



W. 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 4.

EBENSBURG, P., THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1870.

NUMBER 27.

Cambria Freeman... Rates of Advertising... Job Printing...

1870. Summer. 1870.

I am now prepared to offer SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS OF TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE...

My stock consists in part of every variety of Tin, Sheet-Iron, COPPER AND BRASS WARES...

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors, all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys... Special attention given to Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron...

Wholesale Merchants' Lists now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY... AGAIN IN FULL BLAST!

PAINTS AND HEATING STOVES... IRON FENCING, PLOUGHS... HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

SPROUTS COMBINED... IRON FORK AND KNIFE... IRON FORK AND KNIFE MANUFACTURED.

IRON FORK AND KNIFE... IRON FORK AND KNIFE MANUFACTURED.

WOOD-SAWING MACHINES... GEORGE HUNTLEY, EBENSBURG, PA.

GEORGE HUNTLEY... Sole Agent for Cambria County.

The Poet's Department.

A SUMMER DAY.

Sunshine over the meadow lands, Kissing the crimson clover, And sunshine haunting the lily cups...

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

"THE ELMS."

A TRUE STORY.

Among the verdant hills of Eastern Pennsylvania, near where the noble, winding, Susquehanna, coursing through the State, divides the Blue Ridge mountains...

It was a picturesque little place; the great high mountains, their tops almost seeming to pierce the heavens, towering at its rear, the shimmering waters of the Susquehanna flowing at its feet...

FAMILY GROCERIES.

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl...

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in HEATING AND COOK STOVES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE...

had a hard name, and suspicion did not stop to observe his few good qualities, in magnifying his bad ones. Meanwhile, everything was confusion and excitement at "The Elms."

On the day prior to that on which the murder was discovered, Mr. Edson had completed the sale of a valuable farm, for which he had received also in payment a large sum of money.

"I beg your pardon for coming in in this way, but you see business is business," explained Boggs, blandly.

"So they don't understand how they didn't make any noise, do they?" soflapdozed he, nodding knowingly.

Going to the safe, he scrutinized it closely for some minutes, worked the lock, looked at the interior, after which he proceeded to pick up the scattered papers and other contents, and replaced them in the safe.

After this discovery the detective closely examined the windows and the doors, and then seemingly satisfied with his examination, quitted the room.

In passing through the hall he met Randolph, who was just issuing from the library, where he had been pacing excitedly during the time the detective was prosecuting his investigation.

"I suppose his wife takes it hard, this circumstance," suggested Boggs. "Sick abed, ain't she?" "Yes," shortly replied Randolph.

"Well, I'm glad of it," replied Joe, for I'm beginning to feel sick of this sport. It isn't enough to be knocked on the head, and then confined in a lunatic asylum...

"How d'ye do?" exclaimed Boggs, entering without any preliminary knocking, accompanied by his companion.

"I beg your pardon for coming in in this way, but you see business is business," explained Boggs, blandly.

"Where did you get them?" almost shrieked the woman, her face of a livid hue.

"Where you hid them after you had murdered your husband," calmly replied the detective.

An exchange says: The publication of a recent volume on the water power of Maine, induces Horace Greeley to undertake a series of articles of what he knows as dam tams.

Curiosities of Eating.

An old beau, formerly well known in Washington city, was accustomed to eat but one meal in twenty-four hours; if, after this, he had to go to a party and take a second dinner, he ate nothing at all next day.

A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison, became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money...

During the Irish famine, when many died of hunger, the poor were often found spending their last shilling for tea, and tobacco, and spirits.

"Have you all the proofs of their guilt?" inquired Smith. "Leave that to me," returned Boggs, with evident satisfaction, turning to leave the prison.

"How d'ye do?" exclaimed Boggs, entering without any preliminary knocking, accompanied by his companion.

"I beg your pardon for coming in in this way, but you see business is business," explained Boggs, blandly.

"Where did you get them?" almost shrieked the woman, her face of a livid hue.

"Where you hid them after you had murdered your husband," calmly replied the detective.

An exchange says: The publication of a recent volume on the water power of Maine, induces Horace Greeley to undertake a series of articles of what he knows as dam tams.

A BAD DEBT.—The owing of a grudge.

HEROIC ACT.

However much the world may have degenerated in late years, every now and then we are called upon to chronicle an act of heroism that sends a proud thrill of admiration to the heart, at the chivalric self-denial which is exhibited, rivaling even the wildest traditions that are handed down of heroism in a heroic age.

At a little station called Shunpike, on the Dutchess and Columbia Railroad, a few days since, occurred the scene we are about to relate: As the 6:30 train was nearly due on Thursday morning, Mr. Frederick Chase, station agent at Shunpike, and living at a short distance from the track, left his home for the purpose of opening the ticket office.

During the Irish famine, when many died of hunger, the poor were often found spending their last shilling for tea, and tobacco, and spirits.

"How d'ye do?" exclaimed Boggs, entering without any preliminary knocking, accompanied by his companion.

"I beg your pardon for coming in in this way, but you see business is business," explained Boggs, blandly.

"Where did you get them?" almost shrieked the woman, her face of a livid hue.

"Where you hid them after you had murdered your husband," calmly replied the detective.

A WONDERFUL PLANT.—A specimen of the wonderful plant, "The Flower of the Holy Ghost," has been successfully raised in Norwich, Conn.