Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1878. NUMBER 7.

OURNED EXECUTOR'S SALE.

undersigned will offer for sale at public tery, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

onday, March 11th,

rs, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that certain

estead, or Piece or Parcel of Land,

in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., ded on the north by lands of Peter Hoover eirs of John Bennett; on the east by lands hael Noon; on the south by lands of John y and Adam Schettig, and on the west by of said Adam Schettig; containing 1[illegible] and 87 perches, more or less, about 100 of which are cleared, the balance, about 60 being timber land—having thereon erected two story LOG DWELLING HOUSE, with good a Log Bank Barn, with Sheds all around, ther outbuildings. There is an excellent of living water near the door, a good spring and a thriving orchard of apple and peach in full bearing, on the premises the same the real estate of which Michael Murray, of said township, died seized. TITLE INDISPUTABLE.

There is an abundance of hemlock and hard as well as rail timber, on the 60 Acres not

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on delivery of and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest to be secured by the bonds mortgage of the purchaser.

JAMES C. MURRAY,
Surviving Executor, &c.

arch 1, 1878-2

CHARLES J. STAHL,

ACTICAL BOOKBINDER,

No. 1109½ ELEVENTH AVENUE,

Altoona, Pa.,

repared to do all work in his line, such as nding Ledgers, Dockets, Day-Books, Deed s, other Blank Books, Magazines, Music Pamphlets, Constitutions, Rye Laws &c., the shortest notice, in the best manner, n the MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Books Rebound to Look Like New,

satisfaction fully guaranteed in old as well work. Having been in the Bookbinding ess for over thirty years, during fourteen of I have resided in Altoona, I flatter myself I can do more different kinds and better binding than any man outside of New York or Philadelphia. Parties at a distance desiring work done can order by mail to me with every assurance that it will be attended to promptly, satisfactorily and at the lowest possible rates no matter whether common or fancy bindings are desired. A large assortment of Binder's Stock kept constantly on hand, from which the kind of binding wished for can be selected. Orders solicited. Room Feb 22 1878.-tf.

RIAL LIST, MARCH TERM.—List

of Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, commencing MONDAY, MARCH 11th, 1878:

SECOND WEEK

Christy, vs.
McLaughlin, vs.
Heslop, vs.
Lapsley, vs.
Flynn et al vs.
Marrin, et al vs.
Cambria Coal & Coke Co. vs.
Scanlan et al. vs.
Donegan, vs.
Oakes vs.
Odell vs.
Sineman, vs.
Flattery, vs.
Bendon, vs.
Lamb vs.
Horn, vs.
Stinebiser et al. vs.
Cronstore, vs.
McCombie vs.
Cambria Iron Co. vs.
Wright et al. vs.
Ryan vs.
Arnold vs.
Crowley, vs.
Rodensnotz vs.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1878.

ARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—

The undersigned offers at private sale the following described properties, to wit: A tract of land in Blair township, Blair county, containing 184 acres, well improved, and thereon all the necessary farm buildings. The farm will be divided into two or three parts, as desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the first of March next, it will then be rented. Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, 3½ miles from Altoona. This property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid new barn and other buildings thereon erected. Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a road built to it, ready for shipping coal.

The above lands will be sold as a whole or divided, on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address

WM. DECKER.
Nov. 23, 1877.-1y. Box 889, Altoona.

HOTEL PROPERTY AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on **Saturday, March 30th, 1878,** the well known TAVERN STAND at Summitville, recently occupied by Mr. Luke Burgoon. The house is a new one, well finished throughout, the cellar is properly drained, while the lot is large and in a good state of cultivation. Possession will be given to the purchaser the first of April next.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-fourth in hand and the balance in three equal annual payments with interest, secured by bond or mortgage of the purchaser.

HENRY FRITZ.

Johnstown Feb 21, 18 8 -3t.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale at a great bargain her FARM OF 50 ACRES, with allowance in Adams township, about 35 acres of which are cleared, it being thereon erected a two story LOG House 18x25 large BANK BARN, and the usual outbuildings. There is an excellent young orchard of apple, cherry and peach trees, with plenty of good water on the premises. The FARM is in an excellent state of cultivation and will be sold very cheap and on the most liberal terms. For further particulars call on or address

MRS. LEAH FLENNER,
South Fork P. O.

