THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,165

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VOLUME XVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1883. NUMBER 48.

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HOW THE YEAR WENT.

Cold lay the midnight, cold and black
On sleeping earth and sea;
The moon paused on her pallid track,
And the stars crept out to see.

As, bowed with age, and bent and blear,
The Old Year took his way
Across Earth's little atmosphere
Toward the slow-moving day.

A sound of revel smote and rang
In joyous, merry din,
"The New Year comes," glad voices sang;
"Arise and let him in."

Sadly the Old Year paused; a sigh
Broke from his brave old heart.
"The world cares not that I must die,
And smiles to see me part.

"When I was young it welcomed me
With gifts and song and praise.
Have I not served it faithfully
These many months and days?

"Why should men joy to see me go—
I, their old, loving friend,
Departing, grieved and sad and slow,
With none to watch my end?"

But as the Old Year spoke, a sound
Of voices low and sweet
Struck on his ear, and, peering round,
He stayed his lagging feet.

Two lovers leaned them side by side,
On either cheek a tear,
And with a strong, sad voice, one cried:
"Good-bye, good-bye, Old year!

"Good-bye, Oh kindly friend and true,
Who wove our lives in one,
Other good years may come; but you
Are still our dearest one."

Then smiled the Old Year, as he went,
His misty eyes shone bright,
And, fearless now and quite content,
He faded into the night.

And when he met the new-born year,
All rosy, blithe and gay,
He cheered him with a father's cheer
And sped him on his way.

"Heaven go with thee, fair son, and keep;
And this thy guerdon be,
That at thy end some eyes may weep
As they have wept for me."

—*Susan Coolidge.*

TEDDY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

In 1853 we lived in one of the hillitowns on the upper Ohio. It was a dingy, disheartening place. The streets along the river were lined with glass and steel mills, and the hills walling in the back of the town were honeycombed with coal mines. The air was heavy with the rolling bituminous smoke, and the low brick houses were streaked with soot.

It was as commonplace and ignoble a spot, perhaps, as any in which men work and live. Yet there, as everywhere else, heroic deeds were simply and unconsciously done. "Epaminondas did not need Olympus to help him to die, nor the Syrian sunshine."

One little incident of our life there may be worth telling.

Honor Neal was a plump, merry little Irish widow who worked early and late as a washer-woman to support herself and her son.

One day Mrs. Sprout, one of her employers—a lady who controlled her own family so well that she had time to manage the affairs of all her neighbors—stopped at her gate.

"Honor, it is high time that great boy of yours was put to some regular employment. He cannot spend all his life carrying baskets of clothes."

"Indade, an' that's thrue. An' he's got the foine head on him, Teddy has! But he seems to be dull in the use of his hands, mem."

"Lazy, eh? Has he had any schooling?"

"Och, he has that same. Father Ryan, he saw the foine head he had, an' tuk him in the parish school, to make a praste of him.—But he was dull at the Latin an' he sint him home."

"He's good for nothing, then?"

"Indade, mem, an' it's he has the great taste for spiders an' bugs. He has a big collection."

"Send him here, to-night. I'll get my husband to put him to work in the store.—He ought to be earning something instead of spending his time in the fields gathering bugs."

But Teddy proved as dull at weighing sugar and measuring molasses as he was at Latin. He knew every cranny and hiding-place in the hills within ten miles, but he never could find the starch and tape-measure in the shop. He could tell you the color and habits of every bird, fish or moth in the woods, but he stared vacantly at the customers across the counter when they asked for "Lone Jack," or "Nigger head."

In a fortnight he had an empty corner of the shop filled with his bottles of snakes, or sheets of beetles or butterflies. Did an old woman want balm, or a balsam apple, Teddy was eager to run to the hills if his employer would allow him to go. He was the guide for many of the berrying parties which the young folks started during the summer. Everybody, in fact, liked the slow spoken, gentle lad, whose big gray eyes stared absently at them everywhere but in the woods, where he became a boy, keen and alert.

But in September Mr. Sprout discharged him as utterly worthless for shop-work. A week later I met his mother.

"Is it Teddy? Och an' he's fixed for life, now! Mrs. Sprout she got the boss av the Fenton coal mine to take him on thrial. It's a foine place, she says, an' he'll make good wages."

Poor Ted, shut up in a coal-pit! He seemed to me to be born for a life in the woods, as much as a deer, or fox, or any other wild creature.

When the fall came we used to beg for Teddy to be free from his grimy black prison for a day, to go with us to the woods; but to no purpose. His mother said he had "got down to stiddy work, an' was done wid runnin' wild like a ground-squirrel."

