Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1875. NUMBER 14.

MPORTANT NOTICE! TO ALL WOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Owing to the great scarcity of money and the long continued neglect of many of my customers to settle up their indebtedness for the past year or more, I am compelled to adopt

ANOTHER SYSTEM

of doing business. Very many of my customers have allowed their accounts to run for such an unreasonable length of time that a great loss to me, without any benefit to themselves, has been the result. Hence the fact that I find it

Impossible to Continue the Credit System

and at the same time keep up my stock and meet my obligations promptly.

I am sincerely thankful for the liberal patronage that has been extended to me, and now earnestly ask one and all who are indebted to me, no matter how large or how small the amount, to call and settle, either by cash or note,

BEFORE THE 1ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1875,

as I need and must have money. Believing I do from past experience (which I have paid well for) that it will be better for me as well as for my customers to adopt the ready-pay system,

I WILL NOT,

after the FIRST of JANUARY, 1875,

SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

I am fully convinced that in three cases out of four persons buying goods never find it inconvenient (that is pay them when they make their purchases), and so as an inducement to my customers to buy for cash or exchange for country produce, I will, from the above date,

KNOCK OFF ONE-HALF the PROFIT

before realized in this place on goods of the same class.

Hoping that my old customers will take no offense at the new mode of doing business, I am about to adopt, but will continue to favor me with their patronage on a strictly cash basis, which they will be sure to find the very best for all concerned, I am myself to mark my goods down to the most cash rates.

ONE PRICE TO ALL!

COMPETITION DEFIED!

IN GOODS AS WELL AS PRICES.

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PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind, together with all manner of Western Produce, such as

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C. COLEMAN & SON

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Creedmoor Rifles, with Elevations for 1500 yds, $90 and $125.

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$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Dr. C. W. BENSON, a Practising Physician, at 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., [who has paid much attention to nervous diseases,] has discovered that extract of celery and camomile combined in a certain proportion instantly cures headache, either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50 cents per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—*Episc'l Methodist.*

A Fortune for $1.00!

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Fifth Extraordinary Drawing.

51,025 Cash Prizes, - $350,000
Capital Prize, - - - $100,000

Judge Haskell, President of the Senate, presided over the last drawing.

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NONPAREIL Skirt Supporter or Ladies' Garment Suspender, attached to one or half dozen Skirts in a moment, constructed upon physiological principles having for their aim health and comfort. Pat'd May 5, 1874. Samples by mail 80 cts. ELLIS M'F'G Co., Waltham, Mass. Agts Wanted.

Think not, when the morn is lightest
And the rising sun is brightest,
Long the smiling hour will stay—
Tempest-laid
And thunder-cloud
Come in the sweetest Summer day!

Deem not, when the Winter's torrents
Swell the misty mountain currents,
That the skies will lower for aye—
Stormy showers
Bring sweetest flowers,
And the sun will smile the rain away!

So, when Life is dark and glooming,
Or when joy is brightly blooming,
Hope nor fear a long delay—
Smile or sigh,
The hours go by,
And soon will fit thy life away!

Then fear not thou the darkest hours,
Nor spare to pluck the sweetest flowers,
Nor trust the feast, nor dread the fray—
Or lost or won,
Life soon is done,
And dies in the dawn of a brighter day!

FALSELY ACCUSED.

It was the beautiful summer time; the trees were clothed in their richest foliage; the birds sung sweetly; the little lambs frisked about merrily in the green fields, everything looked bright and happy.

Prosperity reigned over the little village of Ballyglen, which nestles among the hills, in a beautiful valley, in the western part of Ireland, and as the story which I am going to relate happened there, we will ask the reader to accompany us across the three thousand miles of water that intervenes.

Through the centre of this village a beautiful river wound its serpentine course, the banks of which, on either side, were interspersed by numerous picturesque mansions, the property of several rich gentlemen, who were masters of all the lands over which the eye roamed.

As our story relates to one of those mansions, or at least the inmates of one of them, we will confine ourselves to it and not mind the rest.

