

# Cambridge 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, JUNE 11, 1875.

NUMBER 21.

### PHANS' COURT SALE

OF VALUABLE  
REAL AND TIMBER LAND.

BEING AN ORDER OF THE ORPHANS' COURT, IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERIA, PA., MADE ON THE 27TH DAY OF MAY, 1875, IN THE ESTATE OF JOHN A. McPIKE, DECEASED.

FOR SALE, AT THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED REAL ESTATE, TO WIT:

### ONE OR MORE PARCELS OF LAND,

BEING A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERIA, PA., AND MORE PARTICULARLY DESCRIBED IN THE ORDER OF SALE, AS FOLLOWS:

### One Hundred and Ten Acres,

BEING A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERIA, PA., AND MORE PARTICULARLY DESCRIBED IN THE ORDER OF SALE, AS FOLLOWS:

### PLANNING MILL

FOR SALE.

### ONE ACRE OF GROUND,

BEING A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERIA, PA., AND MORE PARTICULARLY DESCRIBED IN THE ORDER OF SALE, AS FOLLOWS:

### PLANNING MILL,

BEING A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERIA, PA., AND MORE PARTICULARLY DESCRIBED IN THE ORDER OF SALE, AS FOLLOWS:

### STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER,

BEING A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERIA, PA., AND MORE PARTICULARLY DESCRIBED IN THE ORDER OF SALE, AS FOLLOWS:

### Shanty Frame Dwelling House

BEING A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, SITUATE IN THE COUNTY OF CAMBERIA, PA., AND MORE PARTICULARLY DESCRIBED IN THE ORDER OF SALE, AS FOLLOWS:

### JOHN A. McPIKE,

DECEASED.

### Trustee's Sale.

### Friday, JUNE 21st,

### ACRES OF TIMBER LAND,

### One-Half of 106 Acres Land

### ACRES OF LAND

### NOTICE — Petitions for

### ONIONS, BALDWIN & CO.,

### ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

### Averill Chemical Paint

### FOR SALE.

### DUQUESNE WAGON WORKS,

### GOLDEN HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

### PATENTS PROCURED.

### J. B. McCONNELL, M. D.,

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**N. F. BURNHAM'S**  
TURBIN  
**WATER WHEEL**  
FOR THE POWER OF THE TURBINE.

### GILES' LINIMENT

**IODIDE OF AMMONIA**  
Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, St. Vitus' Dance, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, etc.

### THE MARVEL OF THE WORLD—Bethesda Water

It has restored thousands from the brink of death to health and strength to those afflicted with the most fatal of diseases.

### Advertiser's Gazette.

A Journal of Information for Advertisers. Edition, 9,600 copies. Published weekly. Terms, \$2 per annum, in advance.

### 577

A WEEK GUARANTEED TO MAKE AND FEEL YOUR MONEY WORTHY.

### THE WALTER A. WOOD

MOWING & REAPING MACHINE.  
Strong Local Endorsement.

### AGENTS WANTED!

MALE OR FEMALE.

### NO CAPITAL REQUIRED.

### E. SPENCER,

### HILL, WEST & CO.,

### Brooms and Brushes,

### Flour Sacks, Crocers' Bags,

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### DON'T STAY AFTER TEN.

I have just a word to say to you. When you come to see— You know that none in all the world is half as dear to me.

For after ten, as moments fly, I tremble o'er and o'er, lest papa's visage I should see, Come peeping at the door. He's there to execute his threat; He said he'd surely come, And tell you to go home.

### THE RED SEALED LETTER.

A CAPITAL STORY.

One rainy night, about half past eight o'clock, the train had run into McKibbin's Corners, and the mail had been delivered at the store and postoffice.

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for it was the day I came here. She was as pretty a woman as was here. She was as pretty a woman as you'd want to see then, wasn't she?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. McKibbin. "Sailed in the Sphinx," said the postmaster. "And we all know that the Sphinx went down on that voyage, all hands along with her. The rest of the women put on widow's weeds, them that lost husbands—four in this town itself. They took what the Almighty sent, and didn't rebel. She set up that her husband wasn't dead, and would come back. She's kept it up ever since; comes for his letters regular, and he was drowned along with all the rest, of course, ten years ago. She must be thirty. Well, she's changed a good deal in that time."

