

Cambridge Freeman, Published Weekly at EPHENSBURG, PA. BY JAMES G. HASSON. Guaranteed Circulation - 1900.

REPRINTING RATES... The large and reliable circulation of the Cambridge Freeman commands it to be the most desirable medium for the advertiser...

Have you tried OLD MONESTY CHEWING TOBACCO? Made from finest grades of Leaf Tobacco.

Ask your dealer for it. Insist on trying it. John Finzer & Bros. Louisville, Ky.

OILS! OILS! The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Naphta and Gasoline.

MADE FROM PETROLEUM. We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most Uniformly Satisfactory Oils in the market ask for ours.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, PITTSBURG, PA.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR. COR. CHEVING AND SAMPLE STREETS EPHENSBURG, PA.

Blair House Barber Shop. Barber Shop! A first-class Barber Shop has been opened in the Blair House where the hair is cut and shaved in the most skillful manner...

THRESHING MACHINES. A Specialty. Threshing Machines, Reapers and Mowers. Saw Mills, Planes and all kinds of machinery.

A. B. FARQUHAR CO. PAPER MANUFACTURING WORKS, YORK, PA.

WASHINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY. The first female seminary in the North. Located in the city of Washington, D.C.

BONANZA COGNAC. A. MOTT, New York City.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO? It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it.

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make old clothes bright, and give the floor a shine. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash basin, the bath tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new housekeeper and try it.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. VOLUME XXV. EPHENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1891. NUMBER 36.

IF WE ONLY KNOW. If we only knew in the early morn. What we know each close of day. If we only knew the battles here. That we must wage, by the way.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. THE MOST SURE REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED, AS IT IS CERTAIN IN ITS EFFECTS AND DOES NOT HURT.

AS FROM THE DEAD. A Late Millionaire Tries to Circumvent His Widow.

Scene—Retired corner in the reading room of an aristocratic up-town club. Two elegantly dressed gentlemen are discussing wines, cigars and other local topics.

Mr. Charley Knickerbocker (a rising young lawyer)—Where do you keep yourself after dark, nowadays? I never see you at the theaters or in the clubs.

Mr. Frank Courtland (a society man)—Between ourselves, in the strictest confidence, I devote five evenings of the week in calling on a lady whom I hope to lead to the altar one of these fine days.

Charley (with the air of a man who has been there many a time)—You don't tell me so? Ain't you rather overdoing the courting business? Now, I am paying addresses to Miss Bonnell, and, all about this letter-writing, what is in good form, but it never occurs to me to call more than twice a week. I really think that's as often as she cares to see me.

Frank (earnestly)—That's often enough when you are courting a young girl, but the object of my aspirations is a widow. When it comes to courting a widow, like advertising, you can't overdo it. I know what I am doing.

Charley—So she is a widow? If it is not too late, I should like to know what she is like. I am sure you would not ask what is the name of the disconsolate female whose bereavement you are trying to mitigate.

Frank (with a sigh)—The name is Mrs. Van Slyek. I understand what you mean. Charley (very much surprised)—I don't wonder at the frequency of your visits. Old Van Slyek must have left her a large fortune. She is a charming lady, and deserves a good husband after all she went through with that old man.

Frank—Were you acquainted with my late predecessor—that is, if the widow is not a widow? Charley—I knew him only by sight, but my old chum, Tommy Vanderclump, knew the family very well, and he told me all about their married life. Old Van Slyek was more than double his wife's age, and as ugly as a crazy quill. He was a fatsetto widge and a false set of teeth, no hair on his head and was very nervous.

Frank (with a deep sigh)—No, it has not, and that is what worries me. Charley loves me dearly and has consented to become my wife, but whenever I ask her to fix the date she hedges for mysterious reasons that I cannot quite comprehend. She seems to have some secret trouble on her mind.

Charley—Haven't you got any idea what it is? Frank—I have a vague idea that she is superstitious and that she imagines that her late husband visits the premises. He threatened to haunt the home if she ever married again. Do you believe in spirits?

Charley (sipping his wine)—Yes, if they are old and of the right brand; but I don't believe in the fact that ghosts never show themselves except by a dim light and only to one person at a time completely gives them away. What shape does old Van Slyek take?

Frank—I can't find out. Charley—that is, Mrs. Van Slyek—doesn't care to talk much about it. All I know is that the dread of being haunted by old Van Slyek's ghost prevents her fixing the date for our marriage. Perhaps she is preparing to fire me out of her affections.

Charley—I don't think you need entertain any apprehensions. She is probably enjoying the sport of playing her fish before she lands him. Some day she will rope you in as the widow Claudia de Mohamand. The victim may struggle against fate, but all at once he sinks into the matrimonial sea with a bubbling roar and all is over.

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Charley—If I were in your place I'd investigate any spiritualistic manifestations that materialize. Some rival of yours may be putting up a little game on you. Put Inspector Byrnes on his track. Well, I have an engagement. (Exit Mr. Charles Knickerbocker.)

Scene II (Interior of the parlor of the Van Slyek mansion)—Mr. Frank Courtland and Mrs. Van Slyek are seen in confidential conversation.

Frank (despairingly)—Will you not tell me, Carrie, why you treat me so cruelly? Why did you encourage me as you have done, when now you tell me we must part forever?

Carrie (tearfully but firmly)—I cannot marry you, Mr. Courtland. A voice from the tomb forbids it.

Frank—A voice, did you say? I receive letters continually from my late husband.

TWO WERE MISSING. A Clever Thief's Work and How He Was Captured.

CHAPTER I. One morning about ten o'clock a St. Petersburg money lender and merchant was seated in his shop trying to devise some means of investing a considerable surplus which a creditor had just paid him.

CHAPTER II. In these days a line of sentinels was established at the corners of all the principal streets, who formed a part of the police force of the city.

CHAPTER III. The general was driven to the block in which the jeweler's shop was situated. Stopping at the nearest sentry's box, he said to himself: "I passed here yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Did you see me?"

CHAPTER IV. The general was driven to the bridge. At its entrance he said to the sentry: "I passed here at twenty minutes to eleven yesterday morning. Did you see me?"

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A SUDDEN SHOWER. Handkerchiefs were up on the street, and school boys, pale and wet, looked from the sidewalks at their heads.

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Advertising Rates. The large and reliable circulation of the Cambridge Freeman commands it to be the most desirable medium for the advertiser...

LONDON TO NEW YORK. The Joke Played on an American Photographer in England.

CHAPTER I. The camera club in London, as everybody may not know, has now five members near Charing Cross, ever so many stories high, and filled with dark rooms and all sorts of luxuries inside.

CHAPTER II. When a London club attains the luxury of a telephone it is at once a well-known among the leading institutions of the kind in the metropolis.

CHAPTER III. This story is the narrative of the frequentation of the members of the camera club, and as I have brought the matter to the attention of the committee, and as they have done nothing to punish Mr. Kinome, I think it only right to make the whole thing public.

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