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## Massachusetts to Louisiana.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.  
Sister! we have longed to speak it! We have waited long to say: We have yearned to speak the welcome: "Enter—be no more a slave!" Every tear that fell, we saw it, And we braced to meet the shock. Now! Come in—the door is open: Sit thou here by Plymouth Rock!

Nevermore shall one be driven To the desert; nevermore Shall the children of the Union On their brethren lay the doom. God be thanked for love grown stronger; Heart and hope go hand in hand; We are North and South no longer, But a great United Land!

## PARKE MOUTRIE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD.

The finding of Randolph Rhett dead in his library, on the evening of October 29th, 1853, gave rise to considerable excitement. The sudden taking off of so prominent a member of the Carolina Legislature as Mr. Rhett, was to be deplored by the entire State, and when it became known that he had been murdered, a thrill of horror shot through every heart.

Mr. Rhett's library was situated on the ground floor of his spacious and magnificent mansion. The eastern windows looked out upon a beautiful palm-tree grove, while the southern ones revealed the loveliness of a flower garden.

The legislator had never married, but his roof sheltered a lovely girl who bore his name. His nephew, a young Georgian named Parke Moultrie, resided with him. The youth was reading law under the Colonel, as Mr. Rhett was called throughout the State, and it was he who had found him dead among his books and legal papers.

When the student entered the room at 8 o'clock on the fatal morning, he found his uncle bowed upon the desk, very like a person napping. He did not manifest any surprise at this, for the Colonel often rose at four, read or wrote till seven, to fall asleep again in the position I have, in a word, described.

Moultrie found a writing from his testimony elicited at the inquest—look a leaf volume from the book case, and threw himself into a chair near one of the southern windows, the sash of which was raised. He opened the volume at a page where several slips of paper had been placed by some one, and a sudden breath of southern breeze lifted them from the book.

One piece alighted directly beneath the Colonel, and the youth thought to recover it without disclosing his relative. He left the chair and was putting his hand beneath the cushion when he noted a dark red spot on the carpet.

As it looked like blood, he started and tried to awaken the Colonel. Failing to do so by gentle shaking, he raised his head and saw the unmistakable signs of death in his eyes. There was a red stain on his well-ironed shirt-front—it was the wound of the life-destriving dagger. The Colonel had been dead several hours. Parke Moultrie could see this at a glance.

He did not rouse the house until he had examined the room. The Colonel's money had not been touched; his papers were intact. Then what motive prompted the murder? Revenge! Colonel Rhett had no avowed enemies who would stoop to the level of the midnight assassin. He did not fear the stealthy blow.

"My foes are chivalrous," he was wont to say. "When they want revenge, like gentlemen, to the field of honor they will call me."

Parke Moultrie found a bruised daisy leaf on the window sill. It bore the imprint of shoe-nails, and it told the youth that his uncle's assassin had gained the house through the flower garden. He had preserved the leaf, and exhibited it to the coroner's jury. I have said that the papers of the deceased were found intact. But a mystery now bothered the minds of many.

A will, which the Colonel was known to have written, could not be found, though the mansion was searched thoroughly a dozen times. At last, deeply buried among some old letters, a codicil was discovered. It was dated a year before the murder and read thus: "Codicil to the will of Randolph Rhett: I bequeath to my nephew, Parke Moultrie, who, when last heard from, was in Richmond, Va., the sum of twenty thousand dollars, on condition that he takes charge of my plantation and manages it for my child Viola. I appoint him executor of my estate, and the guardian of my child. The other items of my will, namely, five thousand dollars to Parke Moultrie; the remainder of my property, exclusive of the bequest to Parke Moultrie, to Viola."

of mine," said Viola to Parke Moultrie several days subsequent to the funeral. "I have heard father speak of a Rhett who has disgraced the family by marrying a traveling actress, but I have forgotten his christian name. Maria sounds like it, though I do not think that it is. Shall I write to Richmond?"

"I would advise you to do so," said the student. "It is proper that your father's affairs be attended to at once," and he added as he turned away: "I am curious to see this Parke Moultrie—this unknown cousin of mine."