Godfrey Blake was a very wealthy man, his gold could be measured by the bushel, and yet, with all his immense wealth, he possessed none of the arrogance or worldly pride that some men have when favored by such good fortune.

He had a lovely daughter named Molly—lovely in every sense of the word, a beautiful blonde whose long, wavy tresses of golden hair hung over her finely modeled form, almost to the ground, and eyes blue as the summer sky of her native home, and whose tender-hearted goodness made her a favorite with rich and poor for miles around.

Now, as may be supposed, there were numerous admirers who looked with loving eyes on the peerless girl, some of them sons of the richest men of the province, but all to no purpose; for her love was bestowed on one, though he was far below her in a worldly point or view. His name was Gerald O'Conner, the only son of a widow, and on him she bestowed all the love of her young heart.

Now, there was another young man in the village who loved, or professed to love, Molly Blake and tried every means available to blacken the character of young O'Conner.

On the evening when first we introduce them to the reader, the pangs of jealousy had a great cause to arouse the ire of his nature.

They were seated side by side under the branches of an elm tree, her pretty hand was nestled on his shoulder, as she listened to his words of love.

"Molly, I love you dearly, and it would be the happiest day of my life when I could call you mine; but, darling, you know that I am poor, and your father may object to my suit."

"Gerald, don't you know father better than that? He is not the man to offer any opposition to my happiness when he knows that he whom I love is worthy of the best girl in Ireland."

"Bless you, my darling! for your words have made me very happy."

"It is the truth which I have spoken; and as for your being poor, why, haven't I got plenty for us both."

This was too much for the eavesdropper, he ground his teeth with rage, and an oath escaped his lips, yet he managed to keep his temper, and waited to hear more of their conversation, for he lay concealed among the shrubbery a few feet from where the lovers were seated and heard every word of their conversation.

For some time longer they remained seated at their conversation, and at length as the shadows of approaching night began to steal across the tree tops they arose and separated, Molly going towards the house, while O'Conner wandered leisurely through the sweet-scented meadows toward the river bank.

No sooner had they parted than Anthony Bell, for such was the listener's name arose from his place of concealment, and, shaking his clenched fist at the retreating form of his successful rival, hissed through his clenched teeth:

"Curse you, you low-lived upstart! But I will blacken you in her sight; aye, even if I have to stain my hands in blood to do so!"

And as he ceased to speak he stuffed his hands in his trousers pockets and strode fiercely from the place.

* * * * * * *

A month had passed and the shades of tranquility rested over the little village of Ballyglen, when one beautiful autumn evening its slumbering inhabitants were awakened from their blissful repose by the cry of:

"Murder!"

Murder. The terrible word seemed to be echoed from the surrounding hills and filled the hearts of the people with awe.

And too true was the awful tidings; a fiendish murder had been committed, and the victim was Godfrey Blake.

And the murderer; he was found bent over the prostrate form of his victim with a blood-stained dagger in his hand—Gerald O'Conner, the lover of his daughter—and was now safely lodged in prison.

Another man was also found lying almost dead a little way off from where the crime was committed, with a terrible wound in his head. He was a farm hand of Mr. Blake's and was conveyed to his home.

The terror which filled the people when the terrible deed had reached them, had now passed away, and a desire to be avenged on the murderer had taken its place, and foremost in his indignation was Anthony Bell, who urged them on in their wrath, and were it not that the prisoner was removed to the county jail, the probability is that he would have been hung without a trial of judge or jury.

Two weeks after the burial of Mr. Blake the trial was to take place, and on the evening before the fixed day Gerald O'Conner sat in his cell, his head resting on his hands.

Only two weeks since his arrest, and what a change had come over him in that short time; every trace of color had left his cheeks, and his eyes were sunk in their sockets

"Oh, God! what have I ever done to merit this terrible torture that is killing me? *I* the murderer of Godfrey Blake, a man whom I would shed the last drop of my blood to serve. No, no! There is some terrible mistake made; for he was dead when I discovered him with a dagger buried in his heart. And the people all believe that I am guilty of so foul a crime. Poor mother, what agony must she not be suffering; and Molly, oh, heaven! does she too think me guilty?"

