

CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Published Weekly at
EBSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Subscription Rates:
One year, cash in advance, \$1.00
If not paid within 30 days, \$1.25
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Statement Under Oath
Starting Revelation of
My God, How I
Did Suffer!
Earnestly Prayed to Die.

Advertisement for a medicine or health product, mentioning symptoms like cough, asthma, and general weakness.

Advertisement for a health agency or clinic, listing various ailments treated.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, highlighting its benefits for blood purification and overall health.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing the promotional text.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, detailing its effectiveness for various conditions.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, concluding the promotional message.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.
VOLUME XV.
EBSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1881.
NUMBER 32.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS
IN CAMBRIA COUNTY,
FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1881 and 1882.

CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP—G. J. Jones, Secretary. Examination to be held at Ebsburg, Monday, September 27th.

WHITE TOWNSHIP—S. J. Leiber, Secretary. Examination to be held at Beaver Valley, Wednesday, September 28th.

CHERRY TOWNSHIP—John Hips, Secretary. Examination to be held at St. Lawrence, Wednesday, September 28th.

UPPER MERIDIAN TOWNSHIP—John A. Wertz, Secretary. Examination to be held at Walnut Grove, Thursday, September 29th.

ROCK TOWNSHIP—John H. Vail, Secretary. Examination to be held at Froggton, Friday, September 30th.

THE EXAMINATIONS to commence promptly at 10 o'clock A. M. on the day named. Applicants must present themselves for examination in person.

Advertisement for a local business or service, possibly related to the school examinations.

A ROMANCE OF LABOR.
The following true incident was brought to my remembrance while listening to the rebellious words of a young man who could not see his father's wisdom in desiring him to learn a trade.

"It will make a common man of me, father," he said querulously. "I shall be as dirty as a blacksmith and have hands like a coal heaver."

"Yes, I have a letter from a cousin of mother's who lives in Glasgow. She is a gentleman, she tell me you, sir, that you are a very common man to begin with. A good trade might help you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then he looked at the handsome young fellow—for he was handsome—and made his mark now, but many years ago I heard just such a talk between him and old Josiah Gaskill relative to the young man learning his father's trade of a wool stapler.

"It's a dirty business, father," said the splendid Steve, in full evening dress, "and I had to go to school all the while of those men in blue linen blouses. I hope that I shall do something better for myself than that."

"Very well, lad, what is it thou'dst fain to be?"
"A lawyer, father."

A GIRL'S HEROIC ACT.
A quiet country road, and a carriage drawn by two spirited ponies, who tossed their heads and sneezed their graceful necks as if they were enjoying to the utmost their own rapid motion.

"Such was the scene. In the carriage were seated two young ladies. The elder of the two was gilding, with a firm hand, the restless ponies. She was not a beautiful girl, you would think, at first sight; but her refined face, and with its broad, intellectual forehead, and the proud nose of the small head set upon an erect, finely moulded figure, made a picture very attractive to the eye.

"Lovely!" was the adjective which would rise involuntarily to the lips upon seeing her. Great lumps of golden hair swept back from a brow pure as alabaster, while the dark, lustrous eyes were in vivid contrast to the peachy fairness of her complexion; her mouth was an incarnation of sweetness with its delicious rose-red curves; while beneath the rounded chin was cleft with a roguish dimple.

"Nip and Tuck seem in good spirits this morning, Annie," said Taty, as they flew away.
"Have you thought that if I return home when papa wants me to, that it will be our last ride?"

"Annie gathered the reins in one hand, and quickly passed the other around her darling's neck, as she spoke."
"I do hate to think of you going, my friend! I have enjoyed your few weeks to the utmost. But I know your father needs you, and I must not be selfish."

"As she spoke thus lovingly, a sudden moment, then drawing off her gloves she held her small left hand up before Annie's eyes.
"On the third finger in its enamel setting, gleamed a large solitary pearl."
After one surprised look, Annie exclaimed reproachfully:
"Why, May, can it be that you are engaged to the one who placed this upon my finger? It is the noblest and best of men, and you will agree with me when I tell you that he is—for you know him, Annie. One day soon after our engagement, I was speaking to Mr. Coleridge of our visit I was going to make on to 'Greyhurst' this fall, and when he heard of my name he said at once that he knew you well—had met you when you were at your uncle's."

Advertising Rates.
The large and reliable circulation of the Cambria Freeman is commensurate with the consideration of advertisers. Those who refer to the following table will find the rates for advertising in this paper.

WANTED TO BE AN EDITOR.
Yesterday old uncle Jesse Wiggins, a distinguished preacher, who has preached among the hills for forty years, and who in his younger days was known as the "wheel-horse exhorter," came to town and called at the "Gazette" office.

"My son George," said uncle Jesse to the political man, "has just graduated from the old Red Bluff Academy, and after some time among the professions, desiring to learn the editorial business, I know how much fun has been made of me who wanted to be editors, but of course I understood all that. As first I'd like for George to take hold of the religious department, for you know I can help him none. I've got four or five sermons that I'd like to run in old sermons preached long before me than of getting out new Testaments. Now, don't ridicule the idea."

"The editor went down, and the old man took out his spectacles and began handling papers with a newly awakened idea of importance. The editor had been gone but a few moments when a burly-looking man entered the editorial room, and seeing the editor surrounded by a ruffled landscape of badly-lined papers, exclaimed:
"All I asked of you is to let me shake the Little Rock dust from my feet. Do you bear speckled fragment of a mortgaged manager?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the old man in surprise.
"Just let me shake this dust off, you gaping whippersnapper of flat-footed ignorance. Stand a man as you did me this morning, and then say you don't know what he means!"

"The old man hopped across the room and grappled the insult. The fight was earnest and terrible, and when the editor came back the top of the old man's head was smeared with ink, and the insult was lying in the hall.
"Sort of a monkey and parrot like, as the feller says," remarked the old man. "I say, I believe George will change his mind. You needn't call that cabinet meeting. Talk about a religious department; you ought to have a saucer of horse-pisds!"

"A LIBERAL REWARD WILL BE GIVEN.—To the small boy who never whistled. To the woman over thirty who never had an offer. To the boy of 18 who does not know more than his parents. To the widow who does not like to have her mourning becoming. To the young man who doesn't think the girls are all dying after him. To the politician who never sought the place that seemed to seek him. To the editor for the press who never said that his contribution was dashed off. To the doctor who has the landhold to tell a wealthy patient that nothing ails him. To a woman who wouldn't choose an ice cream to a substantial meal. To the married man who never considered the possibility of a second marriage. To the school teacher who can't talk without seeming to watch every word she utters. To the clergyman who doesn't feel that a little proud of the tears he calls up at a funeral. To the married woman who does not sometimes wonder how she ever came to say 'Yes.' To the man who never exchanged umbrellas and went off with a worse one than he left behind. To the young lady graduate who wouldn't rather have a white satin dress than high honors at the graduating exercise. PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.—Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it. Homer was exceedingly fond of bulled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork. Napoleon could never think to shut a door after him, unless he was mad about something. Pity could never write with a lead pencil without wetting it on the tip of his tongue. Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pocket. The Duke of Wellington could never think of his feet on the floor-mat unless his wife reminded him of it. George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a bootjack to them. Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat. When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it around in his pocket three weeks before he thought of it again. Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and, being an attentive reader, he always found out when new words were ripe.