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with a great red seal upon it, looked at it for a moment, and hid it away again. Married? Yes they were to be married. Every one at McKibbin's Corners knew that now. Jessie Lester went no more to the postoffice for her long expected letter. Job was furnishing his house—had furnished it—for on the morrow his wedding was to take place. And it was night again. A month from that night, when she had come for the last time, as every one thought, rain and mud, to make her sadly foolish query, she was sensible at last—very sensible. She had chosen the substance instead of the shadow.

And now, as we have said, it was night, and a wetter one than the other—later, too, for Mr. Fairjohn had closed the store, and was composing himself what he called a "nightcap" of some fragrant liquor, warm water, lemons and sugar, and was sipping it by the stove, when there came upon his door a feeble knock and when being reposed he heard it, there staggered in out of the rain a dripping figure—that of Jessie Lester, the bride who was to be on the morrow.

### THE HOPPER GRASS.

HE COMETH, FROM WHENCE AND HOW—A ROCKY MOUNTAIN PASTORAL EPIC.

The grasshopper; He cometh; He cometh numerously; He bringeth his family; Also his relatives; And his friends; Likewise his mother-in-law; And her friends; As well as all that hate her. And they are legions; The wisdom of man competeth them not; They spread over the land, And there is no place where they are not. They nip the springing grass; They devour the fragrant onion sprout; And the savory celery. The wheat field is left desolate, And no green thing remaineth where the hopper hath been. His path way is the abomination of desolation. The ranchman mourneth for his green fields that were, but are not; Mayhap he sweareth; Possibly he saith audibly, and crieth aloud—dameh.

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And genial sunshine again bathes the earth. Are those eggs spoiled? Not by a jug-full. In the earliest warm sunny days; Forth come a few millions of the juvenile hoppers. Tiny, mitey, midget; The pickets, the scouts, the avant couriers of the countless hosts that will soon follow; Ye "honest ranchmen" laugheth in his sleeve, and saith: "The hoppers are hatching, spring frosts and snows will fix them." Alas the fallacy of man's faith; The little hopper relies on Providence; And his reliance is sublime; It putteth the "sloppy" religion of man to shame. Drown him in the floods that would have appalled Noah. Drown him in Acetic snows; Subject him to frosts that freezeeth the ears of a brass monkey; Encause him in the heart of an iceberg; Let Old Boreas caress him with Chicago winds, or fondle him in his icy embrace, the little martyr calmly folds up his arms; draws up his nether limbs, and waiteth; Waiteth for the next sunrise, when he cometh forth to breakfast, gay as a school girl, and with an appetite that is always a positive luxury. You can't kill him; Neither can you scare him; Nor can he be discouraged; He dieth only of old age, and very late in the fall.—D. S. S. S.

DOMESTIC BARBERING.—You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of the hair look as if they had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and wiggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has cut her boy's hair she is careful to avoid any annoyance and must by laying a sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recoils that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges and catches the points of the sheet in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wishes he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely lifts him on the other ear to inspire him with confidence. When she is through, she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.

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A TRIFLING MISTAKE.—Very painful is the situation of a certain clerk in a grocery store near the town of Stamford, Kentucky. He was standing behind the counter out a few mornings ago, sniffing pleasantly the odor of dried herrings and kerosene and cheese which brought about him and waiting for a customer, when there ran in, in a great hurry, a young lady from a house near by. She had forgotten the flour needed for some dish in course of preparation, and had come in haste to the store to get it, taking out of a bureau drawer and bringing over what she supposed to be a clean pillow-slip to serve as a bag. The obliging clerk seized the pillow-slip in one hand and a scoop in the other, and began from a flour barrel a scoop-full, begging the lady to be patient. The first scoop-full went not only in but through the receptacle, and the astonished clerk held up the pillow-slip to see that it consisted of two parts with fringed outlets at the bottom, through which the flour had gone to the floor. The girl saw the thing at the same time, and with a shriek, but without a word, ran home. The grocery clerk held the pillow-slip carefully dusted the garments and laid them away to be returned when called for, but they haven't been called for yet. And so, because of a carelessness not his own, that unfortunate clerk is in a painful situation, and the store in which he is employed has lost a customer. It was a dreadful affair.

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### A PENNY FREAK OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Of all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge: Not long since a graduate from one of our eastern theological schools was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme south-west. When about to start for his new parish he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his priest; tery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church: "Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape: "Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam." The sober church officers were greatly dis-composed and mystified, but after grave consultation concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.