His head sank lower, his chest heaved with emotion, and the great sobs that escaped him depicted the agony which he suffered.

He did not hear the bolt of the cell door shot back, nor was he aware that any one entered till a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice said;

"Gerald!"

He raised his head like one awaking from a dream.

"Gerald, don't you know me?" asked his visitor, as no sign of recognition was evinced by him.

"Yes, Molly, I do," he answered in mournful accents, "and do you too believe me guilty of this terrible crime? If so, how came you to seek the presence of one whom you believe to be the murderer of your father?"

"Oh, Gerald! how can you accuse me so? I believe you to be guilty?—no! I am sure that you never committed the crime of which you stand accused. Trust in him who knows all, and He will not let the innocent suffer for the guilty."

"Your words lighten the terrible load that lies on my heart and makes it easier for me to bear; but the evidence is so strong against me that it is a mockery to hope. I have made up my mind that I am to be made the victim to atone for a crime of which I am falsely accused."

"Do not give way to despair, for God will not permit you to suffer for the crime of another; and now, as the time is up, and I hear the jailor coming, I must leave you, so good-by for to-night," and she pressed his cold hand in her own.

"Good night, Molly, and may God bless you!"

* * * * * * *

The morning came calm and beautiful—the morning of the day on which Gerald O'Conner was to be tried for his life—tried for a murder he never committed.

The hour for trial had come, the prisoner was led up the aisle of the crowded court room, and placed in the dock.

The prosecuting attorney opened the case in behalf of the crown, and witnesses were examined.

Anthony Bell was the principal witness for the prosecution; he testified to having found O'Connor bent over the murdered man with a blood-stained dagger in his hand; saw him plunge it into the murdered man's breast.

Other witnesses testified to the same with the exception of the stabbing, and the prosecution closed.

The attorney for the defense opened the case in a very eloquent manner, and tried by every available means to prove the innocence of the prisoner, bringing to bear his former good character, etc.

The judge then charged the jury, telling them to think well over the evidence before giving their verdict.

They then retired, and, after an hour's conference, returned to the jury box.

Every eye in the crowded court was fixed on the twelve solemn men as they took their places and answered to their names.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you decided on a verdict? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

The stillness of death reigned, every breath was hushed, as the foreman of the jury arose to render their verdict—a verdict which was to be either life or death to the prisoner.

"*Guilty!*"

The awful word rang clearly through the crowded court room, and every eye was fixed on the prisoner, who stood pale, yet resolutely on the dock.

"Gerald O'Connor!" spoke the judge, arising from his seat, "you have been tried by a jury of twelve of your countrymen, and found guilty of the terrible crime of murder. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner gazed around him for a moment, and then, in a clear, firm voice, said:

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury:—I have been tried and found guilty of a crime which I never committed—a crime the most foul in the annals of history! On the night on which the fatal deed was committed I was returning from a visit to a neighbor's when a terrible cry rang in my ears and seemed to issue from a ravine a little way off the path which I followed. Running in the direction from whence the cry came, I saw a sight which chilled the marrow in my bones, and made my blood run cold. I saw my best and dearest friend lying on the earth in a pool of blood, with a dagger protruding from his breast, while a little way off lay the body of Jack Rape. I stooped over the body of Mr. Blake and drew the dagger from the wound, as I did so the hot blood gushed out and stained my hands. Then I was seized by Anthony Bell and others, accused of being the murderer, taken off to prison, and now I have been tried and found guilty. My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I did not commit that horrible deed. I am innocent."

A profound murmur welled from the lips of the crowd, and it was some time before order was restored.

The judge put on the black cap and arose to pass sentence.

Just then a terrible commotion arose outside the court-room, and two men entered, bearing between them the form of a man, whose face was half hidden by a red handkerchief which was tied around his head.

This man was Jack Rape, who had that day recovered his senses, and on hearing that young O'Connor was on trial for the murder of Mr. Blake, requested that he should be brought to the court as he had important evidence to give in the case.

