

Freeman
Published Weekly at
Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Penna.,
JAMES H. HANSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates.
In Advance.
1 Year, \$1.00
6 Months, .60
3 Months, .35
Single Copies, 10 Cts.

WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES.
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF
SAPOLIO
Great Magazine Offer.

3 FOR 1
We will send all three to you for one year for \$2.00 or 6 mos. for \$1.

Freeman Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Post-office State

FARMERS!

TAKE NOTICE

Having made some extensive improvements in the

OLD SHENKLE MILL

we are now prepared to turn out

FIRST-CLASS WORK on Short Notice. Soliciting a portion of your patronage, I remain

S. D. LUDWIG,

PROPRIETOR.

1899 VICK'S CATALOGUE

THE GUIDE

15c

JAMES VICK'S SONS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR ARTISTIC

CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

FOR ARTISTIC

WANTED AGENTS

ELLWANGER & BARRY

Freeman

JAS. C. HANSON, Editor and Proprietor.
"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."
\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.
NUMBER 14.

VOLUME XXXI.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1897.

HOPE'S PROMISE.

While the life of a man
Moves smoothly along,
And his walking is glad,
From the sorrowing throng,
He may coolly deery
Faith's "unreasoning prayer"
And assert, with a calm,
Philosophical air,
That the grave is the sum
Of humanity's gains—
That sorrows are needed
For its pleasures and pains;
But Philosophy flees
From the presence of Woe
Like an ally abashed
That weakly shrinks
O, parent whose eyes
Deathless longing revealed
In that glance ere by Death
They were softly sealed;
O, babe that has passed
To the Presence above,
Art thou gone for all time
From the pressure of love?
And thou who wast more
Than all mortals e'er dear,
Art thou lost to the soul
That was once in thee here?
Ah! 'tis false, sonnets turn
From the lovely that grieves,
But the Father sends hope
Unto them that believe.
And their hearts in the years
That follow are healed,
Of the sweeter because
Of Hope's promise made.
—Frank Fortman, in "Chicago Times-Herald"

A STRAIGHT CHARACTER.

"Doc" Horne walked into the Alfalfa European hotel feeling as if he were a returned Rip Van Winkle.
He had been away from Chicago only two months, and the streets seemed unfamiliar and changed as he came into the Alfalfa neighborhood. At one corner where a four-story building had stood there was now a muddy excavation. The hotel front, too, seemed different. There was something missing or something added, he couldn't tell which. Perhaps the explanation was that he now looked at the old building with a refreshed interest.

There were two strangers seated in the office, but they lowered their papers and studied "Doc" as if he were a stranger.

As usual, there was no one behind the desk. The Alfalfa hotel usually took care of itself—the patrons taking the keys from the pigeon-holes, settling down "at home" on the stairs and hunting for mail out of the assortment left by the postman.

"Doc" put his new tan-colored valise on the floor and removed his new black derby hat with the swathe of crepe around it.

The day was damp and muggy, and "Doc's" bald front was dewy with perspiration.

"Anybody at home?" he asked.

The strangers did not condescend to reply, and "Doc" felt more than ever like a Rip Van Winkle.

"Well, if it ain't 'Doc'!"

It was the lightning dentist. He slapped "Doc" on the shoulder with a familiarity which would not have been possible under other circumstances.

"Yes, my boy, back again—back to the old home."

"I'm mighty glad to see you. All the boys have been asking about you."

"They're all here, I suppose?"

"No, haven't you heard? Why, say, 'Doc,' this has seemed like a different place since you went away. Let's sit down."

They sat on the side of the office where a dim daylight fell from the street windows, and the lightning dentist gave "Doc" a long, pale cigar with a red and gold label around it.

"You heard about the benjo man, didn't you?" asked the dentist.

"I haven't heard of him. I've been very busy setting my affairs in order since your estate. I had a lawyer and an accountant to help me, but all the responsibility practically rested on me."

"We heard about your sister's death. Was it unexpected?"

"Yes, well, she's married—married the week after you went away. She's an actress, and they went on the stage together. He can sing some and play the banjo, and they say she's quite a dancer. They act at these continuous houses."

"Well, well, is our other friend drinking as hard as ever?"

