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JAS. C. HANSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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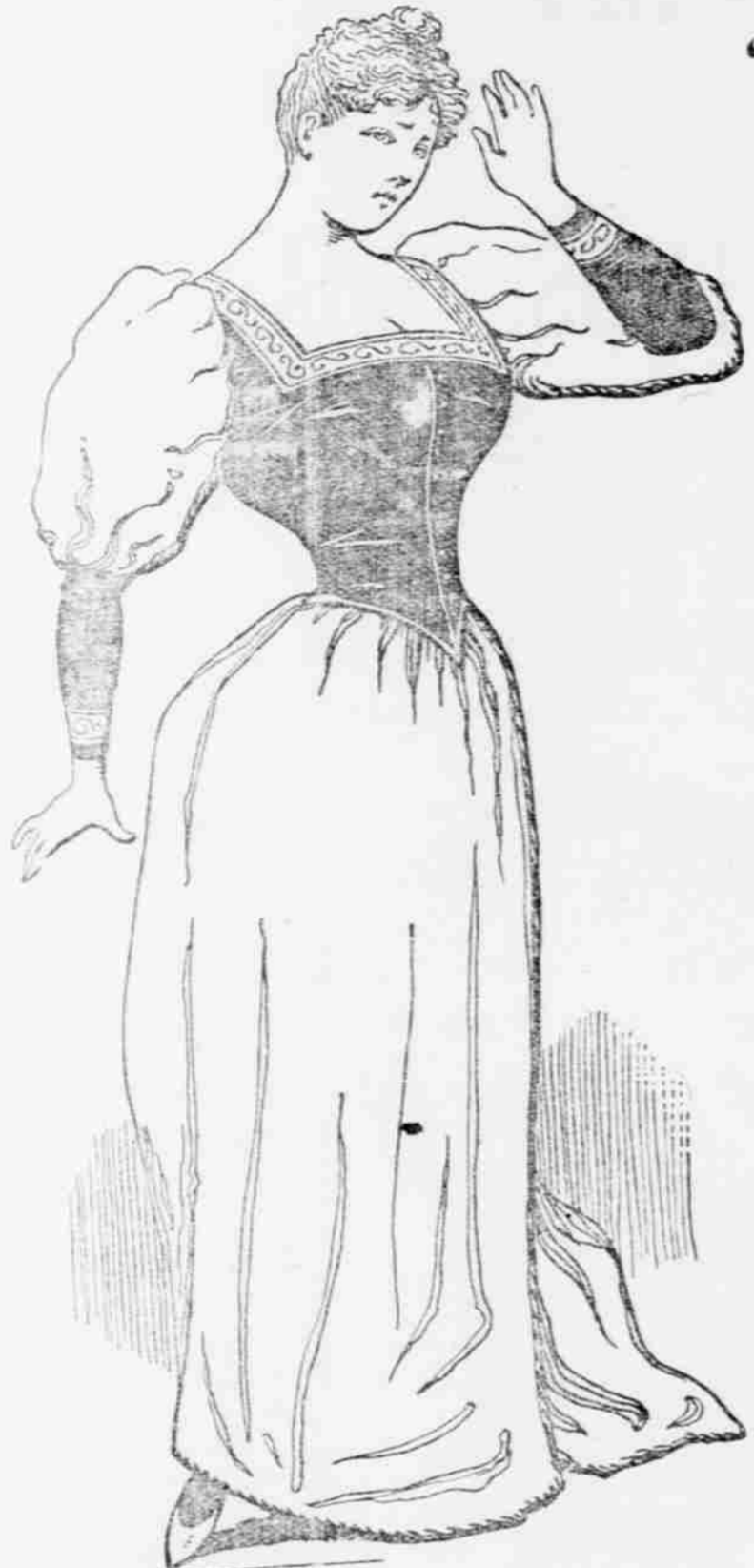
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Call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, and we will give it special attention at the lowest price. And don't forget it.