A policeman advanced toward the bench and whispered something to the judge, who ordered two policemen to guard the door, and allow no one to leave the court-room.

The invalid was seated in a chair on the witness-stand, and, after having been duly sworn, deposed as follows:

"His name was John Rape; on the evening of the 20th of July, the evening on which the murder was committed, he was walking in a field near where the deed was done; saw Mr. Blake pass by, and when he passed him a little way saw a man with a black mask jump from behind a ditch and attack his master, he ran to his assistance and grappled with the assailant, tore the mask from his face, and as he did so he was struck with some blunt instrument on the head. The man who assaulted his master, and from whose face he tore the mask, was not the prisoner. The man was *Anthony Bell!*"

A tremendous uproar arose in the court-room, and a rush was made toward the door.

Bell, seeing that his game was up, thought to escape, and caused the excitement just spoken of, but he was seized by the two trusty policemen and placed in the dock from which O'Connor had been honorably released.

Seeing that all hope was gone he confessed his guilt, and was made to pay the penalty of his crime on the scaffold.

* * * * * * *

A year passed by since the above transpired.

Bonfires blazed on the hill side, from which the joyous shouts of the peasantry were echoed in the valley below, where nestled the village of Ballyglen.

The marriage bells pealed forth their joyous anthems, as a marriage coterie entered the pretty little church and advanced up the flower-strewn aisle and stood before the alter.

A very handsome couple they are who are about to be joined in wedlock. The bride is dressed in lavender silk and lace, a wreath of white flowers decorates her head of golden hair—as pretty a bride as ever a happy groom led from the alter.

And so thought Gerald O'Connor as the minister pronounced Molly Blake his wedded wife.

And as our story comes to an end we will bid them adieu, hoping that a long life of love and happiness will be theirs.

A MONSTER cuttle fish, the body of which was from ten to twelve feet in length, its arms or suckers being six feet long, and in some parts as thick as a man's thigh, was found recently lying on the beach at Negishi, near Yokohama, in Japan. A man's hat would scarcely cover one of its eyes. It was sent to Yokohama. After lying at the market for a few hours it was sent to Tokio, an enterprising showman having purchased it for exhibition there. The fishermen who secured this specimen pronounce it a female, it being minus the shell commonly found on the back of the ink-discharging breast of the stronger sex.

A NIGHT IN THE CRATER.

THE FEARFUL ADVENTURE OF TWO DARING AMERICANS.

A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* gives the following thrilling account of a descent into the crater of Popocatapetl:

I succeeded in reaching an altitude of nearly 18,000 feet, and then gave out on account of a previous illness, from which I had not fully recovered, and was compelled to return to a ranch down on the "timber line." Here I awaited the return of the party, which was composed of Col. Grasty of Virginia and Mr. Harry Stevens of Cleveland, who had accompanied me from home.

The gigantic crater is about one mile in diameter and 4,500 feet deep, and, almost incredible to believe, but nevertheless true, there is a settlement consisting of forty sulphur miners in the bottom of this awful cavity, their only mode of ingress and egress from this infernal region being by the means of a windlass and 1,000 feet of rope, by which they are lowered down to a shelf in the side of the abyss, the rest of the journey downward being performed on foot, over a long and steep descent. The thoughts of Grasty and Stevens were now turned to the horrible gulf that yawned before them, for in it they must pass the night, which would fall in the course of two or three hours; for it was alike impossible to spend it on the mountain top or to return down to the "timber line." An Indian employe of the sulphur mine had preceded them up the volcano, bearing their letter of introduction to Senor Corchado, the superintendent of the mine, who immediately repaired to the summit, where he met them half or three-quarters of an hour after their arrival.

Corchado, "the Old Man of the Mountain," is a singular character. Born at Tlamacas, he has always lived on the mountain, or in his present brimstone home, where his father lived and died before him. He has been intimately connected with Popocatapetl and everything associated with the great volcano for over a half century. He now lives at the bottom of the crater, 4,500 feet below its rocky rim. To this strange abode he welcomed Grasty and Stevens with heartiness and real hospitality.

