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Cambridge Freeman

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1896.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

NUMBER 4.

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The large and reliable circulation of the Cambridge Freeman is an inducement to the advertiser to send his orders to the publisher at the following rates:	
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A CRY FOR HELP

Result of a Prompt Reply

Two Open Letters that Should Prompt Thousands of American Women to Go and Do Likewise

LITTLE FALLS, MINN., May 11, 1894.

"I am suffering, and need your aid. I have terrible pains in both sides, extending down to the front of my limbs and lower part of my back, attended by backache and pains in the back of the neck and ears. The doctors have given me opiates to quiet the pain. I have a very high fever nearly all the time. I am nervous and cannot stand. My doctor says I must keep in bed. Now I place myself under your care. I am only twenty-one years old and too young to suffer so much."

MRS. CHARLES PARKER.

The above letter from Mrs. Parker was received by Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., May 15, and received a prompt reply. The following letter reached Mrs. Pinkham five months later. Note the result:

LITTLE FALLS, MINN., Sept. 21.

"I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers of all female complaints that Lydia E. Pinkham's treatment and Vegetable Compound have entirely cured me of all the pains and suffering I was enduring when I wrote her last

MRS. CHARLES PARKER.

May. I followed her advice to the letter, and the result is simply wonderful. May Heaven bless her and the good work she is doing for our sex! If you are sick or in trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham. Her advice invariably brings relief. Your letter will be received, read and answered by one of our own sex."

Druggists say there is a tremendous demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and it is doing lots of good, that is the blessed thing about it.

Three Books Worth Getting—"Guide to Health," "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," "Woman's Triumph."—These are FREE

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF
SAPOLIO
FARMERS!
TAKE NOTICE

When you want GOOD FLOUR take your grain to the OLD SHENKLE MILL in Ebensburg. The FULL ROLLER PROCESS for the manufacture of Flour has been put in the Old Shenkle Grist Mill in Ebensburg and turns out nothing but FIRST CLASS WORK.

S. D. LUDWIG,

PROPRIETOR.

FOR ARTISTIC
JOB PRINTING
TRY THE FREEMAN.

AGENTS WANTED
CANCER

POINTS OF LAW.
A partner cannot bind the firm by endorsing a note for the accommodation of another person.
A representation though false will not vitiate a contract unless it relates to a material fact.
When a horse runs away without fault of the driver the person injured thereby cannot recover damages.
In the absence of an agreement to the contrary, delivery to a common carrier is delivery to the consignee.
Compounding the interest and promising to pay by the borrower is valid, if supported by a consideration.
The doctrine that the assets of a corporation are a trust fund for its creditors applies only to insolvent corporations.
Damages for personal injuries should include compensation for medical expenses, loss of time, pain and permanent injury of the injured party.
Bonds of indemnity given by a fidelity insurance company are governed by the same principles as are policies of insurance.
The burden of proving that a sale was a conditional one, as between an executor and a purchaser, is on the purchaser, rests on the seller.
"What would you do, miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?" "I should certainly set my face against it, sir."
Richmond Dispatch to start on his wedding trip bids his parents farewell, then to his young wife—"Good-by, dear, good-by!" "What! Are you saying good-by to me, too?" "Why, that's so, you are going with me!"—Fleigende Blätter.
"Lillian," he said, severely, to the new woman, "did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" And then she put her hand in the inside pocket of her overcoat, started, got red in the face and almost wished that she had never been manipulated.—Washington Star.
Dancing by Telephone.
A story comes from Vienna of dancing by telephone. The ball took place in the Hungarian town of Temesvar, preceded by a concert, the audience listening at loud-speaking telephones fixed against the wall round the room to a military band which was playing in the morning and finish up late at night. It is reported that the ball was given in aid of a theatrical performance given by artists in the theaters at Budapest, and to popular songs which were being given in Segedin. Then the room was cleared, and hundreds of young people danced for hours to music played in all these towns.

"When you hear one railroad man remark of another: 'He's out on his swing,' don't think he's swaying to and fro under a tree in the park, but a railroader to a Philadelphia Bulletin reporter. "You can rest assured that he is attending to his duties. A swing is a run where the men make a swing in the morning and finish up late at night. In the middle of the day they rest."

THE OLD BELL COW.