A PEN PICTURE

Many Women Will Recognize It



"O, H, I am so nervous! No one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my whole body! I honestly think my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so; but I've no cough. I'm so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly. Then I have palpitation, and my heart hurts me. How I am losing flesh! and this headache nearly kills me; and the backache—why, I had hysterics yesterday!"

"There is that weight and bearing down feeling all the time; and there are pains in my groin and thighs. I can't sleep, walk or sit. I'm diseased all over. The doctor? Oh! he tells me to keep quiet. Such mockery!"

An unhealthy condition of the female organs can produce all the above symptoms in the same person. In fact, there is hardly a part of the body that can escape those sympathetic pains and aches.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is positively no need of it.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound acts promptly and thoroughly in such cases, strengthens the muscles, heals all inflammation, and restores the organ to its normal condition. Druggists are selling carloads of it. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., will gladly and freely answer all letters asking for advice.

Mrs. E. Bishop, 78 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., suffered all the above described miseries. Now she is well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her. Write her about it.

A prominent actress writes: "You cannot imagine the fearful condition I was in when I first wrote to you. I was simply no use to myself or anyone else. I had worked hard, and my nervous system was shattered from female complaint and travelling constantly. I ran the gamut of doctors' theories, till my health and frame were rapidly vanishing. I'm all right now, and am gaining flesh daily. I follow your advice faithfully in everything. Thank you ten thousand times for what your knowledge and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me."

If in doubt, write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

GAME BIRDS GOING.

Quail and Prairie Chickens Are Growing Very Scarce.

If Some Steps to Replenish the Stock in These Countries Are Not Taken They Will Soon Become Extinct—Gun Clubs Are to Blame.

Western lovers of that beautiful sport, hunting wild game birds, must be well satisfied with the vigilance of the Illinois game warden, Mr. Blow, aided by those gentlemen who hold similar positions in adjacent states. Energetic as their efforts are, however, it is to be feared they come too late to save the prairie chickens (pinnated grouse.) No measure, it is certain, can ever make them as plentiful on our prairies as they were a quarter of a century ago. Even if their slaughter were forbidden for a term of years, the utmost vigilance on the part of Mr. Blow and his assistants could not prevent the annual destruction of these numbers. Quail are becoming equally scarce, and unless the different hunting clubs take some steps to replenish the stock, game of the grouse family will soon become extremely rare.

England has always been a great game preserving country, but even there, where the game laws are very stringent, it has been found necessary to import large numbers of birds from foreign countries.

The dark-necked pheasant (phasianus colchicus) has long reigned as the king of English game birds. This pheasant was first brought from Asia, but has been indigenous in England for centuries. They are polygamous in their habits, and as the brilliant plumage of the male bird is in contrast to the somber brown of the hen, good sportsmen can easily distinguish them apart. They invariably let the females pass unharmed, so that the supply is fairly well maintained.

It is impossible, however, when a covey of partridges gets up, to distinguish the different sexes, so that both male and female have to fall alike to the unscrupulous and greedy sportsmen. Consequently they would become very scarce could not eggs and birds be obtained from abroad.

The first imported were the French, or red-legged variety (gallinula ferruginea), but they were very unsatisfactory, as when disturbed they prepared to run rather than fly. In addition, they did not interbreed with the native variety, but being larger and more gregarious, they were a great nuisance to the sportsmen. A few years ago it was discovered that the Hungarian partridges not only very nearly resembled the English species, but would interbreed, and dwell in harmony with it. This discovery has led to the importation of many thousands of these birds; indeed, the business has grown to such proportions that over a dozen firms are engaged in it, and last season over 100,000 brace were shipped from France on the Adriatic, the only port for the large extent of our country over which these birds are trapped.

Most of them are taken on the broad plains and low foothills of the Carpathians, and in the valleys of the Bohemian Alps. In the dense woods, that clothe the lower slopes of the latter, pheasants are also very plentiful and large numbers are trapped and imported.