Feb. 28 1877.-3m.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of Thomas Dumphy, administrator of John Dumphy, dec'd, as shown by his final account, to and amongst those entitled to receive the same, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 30th day of MARCH inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his said appointments; at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

J. G. LAKE, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Feb. 22, 1878 3t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Christop'r Eckenrode, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Christopher Eckenrode, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to the undersigned.

JOSEPH ECKENRODE, Administrator.
Allegheny Twp., Feb. 15, 1878.-6t.

ON THE RECEIPT OF FIFTY CENTS we will send, postage paid, to any address, a handsome Chromo of "HIS HOLINESS, LEO XIII." from an authentic Portrait issued by the publishers by his Grace, Archbishop Purcell. Address, Chromo Department,

NATIONAL BUREAU OF ENGRAVING
12-1-25-1 512 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—In compliance with the wishes of many friends, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

JOSUE D. PARRISH.

Ebensburg, Feb. 15, 1878.-3t.*

PIANOS Retail price $1000 only $260. Parlor Organs, price $240 only $ 5. Paper free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

LIFE.

And what is life? A bubble broken,
A word forgot as soon as spoken,
An hour of wasted leisure;
A fragile wreath of withered flowers,
A hope which never can be ours,
A still eluding pleasure.

Children—we frolic, laugh or cry;
We hope to grow up by and by,
And be sage men and women.
In youth—we skate, and go to college,
Lay up vast stores of useful knowledge,
Or spend our days in scheming.

As men—we marry, work, are lazy,
The one-half fools, the other crazy,
Suspicious of it never!
We toil, we buy, we build, we barter,
And could keep hold forever!
Old age comes on. The bubble breaks;
Man from his busy dream awakes,
And mourns his wasted leisure.
The wealth he garnered wounds his brow,
Deceitful hopes forsake him now,
The moth corrupts his treasure.

Where shall he look? The world above
He does not know—he does not love—
Yet there his steps are tending.
Oh, had he dreamed 'twould come to this,
Would he not then have sought his bliss
In pleasure never ending?

—*Anonymous.*

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

"I shipped in the Norway for the passage from Cronstadt to Hull, and another English gentleman, who went by the name of Jack Hastings, joined her at the same time. He and I lodged together on the shore, and became somewhat acquainted before we became shipmates. He was a man of considerable information, and, from his talk, had seen his share of the world, but was not much of a sailor, as I had already surmised from the cut of his jib.

We found Capt. Phelps, of the Norway, a Tartar in the worst sense of the word; and the voyage was anything but a pleasant one, especially to Hastings. He had shipped for able seaman's wages, and his deficiencies were soon apparent, especially to a captain who had a hawk's eye for the weak points in a man, that he might come down on him. As I had a strong feeling of respect for the young man, I stood his friend whenever I could, by trying to do more than my own share of duty, and covering up his shortcomings; but I couldn't always be at hand, of course.

One night when it was blowing quite fresh, and I was at the wheel, the captain was up, and had all hands putting reefs in the topsails. The men had just down on deck, and were manning the halyards to hoist away, when poor Hastings, instead of the reef-tackle, let go the weather foretopsail brace, and away went the yard fore and aft. However by luffing up smartly, we managed to get it checked in again without carrying away anything. But Capt. Phelps, frothing at the mouth, vowed he would tan the clumsy lubber's hide that did it, and would ride him down like a maintack. He rushed at Hastings with a piece of ratline stuff, and brought it down once, with a terrific cut over his neck and shoulders.

As he raised it again to repeat the blow, while all hands stood looking on, hushed into silence, a voice from aloft roared out:

"Hold your hand!"

The sound, which was wonderfully loud and clear, seemed to come down out of the maintop. The captain fell back aft, so as to look up, but could see nothing.

"Aloft, there!" he yelled in a rage.

No answer.

"Maintop, there!"

"Halloa!" was answered spitefully.

"Come down on deck!"

"Come up here and see how you like it!"

The captain's rage was now fearful to behold.

"Who's aloft there? Who is it, Mr. Raynor?" he inquired of the mate.

"Nobody that I know of, sir," answered the officer. "They're all here in sight."

The men looked from one to another, but the number was correct. The second mate, without waiting for orders, sprang up aloft and looked over the top rim, then made the circuit of it, looking all around the mast head, and reported himself alone. The captain dropped his rope's end and went below, his mind in a strange chaos of rage and fear, and Hastings escaped further punishment for that night.