I met him once at nightfall, creeping home—thin and stooped, his eyes looking big and wild in the black mass of coal-dust that covered his face and clothes.

There had recently been some accidents in the neighboring mines from the caving in of a shaft.

"Take care of yourself, Teddy," I said.—"I wish you were out of that pit."

Teddy's eyes twinkled in the black. "I kin git out av that pit any minute I plaze," he said, lowering his voice. "I found a crack back of Pressley's Hills a year ago.—It's a hole ladin' into the mine. Nothin' kin happen to me in there."

The very next day there was an alarm through the town. There had been an explosion in Fenton's mine, and thirty men were buried. Whether they were living or dead nobody knew.

The church bells rang furiously. Everybody left their dinners—it was about one o'clock—and ran to the streets. The crowd emptied itself from the court house, and judge, lawyers and jury left the prisoner and the constable in the dock, and joined the throng rushing down the river road.

The community was small. Everybody knew these thirty men. Their wives and children were gathered at the mouth of the pit. They all belonged to Father Ryan's flock, but Mr. Knox, the Methodist parson, and Dr. Floyd, the Episcopalian, were busy as he, quieting and cheering them.

Honor was sitting on the bank; not crying like the others. Her round face looking pinched and drawn. A basket of newly-ironed clothes stood beside her, for she had been on her way home with them when the dull report of the explosion was heard.—Mrs. Sprout was near her, sobbing and talking loudly.

"Teddy's in there," she cried, as I came up. "I sent him there. I wish I had left him at home. It's always my luck when I do the best I can to help people!"

At that moment there was a shout from the men at work at the mouth of the mine, and some twenty of the miners emerged from the mouth of the pit, stunned and terrified by the explosion, but otherwise unhurt. Teddy was not among them.

"Where are the other men?" demanded Father Ryan, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"Where's Teddy Neal?" cried Mrs. Sprout, catching the foreman by the shoulder and pushing his sobbing wife aside.

"They are in a back passage behind the heap of slate made by the explosion. We were this side of it," he answered. "Ted was with us, an'—an'"—

He looked uneasily at Honor, who had come up to him and was staring into his face with her lips open. They moved to ask a question, but she could not make a sound.

"Where is the boy?" said Mrs. Sprout, impatiently.

"He turned back to go to them. I could not help it!" he exclaimed, appealing to Doctor Floyd. "He would have it that he knew a way out of the back of the mine; and that if it were open, he could guide the men through it."

"How did he get to them?"

"There was a crack at the top of the heap of slate, and he's such a lean little chap that he wriggled through with our pushing him behind."

"You pushed him to his death!" Mrs. Sprout screamed. And then a sudden silence fell on the crowd.

Every man and woman there understood that the boy had not five chances in ten for life, when he crawled into the blackness of the walled up pit to save his fellow-workmen, and that he had deliberately taken the risk.

Father Ryan said something to the foreman, carefully lowering his voice, that Honor might not hear of "fire-damp."

"So I told the boy, your reverence. But he was determined to go. I could not stop him."

There was nothing for us to do but wait.

The men were in the heart of the hill, which rose before us quiet in the warm sunshine, with its black seas yawning through the grss and weeds. It was impossible now to reach them. If alive, they doubtless were struggling through the black passages of the mine toward the outlet which Teddy had found, or thought he had found.

Every man of the crowd believed the boy to be mistaken. It was not likely that such an opening could exist, and no miner ever had discovered it. But nobody had the heart to hint a doubt with Honor and the wives and mothers of the buried men to hear it.

So the crowd waited; whispering to each other, listening with bated breath for some sound from within—a cry—a muffled knocking which should show that the buried men still lived.

As long as there was a chance of their escape by any back passage, however slight, the men feared to begin work on the heap of fallen slate at the mouth of the pit, as any concussion might bring down masses of earth from the roof of the chambers, already loosed by the explosion.

Honor came up to the Methodist parson. "How long will it take Teddy to bring them out, sir?"

The good old man avoided her eye.—"That depends on—well, really, I don't know where the passage is. Now, my poor soul, let us trust in God. He will take care of Teddy in the pit just as well as if he were here beside you."

"But I want him beside me, sir. The Lord's always left Teddy to me to take care of. I want him, sir. I want me little b'y."

Mr. Knox began to speak, but his voice was heard. Every man looked at his neighbor. One of the miners muttered "fire-damp," which is another name for death, in these pits; but the others were silent.

Then came a sound like thunder and a heavy crash. There had been another explosion, and the roof of the main chamber had probably fallen. Shrieks of despair went up from the women.