"Who, the bush? Well, sir, he's trying his hardest to quit. There was three days last week that he didn't drink anything but ginger and some new cider they've got in at the bar. Then one night he got with some fellow, who was here buying a stock of goods, and he got an awful skunk."

"Too bad, too bad. A man of good instincts, yes, sir. It's too bad."

"The real estate fellow is out on the road, advertising a cough medicine, or something like that. There's nothing doing in his line here. I think he owes the home a little money."

"Does the drummer ever come in any more?"

WONDERFUL SEED.

A Georgia Farmer's Strange Crop of Cotton.

The Seed of It Worth More to Be Destroyed Than for Planting Because, Paradoxical as It May Seem, It is Too Profitable.

An Atlanta farmer has created a sensation in agricultural circles by being appointed by a committee of south Georgia farmers to be the collector of the seed from a crop of cotton. The price to be paid for the seed is \$18,000. The man who raised and cultivated this variety of a kind that has received hundreds of offers for his seed, but even he was surprised when he heard that a committee would wait on him for the purpose of offering him as high as \$18,000 for his crop.

The seed was raised in a field that is unusually interesting. Several years ago Mr. Jackson was presented with them by a Jew who had brought them from the interior of Africa, from a part of the dark continent on which the Jew had joined an exploring party which had started to the center of Africa. He was weakly, and went on the trip simply for the novelty of the experience.

"I believe I have."

"Why, you know, the fellow who walked a tightrope across Niagara falls with a man riding on his back?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

The lightning dentist expected that "Doc" would claim to be the man who rode on Blouin's back, but he didn't.

"Well, one day Blouin was in Cincinnati, and he came down to the gymnasium and watched me practice. I didn't know who he was until I came down off the rope, and then some of the boys introduced him to me. He said to me: 'Horne, if you keep at it and practice, you'll make a better rope-walker than I am.' Well, I laughed, and, of course, I appreciated the compliment, but I wasn't thinking of walking ropes those days. That was the time I was interested with some eastern capitalists in establishing a southern branch for the factory in my factory. I remember correctly, I cleared off about ten thousand on that deal."

"Why don't you try some time now to see if you can walk a rope?" asked the dentist.

"Oh, I haven't thought of it for years. I suppose my feet are tender, too. When I used to work in those thin gymnasium shoes the soles of my feet were so hard you couldn't drive a tack in them."

"Doc" smiled reminiscently, and the dentist, who did not wish to tax "Doc's" powers on the very first day, changed the topic of conversation.

"So you lost your sister?" said he.

"Yes, poor Louise. I hadn't seen her very often in late years, but when she was 20 years old she was admitted to be the most beautiful girl in eastern Ohio. She was a very well-preserved woman up to a few months ago, when her health began to fail. I didn't tell you, did I, that she left some of her property to me?"

"No, 'Doc,' you didn't; but I am glad to hear it."

"She was a widow, had no children, and she left her property to be divided between my brother, Col. Mortimer Horne, of Palermo, and me. Did you ever hear of Col. Horne?"

"I believe I have."

"He's a very prominent member of the bar in Ohio. It is supposed that Mortimer Horne, of Palermo, and me. Did you ever hear of Col. Horne?"

"I believe I have."

"Yes, that helps," said "Doc," thoughtfully, as he fingered his tuft of chin whiskers. "Still, it doesn't look so big to a man who has been accustomed to dealing in large sums of money. It isn't much compared to what I made on that C. H. & D. deal; but at the present juncture, as I say, it helps."

The lightning dentist knew that for two years "Doc" had been living frugally, hand to mouth, relying on a "snag" job in the city hall. Therefore the picture of "Doc" holding \$18,000 between thumb and forefinger and smiling at it indifferently was by far the most picturesque performance he had ever given by the remarkable old gentleman.

"I suppose you'll go back there and settle down?" ventured the dentist.

"No, sir! No, I'll do nothing of the kind. I've got a cousin down there who offered to give me one whole end of his house, but I couldn't stand it. It was too quiet. They went to bed at midnight and got up in the middle of the night. The street cars ran two miles north and south every five minutes. I'd want to go out on a side street in a country town and sit down and vegetate, but up to this time I'm as much of a city man as I ever was. No, sir; you can't get rid of me. I'm here to stay."

Chicago Record.

REUNION CHRISTMAS.

Mohammedans, Brahmins and Buddhists
Deny the Holiness of Christ.

