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Cambria Freeman

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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NUMBER 29.

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SAPOLIO

IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

The White King

IN SPEED - IN STAYING QUALITIES - IN BEAUTY - IN EVERY REQUISITE OF HIGH GRADE CONSTRUCTION.

THE WHITE LEADS

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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

NIAGARA SOLILOQUIES.

For years uncounted I sturred on my way, tumbling round with rocks and wreathed with peary spray.
My white locks were made of mist,
My voice and vigor no man might resist;
All those who braved me were but passing breath,
My grasp to men, poor moths, meant instant death.

But now strange miracles have come to pass,
Man has put harness on my limbs, alas!
His turbines and his dynamos I turn,
And far away his lights mysterious burn.
His factories hum, his street cars come,
Driven by my sinews swiftly to and fro.

Little thought I to round his ways and curves,
Along his system of intricate nerves
Of intricate copper, armored steel,
To flash in light, or turn his shaft and wheel.
Oh, how his lightest touch of hand,
A willing slave, to toil at his command.

My voice transferred now makes the busy hum
Of swift machines where human toilers
Hands clasped in mine to benefit the race,
Each rushing at high-pressure race.

To serve the world, give life or light and
Bring our blessings to the sons of men.
Imagine old Niagara passed this, to
To light a lamp or heat a city, thus,
To whisper milkily over the telephone,
To bear a feather in his building stone,
A giant made a chere-boy by the folks
Who hold the reins and make me wear
Their yoke.

But never mind! I still plunge in the deep
With mighty anthem and resistless sweep;
What matter that I have been changed to steel,
To pull these plumes and their projects
through?

They care not meet me when my warriors
Flash countless spears and clash them at my call.
Yet will I serve them with my surplus strength,
Perhaps do tasks unthought of yet, at length.
But here within my stronghold I defy
And challenge mortals with my fierce wrath.
They dare not brave my heights and deep
profund—
I am the monarch, this my battle-ground.
— EDGAR JONES.

LAKE MICHIGAN ALWAYS OPEN.

How It is Rendered Navigable All the Year Around.

Navigation on Lake Michigan is never closed. Steamers run back and forth across the lake and between the ports of the west shore of the lake during the entire winter with remarkable regularity. The first attempts at winter navigation on the translake routes were made by the Detroit & Milwaukee Railroad company and by the now defunct Englewood Transportation company many years ago, and the success of winter ventures became established as the character of the steamers was improved and developments were made in marine engineering.

The success of the car ferries on Lake Michigan and the car ferry which carries the cars from the west shore to the east shore is probably the cause of the announcement that negotiations are in progress looking to the construction of ice-breaking freight steamers that will enable their owners to get on the lake in any single year at the bar yet.

"But he's clever," said Sylvia, "and he must wait his opportunity."
"Yes," I said.
"You were surprised, weren't you?" said Sylvia. "Now confess you were surprised—do not conceal it."
"Well, I don't know that I was particularly surprised. You see, I was staying up the river with him in August, and I knew there was something up."
"Oh, but you certainly have known then," said Sylvia, with a slight laugh.
"Of course I did not absolutely know," I said. "And now I come to think of it, I think it was a little mean of Jones—and of you, too, Sylvia—to keep me in the dark for so long. I could have done a good deal for you in my quiet way, you know—brought you together and retired discreetly round the corner. A little seasonable frankness would have done wonders. As it was—"
"Edgar and I were able to manage our own affairs ourselves."
"Still," I said, "if it's any consolation to you, I don't mind assuring you that he's frantically in love with you."
"Thank you," said Sylvia, "it's pleasant to hear it on such excellent authority."
"Of course I should have known there was a woman in the case even if he hadn't told me so."
"What do you mean?" said Sylvia.
"Well, I saw a man leave the river to spend his week-ends in town, it's fairly safe to conclude that there's a woman in it; and when he tells you so it seems to remove the last vestige of doubt. But I must confess he quite put me off the scent. I never dreamt it was you. After I fear, Sylvia, you are a sly puss. Why, what on earth's the matter?"
Sylvia had turned white and had risen from her seat.
"What are you talking about?" she asked.
"We are talking about Edgar Jones; but—"
"But who was the woman? Jim, I insist—"
"My dear Sylvia—"
"Hold on, hold on, hold on!"
"Hullo! old fellow—back again?"
"Yes," I said; "just in time to congratulate you both and to give you away. Well—I must be going—two's company, you know, eh? Good-by, Sylvia."
"I shall be dining at the club," said Jones; "shall I see you there?"
"I think not," I said.
Really, I could have done no good by staying—Black and White.