In England five Hungarian partridges bring about \$1 to \$1.25 a brace, and in this country they are selling at \$2.50 to \$3.00. Partridges are \$2.50 to \$3.00 a brace, and pheasants about \$7, a pretty high price considering that only about 80 per cent. of these eggs are fertile. They are usually hatched by hand, or by the use of mechanical devices.

Both partridges and pheasants are prolific egg producers, their nests containing from 13 to 17 eggs, olive-brown in color, much rounded at one end, but pointed at the other. Their nests, however, are always on the ground, and the owners make but slight attempts to conceal them, so that the contents fall an easy prey to their many enemies. The English variety, by their measurably superior care of their eggs, have frequently increased, but this, however, is not the case with the Hungarian birds, who, if not too closely confined, lay large numbers of eggs, a surprising percentage of which will hatch out. The foreign birds are much harder and easier to raise than those of the English variety.

Their hardness would enable them to withstand the rigors of this climate. If some of our gun clubs, who have large territories and many members, were to obtain a consignment, their preserves would soon be stocked with this very desirable game bird. They never fly high, so that the expense of enclosing a few acres of land suitable for them to breed on would be trifling.

Another bird which has attracted the attention of game preservers in Ireland and Scotland, who control large areas of waste land, is the guinea fowl (capponia nomenclata). They are occasionally met with in this country in a domesticated state, but those who have shot them in the African jungles will readily acknowledge that few game birds surpass them, either in the excellence of their edible qualities. This bird has been strongly neglected by sportsmen in this country, though he really better eating than any other of the domesticated fowls. In consequence hunting clubs could obtain large numbers at a nominal price. If these were turned out on some wide expanse they would become as wild as hawks in the second generation, and would increase very rapidly, if they were not all other game birds in the number of eggs they lay, and the cunning with which they conceal their nests. — Chicago Inter Ocean.

TOLD OF A PARK SNAKE.

A Policeman's Explanation of a Worm Spot in the Asphalt Walk.

A Central park policeman was standing near the entrance at 100th street and Central park west the other day looking very thoughtful. He strove at the left-hand side of his fine red moustache with his right forefinger and gazed in an abstracted way at the lower rims of the wheels of carriages and bicycles as they passed.

"What is weighing on your mind so heavily?" asked an acquaintance.

The policeman turned savagely with "None of your—!" Then he broke off and said: "Oh, it's you, is it?" The savage look gave way to a half smile, and then the serious look came back again.

"I don't think," said he, "I don't know, and what's more, I don't give a cuss." Then he stopped talking to look at his questioner through the corners of his eyes. After a little urging and much hesitation he told this story:

"You asked me once if I'd ever seen any snakes here in the park, and I told you that I had never seen one. Well, I wasn't it? Yes, I thought so. Well, I've seen some snakes since then. Maybe you would like to hear about one that I've got to know pretty well? Yes? Just as I thought. Let us go down this walk a little way. I want to show you something first. Here we are. Do you see this little knob or hummock in the asphalt? Well, last spring, the first time I noticed it, it was a inch high. You can see for yourself that it's not more than half an inch high now. What do you suppose were it down so much?"

"The scuffling of shoes on it," the man guessed.

"Well, rather think it. The feet of men don't touch the edge of this walk twice a year. Do you see that robin's nest there in that oak? Well, the first time I saw that nest it was just swarming with the last of five eggs. I don't know in that nest. I know that there were five eggs in the snake because they showed in five bunches in the snake's middle—the cuss had swallowed them whole. He was a black one, by the way, and could climb like a gray squirrel."

"But, as I was saying, that snake had five unbroken eggs in him, and I was wondering about what he was going to do with them. I found out pretty soon. The snake climbed toward the wall, head first and crept toward the wall, getting along pretty slow, for he was only 14 inches long, and the five eggs made a pretty big load for him."

