

Cambridge

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FARMER WHO THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."
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PISO'S CURE FOR CURE FOR ALL THE LUNG DISEASES.

I believe PISO'S Cure
for Consumption saved
my life.—A. H. DOWELL,
Editor, Enquirer, Eden,
N. C., April 20, 1887.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURE FOR ALL THE LUNG DISEASES.

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Beauty

Abundant and Glossy, Ayer's Hair Vigor,

"We have no time to throw away," cried the other, rising and ringing a bell which stood upon the table before him. "Merry is wasted on obstinacy. The rack shall make you speak."
"Can the rack teach me that which I do not know," retorted the prisoner. The older man, without replying, signalled to two attendants who entered the hall. "Take the prisoner," he said, "and bind him on the rack. Let me be summoned when all is in readiness."
The young man, who did not blanch, was seized by the executioners and hurried through devious passages to the great torture chamber, where these noble lords who entrance must give the signal for his execution. From the audience hall, the other—Doris himself—a tall, white-haired old man, gazed at his nephew with a stern and gloomy eye. But there was nothing to be gained by inquisitive glances. Luigi's countenance remained as impassive as his words, and when the signal for his execution was given, they turned away with indifference to drag a trencher from his lips.

The torture was applied again the next day, and the next, and yet again. As the prisoner became weaker, his self-control gave way, and he sobbed and moaned and shrieked, but he never spoke. Each day he smiled anew before they laid him on the rack, and repeated his old formula, "How can the torture make me reveal what I am ignorant of? I know of no conspiracy, signor! I have no follow."
"There are other ways than the rack to make you reveal your evil knowledge," said the prince, on one occasion, when, pale, exhausted, almost dying, the miserable sufferer was carried past him. "But in an instant the white face lighted up."
"I have no knowledge, signor!" he panted, and smiled again.

The next morning Luigi awaited in vain the appearance of the two executioners. Instead, late in the day his door was unlocked by a cripple, who, standing on the threshold, beckoned him to come. Bruised and faint, Luigi staggered to his feet and followed the guide, who led him down a succession of short stairways to a narrow door. The man, who had turned back behind him, had his hand on his companion's arm, as he had been with his companion, was too weak to think of resistance or escape. The guide threw the door open with a clang. The dungeon which they entered was small and dimly lighted from an opening high above their heads. It was evident that they stood far below the level of the earth. The guide, once more beckoned Luigi, and, in a hasty and noisy way, he entered a room, where a table, a chair, and a rough stool, were laid out. Luigi felt a strange sense of relief, as he entered the room. He looked around at the rough furniture, and a faint smile crossed his lips. "When you weary of solitude," he said, "or wish for the sunshine, or perchance desire nothing more than a mouthful of fruit, or a swallow of fresh spring water, you have but to write the names of your desires upon this tablet, and place it in the shaft. You will receive your freedom and all that the heart of man can desire, otherwise your imprisonment is life-long."

"In a moment," more the prisoner heard the jar of the closing door, and the heavy bolts were drawn. Footsteps resounded through the cavernous halls and died away. He was alone in the chamber, and as he lay on his hand on him a paper dropped from his hand into these, and was gone before we could even see properly what it was.
The old man frowned. "You have been careless servants," he ejaculated, and for a moment sat in silence. Then he spoke: "Remove the cloth from his head, but leave his arms bound. Write his name on the tablet. The cloth when stripped away exposed the head and face of a young man of thirty, with bold and swarthy features, and eyes of flashing blackness. He gazed steadily at the man before him.
"Well, Luigi, if that be the same man you love," cried the latter, "I have secured you at last. For a humble man," he continued, with a sneer, "you have given much trouble to my betters. And now you are in our hands, do you care to earn our further bounty? From more sides than one they have reached us rumors of the conspiracy. See Luigi, what power your friends may hold, they can no longer help you. You have no hope save in us. To plot against our Admiral, the wellspring of our glory, deserves the blackest death. Therefore, confess to all your part in the conspiracy, and we will spare your life. But if you refuse, full freedom is for all past offenses, even the enduring friendship of the Dorias, for one small favor. Give me the names of your fellow conspirators in this evil league, and you shall find how nobly Doris can reward those who have rendered him a service."
The speaker ceased. The other, looking at him with face devoid of all expression, answered, "I am a simple merchant, come to Genoa to buy goods which I hope to sell again at a profit in Rome. You will find them in the galley whence I was torn. I know nothing of such a conspiracy as you speak of."
"I have no follow," answered the younger man. "I can not tell you that which I know not myself."