A Midnight Encounter.

VERNAL CHOICE was a pretty and commodious villa, and Dovesnest, a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green—lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from Heaven—there were but two drawbacks. The first was Maurice's making. He had a ridiculous fat about his face. He believed then to be in a chronic state of leishmaniasis. He told his long-suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped from the nostrils of her life, and when she would be just to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Choice.

Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her conviction that when a burglar took his share of her property, she would be would be by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass, that, nightly, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter—he would on no account allow anyone else to do it, as "a little leak, for what the draught is, is worth a pound of beef"—she would be on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same kneeling serve both purposes—but intently peering under the flowered terra-cotta valances for the burglar that never came.

Sometimes it would happen that the gas popped out just as she was in the act of raising the curtain that might reveal the burglar. She would then, with a little scream, she would seek the matches—she never could put her hand readily on the matches—and light the delicately shaded candle on the dressing table, ere proceeding with her search for the burglar. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the underground regions, where the gas meter meted out its dole, to the company of his wife above stairs, she would rate him, right soundly for so gentle a "little leak, for what the draught is, is worth a pound of beef" about turning the gas off.

"What do a few extra feet of gas signify, when three precious lives might some night be sacrificed for lack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic fervor as if she had been before a row of footlights and a crowded pit, instead of a blue-tinted corrugated candle and a mildly scornful husband.

When Maurice wished to be withdrawing, he was always studiously alliterative in his choice of words. He never failed to push the burglar out of the door, and he said it was "the merest moonshine."

Mrs. Green, as a rule, declined no answer. She hated slang, and wondered how a man of Maurice's sense—except upon the meter question—could stoop to using it. She generally refrained from saying so, however, like the sensible little woman she was, and resignedly filling the baby's feeding bottle, and tucking the little cherub with sundry croonings in its bedside cot retired for the night, leaving Maurice to blow out the corrugated candle.

It was winter, and it was midnight. Maurice had a cold, and so had the baby. The "little cherub," in fact, had a "touch of bronchitis," and his hard breathing as he slumbered restlessly in his little cot, plainly testified the fact through the darkness.

"I wonder," murmured Mrs. Green, as she lay listening to the troubled breathing of the child on the one hand, and the influenza snore of her husband on the other—"I wonder if the little pet is warm enough. I'm anxious about his little feet. I'll take him into my bed, only Maurice doesn't like it. The little fellow kicks the clothes off so! What would I do to prevent him from taking cold ahead? Happy thought—there's that little woolen wrap in the spare bedroom. It's either in the middle drawer of the dressing-table or in the wardrobe, I know."

"Poor Maurice! he would willingly go and find it for me, but I wouldn't disturb him to-night for the world. I'm glad I succeeded in persuading him to sleep in his dressing-jacket. Those nasty influenza colds need care, and I'm so apt to uncover him in reaching over to baby. I'll slip into the next room myself."

Thus soliloquizing she quietly got out of bed—forgetting the baby came in fear lest she should find it. She slipped the covers gently against her husband's back so that he would not miss her, and proceeded to feel for the matches. The little receptacle at the bed head was empty. Not a match! "Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when the baby is unwell?" she sighed, as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass knob at the foot of the bed.

"I'll wonder," she murmured, "I'll despair! She knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the moment she laid a finger on it. The little cherub in the cot coughed in a choking manner. Light or no light the wrap must be found, and, without further delay, the little mother walked gingerly into the next room.

No one could fail to find the wardrobe, as it was the first article of furniture encountered on entering the room. When its door opened it was possible to view one's self from the bedroom door, for it consisted of a three-quarter length mirror in which Mrs. Green was wont to inspect the "hang" of her latest costume.