"The snake came straight toward this hummock here, and I was standing right here by these bushes. He crawled around the hummock several times, then stuck his head in this little hole here in the asphalt, and then drew himself up into a hump, with his tail stick. In this little crack here—only the crack wasn't so large then—and then he stood up just like a letter U upside down. Then he straightened out, and down came one of the eggs on to that hummock there. I heard the egg break. The snake raised up again and another egg was broken, and so on until there wasn't a whole egg in the snake. That's what wore that hummock down, for all summer the snake broke his eggs on it."

"Is that what made you think and look so seriously?" the man asked, as the policeman stopped talking.

"Oh, no. I was just wondering if it wouldn't be a good plan for my policeman to be made auxiliary observers of natural history here in the park.—N. Y. Sun.

DRINKS OF MANKIND.

Many of Them, Including Beer, Are Very Ancient.

In the beginning men drank water and then came to use the milk of cows, asses and camels. Then in some spirit of investigation they drew the milk of mares and perhaps the supply more than equaled the demand, for some of it was left over to stand and ferment, and as a result they had kummys, from which they first learned the delights of intoxication.

Next in harmlessness to milk are those drinks which are prepared from the products of the soil without the aid of fermentation. Such are tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate. Among these the use of cocoa is probably the most ancient in Europe, as it reached there before either tea and coffee. Emperor Montezuma must have been very fond of it, as he had 2,000 jars prepared daily for the use of his household and 50 for his own consumption.

Columbus, who did many good things, carried the knowledge of cocoa to Europe and it soon became very popular in Spain. It was introduced to England in 1657 and about the beginning of the 18th century chocolate, which is a preparation from the same plant, became fashionable here.

Coffee, the drink more highly regarded to-day than any other, was first used in Abyssinia in 873. Thence it was brought to Arabia. A Greek first introduced it to England and made himself famous by the act.

Tea, which rivals coffee in favor, is a native of China, where it has been grown for over 1,000 years. Peppermint leaves having drunk it in 1660, showing that it was then a novelty.

It will surprise those who like beer to hear that it is not a modern invention. It was made by the Egyptians many hundreds of years before the Christian era, as well as by the Greeks and Romans. We have received it from the ancient Gauls, who were great drinkers as well as feeders. Undoubtedly the use of beer was common as early as the use of wine.

Among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Romans, we have received it from the ancient Gauls, who were great drinkers as well as feeders. Undoubtedly the use of beer was common as early as the use of wine.

RELATED OF THE RENOWNED.

King Menelek of Abyssinia is passionately fond of champagne.

The prince of Wales is suffering from an attack of low spirits and his face has grown very care worn of late.

President Faure of France is said to be growing weary of the cares of office, and is not as energetic as he used to be.

It is said that Nansen agreed, for the sum of \$5,000, to send his first message on his return to an English newspaper.

Ismael de Lesseps, son of the Grand Canal, has just been sentenced to a short term of imprisonment for threatening a judge de paix who had spoken disrespectfully of his mother.

Lord Lighthelm was not a rich man when he died, in spite of the large sum he earned during his lifetime, and his famous house, with all its art treasures, must be sold at auction.

Mr. Gladstone usually has three books in reading at the same time and soon becomes weary of them. He thinks that his mind has reached the limit of absorption.

Emperor William of Germany takes great interest in his kitchen. Recently he accompanied his court-marshal through "the lower regions" of his palace and complimented his chef of chefs on the good order that pertained to a department that is always overlooked.

Lloyd's silver medal has been awarded to Capt. Nutman, of the steamship Alder, who, when his ship foundered, refused to be taken off, in order not to leave an injured man. He went down with the ship, but managed to hold on to his mast and to get him on the bottom of an upturned boat, from which they were afterward rescued.

FAMOUS YOUNG MEN.

Chatterbox was not 20 when he died.

