

Freeman

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IT PAYS!!

What Pays? Every Manufacturer, Merchant, Farmer, or Professional man, to keep informed on all the latest news, to see the best of every family to increase the household, to see the best of every family to increase the household, to see the best of every family to increase the household.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN!

It is published weekly for the last 25 years, and is the only paper published in the United States, devoted to the progress of the Industrial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the World. It contains the latest and most interesting news, and is a valuable source of information to all who are engaged in the various branches of industry and science.

ATTENTIONS!

For the purpose of increasing the circulation of the paper, and to give it a wider range, we have decided to publish it at a reduced rate for the next six months. This is a rare opportunity for those who wish to see the paper at a low price.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

NEW YORK, 1876.

The Weekly Sun is a paper of general interest, containing news, fiction, and other articles. It is published weekly and is a valuable source of information for all who are interested in the current events of the day.

NOTICE

All persons knowing of any property belonging to the estate of the late John R. Hite, are requested to bring the same to the undersigned, who is the executor of the will.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned, J. K. Hite, administrator of the estate of the late John R. Hite, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$1000 from the estate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned, J. K. Hite, administrator of the estate of the late John R. Hite, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$500 from the estate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned, J. K. Hite, administrator of the estate of the late John R. Hite, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$250 from the estate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned, J. K. Hite, administrator of the estate of the late John R. Hite, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$125 from the estate.

[From the Catholic Record for December.]

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Welcome to Thee, heavenly Stranger,
Gladly shall Thy advent be;
Thy birth-place was a manger,
Nature saw her God in Thee;
Whilst Thy lowly home was wanting
All that earthly joys could bring,
Seraphs hymns of joy were chanting,
Unto Thee, earth's new-born King.

OLD MONEY-BAGS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Roger Flint was a hard man—hard as steel.

"This is the way it stands, Mr. Beggs," he was saying one day to a man in his office, "a poor man is no man at all, and a rich one is a fool if he spends what he has. My motto is, get money. Get it honestly, if you can. If not—get it, and keep it."

"And ye got it," quavered Mr. Beggs, with a meek twinkle in his watery eyes. "Ye got it and kept it, Mr. Flint. Oh, you're a sharp one—a regular knife-edger, you are."

"In my younger time," continued Mr. Flint, with a hard smile at the other's compliments, "I had some odd notions about generosity. But I soon got over that folly. I lost money by it. If people will be poor, let them go to the almshouses. If they are too proud to do that, let them starve and get out of the way. Charity! Humbug! Why should I be robbed for the sake of a set of lazy rascals who are never satisfied?"

Mr. Beggs expressed his entire approval of these sentiments by a series of inarticulate croaks.

"Now, there's a fellow," continued Mr. Flint, pointing at the shabby clerk, "whom I took out of a charity institution when a boy. I fed him, clothed him, and taught him a good business. But was he grateful? Not he! He complained of hard work, and had vague ideas on the subject of pocket money. But I have crushed all that nonsense out of him. Haven't I, Jacob?"

"Eh," said the shabby clerk, starting at the sound of his harsh voice, but not turning his head, "Oh, yes, he has crushed me! Oh, certainly!" His depressed manner and careworn face sufficiently attested the truth of his words.

"Now," said Flint, turning suddenly upon his friend, and nearly upsetting him with the shock, "what did you come here for to-night? Not to be sociable. Not you. You are up to some game, Simon Beggs: I see it in your face. Perhaps I know what it is already. But out with it, anyway."

Presently he returned with a pretty, mid-eyed young girl, who came and seated herself silently at her father's side. If ever features of stone made a miserable attempt to look kind, Roger Flint's did then. And when he spoke, there was something very like tenderness in his grating voice, absolutely.

"Jessie," he said, "have you ever thought of marrying?"

"If I have, father," answered she, with a slight blush, "the thought has been so speedily banished by a determination never to leave you, that it could hardly be called a thought at all."

"A girl's whim, and of no weight in the plans I have formed for your benefit. All your life I have kept before your eyes the value of money and the utter worthlessness of everything else without it. Therefore, in choosing a husband for you, I have cast aside all romantic and impracticable considerations, and secured for you—money!"

The girl's face had grown as white as death, and she sat staring at him with wide open, frightened eyes.

"Simon Beggs," continued her father, his voice growing dryer and harsher as he proceeded, "is no very handsome object to look at, I admit; but he is rich and a driving old dotard, and the woman that marries him can easily control both him and his money, if she will."

Beggs grinned and chuckled as if he had listened to the most glowing paenegyric possible. The girl made no reply. Once while he spoke, she turned her eyes toward the clerk at his desk and then was motionless.