When I was but a boy I used so happily to roam through every nook and corner of the dear old country home.
At dewy morn to pasture I would drive the cows and when the sun was fading in the west I drove them home again.
There was one thing that I never remember very well.
It seems but yesterday I saw the cow that wore the bell.
She wasn't any prettier nor of a better breed.
But all the others followed her wherever she would lead.
And in my youthful mind I used to wonder why and how.
It was that all the cattle tagged the old bell cow.
Strange years of shadow and of shine have passed away since then,
And now I mingle daily with the busy hosts of men,
And still I muse as earnestly as what I used to do.
For men, I find, are likewise queer peculiar creatures, too.
And some have notions made of gold, without a spark of iron.
And while some are only gifted forms all right and to the good,
And while the modest, worthy man the world may never heed,
The scoundrel, tho' it wears braes, steps in and takes the lead.
The one who "oots his horn" is sure to get the crowd of men.
I know why all the cattle tagged the old bell cow.
—Sixteen-sterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

STEMBLE'S INVESTMENT.

The town marshal, ex-officio editor of the Lariat, Exponent, afterwards declared that his had luck came that night with the rain. It first came leaking through the roof about midnight, and, finding a convenient crevice in his blankets, trickled slowly downward, until it awoke him with a start with a grunt of disgust, leaned over a corner of the diminutive room, seized an umbrella, opened it, thrust it accurately under the leak, and calmly fell asleep.
In the morning things were in even a worse state. The bed was a miniature island, the type-cases were half filled with water, and the press, a foot-power affair, stood cheerlessly in a damp corner as if waiting to be reconstituted from its all-night exposure.
Even then, Hank made no remark—the first act after sitting up in his blankets being to pull forth slowly a huge plug of tobacco from his hip-pocket, take a generous chew, and then, as if fortified against all manner of disagreeable things to rights.
There was a knock at the door.
"Come," he shouted, gruffly; and there appeared to view a little old gentleman whose black frock-coat, white shirt and quiet dignity accorded well with his gray hair and mustache.
"Pardon me," said, with a slight air of diffidence, "but is this the editor of the Exponent?"
Hank nodded.
"I am Col. Stembler," the little old fellow continued, affably, "and I am up here on special business for the Black Butte Cattle Company. Now, if you come to the point, I am very anxious to have a special edition of your paper published today."
Hank kicked an empty tin can under the press, and beckoned the visitor to enter. People were wont to say that he was a cautious man.
"It will pay," the little old fellow continued, "and this will give you some idea of my worth as an advertiser. You see, I edit some pencil notes and a new greenback."
"Get the paper out by three o'clock at the latest, and above all things make it interesting."
"I'll do it," Hank replied, with customary brevity; and then, with renewed energy, he resumed the renovation of the little one-story shanty which served as editorial office, press-room and home.
The old gentleman smiled to himself as he trudged away—such a paternal, benevolent smile as to seem almost out of place in such an unconventional village.
Constant abuse of those under you will strengthen your lungs at the expense of your manners.
If you must smoke while at business, do it under the nose of the "boss," and not in the lanthanum. You will the sooner learn what he thinks of you.
Borrowed Mirth.
"Professor, how does the hair-cut suit you?"
The hair is altogether too short!
A little longer, please.—Fleigende Blätter.
"What would you do, miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?" "I should certainly set my face against it, sir."
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ARKANSAS DIAMONDS.