Landseer began his studies of dogs at six.

Il Perigino had finished an altar painting at 14.

Moliere finished a comedy, one of his best, at 17.

Handel had produced an opera before he was 15.

Cornille had planned a tragedy before he was ten.

Auber wrote an opera for the stage before 14.

Claude Lorraine began landscape painting at 13.

Fra Angelico painted a superb altar piece before 20.

Fra. Bartolomeo executed two altar pieces before 17.

Johnson wrote his best poetry in early manhood.

Rembrandt had finished a portrait before he was 12.

Titan began his long series of allegorical works at 14.

Correggio manifested his superb artistic genius at 14.

Livy began his "History of the Roman State" at 24.

Weber had planned a grand opera at the time he was 12.—Globe Democrat.

SONS OF MARS.

Don Jayme de Bourbon, only son of the pretender Don Carlos, has entered the Russian army as a sub-lieutenant of dragoons.

Only ten per cent. of the soldiers recruited in the British army last year were Irishmen. Once the percentage was much larger.

On the ground that they are too conspicuous in war times the gray horses of the Second Dragoons, the Scots Greys, are to be suppressed and dark horses are to take their place.

One of Jameson's troopers had an unpleasant landing in England. He was arrested for an embezzlement that had been the cause of his departure to South Africa and sent to jail for three months.

Lieut. Walter Maxwell Scott, the great-grand-grandson of Sir Walter Scott and the first male heir of Abbotsford since Sir Walter's own son, will come to his age in April. Does he, it is said, will then make him a baronet.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Her Extravagance.—Mrs. Smith—"Dear me, I am getting a double chin."

Mr. Smith—"You ought to be ashamed to have so much of anything these hard times."—Chicago Record.

Belle—"You know Jack Giddiboy, of course; don't you think he is just out of sight?"

Sam—"You've got a very personification of the old saying, 'out of sight out of mind.'"—Boston Courier.

Visitor (hearing the piano in the next room)—"Is that your daughter?"

She appears to be playing the latest war song.

Her mother—"Yes, her fellow is probably playing with her fellow."—Boston Transcript.

Proud Pop (to old bachelor friend)—"I tell you, Dawson, there's no baby like my baby."

Dawson—"I'm glad you've waked up to that fact. I know mighty well there never was a baby like the one you described."—Harper's Bazar.

DRILL AT LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

On Tuesdays there is boat practice; this consists in hauling the boat carriage to the beach, unloading, launching her and pulling out through the surf—backing, turning, or doing just what the keeper commands, he steering the boat. After practice, the boat is put in the carriage, hauled back to the boat house, cleaned and left in perfect order. Wednesday is signal drill day. There is an international code of signals, composed of flags representing the different characters of the alphabet. Each surfer has a set of miniature flags, and he signals to the keeper, who answers them with his flags—so any man at this station can read a message from a wrecked ship. All the principal maritime nations have adopted this code, and as vessels are provided with flags, and books containing the key to different signals, printed in many languages, communication between vessels and stations can be easily carried on, whatever the ship's nationality.

—Teressa A. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

OLD-TIME DOCTORS.

In the 17th and 18th centuries doctors carried cures with hollow heads, perforated like a pepper-caster. These contained aromatic powders, and when entering a sick room the doctor would strike the cure smartly on the floor and apply its head to his nose for the purpose of disinfecting that member and thus of preventing contagion.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Improvements Which Make Their Use Even in the Most Awful Cases.

Painstaking skill and constant improvement are necessary factors in the perfection or success of almost any industry, but nowhere, says the New York Mail and Express, are they so truly attended to as in the making of artificial limbs. There was a time when the name and the eripost had to show their defects and misfortunes to the world. Now it is just the other way. Proprietors are now endeavoring to perfect as to avoid deputation, and a person with a single amputation can almost defy detection. Improvements make it possible to move the knee and ankle joints, and this innovation also strengthens the whole limb and makes it more durable.