There are millions of millions of people in the world who will not celebrate Christmas, and there are other millions to whom Christmas is objectionable, says the New York Herald.

Take the followers of Mohammed, for instance. They are divided into 40 or 50 different sects, among which are the Nussay-reeyah. There are about 50,000 of them, and they believe in transmigration of the soul. They believe that men's souls pass after death into the bodies of animals. For them the story of the birth and life of Christ has no charms.

A SISTER.

BY GWENDOLEEN OVERTON.

Army wives generally have unmarried sisters. These sisters always come out to visit them, and the rest goes by itself.

Mrs. Lorillard had an unmarried sister. She was very attractive. She was more attractive than Mrs. Lorillard ever could have been. The girl's name was Spencer—May Spencer. She was 18 years old, if you took her word for it; and she was blond and pink and white and plump. She came from some place in Ohio, and she visited the Lorillards at Stanton—which is in New Mexico, 100 miles from the railroad.

She had a head that fluttered from him like a dead man's valley) and some steep hills and a lava bed a mile wide. If you have never seen a lava bed, you cannot appreciate that. You might try to imagine the ocean lashed into fury by a storm, the sea breaking over rocks and billows and swells, changed suddenly to dark gray-brown stone at the height of the storm, and you may form a vague idea of what the lava bed between Fort Stanton and the railroad is like.

It frightened Miss Spencer badly. The ambulance went slipping and sliding, and coasting, and thumping, and bounding over the one passable part. In a way that only an ambulance could, she bumped her way over the lava bed, and she was not a little surprised when she found herself on the lava bed.

Miss Spencer was not accustomed to that sort of thing. She stood it as long as she could, and then she told Maj. Roche—that she meant to get out and walk. She had heard that the lava bed was not so bad, and she was getting tired, so he did not say anything, but simply told the driver to "slow up" and let Miss Spencer get out by herself.

She fell behind after a moment, and the ambulance went rattling on, creaking, flapping its canvas, clanking its chains, its brake screeching shrilly. And as it disappeared, sometimes lost to sight in a great hollow, sometimes toiling up a smooth face of lava, Miss Spencer felt herself abandoned, alone, in a New Mexico desert under that terrible midsummer sun. The heat was fiery, scorching, parching. The sky was like hot blue glass. She wondered why she had not taken a horse, and why she had not taken a horse.

She reached the end of the huge rock river at last, and found the ambulance waiting. The driver was asleep, and the major was drinking beer. He offered her some, and she had drunk of the lava bed, and she was not a little surprised when she found herself on the lava bed.

"My shoes are all cut to pieces, and they were new and awfully heavy."

"You should have kept still," he answered.

Next, Miss Spencer wanted sympathy, and when she didn't get it she took a dislike to the major; and because she disliked him, she eventually made him sorry.

For the first fortnight of her visit she was not poorly. She was embarrassed from her possession of the lava bed. Her face was red and swollen, then blotchy, and lastly peely. After that she returned to the normal pink and white skin, but she was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

She was not the same. There was a touch of the lava bed in her eyes, and she was not the same.

WONDERFUL SEED.

A Georgia Farmer's Strange Crop of Cotton.

The Seed of It Worth More to Be Destroyed Than for Planting Because, Paradoxical as It May Seem, It is Too Profitable.

An Atlanta farmer has created a sensation in agricultural circles by being appointed by a committee of south Georgia farmers to be the collector of the seed from a crop of cotton. The price to be paid for the seed is \$18,000. The man who raised and cultivated this variety of a kind that has received hundreds of offers for his seed, but even he was surprised when he heard that a committee would wait on him for the purpose of offering him as high as \$18,000 for his crop.

The seed was raised in a field that is unusually interesting. Several years ago Mr. Jackson was presented with them by a Jew who had brought them from the interior of Africa, from a part of the dark continent on which the Jew had joined an exploring party which had started to the center of Africa. He was weakly, and went on the trip simply for the novelty of the experience.

"I believe I have."

"Why, you know, the fellow who walked a tightrope across Niagara falls with a man riding on his back?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

The lightning dentist expected that "Doc" would claim to be the man who rode on Blouin's back, but he didn't.