That night Viola dispatched a letter to the capital of the Old Dominion, and a week elapsed before a reply came.

The letter which she received was signed "Parke Moultrie." The writer expressed sorrow at the Colonel's sudden death, and much surprise at the fortune that had befallen him. "I am coming down in a few days," he wrote, "and I will have no rest till the assassin is hung."

"I adjudge him a young man," said Parke Moultrie, studying the chronography of the Virginian letter. "A young man about my own age—four and twenty. I had expected to see a man in the neighborhood of thirty-six."

One evening, several days after the reception of the letter, Marion Rhett reached the plantation. That he was a genuine Rhett could not be disputed. He possessed the intellectual forehead of his revolutionary ancestors; he could boast of the Rhett eyes, the Rhett mouth, and the ringing melody of the Rhett voice.

"What do you think of him?" Viola found time to whisper to Parke Moultrie. "He is the person he represents himself—Samer Rhett's son," was the student's reply. "But there is something about him I do not like, Viola. I cannot explain myself now."

Parke Moultrie gradually assumed the reins of government on the plantation. He treated Parke Moultrie deservingly for a fortnight, when he suddenly began to wax cold toward him. He hinted that there was a good opening for law students in Richmond, and, unable to bear his ruling longer, and unwilling for Viola's sake to resist after the manner of the Carolinian, he quitted the estate.

"I shall feel lonely while you are away, Parke," Viola said to him on the night prior to his departure. "I do not like my cousin; he treats me kindly, but he is very entertaining; but there is something about him I do not like."

Parke Moultrie started at her last words. He had made use of them while addressing her shortly after Marion Rhett's arrival on the plantation.

"What have you discovered, Viola?" "Nothing, Parke—only there is a something about him I do not like. I cannot explain myself."

Parke Moultrie kissed Viola Rhett before he went away, and a week later a letter informed her that he had opened a law office in Petersburg, Virginia.

Occasionally, during the year that followed the departure of the student Viola heard from him, and he from her.

To his repeated advice to watch the doings of Marion Rhett she at last began to return evasive replies, and one evening the contents of a certain letter startled him.

Viola was about to become the wife of Parke Moultrie. This announcement, made by the fair girl herself, drove Parke Moultrie from the chair, and he started at the letter, unable to credit the evidences of his senses.

"He has fascinated her with those half-foret eyes of his!" he cried, crumpling the letter in his hand. "I love the girl; she loves me, or did. I know this! By heavens! his plans shall amount to nothing. I will baffle him, if I am compelled to kill him on the field of honor. They are not fitted for one another; the angels in Heaven above revolt at this match, and the demons down under the sea rejoice. He has charmed her, as the serpent charms the bird. He drove me from the plantation that he might work with none to molest, nor make him afraid. I will not give Viola up without a struggle. With the spell broken she will return to me. She is not sinning—no! no! Marion Rhett has done it all!"

She dropped into the chair which the lawyer pushed to her and looked him in the face.

"Do you listen to clients after office hours?" she asked, in a rich voice, which rippled over a smile that played over her coral lips.

"Yes, Miss—or Madam," she said, her eyes flashing hatefully, and then she laid a white, unglazed hand on the table. "That hand," she murmured, "you must separate forever from the hand it grasped before the altar five years ago. Do you understand, Mr. Moultrie?"

"I think I do. You seek a divorce," and she said, firmly.

Parke Moultrie drew some paper from the drawer, and sharpened his pencil.

"Please state your case, madam," he said, glancing at her.

"Five years ago, come the tenth of next October, I, as Maud Raymond, better known to the playground world as Mademoiselle Beauchamp, was united in marriage to Marion Rhett."

"I don't know why I married him. I never loved him. He had no money."

"Perhaps he had prospects?" suggested the lawyer.

"Prospects!" echoed the petitioner, with a smile. "Ah! he had prospects. He had a rich uncle—Randolph Rhett, I think his name was. He expected money there, but his marriage with me ruined all his prospects. His uncle cursed him in a long letter, and told him that he had cut him off without a cent. I hold the letter. After that, Marion Rhett soon tired of me. He barely deserted me in Mobile. That was three years ago. It was in Hanover, Va. but once since. It was in Hanover, Va. but once since. It was in Hanover, Va. but once since."

