

# Cambridge Green

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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**OF PITTSBURG**

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Notice of the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of...

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Lottery!

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice of the undersigned Administrator of the estate of...

### JOHNSTON & CO., BANKERS,

Bankers,

### NOTICE.

Notice of the undersigned...

### PORTAL GEMS.

Of single examples of elegant verse more notable than their author's fame, a writer in the Boston "Transcript" has given to print the following, in the hope that the unsettled question whether it was written by Moore or his friend Joseph Atkinson, or by somebody else, may be thereby helped towards solution:

**AN EPIGRAM.**

If every lot was prosperously cast,  
If every life was like the gentle flow  
Of some sweet music, sweetest to the last,  
I was his who, mourned by many sleeps below.

It appears that during that momentous visit to the Continent he went to Naples. He was received by the best society, and most hospitably entertained in the most social and political circles, where he passed many pleasant hours discoursing and discussing intellectual and scientific subjects—chemistry, surgery, and once, among these things, the use and misuse of poisons.

### THE OLD LOVE.

I met her—she was thin and old—  
Her cheeks were gray that once were red;  
Her voice was harsh that once was sweet;  
Her looks were sunken and her eyes,  
Robbed of their girlish light of joy,  
Were dim;—I felt a strange surprise  
That I had loved her when a boy.

### A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

"You seem to have been struck by that picture," said my old friend the Colonel (for as I don't mean to betray family secrets, I shall speak of him as the "Colonel" only), at whose cosy nook in Buckinghamshire I had quartered myself for a few days.

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It was about to strike. At a given signal the statue-like figures stepped forward and rapidly uncoiled a rope with a noose already made; they were about to slip it over his head and hang him to a beam which ran along the centre of the ceiling. The horror of facing a sudden and violent death seized him—his death would avail her nothing for whom he died. His senses were in a whirl; he threw up his hands and sprang forward.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed, and fell on his knees before her. "They will have your life; I can not save you, child; but can shield you from their rough and cruel hands, and put you painlessly to rest. Forgive me, forgive me, for it is in mercy to you I do this cruel deed."

"Your patient lies there, sir." "And, unlike most terrible stories, it is true," he answered. "Come out to a breath of fresh air and sunshine, to blow this gloomy subject from our senses."

### JUST IN TIME.

A young surgeon, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball to rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and rode at full speed through the town. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability.

"I must know something of the symptoms before I can attempt a cure." "Your business here is to kill, not to cure, doctor," said one in a strangely sad tone which accorded ill with his stern, fearful phrase. "Your patient has spoken her last words in this world. She is doomed to die by a secret, though just, tribunal, but we must temper justice with mercy and spare her the shame and public disgrace. You can cause her to die easily and secretly, therefore we have brought you here."

"How dare you propose to me such a crime?" he exclaimed. "I am an Englishman, and will not commit murder." "Pshaw! your nation produces as many honorable criminals as any other. Do your worst, sir, and quickly!" "I refuse to obey your cruel command. Let me go."

"There is no escape for you, Doctor; every moment you hesitate you prolong that woman's pain. She must die; and you can dispatch her with painless speed." "What if I refuse? You cannot force me to commit so foul a murder."

### MARY JANE.

There is no foolishness about some of the fathers in Dubuque county, Iowa, who have marriagable daughters, and they know how to precipitate business when the fruit is ripe for plucking, and hangs wasting in sweetness when it should be plucked. Matters were brought to a climax with a rush at a certain farmer's residence in Vernon township recently. A young tiller of the soil had for some months been paying most assiduous attentions to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful, modest young chap, never having been much in the company of girls, except this one, that he had never been able to raise his courage sufficiently high to pop the all important question.

"I came in to put a stop to this infernal foolishness. It ain't the courtin' expenses that I'm looking at, for coal oil's cheap, and wood can be had for the haulin'; but I'm sick and tired of this billin' and cooin' like a pair of sick doves, keepin' me awake nights, and it's got to be stopped right here. Mary Jane, look up here. Do you love John Henry well enough to marry him?"