half-satisfied creature to his side, but when he looked over he saw the mouse sprang back, terrified, and disappeared beneath the crack, from which no efforts of his could coax it back.
The next morning Luigi slept late, and was aroused by the snapping of the tiny door in the wall. The tray again bore him a bounteous meal, but this time he brought no such appetite to the gloom of his cell and the silence which he could not escape. "I am buried alive," he cried, "and my friends might as well search the Mediterranean for the bones of the sailor drowned last year as search Genoa for me."
The hours passed drearily. His daily tortures had at least given him something to do, and furnished exercise for his powers of endurance and self-control; but there was nothing to do now, and he was doomed to idleness. His thoughts grew weary with tracing and retracing the same paths. Five times the scanty twilight died away did the tiny iron door burst open, and the heavily laden tray offered its delicacies in vain for his delight. No human being entered his dungeon, no sound penetrated the walls which inclosed him, and he knew of what torments his deprivation might become the source. In such a mood as this the presence of the mouse, which had crept close to him, afforded a welcome relief, and he joyfully threw it some morsels of bread, abstaining from any motion which might alarm it.

The third day passed as the second had done, except for one incident. As Luigi, reflecting on the probably unimproved imprisonment before him, wondered at the depths of vacancy his mind assumed, until he was aroused upon the tablet and the writing implements lying on the stone. He sprang up. "Ha!" he muttered, "they count upon my mind's failing, and they have not reckoned on the fact that I may write the names they wish. We will make it safe!" Seizing the tablet, he wrote in the dust, and he joyfully threw it some morsels of bread, abstaining from any motion which might alarm it.
Added to this were his physical sufferings from the daily decrease in his allowance of food, so that he now actually experienced the pangs of hunger. The mouse, who had been in the twenty-four hours, and even then brought him, in the shape of a crust of bread and a sip of water, barely enough to sustain life. There was now a constant struggle between Luigi and the mouse as to which should secure this pittance. It was true that the greater strength of the mouse was only to find the means of when it approached his cage, he descended to the level of the mouse, which appeared as regularly as his meals. Luigi, who had been in the twenty-four hours, without rest, for the return of the shaft. When the tiny portal burst asunder he leaped forward and stretched his hand into the opening, only to find the mouse there before him. After a brief struggle, Luigi, although weak from his privations, succeeded in rescuing the precious morsels from the animal, though at the cost of some severe blows. The two glared savagely at each other while the man devoured the bread. The mouse jumped down just in time to escape the rapid ascent of the shelf, and contrary to its usual custom, sat on the table, while Luigi, with his hunger still unquenched, watched uneasily for the return of his little persecutor, but it did not come back, and there suddenly fell upon the unhappy man a deadly drowsiness which he could not shake off. He rose and paced his dungeon, but finally stumbled and fell from sheer inability to lift his feet. He would have been unable to drag himself from a restful slumber, had not been roused by some sharp noise. Reverting to his last waking thought, he sprang to the shaft, only to see the mouse sitting on the empty shelf beside an overturned water-jug and an empty platter. The creature seemed staring at him with a grin of malice. With wild eyes and a cry of despair the unhappy man flung himself upon the mouse, and clutched it in both hands, concentrating more grasp all the strength of his madness was capable.

"That night the insurrection of Fiesco opened the dungeons of the ducal palace and set the prisoners free, but too late to save Luigi. The friends who rescued him knew that he had been faithful through trials, and for the rest of his short life he was tenderly guarded. But an insensible man, he moaned perpetually under the spell of some strange power, and occasionally broke into fearful paroxysms of terror, in which he would endeavor to throttle his attendants, under the hallucination that his mysterious enemy had once more come to life in them.—*Zo. Dana Underhill, in Harper's Weekly.*

Silent, But Very Industrious.
"You don't appear to have much to say, Mr. McGinnis," remarked the landlady.
"No, ma'am," said the barber, "I'm not doing much talking, but I keep on saving wood, ma'am, just as hard."