"Well, one day Blouin was in Cincinnati, and he came down to the gymnasium and watched me practice. I didn't know who he was until I came down off the rope, and then some of the boys introduced him to me. He said to me: 'Horne, if you keep at it and practice, you'll make a better rope-walker than I am.' Well, I laughed, and, of course, I appreciated the compliment, but I wasn't thinking of walking ropes those days. That was the time I was interested with some eastern capitalists in establishing a southern branch for the factory in my factory. I remember correctly, I cleared off about ten thousand on that deal."

"Why don't you try some time now to see if you can walk a rope?" asked the dentist.

"Oh, I haven't thought of it for years. I suppose my feet are tender, too. When I used to work in those thin gymnasium shoes the soles of my feet were so hard you couldn't drive a tack in them."

"Doc" smiled reminiscently, and the dentist, who did not wish to tax "Doc's" powers on the very first day, changed the topic of conversation.

"So you lost your sister?" said he.

"Yes, poor Louise. I hadn't seen her very often in late years, but when she was 20 years old she was admitted to be the most beautiful girl in eastern Ohio. She was a very well-preserved woman up to a few months ago, when her health began to fail. I didn't tell you, did I, that she left some of her property to me?"

"No, 'Doc,' you didn't; but I am glad to hear it."

"She was a widow, had no children, and she left her property to be divided between my brother, Col. Mortimer Horne, of Palermo, and me. Did you ever hear of Col. Horne?"

"I believe I have."

"He's a very prominent member of the bar in Ohio. It is supposed that Mortimer Horne, of Palermo, and me. Did you ever hear of Col. Horne?"

"I believe I have."

"Yes, that helps," said "Doc," thoughtfully, as he fingered his tuft of chin whiskers. "Still, it doesn't look so big to a man who has been accustomed to dealing in large sums of money. It isn't much compared to what I made on that C. H. & D. deal; but at the present juncture, as I say, it helps."

The lightning dentist knew that for two years "Doc" had been living frugally, hand to mouth, relying on a "snag" job in the city hall. Therefore the picture of "Doc" holding \$18,000 between thumb and forefinger and smiling at it indifferently was by far the most picturesque performance he had ever given by the remarkable old gentleman.

"I suppose you'll go back there and settle down?" ventured the dentist.

"No, sir! No, I'll do nothing of the kind. I've got a cousin down there who offered to give me one whole end of his house, but I couldn't stand it. It was too quiet. They went to bed at midnight and got up in the middle of the night. The street cars ran two miles north and south every five minutes. I'd want to go out on a side street in a country town and sit down and vegetate, but up to this time I'm as much of a city man as I ever was. No, sir; you can't get rid of me. I'm here to stay."

Chicago Record.

REUNION CHRISTMAS.

Mohammedans, Brahmins and Buddhists
Deny the Holiness of Christ.

There are millions of millions of people in the world who will not celebrate Christmas, and there are other millions to whom Christmas is objectionable, says the New York Herald.

Take the followers of Mohammed, for instance. They are divided into 40 or 50 different sects, among which are the Nussay-reeyah. There are about 50,000 of them, and they believe in transmigration of the soul. They believe that men's souls pass after death into the bodies of animals. For them the story of the birth and life of Christ has no charms.

Then there are the Druses, who profess to have knowledge that God has visited the world 24 times, but they do not believe in Christ. For them Christmas has no significance.

It is equally disregarded by Buddhists, Japanese, Chinese, Brahmins and Mohammedans. "There is no God but Allah," say the Mohammedans, and Mohammed is His prophet. Mohammed's followers also have curious notions in regard to the fate of the unbelievers' children. Some believe that these children are the servants of the faithful in Paradise, and Mohammed is resorted as saying on one occasion to his wife:

"If thou desired I can make thee a child of the angels."

WONDERFUL SEED.

A Georgia Farmer's Strange Crop of Cotton.

The Seed of It Worth More to Be Destroyed Than for Planting Because, Paradoxical as It May Seem, It is Too Profitable.

An Atlanta farmer has created a sensation in agricultural circles by being appointed by a committee of south Georgia farmers to be the collector of the seed from a crop of cotton. The price to be paid for the seed is \$18,000. The man who raised and cultivated this variety of a kind that has received hundreds of offers for his seed, but even he was surprised when he heard that a committee would wait on him for the purpose of offering him as high as \$18,000 for his crop.

