

BY virtue of writs of Paul, Esquire, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, on the 14th day of August, 1876, at 10 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to-wit:

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of writs of Paul, Esquire, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, on the 14th day of August, 1876, at 10 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to-wit:

THE SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click, Goss the type in the stick, As the printer stands at his case, His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick The type at a rapid pace; And one by one as the letters go, Words are piled up steady and slow— Steady and slow, But still they grow, And words of fire they soon will glow, Wonderful words, that without a sound Tra-cere the earth to its utmost bound, Words that shall make Tyrants quake, And the fetters of the oppressed shall break; Word that can crumble an army's might, Or treble its strength in a righteous fight, Yet the type they look but leaden and dumb, As he put them in place with finger and thumb; But the printer smiles, By chanting a song as the letters he piles, With a pick and click, Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

A CONNECTICUT MYSTERY.

A recent item in the Hartford, Connecticut papers, recording the finding at Middletown of the body of a laboring man, apparently about 60 years of age, which was afterward identified as Patrick Nugent, of Cromwell, furnishes an opportunity to make public the facts of a case that has long been esteemed, by those familiar with it, as one of the most remarkable instances of the worthlessness of circumstantial evidence on record. Now that the accused has tragically met his death at the very spot and in the very manner that, nineteen years ago, he was suspected of ending the life of another, it seems right that a clear and coherent story of the whole affair should be given, that his memory may be cleared of the aspersions that have been cast upon him during life, by those—and there are many—who would never admit, even in the face of direct evidence, that they could so have wronged a man.

THE SNAKE CHILD.

BITTEN AND PURSUED BY THE SPIRIT OF A SERPENT—A POISONED LIFE THAT ENDED IN MURDER AND SUICIDE.—AN UNRAVELED MYSTERY.

THE SNAKE CHILD.

North Dorset is a pretty hamlet in Vermont, near the Hoosac. The grand Green Mountains tower up on either side and nestled in the peaceful valley are the few rambling houses and workmen's huts that go to make up the settlement. It is easy enough to see, the first glance, that the people look anything but wealthy, the farms have an uncared for appearance, and the houses are of the most tumble down and dilapidated description. A curious anomaly is the presence of marble in every direction; gate posts, fences, door steps, and even fire-places of pure white marble may be found in and around these humble dwellings; and yet this apparent luxury is but the result of the fortunate indolence of the younger generation in reference to the quarry in the neighborhood, and the North Dorseters, who are too lazy to cut their fences and gate posts from marble, have found it much easier to bring marble slabs from the quarry. This was the appearance of the hamlet in 1857, when a young man in search of picaresque sport, which showed a meagre return of the perch, "bull-heads," and sunfish. The completion of the Hoosac Tunnel has, however, probably improved the poor, desolate North Dorset, as it has improved former days, small as the place was, it boasted a hotel after the conventional country pattern, which besides affording entertainment for man and beast, also contained the post office, country store and bar room, in which the loungers of the place would congregate and discuss politics and the other gossip of a country bar room. Altogether, North Dorset was not beyond what attractions nature had bestowed upon it, an altogether Hawaiian abode. There was

THE SNAKE CHILD.

there, however, whose fame had gone abroad among scientific critics, and the little hamlet was frequently visited by students of natural phenomena, anxious to solve, if possible, the riddle this unfortunate young man presented. In the account which follows, the real names of the parties interested are suppressed at the request of those who have so deeply suffered through the events that have transpired. The visitors to the North Dorset Hotel were immediately attracted by the appearance of one of the female servants. She was tall and grum in figure, with a face almost as swarthy as those of an Indian, hair of a raven black color, and fastened in one of those remarkable coils that would appear to be a diadem of the hair of a Yankee country woman. Her eyes were dark and small, and from the expression in them it was evident that the woman had suffered much, as if she had. She had married one of the lands on the railroad, a big, burly fellow, who, after the fashion of the country women, her eyes were dark and small, and from the expression in them it was evident that the woman had suffered much, as if she had. She had married one of the lands on the railroad, a big, burly fellow, who, after the fashion of the country women, her eyes were dark and small, and from the expression in them it was evident that the woman had suffered much, as if she had.

THE SNAKE CHILD.

Without the slightest provocation she would give way to fits of almost uncontrollable rage. At these times her head would roll from side to side, her eyes would glitter with a strange, fascinating, and yet terrifying light, and she would try to bite any human being that came in her way. Failing in this, she would rush about the room, picking up stones, would fling them with devilish malignity at those towards whom she wished to vent her rage. She would continue in this condition for about a week and then would seclude herself in a room, where she would remain for several days, until she returned to her normal state of cheerfulness. With each return of the full moon would come these strange fits, and, by and by, she came to be known in the neighborhood as