One of the latest improvements is in the knee joint of the leg for thigh amputation, which is so arranged that when in a sitting position the cord and spring are entirely removed, relieving all strain and pressure. There are in the United States 100,000 persons who have to be supplied with new limbs on an average of once in every five to ten years. The manufacturing of these articles in New York has become quite an enterprise.

A Wealthy Railroad Fireman.

A young man in blue overalls and a greasy cap and jacket is now employed as fireman on the Long Island railroad. He is Charles D. Pratt, the son of the late Charles Pratt, the multi-millionaire Standard Oil prince. Young Pratt was graduated from Amherst college with honors in 1893. As one of the representatives of his father's estate, who is the second largest stockholder of the Long Island Railroad company, he proposes to leave the railroad business through every grade, from laborer up. He started in the car shops at Morris Park, and after service at the bench, the forge and in the assembling-room, he learned how to use every part of a locomotive is made, and how the whole is put together. After having served the requisite apprenticeship in that department, he jumped into the engine at once, and commenced shoveling coal in the capacity of a fireman.

Dr. Johnson's Mouse.

Considerable discussion, says a London exchange, is taking place in Lichfield with regard to the condition of the house in the market square in which Dr. Johnson was born and lived. In view of the possibility of the house falling into a state of decay an agitation has been commenced in favor of public action, and it is now understood that at the next meeting of the city council a proposition will be made to acquire it for use as a Johnson museum or club, a number of local residents having offered to give to it relics which they possess of the famous lexicographer.

DIDN'T SEE HER MAMMA THERE.

And so the Little Girl Did Not Think She saw the Great Old Mother.

She was such a wee mite of a little girl that it's a wonder she wasn't crushed in the great crowd that thronged one of the big Chestnut street dry goods emporiums. But she kept a tight clutch on a lady's hand, says the Philadelphia Record, and was happy in the delight of seeing all the wonderful Christmas things. Her companion was dressed in deep mourning, having evidently lost a near relative. At one end of the store was a pretty scene representing the flight of angels, the angels being wax figures suspended in midair. The little girl gazed in wonder at the sight, and her big brown eyes opened to their fullest extent. Some strange thought seemed to take possession of her childish mind, and she scanned each angel face closely. Her little heart was evidently troubled, and in a fit of nervousness she looked up into the lady's face and asked: "Auntie, is that really Heaven up there?" "No, darling, it's only make-believe," softly replied the lady. The little one's face brightened up, and with a beautiful smile and a little sigh she murmured: "I didn't think it was real Heaven, because I don't see mamma there."

FOREIGN FACTS AND EVENTS.

It is a rare thing to find in any part of China a man over 20 years of age who cannot read and write. Several thousand pieces of Queen Li's tableware, silver and cut glass brought fabulous prices at auction in Honolulu. Each piece bore the royal monogram.

A French medical paper prints what is believed to be the oldest known medical recipe. It is a tonic for the hair, and its date is 4000 B. C. It was prepared for an Egyptian queen, and required dogs' paws and asses' hoofs to be boiled with dates in oil.

Australia has found it impossible to exterminate the rabbit plague. In New South Wales alone 7,000,000 acres of land have been abandoned and £1,000,000 spent. The only plan that has any good effect is wire netting, and of this 15,000 miles have been used.

A question of Ancestry.—Abraham Hayward, that famous Quarterly Reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining-room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture, that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of an Miles of the commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward; "he was very near being an ancestor of mine."

Prisoner's Retorts.

"Happy answers" credited to them. Of those, perhaps, the best known are those of the man who, when asked if he pleaded "guilty or not guilty," replied that he couldn't say until he had heard the evidence; and the naive response of the prisoner to the usual question before sentence: "Have you anything to say, prisoner, before sentence is pronounced upon you?" "It's very kind of your honor, and if it's quite agreeable to the court I should like to say 'good evening.'"

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