"Come," said Flint, with a grim attempt at jocularity, "he has but half a dozen years in him at best, and then—a rich young widow, eh, Jessie?"

"I would rather die, as my mother did—a thousand, thousand times rather!" said Jessie, in a low, choked voice, putting both trembling hands upon his arm.

"Nonsense!" retorted her father harshly, shaking her off. "Once married, you will laugh at this folly, and thank me for disregarding it. Now go up stairs and dry your eyes, for the matter is settled, I tell you."

"My dear, dear father—doubly dear to me now that I have left you—try, oh, try to believe that I am not so sinful as I seem! Try to think that I strove hard indeed I did—to obey your wishes, but had not strength to do it. Oh, my dearest! now that by my own weakness and wickedness I have set a gulf between us, perhaps never to be crossed, I beg and pray you to shake off that fearful love of gain which has made us all so wretched, and be your own good, gentle self again. Be kinder to Jacob—poor Jacob!—for I loved him, father; and forgive, oh, forgive your child!"

The two men stood staring at each other, with a fearful thought burning in their eyes, for a long, breathless moment. Then, as if he had dashed it aside with his clenched hand, the depressed, shrinking air was gone from Jacob; all that was manly and noble in him came uppermost in his strong sorrow, and he, whose patient drudge he had always been, covered before his dilating eyes.

"Wretch!" he shouted, "see what your accursed money has done for you. You would have your daughter's life a hell for it! You would have given her, body and soul, to a thing a thousand times more degraded than a beast for it! You have held it up to her daily as an idol to be worshipped before Heaven! Are you satisfied?"

"I meant it for her good—indeed I did," groaned Flint.

"Oh, man, man! what are you now? Old, alone in the world, standing in your grave, hated and despised by all of your kind! Now, go to your money and seek consolation in it if you can. Prostrate yourself before it: will it bring her back to you, or to me, who loved her footsteps on that dirty floor more than you loved her soul? Pray to it, weep to it: will it make her what she was? Oh, poor, misled, ill-used girl!"

So crying out as if his heart were broken, he sank into a chair and burst into tears.

For a long while the old man stood silent, with a bewildered look in his face; then he started toward the door, bareheaded as he was.

"Where are you going?" asked Jacob, detaining him.

"I am going to find my child," he said, brokenly. "I am going to bring her back, and try, through all the years of my worthless life, to atone for the wrong I have done her. Jacob, will you go with me?"

For many days after this, people wondered at two strange figures who they encountered in the streets—a haggard, white-haired old man, supported by a younger one, who wandered hither and thither, on broad thoroughfares and in narrow byways, peering with eager eyes into the faces of all they met. But no trace of her they sought so anxiously was found. Night after night they placed a light in the office window, vaguely hoping that she might see its glimmer, and, feeling the longing it expressed, return to them. But she never came.

very pale and trembling very much. Then without another word she turned and ran out of the room.

Night had fallen again, and the old man was lying on his sofa in the little back room, with Jacob sitting silently near him, when the door opened, and three persons came in. They were Mrs. Heyward, a tall young man, and a female figure, closely veiled.

"Mr. Flint," began the lady, sharply, "you are not the mean, covetous, hard old man you were, are you?"

"No," answered Flint, humbly.

"And you would be kinder to your daughter if you had her back again, would you?"

"Yes. But, God forgive me, it is too late to talk of that!"

"Then, there!" she cried, choking and gasping in her emotion; "take her."

And, with a loud cry, the veiled figure fell at the old man's side and took his head to her breast.

"My child," he cried, weeping bitterly, "my little child!"

"A dream, dear father," sobbed the girl; "all a terrible dream, it seems. Forgive me for leaving you."

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa Claus sat alone in his den, with his leg crossed over his knee, while a comical looking peeped out at his eyes.

For a funny old fellow was he. His queer little cap was tumbled and torn, and his wig it was all awry; and he sat and mused the whole day long, while the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy could be, in filling his bag with toys; he had gathered his nuts and baked his pies, and given to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips for the boys, with wheelbarrows, horses and drays, and bureaus and trunks for the dolly's new clothes.

All these in his pack he displays. Of candles, too, both twisted and striped, he had furnished a plentiful store, while raisins and figs, and prunes and grapes, hung up on a peg by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he, "and Christmas is almost here; but one thing more—I must write them a book, and give to each one this year."

So he clapped his specs on his puffy nose, and, seizing the stump of a pen, he wrote more lines in one little hour than you ever could read in ten.