They zigzagged down the bleared and blackened rocks about 200 feet and came to a windlass called "El Malacate." From this was suspended a cable about an inch and a half in diameter and a thousand feet long. From this point they obtained a magnificent view of the crater, whose walls rose in all directions in frightful wildness and sublimity. They at once appreciated its enormous dimensions. Nearly a mile below them was the bottom, almost lost in the darkness and distance. To illustrate the great depth it would be no exaggeration to say that if you were to take Mount Vesuvius, which is 4,500 feet high, and turn it upside down and stick it into the crater, it would about fill it. This gulf presents one of the grandest sights on earth, and has a terrible fascination for the beholder. The most stolid are greatly impressed, while the susceptible are greatly overwhelmed by its awful sublimity. Grasty and Stevens peered over the ledge where stood the windlass, and saw far, far below them a level rock that formed the top of a long, steep declivity, at the foot of which was a black spot. This, they were told, was the miners' house. They were to descend to the declivity by the rope, having accepted Corchado's invitation to spend the night below. Corchado and Stevens went first. They were tied to the table in such a manner that they sat side by side.

For about the distance of 150 feet the ledge from which they made their wild leap projected out over the precipice, and consequently they hung free and dangling in mid-air. It was only a minute or two, however, before they came to a place where the cliff bellied out further than the windlass rock, and they were compelled to kick against its strong *fibot* to keep clear of it. Immense clouds of sulphurous steam and gases rolled skyward from beneath this projection. These nauseated Stevens, and set him to vomiting badly. They were now out of sight of the people above them. Stevens afterward said he felt that he was going straight into the jaws of hell. On every side of them was a gigantic and hideous ruin of cracked cliffs and blistered crags. Beneath them were pools of liquid and burning sulphur that trickled in little rivulets from the gashed and fire-marked walls of the crater. Noxious vapors floated through the air—all seemed a horrible night mare. They reached the declivity in safety after a fearful journey of ten minutes, and untied themselves. The rope was then pulled up.

The colonel proceeded to tie himself on. Through some mistake the rope that went round his back slipped down too low. He dropped from the crag, still weak from the suffering he had experienced in the ascent. Everything went well until he got to the place where the precipice bulges out. Here disaster overtook him. A cloud of gas-laden vapor enveloped him, and he faluted away with yet 700 feet to descend. Corchado and Stevens saw him let go of the rope, throw his arms out grasping at the air, and fall back until his head was lower than his heels: then spin round and round, striking the sharp rocks in a fearful manner. Stevens said it fairly made his blood run cold, and he turned his head from the awful sight. Meanwhile Corchado had given the man at the windlass a sign to lower faster, and Grasty's apparently lifeless and mutilated body soon reached the spot where they stood. His face was severely bruised, and his clothing badly torn, while the blood was trickling from his nose and ears, but he still breathed. After an hour's rubbing and throwing of snow in his face he came to, and the whole party, now augmented by the arrival of a number of peon miners from below, descended the sloping side of the crater, Corchado and his Indians led the way, slowly followed by Grasty, who was supported by Stevens and a peon. After they had got about half way down the steep they experienced from the ice and stones great difficulty in traveling. The most annoying thing, however, was the constant danger they were in of being crushed by the huge hunks of ice and rock that were continually rolling down. This *debris* is the matter that is loosened daily by the sun, whose warmth strikes off its icy fetters and suffers gravity to have its way. After two hours' slippery descending they reached the bottom of the pit about half after 4 in the afternoon of Thanksgiving day. It was now more than fourteen hours since they had left the ranch of the timber line. During this time they had ascended over 6,000 feet to the summit, and then descended 4,500 feet into the bowels of the volcano. That is, they were about 11 hours going up 6,000 feet, and 3 hours going down, including stoppages at the edge of the crater. Here they found a hut made of stones, inhabited by the sulphur miners. On arriving at the hut they immediately threw themselves upon a pile of mats and sought slumber, but they lay all the long night wearied and worn, rolling and tossing in ineffectual attempts to gain a little sleep. The next morning Corchado prepared breakfast, and summoned them to partake of it. Aside from drinking a cup of coffee they could eat nothing. Their stomachs were not used to the treatment they had been receiving the past thirty-six hours, and so refused to be confronted. Their lungs, too, were also in rebellion, and were disgusted with the vapidity of the air and the gaseous exhalations of the "breathing holes." These they now visited in company with their kind and generous host. They are the mighty fissures that appear in every direction at the bottom of this vast cavity. They are not very broad, but are deep. From these fissures issued dense masses of vapor and smoke, heavily laden with sublimated sulphur. This condenses as soon as the steam strikes the cold air above, and then falls in a fine sprinkle on the surrounding rocks. This process has been going on for ages, until the whole interior of this great orifice is thickly coated with a remarkably fine quality of the flour of sulphur. This is in quantities that are inexhaustible, and some day will produce a colossal fortune for its owner, Gen. Ochoa. Forty miners are now engaged in excavating and hoisting it to the top of the crater.