"What!" cried Parke Moultrie, starting again.

Marion Rhett's wife repeated the declaration.

"Are you confident of the date?" "I am. I can swear that I talked with him then and there."

"Mrs. Rhett, on what grounds do you petition for a divorce?" "On the grounds of desertion; but there is another change which I would to God the court would bear?"

"Will you make it now?" She rose to her feet, and looked the lawyer in the eye. All the passions of a Cenci burned in her eyes, and her voice was cutting, vindictive and emphatic.

"I charge the man who charmed me to the altar with the basest of crimes—the crime of murder," she cried.

But, alas! for his precious life, his abibi was not a good one. The lie in his letter to Viola hung him. The evidence of his wronged wife he could not overthrow. Before he died he confessed to another crime.

Entering his uncle's chamber that fatal night, he found him at the desk. There, before the old man could recognize him, he drove the little dagger to his breast, stole the will and wrote the codicil found among the letters.

The spell of Marion Rhett's fascination dissolved. Viola returned to the love of Parke Moultrie, and became his wife.

"You do not need a divorce now," said the lawyer to the deserted actress, after the villain's condemnation.

"But I must have it! The world shall never point to me and say, 'Her husband was hung by his own lies.' The court must separate us before he dies."

On the morning of Marion Rhett's last day on earth, certain papers were placed in his hands. They told him that the ties that had bound him to Maud Raymond were broken.

The intelligence embittered his last moments; but he met his fate with the courage of a Rhett. It was Marion Rhett who left the daisy leaf in the library, as is related in the first part of this story; it was Marion Rhett who was hung by his own lies.

The actress committed suicide four years since in New York. On her person was found the decree that separated her from a murderer.

Parke Moultrie and his wife are happy. Over his desk hangs a sword and faded uniform. True to the teachings of his father—true to the spirit of the Rhetts—he wore them nobly for the "lost cause."

**THE BARNYARD FOWL.**—BANGS' ADDRESS AT A POULTRY SHOW.—Max Adeley tells this: A poultry show was held recently at the Agricultural Society in New Castle, and Col. Bangs, who is a member of the Society, was invited to deliver the address at the commencement of the fair.

Bangs prepared what he considered a very learned paper upon the culture of domestic fowls; and when the time arrived, he was on the platform ready to enlighten the audience.

The birds were arranged around the hall in cages; and when the exhibition had been formally opened by the chairman, Bangs came forward with his manuscript in his hand. Just as he began to read it, a black Poland rooster close to the stage uttered a loud and defiant crow. There were about two hundred roosters in the hall, and every one of them instantly began to crow in the most vociferous manner, and the noise excited the hens so much that they all cackled as loudly as they could.

Of course the speaker's voice could not be heard, and he came to a dead halt, while the audience laughed. After waiting for ten minutes, silence was again obtained, and the Colonel began to speak a second time.

"As soon as he had uttered the words, 'Ladies and gentlemen,' the Poland rooster, which seemed to have a grudge against Bangs, emitted another preposterous crow and all the other fowls in the room joined in the deafening chorus. The audience roared, and the Colonel grew red in the face with passion. But the noise subsided, he went at it again, and got as far as—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the domestic barnyard fowl affords a subject of the highest interest to the—" when the Poland rooster became engaged in a contest with an overgrown Shanghai chicken, and this set the hens of the combatants to cackling, and in a moment the entire collection was in another uproar. This was too much. Colonel Bangs was beside himself with rage. He lunged down his manuscript, rushed to the cage, and shaking his fist at the Poland chicken, exclaimed: "You diabolical fiend, I've a half a mind to bust you open!"

Then he kicked the cage to pieces with his foot, and seizing the rooster, twisted its neck and flung it on the floor. Then he fled from the hall, followed by peals of laughter from the audience and more terrific clatter from the fowls. The exhibition was then opened without further ceremony, and Bangs' dissertation on the domestic barnyard fowl was lost to the world. Bangs has since resigned from the society. He takes less interest in poultry than he used to do.

