

Cameron

Freeman
CAMILERIA Co., PENNA.
L. H. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.
Subscription Rates
1 year, \$1.00
6 months, .75
3 months, .50

J. S. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.
VOLUME XXXI.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1897.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.
NUMBER 20.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMERON...
1 inch, 1 line, 1 week, \$1.00
1 inch, 1 line, 1 month, 2.50
1 inch, 1 line, 3 months, 6.00
1 inch, 1 line, 6 months, 10.00
1 inch, 1 line, 1 year, 18.00

WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES.
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

SAPOLIO



THE KING OF WHEELS
SPEED STAYING QUALITIES BEAUTY EVERY REQUISITE OF HIGH GRADE CONSTRUCTION

THE WHITE LEADS

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

NEW YORK - BOSTON - SAN FRANCISCO - LONDON - PARIS.

BY THE BABY'S BED.

Of what is the baby thinking?
As he smiles so, in his sleep?
Of the mother sweet and deep?
Of the land he has lately come from,
Where the souls of the little ones stay
Till into our earthly keeping
God gives them, some sweet day?

It may be an angel whisper
In the little dreamer's ear
Some message of tender meaning
That we can never hear.
As they float down the starry spaces
With the dreams God bids them bring
Dream on while you may, my baby—
While your soul is free from stain
The little angels, when summer
Has washed them pure with rain,
Only a year from Heaven!
That you always can talk with angels,
As I think you do to-night.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

BY MARIE LOUISE POOL.

A rough, brown dog sat at the very edge of the tumble-down breakfaster. He was looking steadily seaward. He was evidently old, and he was scathed by many nights; for his snout, mouth, and front legs had lost many teeth, showing that he would not fight again victoriously.

AN AMERICAN ARCTIC CITY.

The Singular Town Growing Up in Alaska.

A correspondent sends from Circle City, Alaska, an account of that singular town, which has grown up out of the rush of gold-miners to the Yukon river, and which derives its name from the fact that it is within the Arctic circle. Perhaps no town, inhabited by civilized people, was ever built before in so remote and inaccessible a place, even in Siberia. Its nearest neighbor, as a settlement, is 240 miles away; this is Forty-Mile City, another American mining settlement.

THE AMBITION OF EVA.

Eva Norrington inserted her latch key into the keyhole of a Bedford Square boarding house, and entered. It was a dismal, windy, rainy November evening, and ever since lunch she had been paddling about London, climbing gray stairs of newspaper offices, and talking to people who did not seem especially pleased to see her. Her skirt was wet, and a wisp of damp hair was tumbling over her eyes. On the hall table, disclosed by her flickering jacket, were some letters.

BOYS IN WALL STREET.

Their First Street—What is Expected of Them.

A Wall street boy is expected to be at the office at nine o'clock in the morning and remain there as long as his services are needed, though he usually goes to London in search of his next client, and then returns to his office at four o'clock. He has an allowance of half an hour at noon for luncheon, but the rest of the time belongs to his employer. He is expected to be neat in appearance, clean as to hands and face, well mannered, and obedient in his duties. He is expected to be faithful in guarding the secrets of his employers.

PERSONAL POINTS.

The citizens of New Hampshire have raised \$8,750, with which they will erect a statue of President Pierce in some appropriate place.

HE FOOLED THE "BARKER."

Supposed Customer Only Wanted to Light

"Overcoats, hats, suits, boots and shoes—at half price—best in town—in your or treat you—more goods for less money—whole stock must go—Step right in, sir. Overcoat, sir? Step right in."

SOUTH'S URBAN GROWTH.

Her Rural Districts Have Not Progressed Proportionately.

The rural South, it is said, is in the older portions, is economically backward, far from progressive, and what was once the single occupation of the southern gentleman is now the last that he would voluntarily assume. In the rich valley and on the mountain slopes of south-west Virginia, in parts of Georgia and in the blue grass region of Tennessee farming pays fairly, owing to the greater fertility of the inhabitants and to the progress of the town, but on the whole, the progress of the South is retarded by the rest of the country, certainly has not taken this direction. It is through its urban development only that the section has justly earned its sobriquet.

VENEDIAN MYTHS.

The waters of the lagoons to young women who wade into ponds to eat reeds for lutech; the sandman has his female counterpart; when a boy nods it is Hermann that has come; when a girl gets sleepy over her spinning it is Dresdene that is lulling her to rest for an hour at midday are in danger of a ragged female demon called Polsozia; she comes with a sickle bound to a pole and cuts off her heels. She sometimes has been sunstroke personified, but is now, like Serpentina, only a bagbear used to frighten children away from growing crops. Here in the Spireward exist many of the superstitions common to Ireland and Scotland, the hobgoblin, the whirlwind, will-o'-the-wisp, kobold, leprechaun, and good little people generally. Here is the crafty spirit of the lake and the demon that springs on men's shoulders at night. Here especially is the hobgoblin, who is a woman's familiar in the Hohenzollerns have a private and particular white lady who appears in the unromantic vicinage of the Schloss in the heart of Berlin and waits for the young prince to whom a death is to occur in the family. Connection between the British islands and the lands drained by the Elbe and Vistula has been constantly renewed by migration and conquest. In remote Ireland and Scotland the hobgoblin like in both countries—Charles de Kay, in Century.

WAKE NOTICE

Having made some extensive improvements in the

GOLD SHENKLE MILL

are now prepared to turn out

FIRST-CLASS WORK

on Short Notice. Soliciting a portion of your patronage, I remain

D. D. LUDWIG,

PROPRIETOR.

HAIR RESTORER

Vegetable
Buckingham's Dye
WHISKERS

WANTED AGENTS

JOHN F. STRATTON'S
Celebrated Russian Gut Violin Strings
The Finest in the World.
Every String Warranted.
To be sure, she could not walk, but prissy often wheeled her to the breakfast table, where she could see the moss gathered.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

Every low moment she raised her head and put her dripping hand upon her eyes as she turned toward the land; she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always wailed her; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.