To return to the chasms, however. The party visited the largest and gazed down into it. They could see no bottom, for it ended in stygian darkness. They rolled a huge stone into its ragged throat. A series of reports, caused by the missile bounding from side to side of the pit, came back, loud at first but gradually diminishing until they died away in the awful depths below. The other holes were vomiting steam and making a great noise, which at times seemed like the slow and laboring throb of Cyclopean enginery. At others it sounded like the bellowing and shrieking of devils. Having now seen everything that could be seen, they bid their new-made but long-to-be-remembered friend, Corchado, farewell, and set out to return, accompanied by four Indians.

The 3,500 feet climb to the end of the rope was a fearful job, but the ascent by the rope was still worse. They were compelled to kick and push against the cliff incessantly to prevent being dragged to pieces on the sharp rocks. They got to the top in safety, however, and there found more peons to take them to the "timber line." They made the descent by sitting down on a piece of thick matting, with an Indian seated behind each of them, to steer this novel vehicle while sliding down the mountain over the snow and ice. They descended six miles in less than 20 minutes.

One time, while buried in a thick snow-laden cloud, they came near slipping into the *Barranca del Muerte*, a chasm of 3,000 feet deep. On reaching the ends of the snow fields they found their horses at La Cruz, and then rode to Tlamacas. When I met them I scarcely recognized them, they were so haggard, sunburnt, bruised and dirty.

When Cortez conquered Mexico, Popocatapetl was in a state of combustion, and throwing out vast volumes of smoke which could be seen for a hundred miles in every direction. Now the quantity is so small that it can be seen only after arriving at its base. The first white man to ascend it was Francisco Montano, in 1519. He was sent to the crater for a supply of sulphur for Cortez, and to impress the Aztecs with the courage of the Spaniards. Since then numerous ascensions have been made by eminent savans, travelers and adventurers from Europe and the United States. Mrs. John W. Foster, the wife of our minister, and Mrs. Arthur Terry, of Connecticut, are the only women that ever scaled Popocatapetl to its top, and Col. S. G. Grasty and Harry Stevens, of Cleveland, are the only foreigners that ever descended to the bottom of the crater, and there passed the night.

The last eruption of Potocatapetl occurred, according to an ancient Aztec Maguey MS. now in the possession of Senor Ramerez of Mescaxsocca, about the middle of the fourteenth century, nearly 170 years before the Spaniard first trod the valley of Mexico.

—While hunting in the tules near the sink of Cache Creek, on Monday last, says the Yolo (Cal.) *Mail*, Mr. Abe Green, an old tule hunter, discovered a petrified goose standing upright, with its legs buried about one-half in the adobe soil. He thought at first it was living, and creeping closely up fired his gun at it, but the bird did not budge an inch. He thought it very strange, and walked up to it. He found it dead, and in trying to pick it up was astonished at its immense weight. It had turned to stone, and a mark on its wing near the forward joint showed where the shot had struck it, knocking a piece off. He managed to raise it up out of the ground, and when he laid it down a piece dropped from its breast, disclosing a hollow inside, from which pure, clear water commenced running. Its features were very natural, and its appearance was lifelike.