"It's all over!" said Father Ryan.

"Look at him!" cried Honor, wildly, pointing down the road. "My b'y Teddy!"

There, coming up the road, black as negroes, were nine men, every one of them alive and shouting. Teddy leading the van.

They had reached the mouth of the opening and had dragged each other through, and had time to come down from Pressley's Hills before the second explosion.

There was a town meeting that night. It was a gathering which would seem queer and old-fashioned enough now-a-days.

There was a great table set in the town hall, and every housewife sent something to be eaten, from Mrs. Judge Larkins's frosted cake, to poor Honor's loaf of bread; and rich and poor came, the miners and their wives in their Sunday clothes, to shake hands and rejoice together.

The Methodist and Presbyterian clergymen offered prayer, and Father Ryan and Judge Larkins made speeches, and there were plenty of jokes and laughing and kindly feeling.

But most of the glory of the occasion fell to Teddy's share. In his speech welcoming the company, Judge Larkins mentioned him as worth nothing in a shop, or a school, and only showing ability in a mine by getting out of it.

He proposed, therefore, that a subscription be raised in the town, to enable Teddy to follow his vocation of naturalist, to which he had so evidently been called.

There was a great deal of cheering, and a large collection was taken up. But I suspect that the judge himself took Teddy's fortunes in hand after that, for this collection would only keep him at school for a year or two.

But after school he worked his way thro' college, coming home every vacation. The whole town was proud of him, and so am I, for Teddy is now a respected and most enthusiastic professor of mineralogy and botany in a large Western town.—*Youth's Companion.*

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT LOVE.

From the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk lore than marriage. Beginning with love divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently having left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state. Some cut the common brake or fern just above the root to ascertain the initials of the future husband's name. Again, nuts and apples are very favorite love tests. The mode of procedure is for a girl to place on the bars of a grate a nut, repeating this incantation:

If he loves me, pop and fly;
If he hates me, lie and die.

Great is the dismay if the anxious face of the inquirer gradually perceives the nut, instead of making the hoped-for pop, die and make no sign. One means of divination is to throw a lady-bird into the air, and repeating meanwhile the subjoined couplet:

Fly away east, and fly away west,
Show me where lives the one I like best.

Should this little insect chance to fly in in the direction of the house where the loved one resides, it is regarded as a most favorable omen.

Another species of love divination once observed consisted in obtaining five bay leaves, four of which the anxious maiden pinned at the four corners of her pillow, and the fifth in the middle. If she was fortunate enough to dream of her lover, it was a sure sign that he would be married to her in the course of the year.

In selecting the time for the marriage ceremony precautions of every kind have generally been taken to avoid an unlucky month and day for the knot to be tied. Indeed, the old Roman notion that the May marriages are unlucky survives to this day in England. June is a highly popular month. Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided.

In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages. It is, above all things, necessary that the sun should shine on the bride, and it is deemed absolutely necessary by very many that she should weep on her wedding day, if it be only a few tears; the omission of such an act being considered ominous of her future happiness.

In Sussex, a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all her pins about her dress by the single women present, from the belief that the possessor of one of them will be married in the course of a year, and evil fortune will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet.

"Flinging the stocking" was an old marriage custom in England. The young men took the bride's stockings, and the girls those of the bridegroom, each of whom sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stockings over their heads, endeavoring to make it fall upon that of the bride or her spouse. If the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married, and similar luck was derived from the falling of the bride's stockings thrown by the young men.—*Something to Read.*

SHIELDING HIS BENEFACTOR.—A good many years ago a cashier took a little lad from a neighboring poorhouse, and when the boy had become a youth he was given a responsible position in the bank of which his patron was practically the head. Later, the cashier stole more than $15,000 from the bank. Exposure was threatened every day, and the guilty officer, in a period of depression, confessed to the youth that he proposed to kill himself. Young Ray, the protege, was smitten with horror as he thought of the terrible turn in affairs, but having weighed the matter the next day he threw himself into the breach. He suggested and the cashier eagerly accepted the suggestion that he should fasten the guilt upon himself and abscond, thus leaving his patron honest in the world's eyes, though blackened in his own. What the public heard of the Westport robbery was that a bank clerk named Ray had stolen $15,000.

Detectives found several clues but not until years afterward was the secret disclosed. One of the detectives who had been employed in the case came up with Ray under still more romantic circumstances. The detective, according to his reminiscences published last week in a San Francisco paper, was called recently to a Western city to ferret out the person who had robbed a private house of 200 gold eagles.