The seed was raised in a field that is unusually interesting. Several years ago Mr. Jackson was presented with them by a Jew who had brought them from the interior of Africa, from a part of the dark continent on which the Jew had joined an exploring party which had started to the center of Africa. He was weakly, and went on the trip simply for the novelty of the experience.

"I believe I have."

"Why, you know, the fellow who walked a tightrope across Niagara falls with a man riding on his back?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

The lightning dentist expected that "Doc" would claim to be the man who rode on Blouin's back, but he didn't.

"Well, one day Blouin was in Cincinnati, and he came down to the gymnasium and watched me practice. I didn't know who he was until I came down off the rope, and then some of the boys introduced him to me. He said to me: 'Horne, if you keep at it and practice, you'll make a better rope-walker than I am.' Well, I laughed, and, of course, I appreciated the compliment, but I wasn't thinking of walking ropes those days. That was the time I was interested with some eastern capitalists in establishing a southern branch for the factory in my factory. I remember correctly, I cleared off about ten thousand on that deal."

"Why don't you try some time now to see if you can walk a rope?" asked the dentist.

"Oh, I haven't thought of it for years. I suppose my feet are tender, too. When I used to work in those thin gymnasium shoes the soles of my feet were so hard you couldn't drive a tack in them."

"Doc" smiled reminiscently, and the dentist, who did not wish to tax "Doc's" powers on the very first day, changed the topic of conversation.

"So you lost your sister?" said he.

"Yes, poor Louise. I hadn't seen her very often in late years, but when she was 20 years old she was admitted to be the most beautiful girl in eastern Ohio. She was a very well-preserved woman up to a few months ago, when her health began to fail. I didn't tell you, did I, that she left some of her property to me?"

"No, 'Doc,' you didn't; but I am glad to hear it."

"She was a widow, had no children, and she left her property to be divided between my brother, Col. Mortimer Horne, of Palermo, and me. Did you ever hear of Col. Horne?"

"I believe I have."

"He's a very prominent member of the bar in Ohio. It is supposed that Mortimer Horne, of Palermo, and me. Did you ever hear of Col. Horne?"

"I believe I have."

"Yes, that helps," said "Doc," thoughtfully, as he fingered his tuft of chin whiskers. "Still, it doesn't look so big to a man who has been accustomed to dealing in large sums of money. It isn't much compared to what I made on that C. H. & D. deal; but at the present juncture, as I say, it helps."

The lightning dentist knew that for two years "Doc" had been living frugally, hand to mouth, relying on a "snag" job in the city hall. Therefore the picture of "Doc" holding \$18,000 between thumb and forefinger and smiling at it indifferently was by far the most picturesque performance he had ever given by the remarkable old gentleman.

"I suppose you'll go back there and settle down?" ventured the dentist.

"No, sir! No, I'll do nothing of the kind. I've got a cousin down there who offered to give me one whole end of his house, but I couldn't stand it. It was too quiet. They went to bed at midnight and got up in the middle of the night. The street cars ran two miles north and south every five minutes. I'd want to go out on a side street in a country town and sit down and vegetate, but up to this time I'm as much of a city man as I ever was. No, sir; you can't get rid of me. I'm here to stay."

Chicago Record.

REUNION CHRISTMAS.

Mohammedans, Brahmins and Buddhists
Deny the Holiness of Christ.

There are millions of millions of people in the world who will not celebrate Christmas, and there are other millions to whom Christmas is objectionable, says the New York Herald.

Take the followers of Mohammed, for instance. They are divided into 40 or 50 different sects, among which are the Nussay-reeyah. There are about 50,000 of them, and they believe in transmigration of the soul. They believe that men's souls pass after death into the bodies of animals. For them the story of the birth and life of Christ has no charms.

Then there are the Druses, who profess to have knowledge that God has visited the world 24 times, but they do not believe in Christ. For them Christmas has no significance.

It is equally disregarded by Buddhists, Japanese, Chinese, Brahmins and Mohammedans. "There is no God but Allah," say the Mohammedans, and Mohammed is His prophet. Mohammed's followers also have curious notions in regard to the fate of the unbelievers' children. Some believe that these children are the servants of the faithful in Paradise, and Mohammed is resorted as saying on one occasion to his wife:

"If thou desired I can make thee a child of the angels."

Advertising Rates.