

Cranford Freeman

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1873.

NUMBER 28.

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO **CASH BUYERS** AT THE **Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.**

MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS; **COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES** of the most popular designs.

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SENIOR OR SCREW-POWER MACHINE. One of the most simple and lightest draught machines in use.

THE SUPERIOR! was on exhibition at the Johnson Exposition Fair last Fall, where it was admired by all good judges.

Loretto Property FOR SALE. A LOT OF GROUND situated in Loretto borough, containing about 10 acres.

Ebensburg Woolen Factory AS interested parties have been reporting in the streets...

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WHEN YOU'RE DOWN. What legions of "friends" always bless us! When golden success lights up our way!

FEARFULLY AVENGED. A TRUE STORY OF INDIAN CRIME AND RETRIBUTION. [From "The Canadian Pioneers," in CATHOLIC WORLD for August.]

"Alas!" said Mlle. Baby, looking sorrowfully at the young officer, "are you surprised at my sadness, and that I could not smile and be gay after having witnessed such a scene?"

"The demons!" exclaimed the officer, stamping his foot in horror and indignation. "This infamous, bloodthirsty race should be exterminated—exterminated to the last man. Why did I not know this sooner?"

"How imprudent!" said the young girl. "You ought not to have provoked that Indian; don't you know that a savage never forgets an injury?"

"Up in the attic, quick!" said Mme. Baby to him, "and do not stir for your life."

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since those Indians were here the other day with that poor girl they had captured, I have not had a moment's piece of mind. She is always before my eyes. I see her everywhere; she follows me everywhere. I even saw her in my dream last night. I thought I was sitting in the midst of a gloomy and immense forest, near a wild, rushing river that dashed over a precipice into a bottomless chasm a few steps from me.

Oh! give me the heart that forever is free from the world's selfish rust, And the soul, whose high, noble endeavor, Is to raise fallen men from the dust. And when, in adversity's ocean, A victim is likely to drown, All hail to the friend whose devotion Will lift up a man when he's 'down.'"

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help that she expected, or was it the voices of the Indians coming back? She drew not distinguish. The sound drew nearer and nearer, and became more distinct as it approached. "They are our men," exclaimed Mlle. Baby. "Don't you hear the barking of our dog?" And she drew a long breath of relief, as if an immense weight had been taken from her heart.

Mme. Baby did not reply; a faint smile played over her lips. She too, had heard the dogs barking; but another noise that she knew only too well had also reached her ears. Very soon the voices became so distinct, that it was impossible to be deceived any longer. "Here they are, here they are!" shrieked the young girl, sinking into a seat near the window, with which the savages decorate their heads appeared between the trees.

"Don't tremble so," said Mme. Baby in a quiet voice to her daughter, "for you will betray us. Look out of the window, and don't let them perceive your emotion."

Courage and coolness at a critical moment are always admirable, but when a woman possesses these qualities, they are sublime. Calm and impassive, without even rising from her seat, Mme. Baby tranquilly continued her work. The most practiced eye could not have detected the smallest trace of emotion, the least furtive excitement or agitation, on her commanding and noble countenance. A heroine's heart beat in her woman's breast, and it was thus that she awaited the arrival of the savages.

"Tell us where you have concealed the white warrior," cried the first one who entered the room. It was the Potawatamie whom the young officer had so imprudently offended. He was dripping with perspiration, and out of breath with his long and fatiguing quest. You could see the rage and exasperation of his disappointment in his ferocious glances, his scowling brow, and the excitement that made every feature quiver.

"Comrade," replied Mme. Baby, in a tranquil tone of voice, "you know the superintendent well; and if you have the misfortune to misbehave in his house, you will get into trouble."

The Indian hesitated a moment, then said, in a feigned mildness of voice, "My white sister knows that the Potawatamie loves peace, and that he never makes the first attack. The white warrior is on the war-path, or the Potawatamie would not have pursued."

"I have not hidden the white warrior," answered Mme. Baby. "It is useless to search here; you had better look elsewhere, or he will escape you."

The Indian did not reply, but looking at Mme. Baby with a smile, he pointed to a little stain on the floor that no one but an Indian would have discovered. But the sharp eye of the savage had detected there a trace of his enemy. It was a drop of blood which Mme. Baby had taken the precaution to wipe away most carefully.

"My sister has told the truth," said the Indian, in an ironical tone. "The white warrior has not passed this way; that drop of blood, I suppose, she put there to persuade the Indian that she had concealed the white warrior."

Then, assuming a more serious tone, he continued: "My sister, know well that the Potawatamie will do the white warrior no harm; only show us where he is hidden, and we will go away; we only want to take him prisoner."

