured and frightened passengers that will never be forgotten. Then I was lifted from my feet; I felt an intense pain in the back of my head, and a biting, stinging sensation over my entire body. Sixteen days afterward I awoke in the Commercial Hospital at Cincinnati. I knew that I was badly hurt, but could not remember how or when I was injured.

"As afterward ascertained, I was blown out of the cabin into the river. When the explosion occurred, the steamer was just rounding the bend above California, hugging pretty close to the Ohio shore to avoid the heavy current. I must have taken a jump of at least two hundred feet, as I was picked up close to the bank. The survivors were conveyed down to the city on a tug, and here comes the only joke I can discover in the whole affair.

"From some cause or other, my face was turned to as deep a black as any negro ever wore, and I was accordingly treated as one. A dead cart was sent down from the hospital, lying by side with two wounded darkies, side by side in a mattress. I was carried up. The mistake was not discovered until the surgeons commenced shaving the hair off to get at my broken skull. I was supposed, for the first two days, to be a deck hand, but a telegram from my wife and an edition of the Enquirer, who came and hunted me up, soon set the matter right.

"On awakening in the hospital I inquired how badly I was hurt. The only answer I received was to 'keep still.' Considering that I could move neither hand nor foot, I regarded this advice as entirely thrown away. But it did not take me long to find out that, first, there was an uncomfortable 'air hole' in the back of my head; second, the sight entirely gone from my left eye, and the skin peeled off my face and ears; third, that I had been 'steamed,' or rather cooked, from head to heel, including both arms; and lastly, that the doctors had just pulled me through a severe attack of pneumonia. Remained in the hospital twenty-nine days, and then concluded to go home. Had not yet been able to leave my bed, but, accompanied by my brother-in-law, C. H. Rollison, Esq., who had nursed me from the third day, I made the journey.

"Getting home—my friends had been looking to see me come in a coffin—my wounds had all filled up with 'proul' flesh.' This, of course, had to be burned out—driving me crazy for a night and a day—and compelling me to use a solution of blue vitriol twice a day for forty days. So you can form a slight idea of the pain and suffering, and how much 'ye local' can endure without becoming 'dead matter.'

"Now, after a lapse of almost one hundred days, I find myself once more about, but condemned to wear the savage marks of the steam-fueled to my grave. A bald spot where the iron missile crushed my skull, a 'piebald' eye, a face that resembles a beet, and over my arms, body and limbs are scars that resemble great slices of fresh beef laid upon the skin."

"But after all, I am yet alive and getting ready to once more pursue the 'itemizing' business, which you know is vastly better than being fished out of the Ohio some torpid day, with no Coronet handy for an inquest."

"The so-called Autier sympathetic ink, for giving a copy of a letter without any press, and without previously moistening the copying paper, consists, essentially, of a decoction of Brazil wood and glycerine. When any paper is written upon with this ink, and laid on tissue paper, the simple rubbing over with the finger is sufficient to produce the desired transfer.

"Obbliging.—A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a farm-house, as he said, to borrow a frying pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished.

"Madam, could you lend me a frying pan? I belong to the picket down here."

"Yes, sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain that it was clean.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do anything more for you?" "Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed, in spite of himself. He got it.

ALL IS WELL.

The following excellent gem is worth preserving. We doubt if, in the whole range of English literature, anything more touchingly eloquent can be found: "Twelve o'clock at night and all is well." False prophet! Still and statue-like at yonder window stands the wife. The clock has tolled the small hours, yet her face is pressed against the window pane, striving in vain, with straining eyes to penetrate the darkness. She sees nothing, she hears nothing but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens her Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist! there is an unsteady step in the hall; she knows it, for many a time and oft has it trod on her hair strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her and in maddened tones pronounces a name he has long forgotten to honor.

"Oh, all enduring power of woman's love—no reproach—no upbraiding—the light arm passed around the reeling figure, once erect in God's own image. With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist, if he would, she leads him in."

It is but the repetition of a thousand vigils! It is the performance of a vow, with a heroism and patient endurance too common every day to be chronicled on earth, too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the registering angel above.

"All's well! False prophet! In yonder luxurious room sits one whose privilege it was to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a kind, loving father, laid a trembling hand with a blessing on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices were heard around the happy hearth. Oh, where are they now! Are there none to say to the repentant Magdalen, 'neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more!'

The gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it, because man is less merciful than God?"

"All's well! False prophet! There lies the dead orphan. In all the length and breadth of the green earth there was found no sheltering nest where the lonely dove could fold its wings when the parent bird had flown. The brooding wing was gone that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. Love was its life and so it drooped."

"All's well! False prophet! Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty with tear bedewed face, hunger and thirst, while the pious stand afar off." The widow pleads in vain to the determined judge for justice, and unpunished of heaven, the human tiger crouches in his lair and springs upon his helpless prey.