Worthless Bits of Quartz and the Duel They Quoted.
In no book on modern dueling have I been able to find even a suggestion of one of the best stories on this subject that I ever heard. Accountable for this are two facts—the incident had its occurrence many years ago and the scene of it was in a place that, even in this day of railroads, is not overly accessible.
I was waiting for a stage in one of the back settlements in one of the mountain counties of Arkansas one day last summer when one of the settlers of the community addressed me.
"I see in a Laclede Rock paper 'thunder day' he said, 'that there's bin some diamonds found over in Africa.'
"There's nothing new in that," I replied. "But the field has been broken, and, in speculation at least, until the excitement has grown tremendously."
"Well, I don't know that," the old fellow remarked. "I ain't goin'—I only heard that it might be all a hoax, like a diamond find we once had was a hoax."
"Did you think there were diamonds in this part of the mountains?" I inquired.
"Think! We knowed it for awhile, but after a scientific feller come here, and after a dool of some size we learned different."
The old man climbed to the top of a knoll in the one store of the town in which the conversation was taking place, and as he mentioned the duel half a dozen of the loungers who were more interested in me than they were in the old man's talk, crossed their necks and almost in chorus exclaimed:
"Tell erout that dool!"
Then one of them said: "Yer allus talkin' about it, but it ain't often yez see much more'n it jist happened."
The old man appeared to be flattered. He looked at me with the air of one who had an unperceived position in the community and was proud of it. I took up the cause of the man's mountain-view boys who were lounging about the place.
"Go ahead with the story," I said. "We'll have a drop from the proprietor to wet your whistle properly and then we'll listen."
"I never talk about that dool," the old man said. "These young fellows hev all heard their daddies talk about it, anyhow."
There was a long silence. In the meantime the knoll, which had been the woodsman who was running the store had brought out a bottle of white fire, better known as moonshine whisky, with a rusty tin cup, out of which were talking Lariat, and hears much talk of red whisky sold over here in large cities, but one never knows what liquid fire and brimstone are until he has had a swallow of the whisky that is to be had at the backwoods stills of the mountains.
The old man looked like diamonds, anyway," the old man remarked, as he thoughtfully smacked his lips and passed the cup to the next one. "That was in the '40s, I reckon, and the few of us was here didn't know much about the country. Our folks had come to the lands over at New Madrid 30 years before, and here they stuck, just as I hev stuck some time. There was no newspapers and no railroads. One night there was a steambath and that's the only way we ever got much word from the outside world. The Peersoll boys was the liveliest fellows in the settlement, and one of 'em come to them would go to New Orleans and sell some of the hides that we got together. When he was down there he'd get ideas of things that we didn't know nothing about. One of the boys would go one time and one another, and each time that they went there was a big time around, I'll tell you. One time, jist after Ollie Peersoll hed come back from New Orleans, he got to tellin' about seeing a man who had paid a fortune for a shirt stud. That was the first time most of us had ever heard about diamonds. Ollie Peersoll described the things, keepin' it told us that they was found only in a few parts of the world. When he got done, there wasn't a feller in the crowd that wasn't as worked up as he'd ever heard a ghost story. While Ollie Peersoll was standin' on the side kick after his tale, see-see play, the here-another of our fellers, Bill Sims by name, slipped around to him and took him to one side. I heered afterward that he took a walk over to the side of the hill, and Ollie he put his hand to his mouth and tell him to be quiet, and then they straggled together.
"I didn't think no more of it until the next evening, when Ollie come to me all excitement and sed: 'See here, Tom, I'm in trouble.'
"He dropped the bag a minute later and one shot came. I thought that one of the guns had missed, but when Bill and Ollie tumbled for on their faces, I knowed that the both had fired together.
"This is one time," said the man from London, "that science didn't do no good before and kain't do no good after."—St. Louis Republic.
A Costly Relic.
An antiquarian in Taunton recently was the victim of a new kind of swindle. He sent five dollars in answer to an advertisement which said the sender would receive a well-preserved piece of protective armor which had probably been used in the Trojan war. The proceeds were arrived on subsequent day, and on opening the bundle he found an old pair of musty-looking corsets bearing the following legend: "Dear Sir—This beautiful piece of ancient work is thought by the most recent scholars to be the very identical corset worn by the famous Helen when she took refuge with Paris within the ancient city of Troy. It is the only relic of the case. It was probably the property of the fair Cleopatra. Anyhow, we received the money, and it is kindly acknowledged by X. Y. Z."

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Mary Anderson Navarro, according to reports from England, in broken health. She is wheeled about in a bath chair every sunny morning.
A 17-year-old London boy killed himself with cyanide of potassium because he had to wear a wig while his hair, which had fallen out on account of a fever, was growing out again.
Mr. Eugene Szyse, the violinist, has bought, for \$5,000, the Stradivarius known as Hercules. It is dated 1722, is one of the most perfect of its family, and is beautifully preserved.
The late Prof. Boyesen's three sons have been made wards of the college by the trustees of Columbia College. They are now at school and the cost of their education is to be met by the college.
Malton A. Sellers, of Windsor Castle, Berks county, Pa., recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of his appointment as postmaster at that place. He secured the establishment of the office in 1845, and has been postmaster ever since.
Robert L. O'Brien, of Massachusetts, who during the last campaign acted as Mr. Cleveland's stenographer, and who has since been principal executive clerk, has resigned to become the Washington correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript.
Going Too Far.
"This here new woman business is gettin' to be too darned serious for a joke," said Uncle Hiram, solemnly.
"What's the matter now?" asked his nephew.
"Wasal, I was down sarter lookin' over my tough part, your city, an' a woman ran out of a house an' grabbed my hat."
"Oh, that's an old trick. Did you follow her?"
"Not much I didn't."
"That was lucky for you."
"I sorter reckoned that if she got this here 'new woman' fever so bad as all that," explained Uncle Hiram, "she could have the old hat an' wed one; an' I hollerer arter her that if she'd give me her address I'd ship her down a pair of overalls when I get back to the farm."—Chicago Post.

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