"Why, father; I—I—you must—"

"Stop that darn foolishin'!" roared the old man. Answer 'yes' or 'no' an' mighty quick too. It's got to be settled now or never."

"Well, but father, you don't know—if you don't wait—"

"Dry up! answer 'yes' or 'no.' Speak!" roared the old gent.

"Well, yes, then! there now!" and Mary Jane again hid her face.

"That's the business; that's the way to talk. Now John, look here—look up here or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do you want that gal o' mine for a wife? Speak out like a man now."

"Why, Mr.—ain't this rather a—mean, can't you—"

"Speak it out, or out of this house you'll go head foremost! I won't wait a minute longer. There's the gal, and a likelier gal ain't in the State, and you just heard her say she wanted you. Now, John, I won't stand a bit o' foolin'; once for all, 'yes' or 'no!'"

"Well, yes, sir, I have been presumptuous enough to hope that I—"

"O, cuss your soft talk! the thing's settled now. You two blasted fools would have been six months more at that job that I've settled in five minutes. I never saw such foolin' as there is among young people now-a-days. Ain't like it was when I was a youth—an' now good-night. You can talk the thing over, an' you an' me, John, 'll go to town to-morrow and get the license. Soon be time to go to plowin'—no time for love-makin' then. Good-night, good-night; hope it wasn't too rough; but I was determined to fix the thing up one way or 'other; and the old man went back to bed."

How IT CAME ABOUT.—There is a bit of romance quite racy in the early life of the two elder members of the family now very eminent in French affairs. It is related thus:

In the middle of the winter of 1838 a fire broke out in the female seminary at Linoles, France, and spread with such rapidity that it was feared all the inmates would perish. The firemen, however, brought out all, as they supposed, and then, as is usual, the crowd watched, the destruction of the building. Suddenly there was a cry that one little girl had been left in her room. There was an immediate rush for the doors and windows; but the flames drove every one back. As the excited spectators were beginning to pray for the unfortunate child a tall girl, with disheveled blonde hair and flowing nightgown, cut through the crowd, and with a shriek of, "I'll save her!" that rose above the sound of cracking timbers and falling masonry, dashed into the doorway. Many of those apparently never-ending moments elapsed. The populace prayed for two hours with closed eyes. A loud hurrah, that was prolonged to the echo only to be repeated again, attracted the attention of the devotees, and the pale-faced girl was seen skipping through the flames with the terrified child. A few days thereafter, King Louis Philippe sent the heroine a gold medal for her bravery, and a captain of the French army, who had witnessed the girl's pluck, begged an introduction. The captain is now President of France, and the brave girl Madame MacMahon.

### O YEZI O YEZI!

All who have had the privilege of being drawn on a jury must be familiar with this quaint old Norman French expression, used by the sheriff or his representative, when opening court. But few have ever been lucky enough to listen to such an exordium as came upon the astonished ears of the Mansfields and O'Conors of Muskumung, from the lips of the compatriot of Bismarck, as thence:

HE OPENED COURT.

Wm. Ruth is Sheriff of Muskumung county, Ohio. He is also of the Teutonic persuasion. When he was elected three years ago he was in blissful ignorance of his duties, and was greatly troubled about the proper way of opening court. He consulted his troubles to Congressman Southard and several other young members of the bar, and they coached him in his duties, giving him to understand that he was a higher official than the court itself, and that Judge Frazier, of the Common Pleas, was in the habit of interfering with the sheriff in a manner that no well regulated sheriff ought to tolerate. "Py shimmy is dot so?" said the functionary. "Vell just wait till I open the gort and he find that Bill Root ish not Pense Lloyd by a cuss full. When court came on Sheriff Ruth verified his prediction for weeks he had been practicing on his opening speech, and when Judge Frazier turned to him with a look of judicial dignity and said, "Mr. Sheriff, open the court," Mr. Ruth struck an attitude and began: "O yezzi, hear ye eferpody und de peebles in muskumung, that the honorable Gort of Common Sessions, in un for de honorable pody of Muskumung county, ish now in pleas, und dot its doors are open for to hear the gomolants of all the yomany und gommon use take cognizance of all mishdemeanors und—"