"All's well! Ah, yes, all is well, for He who 'seeth the end of the beginning,' holds evenly the scales of justice. "Dives shall yet beg of Lazarus." Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked path, we shall see the pitfalls from which our hedge of thorns has fenced us in, and in our full grown faith, we shall exultingly say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOODS.—One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms. A pleasant, bright face at a window is surely better than a discontented, cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy.

We like to see the glancing, cheerful lights through the windows, of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creeping from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children going in and out the door, to play, or to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of those cheerful, impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert go to make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show.

"Sad, indeed, some mornings, on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it sped over threshold, had crossed that of our cheerful neighbor. Sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall borne into the house. Sad to see innocent little faces pressed at evening against the window pane, watching for the 'dear papa' who has gone to his long home.

PRESERVING TOMATOES FOR WINTER USE.—Ripe, sound tomatoes, cut and stewed until they can be put through a colander to take the skins out; then, in a jars, state put them in dry, hot bottles or jars, which may be prepared by setting them in hot water and gradually increasing the heat till the water boils. Fill the bottles and let them boil a few minutes; cork and seal while hot, putting the cork even with the top of the bottle; keep them in a dry cool place.

PRINTING ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

An extraordinary discovery has been made of a press in India. When Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India, he observed that in the district of Benares a little below the surface of the earth, is to be found a stratum of a kind of fibrous woody substance, of various thickness, in horizontal layers. Major Roebuck, informed of this, went out to a spot where an excavation had been made displaying this most singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault, which on further examination, proved to be of some size, and to their astonishment found a kind of printing press set up in the vault, and on it movable types placed as if ready for printing. Every inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrument could have been placed there, for it was evidently not of modern origin, and from all the Major could collect it appeared probable that the press had remained in the state in which it was found for at least one thousand years. We believe the worthy Major, on his return to England, presented one of the learned associations with a memoir containing many curious speculations on the subject. Paper we know to have been manufactured in the East many centuries before we had any knowledge of it, and we have many reasons to think that the Chinese had been acquainted with the mode of printing they now employ many years before Faust and Gutenberg invented it in Europe. It certainly does no credit to the inventive genius of the Romans to know that, while they approached so near to engraving in a style not to be equaled in the present age on gems and stones, and of course the taking of impressions of them, they should have remained ignorant of the art which has bestowed so many blessings on mankind. —[Exchange.

CLIMATIC CURIOSITIES.—The changes in a country's climate by settlement and cultivation of the soil often seems strange and inconsistent. A letter from a late traveler in Nebraska notes some curious contrasts: "It is a frequent subject of remark in the Ohio Valley, that settling the country, clearing and ditching the land, constantly makes it drier; that old wells and springs are drying up, and such succeeding summer branches run dry which never did before. The French Agricultural report makes the same complaint, and calls upon the Government to stop the destruction of the forests, as the means of preserving the rivers. But here, with settlement, exactly the reverse phenomena are presented, and the quantity of rain in western Nebraska and Kansas has doubled within the memory of man.—Perhaps this is due somewhat to the trees planted on new farms, but I think also that the breaking up of the sod allows it to absorb more moisture than it could in the prairie state, and in many instances tarring a hundred acres of sod will renew an old spring. Fresh branches are starting in gullies which have been dry for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. Thus 'springs break out in the thirsty wilderness, and streams of water in the dry ground.' Here is an important principle at work, which will enable agriculture to make great advances on what is now the American desert." Akin to these are the facts of heavy rains this summer in Colorado and California, States where the rule of dry summer seems to have been invariably heretofore. Who shall divine the law of such revolutions?"

BRAVE ACT OF AN ARCHBISHOP.—The other day, says a European correspondent, there was a destructive conflagration at Aueh. From one of the burning houses burst forth cries: "Save us! save us!" Heart rending were the screams of a mother: "Save my child!" The archbishop, who had hitherto assisted the firemen at the engines, stopped forth and shouted out: "I will give twenty-five gold pieces to him who saves the mother and her child!" Several men hastened to the flames, but started back again. The archbishop repeated his offer, but to no purpose. He then took a blanket, dipped it into a pail of water, wrapped it around his body, and climbed the ladder leading to the burning room. The bystanders fell on their knees, their eyes steadily fixed on the archbishop. He succeeded in reaching the window, and soon after re-appeared, carrying the mother and her child. Upon reaching the ground below, he tore the half burned blanket from his shoulders and thanked God on his knees for the success of his efforts. He then stepped to the poor mother and said: "My good woman, I have offered twenty-five gold pieces to him that would save you. I have earned that sum myself, and will give it to you."

"Yebra Dan" explains to the Louisville Courier the origin of Manhattan: Hans Knickerbocker, a famous navigator of that period, came over with a Dutch galleon, laden with saur kraut. He stopped at this island to get wood and water, and while roaming over it he discovered an Indian squaw hoeing corn, arrayed in nothing but a man's straw hat. He purchased the island of her, giving in exchange a barrel of kraut and two dozen pretzels. As they could not pronounce her name in Dutch she was known as the squaw with the man's hat-on. Hence Manhattan.