The only man under arrest was one Henry Martin. As soon as the detective saw Martin the former said, "You are Dallas Ray, who robbed the Wesport bank." Ray then told the true story of the robbery, and the story has been verified since. Ray claimed that he was innocent of the gold eagle burglary, and asked the detective to take a note to his sweetheart, a Miss Moore. When the latter heard of her lover's predicament she threw her whole soul into obtaining proof of his innocence. She went to the house where the robbery had been committed. Having Having asked if the burglar had left anything in his flight, she was given a handkerchief that had been dropped by the intruder. She put the handkerchief to her nose and exclaimed: "Find the thief who uses this perfume (naming the peculiar brand) and you will find your eagles." It was found that only one drug store in the city sold that kind of perfumery, and that only one bottle had been bought within the preceding month. Need it be added that the purchaser was traced, the eagles regained, and the lovers married.

NO CAMEL'S HAIR FOR HER.—"Have you any black ladies' cloth?" she asked, ambling up to the counter and focusing her glasses on the mild-mannered clerk. "No, ma'am," he answered, civilly, "but we have a choice article in camel's hair." "Do I look as if I was in need of camel's hair?" she asked, leaning over the counter. "See here, young man, when I want hair I know enough to go to a hair store and buy it! You can't get off any of your dead circus stock on me! Camel hair, indeed!" and she flounced off before the dazed clerk could recover his wits and explain.—*Danbury News.*

WHEN a man is seriously ill he should call on his doctor at once; but when his trouble is only a cough or a sore throat he need only invest 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

LEARNING THE GROCERY BUSINESS.

I went to learn the grocery business with Mr. Ginger, and I found him the clear ginger itself, and he found me ditto.

I was only fourteen years old, but was a lot older in my own way of thinking, and stood right on my dignity the first day I was there. It only took me about half an hour to learn the business, anyway.

I learned the candy, sugar, apple, orange and raisin business in less time than that, for I knew all about it before I got my hat off. After I had been there about twenty minutes, and was pretty well through with a bottle of gum drops, the boss asked me if I had ever been in a grocery store before. I was too full for reply—at least my mouth was—but as soon as I got my mouth nearly empty I said: "Often; been in bigger ones than this, too."

"Well," he said, "you seem to take hold of some parts of it pretty quick."

"Oh, yes! I can learn anything quick that I set my mind to."

"See," said he, "if you can learn to dust off those lamp chimneys, wash off those shelves, bring up some potatoes out of the cellar and leave off eating candy."

"I don't think I can set my mind to do that. Have you no man to do these sort of things?"

"No; we always make the boy do that."

"Well, where's the boy? Ain't he come yet? I'll bet you a quarter that before I'm here long he'll have to get here earlier in the morning than this."

"Who?"

"The boy."

"What boy?"

"Didn't you say that the boy did all the dirty work? Come, old fellow, you can't fool me. If you think I'm green, why, you have got a hold of the wrong man, and it's me that's telling you."

Just then there was a lady come in. She asked the price of our best flour. I referred her to the boss. "Flour has raised," he said, "and we couldn't let you have a barrel for less than seven dollars."

"Oh, I can get it for six dollars and fifty cents," she said.

"In your misty mind," says I.

"Hold your tongue, boy!" says the boss.

"My advice to you, missus," said I, "is if you can get as good flour as we have for six dollars and a half, you're a tangled up monkey if you don't go and get it, if your credit is creditable."

"You're an impudent puppy!" remarked the boss, savagely.

"The same to yourself any many of them," says I, meekly.

With this the lady marched out sedately.

"Hold on, old lady," I says; "don't go off mad. I'll let you have a barrel at six dollars and seventy-five cents, cash!"

She kept right on out, without letting on she heard me.

I sang out: "Good-bye, while you're handy!"

As soon as she was gone the boss said:

"Boy, you won't suit me. You would drive all by customers away with your sauce besides driving me crazy."

"Neither one of them would be a very long drive, if I'm properly acquainted with myself, and I guess I am."

"Clear out!" shouted the boss, "before I kill you on the spot."

"Which spot do you mean?" said I, at the same time laughing heartily in his face.

He threw a pound weight at me. I made a nice catch, and said, "out on first base."

He looked wild.

I threw it back to him, but he muffed it and it went out through a window.

I don't know where this would have stopped had not a customer come in.

I looked down the street and saw the boss coming with a policeman. I quickly got in side, locked the door and dusted out the back way, resolved to give up the grocery business, and I have never been in that town since.—*A Small Boy in Detroit Free Press.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT POTTERY.—Verily, the potter hath power over the clay. Therefore the clay is the pot, but the man who makes it is the potter. *Ergo*, protest Refined and scholarly joke. This style six for a dollar. For two dollars an explanation of this superlative joke and *The Hawkeye* for one year will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada.

