

# Camden Freeman

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."  
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#### Don't Sit Around Waiting for Luck.

Ho! ye who listless and moping  
Sit idly waiting for good fortune;  
For something that thus never comes;  
You might just as well, foolish mortals,  
Expect you'll be lightning-struck;  
One will happen as soon as the other—  
Don't stand around waiting for luck!

#### FIGHTING FOR A WIFE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

About a quarter of a mile below  
the city of Brunswick, on the bold precipitous  
banks of the Bariton, is a singularly  
interesting cave. The entrance,  
just at high water mark, is small and  
narrow, and the two perpendicular  
rocks, on either side support the hill,  
appear to have been forced assunder  
by a convulsion of nature.

to humble the proud beauty, and to  
accomplish this end he proposed to his  
troops, that they should assist him in  
bearing her from home.

"Old Demarset," said he, "is rich  
and his cellar is stocked with rare old  
wines; his money and wines shall be  
your booty—I will content myself  
with the charms of his pretty daughter.  
Ha, my lads, what say you?  
You take the gold and ransack the  
cellar and I will bear away the pretty  
Mary?"

#### AFEARED OF A GALL.

Oh, daru' it all—afraid of her,  
And such a mite of a gall!  
Why, two of 'em rolled into one  
Wou'd ditto sister Sall.  
Her voice is sweet as the whippoorwill's,  
And the sunshine's in her hair;  
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,  
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.  
Yet Sall says, "she's such a dear,  
She's just the one for you."  
Oh, daru' it all—afraid of a gall!  
And me just six feet two!

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rest, by that awful and sudden noise.  
Little Robert left his door, and ran to  
the men, who well knew what it meant.  
Waiting until everything was quiet  
they went forward to examine the pas-  
sage-way Robert had left. It was  
blocked up. They tried another; that,  
too, was blocked up. Oh, fearful  
thought! they were buried alive! The  
men went back to the boy.

"I want to go home, please do let  
me go home," cried Robert.

"Yes, yes; as soon as we find a way  
out, my little man," said a miner  
called Truman, in a kind, yet husky  
voice.

The air grew close and suffocating,  
and they took their oil cans and food  
bags to one of the galleries where it  
was fresher and purer.

The two "hewers," Truman and Lo-  
gan, were pious men.

"Well James, what shall we do  
next?" asked Truman.

"There is but one thing we can do,"  
replied Logan. "God says 'call upon  
Me in the day of trouble; I will de-  
liver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.'"  
They told the boy their danger,  
"But we must keep up a good heart,"  
said these believing men; and the way  
to do so is to put our trust in the Al-  
mighty God more than in man. He  
heard Jonah cry to him from the  
belly of the whale, and He can hear us  
from the bottom of this coal pit. Let us  
pray."

When he was interrupted by the ap-  
proaching dragoons, he was on his way  
to visit the house of Mr. Demarset,  
whose daughter had promised to be-  
come his bride as soon as the war  
should close.

He delayed but a moment to ex-  
amine the priming of his rifle, and to  
form an estimate of their number, and  
then borne upon the wings of anxious  
love, hurried across the country, and  
soon reached the house of his father-in-  
law elect, which was about three  
miles from New Brunswick. Here he  
unfolded the whole plot, Demarset,  
who was a true rebel, immediately  
armed himself, his two sons and three  
negroes, and determined to defend his  
family altar to the last; and the youth  
swore to live or die by his betrothed.

The soldiers laughed at the warning,  
and one of them who attempted to  
force open the door, was shot through  
the head by one of the negroes.

This somewhat dampened the ardor  
of the soldiers, who expected to meet  
with no resistance, but the plunder  
was too valuable to be abandoned  
without an effort, then began an as-  
sault in earnest, and after losing two  
more of their number succeeded in  
forcing an entrance, but the family  
had retired to an inner-room, and hav-  
ing barricaded the door, all efforts to  
force it proved unavailing.

After deliberating a few seconds  
two of the soldiers went out and re-  
turned with a rail, with which they  
soon battered the door down, receiv-  
ing as it fell, the fire of the party with-  
in, which did much execution.

A desperate hand to hand encoun-  
ter ensued, in which one of the negroes  
was killed and the heroic defender  
wounded more or less, except one of  
the brothers.

The soldiers fought furiously; fired  
with the hope of booty and burning  
to revenge their dead comrades, their  
attack was most furious; and the be-  
sieged family battling for their lives  
met their foe with bravery.

Van Cleef, although bleeding pro-  
fusely from a sabre cut across the fore-  
head, wielded his weapon with almost  
superhuman energy, contesting every  
inch of ground with the maddened as-  
sailants.

The tide was turning in favor of  
the dragoons, when the officer spring-  
ing forward to seize the girl who had  
sworn from fright, allowed himself to  
be put off his guard, receiving a  
tremendous blow from Van Cleef's  
rifle, which stretched him lifeless on  
the floor.

Dismayed by the death of their leader,  
the dragoons fled, leaving nine of  
their number dead on the spot.

All the Demarset family recovered  
from their wounds, and Van Cleef, as  
soon as peace was declared, was re-  
warded with the hand he had so nobly  
defended, and judging from the nu-  
merical force of the Van Cleef family  
in New Jersey, it is fulfilled to the  
letter the scripture injunction—"increase  
and multiply."