"Hold on there! Hold on there! What is the meaning of all this rigmarole?" exclaimed Judge Frazier. "Shust hold a leedle on, Mr. Shudge," returned the sheriff. "I'm Bill Root, the sheriff of this county, and I know my business, and all you who in any business to transact mit dis gort und any gauses to present for its honorable consideration will now approach und dat same known, und may Gott Almighty haf mercy on your sons, and all of you off mit your hats right away quick!"

"By the time the sheriff concluded even Judge Frazier was roaring with laughter. It took the constables half an hour to restore order. The first case was called, and the Judge said: "Mr. Sheriff, call Peter Jones, John Smith, and Sarah White three times at the door." Advancing to the door and opening it about three inches, pitching his voice to the highest key, he began: "Peter Shones, Shon Smith, Sara Vite, Shon Shones, Peter Smitt, Sarah Vite, Sarah Shones, Shon Smitt, Peter Vite, gome right into court your dre dimes vonce. Your Honor, they goms now." Judge Frazier,—"That will never do. Call them three times, one at a time." Sheriff Ruth,—"Peter Shones, Shon Smitt, Sarah Vite, dre dimes, vonce at a dime, gome into gourt mitout any delay." Judge Frazier,—"That's worse than it was before. Call one of them three times. Sheriff Ruth,—"Mr. Shudge, just look-a-here. Dot is vhen you make foolish mit me. You say to gall dem dre dimes vonce, und den you say gall dem vonce dre dimes, und den you say dre dimes vonce und wash. Oof you van, Peter Shones, Shon Smitt, und Sarah Vite, vonce dre dimes or dre dimes vonce, you petter gall dem yourself. I not stand dot kind of foolishness." Sheriff Ruth, retired to Fred Dittmer's and refreshed himself with sundry glasses of lager, while the constable called the witnesses.

A PRETTY TOUGH PLUG.—One day last month, when trade was dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured a piece of sole-leather from a shoemaker, painted it black, and laid it aside for future use. Within a few days an old chap from back in the country came in and inquired for a plug of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole-leather was tied up, paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store he inquired of the clerk:

"Member that terbacker I got here the other day?"

"Yes."

"No—same old brand?"

"No—same old brand."

"Regular plug-terbacker, was it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's me; it's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the man. "I knowed I was gittin' purty old, but I was allus handy an' bitin' plug. I never seed a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to this at one chaw. I sot my teeth on it, and one, and bit and pulled and twisted, like a dog at a root and I've kept bitin' and pulling for six days, and that she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me!"

"Seems to be a good plug," remarked the clerk, as he smelled of the counterfit.

"She's all right; it's me that's fallin'!" exclaimed the old man. "Pass me out some fine cut, and I'll go home and deed the farm to the boys, and git ready for the grave!"

TWINS.—Max Adler tells a new story, the gist of which is as follows: Bill Slocom was nominated for Mayor of Pender, and one day, in a street conversation, he remarked, "I've got to win." He pronounced it, "I've got t'win" and old Mrs. Martin, overhearing, imperceptibly went around and reported that Mrs. Slocom had twins. The boys at once decided to serenade Bill, and that night they marched out to his house, with a "band playing" "Hail to the Chief," several ward clubs, some fire companies, a group of white-dressed girls in a wagon, a lot of banners, and plenty of enthusiasm. Bill made a speech about the canvass, and then there were shouts of "where's the twins?" and the like. Bill said there was a mistake, but the band sarcastically played "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and the boys shouted louder for the twins. When the truth prevailed the assembly dispersed in disgust, and Bill was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

An industrious colored citizen of Rome, Georgia, was lately overheard by a reporter to complain: "Nebber seed sich times since I been born. Work all day and steal all night, and blast if I can hardly make a livin'."