Pottery is the oldest industry in the world. Adam was made of clay. But he acted as though he was only half-baked. His son Cain did the first kiln in the country.

The potter works in the mud, hence we admire his work. His life is one long act of mudder, but he is never banged for it, tho' sometimes he is broken at the wheel.

All his work, however good, goes to the fire. What he bakes you cannot eat although you eat what the other baker sets on it.

The potter is an aristocrat by nature, and always belongs to set. To several sets, in fact.

He is independent, and urns his own living.

He is a base-ball star, and makes a better pitcher than the "only Nolan."

He is a deacon, but he passes the plate regularly. A rigid temperance man, he is fond of his bowl. And he always makes it go round, too.

There never was but one fluid potter, and he did not stay fluid long, for he made a cup and saw, sir.

He is a generous fellow, and it is his nature to look cup.

He is a generous fellow, and what is his, is ewers.

He believes in human equality, and thinks the law should make claymen the equals of the clergy.

"Who breaks, pays," must have been originated by the potter. Although in these perilous times it is more likely to read "Who pays, breaks."

Valuable Testimony

To the efficacy of Dr. Roger's Liverwort, Tar and Canchalagua. Some time since Mr. George G. W. Morgan, a well known journalist of San Francisco, Cal., wrote us a letter, in which he related his miraculous escape from death by using the Liverwort and Tar. Afterwards he wrote again as follows: I wish to reaffirm and confirm all I have said as to the remedial virtues of Dr. Roger's Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Canchalagua, and will be pleased to bear testimony personally, or by letter as to the truth of my assertions, to any who may desire to know more of my case.

Dr. Tanner's German Ointment.

D. A. Chandler, of Patoka, Ill., March 16, 1877, says: "One of my neighbor's little boys smashed his thumb about one year ago, and it was supposed by everybody that it would have to be taken off. I got him to try one box of Tanner's German Ointment. It cured him sound and well. He had tried good doctors on it, to no effect. The boy's father's name is Noble Crane, of Lantoon, Marion Co., Ill.

The Young Poet and Advertising Man.

A timid, but really rather pretty young man came stepping softly into the *Hawkeye* sanctum yesterday afternoon, when nobody was in but the advertising solicitor, who was writing a half column puff of Slab & Headstone's new marble shop. The young man took off his hat and said "Good morning," and the advertising man snarled. "What is poetry worth?" asked the timid but pretty young man.

"Forty cents a line," said the advertising man, promptly and rather tenderly, "and you can't do better anywhere in America. The advantages we offer for the publication of poetry are unsurpassed on either side of the Mississippi. Our circulation, standing in five figures the first year, has steadily increased three times an hour ever since, and poetry published in this paper is placed in the hands of 150,000 families before night. How much have you?"

"Perhaps," said the timid young man fairly reeling with delight, "it's a little too long."

"Makes no difference," said the ad. man, beaming upon him kindly. "We'll put it all in if we have to issue a supplement. And everything over 3,000 lines goes at thirty-five cents."

The timid young man looked disappointed.

"It isn't so much then," he said, "when it is very long?"

"Never," replied the ad. man, magnanimously. "Never; less room, more pay; that's the way you make your living. Get your copy with you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man joyfully; "would you like to read it, sir, or shall I read it?"

"No, I don't care to read it just now. Sit down and we'll count it."

So they sat down and counted it.

"My heart, my heart in throbbing numbers tells," read the ad. man. "Heart medicine, young man?" he asked in the patronizing way of a man who knows everything.

"No, sir," replied the young man in amazed tones, while the ad. man counted away for dear life. "No, sir; a rhapsody, sir."

"Oh, yes; yes, of course," said the ad. man, in reassuring tones. "Hundred nine, hund ten, hund 'leven—course, hund fourteen—haint done much in rhapsodies since Helmbold failed—hund twenty-three—good things though, we took a gross of 'em last spring on Pad & Lotion's column—hund for'-two—and I wore one myself two weeks and it made hund fift'-four—man of me. One hundred and sixty-eight lines, sir, and we'll throw in a four line head and won't count the odd half line—$65.20; call it an even $65 cash down. Just step to the business office and I'll give you a receipt."

We don't know what happened immediately after that. We only know that when the footman opened the door of the carriage to let us out at the marble steps of the *Hawkeye* office, the ad. man was leaning on the heavy bronze balustrades, gazing won