Amongst the foremost of the work-  
ers was the father of little Robert, the  
"trapper." Night and day he never  
left the mine, and hardly quitted his  
work.

"You'll kill yourself, Lester," said  
a fellow workman. "Go take a little  
rest, and trust the work to us."  
"No, no, Tom," cried the poor father.  
"I promised Robert's mother we  
would come up together; and so we  
will, if it please God," he said, wiping  
the tears from his rough cheek; and  
he bowed away with all his might.  
How does it fare with the poor pris-  
oners? They are frightened like the

#### MAX ADLER'S DOG.

We bought a new dog this spring;  
but the speculation was not thorough-  
ly successful. The man who brought  
him around turned him loose in the  
yard, and then left. When we went  
out to get acquainted with him he was  
engaged in exploring the slop bucket  
with his nose, and, as we approached,  
he merely glanced around and growl-  
ed. We attempted to pat him on the  
head, and then he suddenly dropped  
a mouthful of meat and took three or  
four very earnest snaps at our hand  
and leg. We were afraid somebody  
would steal him, so we enticed him  
that evening into the kitchen with a  
bone and locked him in. He scratch-  
ed the door, and howled all night, and  
breakfast was late in the morning be-  
cause he wouldn't let the hired girl  
come into the kitchen. When we got  
him into the yard we found that he  
had upset the bread that was rising,  
and had knocked eight plates off the  
dinner, during his nocturnal skrimi-  
shes. The next evening we felt as if  
we would prefer that somebody would  
steal him, and we locked him out. He  
amused himself that night scratching  
at the door to get in, and howling. He  
can howl more effectively than any  
other dog we ever met. You would  
have thought we had a menagerie full  
of the yard, if you could have heard him.  
That day he killed the pet cat, belong-  
ing to Smith, next door, and removed  
a couple of mouthfuls from the leg of  
Chubb's boy, who came over into our  
yard after his ball. Then he tore one  
of the sheets from the clothes line, and  
gambled with it until it was reduced  
to rags. When the ash-man came in  
the afternoon, he had a dog, and our  
dog, after a few sociable sniffs, organi-  
zed a combat with the ash-man's dog,  
and they rolled over and over among  
our tulips and hyacinths for half an  
hour, taking nips out of each other  
and scattering hair about by the hand-  
ful. On toward evening he had a fit  
on a pillow case which was bleaching  
on the grass patch; and just as we  
were setting down to tea a policeman  
arrived with a warrant sworn out by  
Chubb, for our arrest for keeping a  
ferocious animal upon our premises.  
We went round and paid the fine; and  
that night our house was robbed; and  
the dog kept perfectly still till morn-  
ing, although we bought him for the  
very purpose of scaring off burglars.  
Anybody who wants to buy a dog may  
have ours cheap. We will sell him at  
a sacrifice. We yearn to realize on  
that dog.

#### TRIALS OF A SHORT-TAILED HORSE.

We had a good deal of trouble with  
our horse last summer. He was a  
bob-tailed horse, and it seemed to  
annoy him so much that he couldn't  
reach the flies which fattened on his  
ribs that it occurred to us to fix him  
up with a kind of artificial tail, to relieve  
the situation, as it were. So we pro-  
cured three feet of half-inch rope, an-  
traveled about eighteen inches of it,  
and spliced the other end to the horse's  
tail. This would have enabled him to  
switch a fly off his nose as soon as he  
had acquired a little practice. But  
our Irishman, seeing the rope, and not  
understanding our motive precisely,  
concluded that we were trying experi-  
ments with some new kind of hitch-  
ing strap to be used in the rear, and  
so he tied the horse to the stall that  
night by his artificial continuation.  
By morning the feed-box was kicked  
to kindling wood, and the horse was  
standing on three legs, with the other  
leg caught in the hay rack, while he  
chewed up four boards in the side of  
the stable in front of him. Then we  
got him another rope tail, and ex-  
plained the theory to our man. But  
the tail bothered the hostler so much  
while currying the horse that he tied  
half a brick to it to hold it still. The  
consequence was that the horse, in a  
moment of excitement, jerked the  
brick around, and mashed in the Irish-  
man's nose, and he sued us, and we  
spent two hundred dollars trying to  
settle the case. Then we bought a  
bunch of horse hair, and spliced that  
on very neatly. When our new man  
came he began to curry that tail, and  
it came off in his hand. He thought  
it indicated a diseased condition of  
the horse, and gave him a huge dose  
of some kind of patent powder to im-  
prove the animal's health, and in half  
an hour the horse had convulsions,  
during which he kicked down the stable  
door, battered the stall into splinters,  
hammered four more boards out  
of the partition, dislocated his off hind  
leg, and died in frightful agony. Now  
we have a horse with a long tail, and  
when we see a peddler coming with  
horse medicine we send a dog out to  
interview him, and bombard him from  
the front window with a shot gun.—  
Exchange.

#### WE ARE GENERALLY inclined to deal tenderly with obituary notices, but it is a little too much to be told of a baby (in Memphis, Tenn.) that "she rose as a star and beamed brightly with a meteoric resplendency along the hori- zon of her parents, lightning their pathway with the sheen of hope."