But a few days were sufficient for the captain to forget his fears, and I myself was the next victim of his wrath. He had ordered me to make a lanyard-knot in the end of an old, ragged rope, to be used for a lashing somewhere. I did so, and returned it to him, telling him I had made the best job of it that I could.

"Well, if that's your best," said he, "you're as much of a lubber as your partner, Hastings. I'll dock you both to ordinary seaman's pay."

In vain I remonstrated, saying that the rope was too much worn and jagged to make a neat piece of work.

"Jagged, is it? Well, I'll finish it up over your lubberly back."

"No you won't?" sung out a voice from behind the long boat.

He rushed round in the direction of the sound, but there was no one here.

"Who was that that spoke?" he cried. "If I knew who he was I'd cut his heart out."

"Ha, ha! would ye!" was answered derisively—from the maintop, now.

It was broad daylight, and all could see that there was no one up there. I was quite as much startled and mystified as my tyrant could possibly be, but the diversion served as good a purpose as on the previous occasion, for he did not attack me again. Had he done so I meant to resist, and grapple with him if it cost me my life.

That night the Captain's slumbers were disturbed by a fierce cry, which appeared to come in at the side light in his state room, left open for fresh air. The cry had been heard by the mate on the quarter-deck, and by Hastings, at the wheel, who could give no explanation of it, and seemed to share his astonishment and fear, when he rushed on deck and looked vainly over the quarter in search of the cause.

From that day he was harassed and persecuted at every turn by an "invisible presence," which gave him no peace of his life. Whether on deck or below he found no escape from it, and especially when he began to abuse or swear at any of the ship's company the voice of the hidden champion invariably took their part, the insolent laugh rang in his ear on every such occasion, seeming to come from overhead.

But no such manifestation ever troubled us in the forecastle, nor did the unearthly voice ever address any one on board except Capt. Phelps. The more superstitious part of our crew would rather have borne his tyrannical treatment than have lived in a haunted ship, while some of us welcomed a friend in this unaccountable spiritual presence, or whatever it might be.

The captain's angry passions were to some degree checked by it, though now and then they broke forth so suddenly that the object of his fury received a blow before it could interfere. We had arrived within a couple of days' sail of the English coast, when, becoming exasperated by some blunder of Hastings, he hurled a belaying pin, which struck him on the head. The poor fellow suddenly clapped both hands to the spot with a yell and rushed into the forecastle. The captain, after having thrown the missile, appeared, as I thought, surprised at not hearing anything, and I noticed him glance nervously aloft. But still hearing nothing he recovered his courage and ordered Mr. Raynor to "call that man on deck again."

The mate, getting no answer to his call, went below and found Hastings delirious. He reported that he believed the man to be in a critical condition, and the captain directed him to do whatever he thought best for his relief. I think Capt. Phelps, like some other hard cases that I have sailed with, did not dare venture into the forecastle himself, for fear that he might never get out again alive.

That night it became necessary to call all hands out to reef again, and while we were on the yards a thrilling cry arose from the boys, such as might well have been raised by a maniac. A human form was seen by several of us erect on the rail, near the fore swifter, and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our bow.

Mr. Raynor and the captain, who were on deck, rushed to the side; a hat was seen for a moment bobbing up on the crest of the sea, and the same dreadful yell of insanity was repeated, even more shrill than before. Captain Phelps echoed the cry, but faintly, and fell insensible to the deck.

Mr. Raynor hailed us on the topsail yard with a voice like a trumpet blast—"Lay down from aloft! Clear away the small boat!"

We thought the mate was quite as mad as the poor suicide; and so he was for the moment. By the time we reached the deck he was ready to countermand the order. Everything was hidden in darkness, the wind and sea fast increasing; and it was hardly possible, even then, for the clumsy little boat to live. The captain, still unconscious, was carried below, with many a muttered wish that he might never come up again; and bitter were the oaths of vengeance, mingled with kind words and tears for our departed messmate, that went round among our wakeful little circle during that stormy, dismal night.

When the Hull pilot boarded us, forty eight hours afterward, Capt. Phelps was at his post, trying to look like himself, but still pale and trembling. The mate told us that he should have him arrested as soon as we arrive in port. But I think he must have relented and connived at his escape, for he was missing before the ship was fairly secured. I don't think he was ever brought to justice, though I did not wait to see. I was glad enough to shake the dust of the Norway off my feet, and to forget, if possible, the history of the voyage.