It is a Big Fellow, the Skin Measuring Over Nine Feet.
He Tells in His Own Peculiar Way How, with His "Good Dogs and Favored Fine Gun," He Killed It.
Walking down the broad street of L—, one afternoon recently, I chance to enter a store upon some trifling purchase, when to my delight I discovered, stretched over a dry-goods box, the largest and handsomest tiger skin I ever saw! It was evidently fresh killed, for the blood was scarcely dry in places and to the touch it felt as velvety as though the lion form it had covered still stalked in stately sovereignty through the glancing shadows of Swanne's swamps!

Old Jim's Tiger.
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"Who killed it?" was of course the first question; indeed, seeing this, the clerk anticipated us: "Old Uncle Jim killed it, and just brought it in a moment ago." "Where is Old Jim?" I asked. "He is in the store, with some eagles, glancing around the store." "Ah! here you are, old man! Come out of that barrel and tell us about it! How is it you have got that piece of skin and come to killing panthers now?" Old Jim's black face brightened with a proud, responsive grin, as he slid down off the barrel and approached the doctor, doffing a greasy and battered wool hat. "Data with a big fur like that, you know, him 'tired to buy for a panther!" and old Jim glanced with conscious pride towards the dry-goods box. "All right, then, that settles the size of him, you see, and when you see him, you'll see he was a real tiger." "Well, you see, gentlemen," rolling up the whites of his eyes till they looked like glass marbles, "you see my place, my back, hit do light enter do Wakassay swamp and he is a powerful fine gun, I natchally goes a huntin' sun times, the 'my old lady do say when she quarrel, hit do hit do natch' else but hunt."
"So steadily mornin' I had business down in do back field—dat's what I tell you—dat I has business down in do back field, hit do hit do light enter do Wakassay swamp and he is a powerful fine gun, I natchally goes a huntin' sun times, the 'my old lady do say when she quarrel, hit do hit do natch' else but hunt."
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TUNISIAN FISHERIES.
The Export of Sponges an Important Branch of Trade in Regency.
According to Mr. Sandwith's report on the trade of Tunis for the past year the sponge fishery continues to be an important branch of industry in the regency, from Zaria in the extreme south, as far north as Sfax. The Vice-Consul at the latter station that 400 Greeks, 500 Sicilians and 1,400 Tunisians are engaged in the fishery. One London and three Paris firms have agents at Sfax, who buy up the whole produce. The diving apparatus called the scaphandre used to be extensively employed by the fishermen, but it has been superseded by an instrument called the gangara, a species of diver resembling that in use in the other fishery. Its employment, however, is forbidden during the months of March, April and May, when the sponge's growth is most active. The harpoon is also much in use by the fishermen. The total export of sponge from Tunis in 1887, according to the customs returns, was £24,000 against £35,915 in 1886. The tunny fishery is a monopoly of the State, and the present lease was made for a term of fifty years shortly before the French occupation in 1881. The tunny fishery in the Mediterranean in the spring and one body of them strikes the coast of Cape Tunia. Here the fish are interrupted by nets and a long straddle net is stowed round the nets for the purpose, and dragged into the boats, as many as 600 being sometimes thus captured in a single haul. They are then cut up and preserved in oil, and packed in tin cans of various sizes and at once sold for export. About three-fourths of the whole are thus treated and find a ready sale in Italy, of the rest, which can not be sold and eaten fresh is salted, and is mostly sent to Malta and Sicily, salted tunny fish fetching only half the price of that preserved in oil. The average annual value of this fishery is estimated at £20,000, which does not figure in the customs returns, as tunny pays no duty. The fishing season opens about May 20 and continues till near the end of June, between 2,000 and 3,000 men being engaged in the fishery. The octopus or cuttlefish is not taken in Tunis as a article of food, £2,800 worth having been exported last year to Greece, being almost the only Tunisian product which finds its way to that country.—*Lectant Herald.*