"I'm almost sure it's in the dressing table drawer," mused Mrs. Green, growing accustomed to the darkness, and shaded by a suspicion of moonlight that shed a pale, uncertain light both through the skylight on the landing and the window opposite the wardrobe. Acting upon this, though she ignored the wardrobe for the present, she crossed the room to the dressing table, and, after sundry flickings of the brass handles, and tentative pulls at wrong drawers, at last opened the right one.

"It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and, accordingly, closed the drawer with some noise, tripped across the dark room, opened the wardrobe door with some difficulty, and buried herself in its spacious recesses.

CONFIDENCES.

BY CLARENCE ROOK.

Sylvia rose from her seat by the fire as I entered, and gave me her hand; and from a certain look of consciousness in her eyes I saw that she knew that I knew—

"No you're back in town at last?" said Sylvia. "Have you had tea?"
"Yes," I said, "and I will, thank you." Sylvia poured me out a cup. "No sugar—very little milk, isn't it?" she said.
"Yes," I said. "I've had an excellent time—padding up and down the Riviera in the sunshine. Glad to get back, though."
I sipped my tea in silence. Sylvia lay back in her chair, her face half-hidden by the fan with which she shielded her complexion from the fire.
"Well?" said Sylvia.
"Yes," I said, "just in time to congratulate you both and to give you away. Well—I must be going—two's company, you know, eh? Good-by, Sylvia."
"I shall be dining at the club," said Jones; "shall I see you there?"
"I think not," I said.
Really, I could have done no good by staying—Black and White.

THE SKEWLE 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.

WARRANTED CURES

for all cases. Full line of medicines agents on hand. Restoring Crescent wheel.

W. N. BOLSINGER,

Julian Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

DENTISTRY!

Don't you know that you can have those decayed and offensive teeth restored to a healthy condition at a

Very Moderate Cost?

Don't you know that I can do your dental work a great deal cheaper than you can get it done elsewhere?

Don't you know that it is a very dangerous thing to take Chloroform, Ether or Laughing Gas?

If you don't know, come to my office and I will demonstrate to you the truth of the above.

Odontunder!

This is the only safe anesthetic known to-day in the dental profession. I have the exclusive right of Ebensburg. Teeth extracted positively without pain.

- Tooth filled with gold, \$1 and up.
- Tooth filled with alloy, 25 cents and 50 cents.
- Tooth filled with Silver, 25 cents and 50 cents.
- Tooth cleaned, 25 cents and 50 cents.
- Tooth extracted, 25 cents.
- GOLD CROWNS AND LOW AS \$5.00.

Gold Filling, Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

Feeling confident that both price and work will prove satisfactory, I solicit your patronage.

Dr. Richards,

SURGEON DENTIST,
Julian St., Ebensburg,
May 7, 1897.

THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE

Write to T. S. QUINCY, Drawnup, Chicago, secretary of the STAR ACCIDENT COMPANY, for information regarding Accident Insurance. Mention this paper. No medical examination required.

Be your own Agent.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED

ROASTED ROUND STEAK.

Try roasting a round steak in the following way: Get a steak about two inches thick from the best open door. Prepare it by trimming off all the pieces of fat, lay them on one side, and put the steak into an earthen dish. Put a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper into a cup, turn upon it two gills of olive oil, and fill it up to the top with the yolk of an egg, and spread the mixture over the top of the meat. Place the pan in a hot oven and roast from 25 to 30 minutes. This steak may be served with a sauce or not—Boston Budget.

HE WAS ALIVE.

The greatest of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness.

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The emperor of France turned, and, pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said:

"What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as this?"

"And you," answered Alexander, "what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?"

Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied, gravely:

"The man who did it is dead."
—Youth's Companion.

THE SENSITIVE CHECKBOOK.

It is a mistake to suppose that the tip of the tongue is the most sensitive part of the body. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls or any other substance that require a very high degree of smoothness invariably use the checkbook as their touchstone for detecting any roughness.

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THE BOOK WORLD.