But I often found myself, while on subsequent voyages, puzzling my brain to account for the strange phenomena of which I have spoken. Five years passed away and I was none the wiser in that respect, when I found myself in Liverpool, where I had arrived from a South America voyage and had been paid off with fifty pounds—a considerable sum for me to have in my possession at one time.

Strolling along the streets at early evening, ready for anything in the way of amusement that might turn up, my attention was caught by a poster announcing the performance of "Prof. Holbrook, the unrivaled and world-renowned ventriloquist." I had never seen a performance of that sort; but after reading the bill I resolved to go. I was just in time when I reached the hall of exhibition, and taking a ticket I entered and took a seat. I thought the professor's entertainment the most wonderful thing I had ever seen or heard. After a variety of sounds and voices had been imitated with marvelous skill, he informed us that he would hold a conversation with an imaginary person up the chimney. When the responsive "Ha, ha!" came down I was startled to such a degree as to rise from my seat. It was the same voice, in precisely the same peculiar tones, that I had heard so many times from the Norway's maintop.

A minute later, the professor, having finished his part, came forward to the front of the stage; in spite of his flowing beard and other disguises, I recognized one whom I had supposed to be dead five years before.

"Jack Hastings!" said I, aloud, forgetting, in my excitement, where I was.

"Sit down!" "Put him out!" cried a dozen voices at once.

I subsided, of course, but not before I had received a sign of recognition from the ventriloquist. When the performance was over he beckoned to me, and in the privacy of his own room grasped my hand with a hearty pressure.

"Hastings," I asked, "how in the name of miracles were you saved?"

"Saved! Where?"

"When you jumped overboard raving mad."

He laughed—his own natural, hearty laugh; not the unearthly one which he sent down from chimneys and mastheads.

"I never jumped overboard, Ashton," said he; "and I never was any more mad than I am at this moment. It was only a plan to frighten old Phelps, and I think it succeeded but too well. If he had been tried for his life and I had thought him in danger, I should have appeared in court and frightened him again to save his life. But he could not be found, and I never heard of him since. My madness was all a sham, and the man overboard was only a bundle of old duds, surmounted by my old hat. I slipped down into the forepeak and lay concealed till the night after the ship arrived, when I stole out and went ashore. Of course you understand the cries you heard?"

"Certainly; and the other strange sounds on board. Your ventriloquism explains the whole matter."

"I performed in most of the cities and large towns in England before I knew you; but I was then dissipated in my habits, and squandered all that I made. While on one of my sprees I shipped and went to sea, and that is how you found me in Cronstadt. But I was never stock to make a sailor of. Since I have returned have done well and saved money, and you must allow that I acquit myself better on this stage than I did on board the Norway."

And that's the only haunted ship that ever I was in. I've heard of others, but probably those cases might all be explained in some similar way.

GOOD BYE, DEAR!

TWO WOMEN WHO WERE TOO LONG SAYING IT.

The Providence (R. I.) *Journal* says: A funny incident occurred at the west end of the railroad station yesterday morning, which at one time threatened serious results, and it was only by good fortune that one if not two lives were not lost. As the 6:45 train for Wickford Junction was about to leave, two women were noticed apparently bidding each other good bye. One was standing on the platform of a car; the other was standing on the platform that runs out from that end of the station.—They had hold of hands as if for a parting grasp. The train started slowly; there seemed to be no need of the final farewell just yet, so the woman on the depot platform walked along, still keeping hold of the hand of her friend. The speed of the train increased, so did the speed of the woman on the platform. Still they kept hold of hands. A young man, an interested observer of the transaction, could not quite make up his mind whether she that was off the train wished to get on, or she that was on wished to get off. The speed of the tram still increased, until the woman on the platform began to trot, and then to run. Still they kept hold of hands.

Those acquainted with the locality will remember that the platform extends some distance from the station, and at the end of it a fence commences, which runs along a couple of feet or so from the track. The woman on the platform by this time was going pretty fast, and when she reached the end of the platform she didn't stop. Still they kept hold of hands. The result was the woman on the platform fell down between the fence and the moving train, and pulled the woman from the car down there with her. There the two were piled up in a small space, in imminent danger of getting under the train that was moving quickly by them.