He told them stories, all pretty and new, and wrote them all out in rhyme; then packed them away with his box of toys.

To distribute one at a time. And Christmas eve, when all were in bed, he right down the chimney he flew; and stretching the stocking leg at the top, he clapped in a book for you.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

A correspondent writes from Annapolis, Md., thus amusingly: "A full length figure of Gen. Jackson has been received, and is to day being erected on a suitable pedestal in the grounds of the Naval Academy. If any one thinks that Andrew Jackson should not have a place in the naval school, he will be enlightened by the following bit of naval history: During Jackson's first term, the famous frigate Constitution was undergoing extensive repairs at the Charlestown Navy-yard, under the supervision of Commodore Jesse O. Elliot. This thorough-going Democrat caused the old fiddle-shaped prow of the historic ship to be taken down, and a wooden model of the conqueror of Pakenham to be raised in its place. At this sacrilege the old Whigs of Boston grew indignant, and the figure was hardly comfortably settled in its niche, before an intrepid marine scaled the heights of the Constitution and cut the President's head off. The indignant Elliot stuck it on again, and set a guard to watch it, but the same wily executioner eluded the watch one dark night, and the headless trunk met the eyes of the confounded Commodore on his rounds the next morning. A second time the head was recovered by the indefatigable Elliot, and rumor hath it that the President sent him to sea in command of the Mediterranean squadron, to save his own head and reward the unquenchable zeal of his admirer. Even Jackson, however, could hardly pat him on the back, when the party zeal of this same officer led him to fill his gun-deck with jackasses on his homeward voyage, and to set on foot and to subscribe to a testimonial service of plate to be presented, not to the President, but to Commodore Elliot. A court-martial sentenced him to four years' suspension from duty, but it appears that all the jackasses in America must have been convinced of his unselfish wish to improve their breed, and signed a petition in his behalf; for we find that he was restored to duty before the expiration of his term of sentence. The figure-head was, however, suffered to rest in peace, and seems to have followed, un molested, all the subsequent fortunes of the ancient ship, until its arrival at Philadelphia, where it is now being set in order for the coming Exposition. As it would be manifestly inappropriate, with all deference to the contrary opinion of the eccentric Commodore, to associate Andrew Jackson with timbers that speak more audibly than the oak of Dolona, of Hull and Bainbridge, of Chauncey and Stewart, of Decatur and Somers, the figure of the President has been removed, and sent, at the request of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, to Annapolis. The figure is bareheaded, and wears a dress suit of the time, over which an ample cloak falls, gathered at the throat with the usual cord. A roll of manuscript is held in the right hand, and the left is buried in the breast of his brass-buttoned and voluminous waist-coat. The likeness which the features bear to the original is not bad, and the hair, at any rate, stands up with perfect archaeological accuracy."

A MAIDEN once said, "I'll not mate with a man who has not fortune great." So she pouted and waited, and scouted to be mated. She's a maiden yet—age, 48.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"I'll marry a man who is poor," but the man he drank beer, died driving a "keer," and twelve orphans went out from her door. "Is better to wait and be aged 48 than to marry the average man; for there's trouble ahead for the maiden who'll wed the very first party who comes along."—Courier-Journal.

"Now, whatever betide, I'll marry a man who is wise," but, his wise views asserted, she pouted and flirted; each sinnered full soon of the prize. *Seem, mag.* was the case; 'twas an "awful disgrace," said the judge, in decreasing distance; and the woman's a fool who a general rule will adopt in deciding her course.—St. Louis Republican.

But most of the girls (dash their frizzes and curls) make their minds up, quite early in life, to take any one who'll let himself be "done." The point is, to be some one's wife. And the poor silly chaps who are caught in their traps will find out, when it is too late, that a girl who has charming can be an abominably terrible, ill-tempered mate. Only this much is certain, once back of the curtain, the young man who marries will find that the fellow who weds will deserve all he gets.—*John O'Shea.*

Now the maidens all swear by their purchased back hair, they'll be best if they wed any scamp of a poet; especially one who at women poles fun, and rhymes in prose form, so that no one would know it.—*Phila. Times.*

YESTERDAY forenoon a "tickleburg boy," says the Herald, entered the shop where his father works and excitedly announced: "Oh! pa! ma's awful sick!"

"What's the matter?" asked the father, "Oh, she's awful white, and she's shakin' all over, and there's lots of women in there, and they say she's going to die!"

"Can she talk yet?" inquired the father as he rolled down his sleeves.

"Yes."

"Well, we'll take it kind of slow, then, going home!" said the relieved man.

GROUND HOG don't see his shadow long, when worked into sausage.