Miss Braddon has completed a new story which is called "Under Love's Rule."
Mr. Rider Haggard has finished a new novel dealing with Boer life, entitled "The Swallow."
S. R. Crockett has been taking a walking tour in Pomerania, we are advised by the English papers, no doubt with a view of acquiring "local color" for his next story, "The Red Axe," the sense of which is to be laid in Pomerania.
Mr. Richard Le Gallienne contracted his second marriage recently when he married Miss Julie Norregard, a London journalist, his wife. The witnesses were Mr. following Leick and Mr. William Sharp, of literary note.
Pierre Loti, who is at present on active service on the French war ship Javelot, has produced a new book, "Kamintchou," a study of Biscayan landscape and manners. Gaston Deschamps declares it to be "the true Loti, the Loti of the old manner."
A young woman has received the unusual honor of the freedom of a London guild. She is a daughter of Lord Amherst and his wife, and, having written a "History of the present of England," has just been honored by the Worshipful Company of Gardeners.
Alexandre Dumas, the younger, is shortly to have his statue on the Place Malesherbes in Paris. Subscriptions are now being collected for the purpose, and as Dumas is a household name in France, it should be less difficult to raise the money than it has unfortunately been in the case of many other distinguished Frenchmen.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A London omnibus carries on an average of 2,500 passengers a week.
The Bermuda export over 17,000,000 pounds of onions annually.
The average density of the population in London is 25,000 per square mile.
A man who can wash dishes thinks he would have been an excellent house-keeper.
In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to the population than in any other country.
A French chemist has invented a blue soap which renders unnecessary the use of bluing in laundry work.
It is reported that Switzerland is to be the next country which will follow the example of Belgium and Italy on reckoning time up to 24 o'clock in place of twice 12.
Of the 2,254 suicides committed in Denmark in the years 1885 to 1895, four-fifths were by men, and the favorite months were May and June. Three out of four preferred hanging.
The largest telegraph office in the world is in the general post office building, London, and has 12,000 operators, 1,500 of whom are women. The batteries are supplied by 30,000 cells.
Russia has the largest military expenses—25,000,000 a year. England follows next with \$19,000,000, France with \$18,000,000, Germany with \$17,000,000, Austria, \$9,000,000; Italy, \$65,000,000.
Argentina's new census gives a total population of about 4,000,000, of whom 1,500,000 live in the cities. The leading city, Buenos Ayres, has 1,000,000, 660,854, making it the largest in South America.

ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Five sisters living in Norway, Me., recently met for a family reunion for the first time in 12 years, although they have always resided within ten miles of one another. The eldest sister was married and moved away from the parental home before the youngest was born.
A civil engineer, mechanical engineer or architect, in the employ of the German railways, must, on an average, wait till he is 28 or 40 years old before his position is permanent. The average time they are employed on temporary work before they are permanently appointed is 12 years.
A farmer's taxes in Turkey are classified thus: (1) One-tenth of all crops and fruits; (2) four per cent. of the renting value of house and lands; (3) five per cent. on every transfer; (4) an annual capitation tax of 42 pence on every sheep and 21 pence on every goat. The taxes are rigorously collected.
The state of Washington, and, in fact, the whole Pacific coast, is looking forward to an unusual number of tourists, and, consequently, a large influx of business, and the French government will shortly lay the third cable.
Small Wars in Africa.
Africa continues to be the scene of small wars, incident to the extension of civilization among savage peoples. In the western Soudan a military expedition, sent out by the Royal Niger company to punish the emir of Niger for raiding its territory for slaves, has occupied a force of 20,000 natives and occupied the capital city, Bida. The king of Benin, whose country is in the same region, recently massacred an English trade expedition, and the French government has sent six war vessels to the coast of Benin and will follow them with a military expedition. The former operation has a certain diplomatic interest, because it is in territory where the French and British spheres of influence touch each other.
POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
Lots of men might have been great if they hadn't been too lazy.
A business man who plays checkers before noon has a very high opinion of the young man who gets very high wages never wastes much time telling about it.
Any fool can buy a carving knife, but it takes a wise man to carve correctly.
It is mighty hard to hunt up the old clothes that have thrown aside when you were prosperous. — Washington (La.) Democrat.