There was a second of silent astonishment; and then they both screamed.

The interested spectator now became a frightened spectator, and then a rescuer. He rushed to the aid of these unfortunates, expecting every moment to see one or both caught by the train and dragged under the wheels. Before he reached them, however, one in some way had managed to get through the fence and out of the way, while the other lay on her back, kicking frantically. Fearing she would, in her wild endeavors, strike the train to her own great sorrow, the young man reached in through the fence, caught her by the feet, and held them till the train had passed, when she arose and inquired if she was perfectly safe.

A MISERABLE FAILURE.—A gaunt hen pecked looking man, with a sepulchral voice, glided into the Central station office on Saturday and sat for two hours and a half, irritating a pimple on his nose, before he managed to muster sufficient nerve to unbosom himself. Having screwed himself to the sticking point, he stepped softly up to the 'squire and said with marked forceness:

"Judge?"

"Well, sir," answered the court.

"I've come—"

"Well."

"To ascertain—"

"Go ahead."

"How much—"

"This sounds business like," thought the court.

"How much will it cost—"

"Yes, yes."

"How much will it cost if, in an unguarded moment, I should be seized with a spasm and should smite the woman, who doubles my troubles, over the brow with the palm of my dexter finger?"

"Let me understand," said the court. "You wish to know the penalty of wife beating. Is that it?"

"That's the English of it."

"Well, about thirty days."

"Thirty days," repeated the hen pecked man. "Judge, would they let her get within a hundred yards of my prison home if I protest?"

"Certainly not."

His mournful countenance blossomed with anticipated joy as he started for the door. As he was passing out he turned boldly to the justice and remarked:

"Make her out judge. I'll be here to pay the penalty in just about two hours. Thirty days. How cheap! Oh, won't I—won't I whang her one! I can't hold a candle to her on the jaw movement; I have not even pretended to wear the trousers. But my manhood is aroused. I'll simply gyrate in an irregular orbit about her headpiece, and then will give myself up to the law for thirty days with pleasure. If I can get one grand, glorious sling of this No. 10 bull skin at her, I'll go down for sixty days without a groan." Two hours later four men carried him to the hospital on a shutter, and his wife was arrested for assault and battery.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—A late author truthfully says: "Gold cannot buy happiness, and the parents who compel their daughters to marry for station or money commit a grevious sin against humanity and God, and a woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain—that all the glittering and heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glitterings of heart-wretchedness; that her life will be one of gilded misery, and her old age will be like a crag on the side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild beast howl and hoarse thunders roar, and through the sweeping storms shall be heard the stern voice of the great God, saying your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth eaten, your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and eat your flesh as if it were fire."

"On the mud, the terrible mud, covering the crossings with an angry flood; on the pavement, over the street, soiling brogans and dainty feet; oh, how a fellow roars for blood when his polished-up boots slide in o the mud."

A BIG SNAKE STORY.

One morning my friend Wilson and I found ourselves amid a wild but stupendous piece of Mexican scenery. All of a sudden we were startled by a scream,—a shriek that could come from none but the throat of a frightened woman—and we stood still, so full of horror and wild alarm had been the cry. There was in front of us a rock. On one side led a path, on the other the same. From the other side of the barrier seemed to come the cry.

I arrived first on the spot, a cleared space hemmed in by rocks, and my eyes beheld what till then had never so expanded their sockets with horror. On the ground beside a bowlder, against which one exquisite bare arm, clasped with a jeweled bracelet, was stretched, lay a young Mexican girl of astonishing loveliness, her wonderful beauty veiled by a mass of black, wavy hair, that fell in a perfect cloud to her feet. She lay as still and white as one dead on the solid rock.

Horror froze me at the next sight. At the opposite side of the inclosure, and fifty feet away, was one of the largest serpents I ever saw. He was wriggling down from the rock, and his filthy head was already slowly approaching the girl.

The monstrous serpent—which I at once took for a species of anaconda—was slowly extending his slimy length toward his prey, his neck seeming to stretch like a mass of rubber out of the frightful folds on the rock; for the head and neck elongated, yet the horrible coil did not decrease. His short, forked tongue, darted forth vengefully, and his wicked, dull eyes snapped with diabolical eagerness, yet he steadily came on.