He stopped, and bending his head forward, looked through an open window at the other end of the apartment; then, giving a hideous yell, he rushed across the room, and leaped out of the window that opened into the garden. His ferocious companions followed him, howling like a troop of demons. Without seeing what had happened, Mme. Baby understood all. The young officer, hearing the Indians return, and believing himself lost, had the imprudence to jump out of one of the windows into the garden. He ran toward a covered fountain in the center of the *parterre* to hide when the Indian perceived him. How can I describe the scene which followed? The pen drops from my hand. In two bounds, they had reached him, and one of the savages striking him a terrible blow with his fist, sent him reeling to the ground. He fell on his broken arm, and the excruciating pain caused him to utter a deep groan. They then seized hold of him, and bound his hands and feet. Poor young man! what resistance could he make to his cruel enemies, with a broken arm, and totally disabled and weakened by the loss of blood. He called for help, but the echoes in the garden only answered his cries, and redoubled the horror of the scene. Mlle. Baby, bereft of her senses, threw herself at her mother's feet, and, hiding her face on her knees, she covered her ears with her hands, to shut out, if possible, from sight and hearing the frightful tragedy. While the rest of the savages were tying their victim down, the Potawatamie drew out his knife, and deliberately commenced to sharpen it on a stone. His face betrayed no excitement whatever; not

even the horrible pleasure of gratifying his vengeance, which was too small for his body. Finally, while making a last effort, he suddenly turned his head, and fixed his eyes with a very uneasy expression on a little bush near him. He seemed undecided what to do; then, letting go the object, he rested his hand on the ground, and, pushing it against the earth with all his strength, tried to force himself through the hole. But his broad shoulders, compressed on both sides by the wall, held him like a vice, and he could neither move one way or another. Then his uneasiness increased, and he looked again anxiously toward the bushes. A slight rustling of the leaves was then perceptible, and a small head emerged slowly from the shadow of the branches, and extended itself toward the savage. It was a rattlesnake! Immovable and with fixed eyes, the Indian watched the least movement of the reptile, which advanced softly and cautiously, as if aware of the strength and power of his redoubtable adversary. When within a few feet of the savage, it stopped, raised itself up, and, throwing out its forked tongue, sprang toward his face; but before he could reach him, the Indian, as quick as thought, gave him a violent blow with the hand that was free, and the reptile fell a short distance from him. Then he began again to make every effort to disengage himself; but in vain. The snake, now furious, advanced a second time to recommence the attack; but with more caution than before. Approaching still nearer to his enemy, he threw himself forward with much greater violence, but without success; for the hand of the savage struck him rebounding further off than before. The Potawatamie then gathered all his strength for a final effort of liberation, but of no avail; he remained fast in the opening of the air-hole. Quick as lightning, the reptile, now foaming at the mouth, with blazing eyes, and jaws swollen with rage, his forked tongue extended, sprang with renewed strength toward his prey. His scaly skin glistened and sparkled in the silvery light of the moon, and the slight noise made by his rattles resembled the rustling of parchment, and alone broke the silence of the night. This mortal combat in the stillness of night, between a serpent and a wild savage more subtle than the serpent, had an indescribable fascination; it was more like a contest between two evil spirits, in the shadow of night, over some unfortunate victim. The serpent now approached so near the Indian that he could almost have seized him with his hand; he raised himself a last time, and, throwing back his head, sprang forward. The savage, guarding himself carefully with his one hand, had followed with his eyes the least movement of the writhing body. It was plain to see that the final fight had begun, and could only terminate in the total vanquishment of one or the other of the combatants. At the instant that the snake sprang like an arrow upon his enemy, the Indian raised his hand; but this time the attack of the reptile had been so rapid and instantaneous that, before he could strike him a blow, his fangs had died away in the throat of the savage, who, seizing the serpent with his hand before he could escape, raised him to pieces with his teeth! A vain reprisal—the blow had been struck. A short time after, the most horrible cries and fearful convulsions announced that the mortal venom had entered his veins. The victim writhed with despair in the midst of his execrating agony. It was thought at first that he had finally succeeded in getting out; but subsequently they found the body, enormously swollen, still held in the aperture of the air-hole. His blood-shot eyes were starting from their sockets, his face as black as ink, while his gaping mouth revealed two rows of white teeth, to which still clung the fragments of the reptile's skin, and flakes of bloody foam. Providence had indeed terribly avenged the assassination of the young officer.

These reptiles were so numerous in this part of the country not many years ago that it was extremely dangerous to leave the windows open in the evening. My mother related that, while she was living at Sandwick with her father, one of the domestics was imprudent enough to leave a window open. During the evening, they had occasion to move a sideboard which stood against the wall, and a large snake was discovered behind it fast asleep. Another day, when playing truant, a snake sprang upon her and tried to bite her waist; but happily her clothes were so thick that its fangs could not penetrate them. While she ran in great terror, her companions called her to untie her skirt. And that advice saved her life!—A. T. W.

A GENTLEMAN of "elegant leisure," and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and out of two hundred marriages published in New England journals, last week, only two of the ladies had old-fashioned names, such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Mellies, Hollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Biddies, Detties, Patties, Matties, Lizzies, and so on. He says if he can hear of some girl with a familiar "christian name," he shall "start for her."

Horrible as this scene is, it is nevertheless perfectly true, even in minutest detail. Persons familiar with the Indian character well know their thieving propensities.

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