## Married in Haste.

Four years ago a bright, intelligent, but not pretty-looking young miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father, came to this city and procured employment as a waiter girl at a well-known second class hotel, making her home with a family, fifth cousins or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there strolled into the dining-room a tall, broad-shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the far West. There was the unmistakable air of a phisican about him, evidently one of the better sort. He seated himself at the table served by the waiter girl in question and watched her movements very closely.

At supper on the second day after his arrival he remained at table until he was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising he addressed the girl in courteous tones, saying that he desired an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a later hour. She did so, and was not a little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranch and was a wealthy man. He had been out there thirteen years, during which time he had mined, prospected for rich diggings, hunted grizzlies, fought Indians, chased greasers and pursued the usual avocations of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way East to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachusetts; had stopped in Detroit to see the city; and met her as above described; was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced the girl that he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took her eccentric lover's order, and he asked in a low tone, "Are you going to California?" she replied "Yes," and then went for breakfast and potatoes. That was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guest had departed from the dining-room she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his direct she informed the head waiter that she should not work any longer, donned her hat and shawl and the two started out shopping. Dresses were ordered of nearly all the fashionable modistes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours. Hats were similarly ordered, and the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases made, the lot one being two large showings trunks. The next afternoon the pair were married at the residence of a clergyman, made a call on the bride's humble friends on Second street and left for the East by the evening train.

Of course the new acquaintances of the bride who were aware of the circumstances of her marriage were all positive that she had acted rashly, and predicted all manner of troubles and trials for her. From the hour of her departure, however, none of them have ever heard a word from her; but from the fact that the happy-looking wife and mother to be seen riding about the city on Saturday, a curly-headed boy in her arms, and the gentleman who "told her something to her advantage" by her side, was the waiter girl who "married in haste," but did not report at leisure, it may safely be assumed that the predictions did not come true.

## Wonderful Discovery.

H. Horn-dwain, living in Gilbertown, Iowa, commenced digging a well in a lot. When about twenty-two feet down he came to a broad, flat stone, which was removed with much labor. Underneath it was found a sarcophagus, of which it appeared to be the cover. In this receptacle were found many articles which will prove of important interest to aræologists. The skull, vertebra, and some ribs partially charred, of a man. An iron circle or crown, a bronze dagger and battle-axe, the first instances of the two ages thus being combined, several finger-rings, a peculiar instrument of music resembling a modern jews-harp, but without the vibrator, and a small panel of wood much worn—eaten, but that having been done before interment, on which is partially engraved and partially printed a rude figure bound to a tree, with an arrow stuck in the side—and around the head a glory similar to that seen around the heads of saints in the 12th-Egyptic pictures. These ancient remains are now on exhibition, and will eventually become the property of the Academy of Sciences.

Soiling is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one's hands become soiled, and it is all because of the dirt and confined in it. It is an unresponsible habit. Persons who are in the way of soiling always find something to soil about. If there was nothing else, they would fall soiling at the mere absence of anything to soil at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rubbing of dirty hands, interwashing, or a hand-scrub under one's window, would be less unpleasant. The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members. If one of them begins finding fault about something or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unneccessary bellum is created.

**COULDN'T FOOL "SANDY."**—The late Professor Anderson, the famous conjurer, who was called the Wizard of the North, was performing one night in Glasgow, when he noticed a green looking Highlander in the audience. Believing him to be a good subject to play a trick upon, he asked him to the platform. The Scot obeyed.

"Now give me a babber," said the professor. Sandy handed him the copper coin. The Professor held it up to the audience in the usual way, and turning to the man told him to keep an eye on it. Anderson tossed it into the air and down it came a sovereign.

"Take it and examine now," said he to the delighted Highlander, as he handed him the sovereign. "What is it now?" "A gold guinea," "Correct. Now let me have it again for a moment."

"Na, na, mon, I'm na fool; you might turn it into a babber again," said Sandy, as he put the sovereign into his pocket, and left the astonished professor to find another subject to finish his trick with.

With forced good humor Marion Rhett ordered wine, and astounded the officer and his friend.