Serpent and girl were hardly sixteen yards apart, and the girl still lay as lifeless, to all appearances, as if the vital spark had fled.

"For heaven's sake, save her—drag her away!" yelled Wilson.

In his excitement her drew his revolver and fired a shot at the head of the snake, which had no effect.

The sound of his voice and the crack of the shot brought me to my senses, for I was standing like one paralyzed. With a spring or two I stood between the serpent and the girl, the attention of the former luckily a trifle distracted by Wilson's rash shot. I acted quickly, but the case seemed a desperate one.

A thrill seemed to go to my fingers' ends as I touched the form of the girl. She was wonderously beautiful; yet she lay motionless, every moulded contour of her figure in repose, white and rigid, classic as a marble statue of innocence itself.

I took the inanimate form of the girl in my arms and rushed away from the maw of the huge snake. In my excitement I could not help shuddering at the frightful presence of the serpent. Few would willingly be near such an object, and, whether by intuition or superstition I knew not, there seemed to be a full fascination, horrible, but irresistible, in the creature's presence. I rushed past Wilson with my burden. A torrent was at hand. I laid my frail burden on a mossy bed, while Wilson came to the spot opportunely, bringing with him a hatful of cold water.

A gentle application of this the first time produced no effect. A second and third, more violent, seemed fruitless. She lay like one dead. We became alarmed. Was she really dead? We bore her to the side of the boiling torrent, and poured the icy torrent on her pure forehead. All of a sudden she seemed to return to the possession of her senses. She started up, stared at us, in affright, gazed about her, and then seemed to be trying to recall the memory of all that had befallen her. All at once she clasped her hands to her face, and with a wild shriek of terror, she fell into my arms, crying out:

"Por Dios, le anaconda!"

Then she fainted again. The frightful encounter with the serpent had absolutely crazed the poor girl. Water was again applied, and this time she awoke with less difficulty than before. We watched the dark eyes unclouded with no little apprehension. She regarded us with the same vacant stare. I said as soothing as I could:

"Don't fear, Senorita, you are among friends."

She seemed to gather her senses and take courage. After a little while she was enable to explain to us that she lived in the neighborhood with her father and family; that she had strolled out among the mountains further than usual on the present occasion; that she had sat down to rest, and that all of a sudden her appalled vision encountered the ugly head of the serpent advancing toward her. She screamed and fainted. We arrived on the scene a moment later, and the reader knows the rest.

We told her we were English travelers, that we could have no greater pleasure than to befriend her, and that we would see her home. This we did, and, having received the thanks of herself and relatives, we started to look again after the serpent.

The animal was either sunning himself or plotting more mischief in a state of deliberative repose—perhaps both. In size this was the largest specimen I ever saw, and as large as any truthful description I ever heard narrated. It was, I may safely say, with every regard for veracity, as large round as a man's body, and this in his ante breakfast condition. We stood looking at him with distended eyes as he lay in the sun, his back in the light gleaming like burnished brass. His was, however, a case that admitted of small delay. Should we at fact his attention we might not be objectionable to his palate for a repast.

"Hist!" said Wilson, "let's get in front of him if we can."

"So as to get a good chance at his eyes?"

"Yes; creep after me—still! He's in an admirable position."

We found ourselves on the top of the rocks at the opposite side of the enclosure.

The monster had not stirred. As we raised our rifles he began to twinkle his wicked eyes at us, seeing us for the first time. Even as we raised the hammer of our weapons he began to wriggle, preparatory to a motion toward us. Evidently he thought he should not be cheated out of his breakfast after all.

"Now, my boy, and look alive as soon as you fire! One, two, thr—"

Bang went both of our pieces simultaneously. The smoke rolled out. We ran along till we could see the effect of our shots. Both bullets seemed to have taken effect. The creature had drawn back as if stunned, with the blood flowing from his head, and his eyes apparently demolished. It was only for a moment, and then—well, I never before had an idea of the ferocity of sudden motion. He drew his immense length together, and then, like a thunderbolt, let himself fly into the air, at the cloud of smoke, with a force that made the joints and folds of his coat snap. Then he fell back and commenced to writhe and twist, uttering a peculiar and vengeful hiss, and a cry like an infant's.

While we reloaded, rage and pain seemed to get the mastery over him. He began to strike himself with his fangs, thrash about and raise a fearful commotion and a terrible dust. He grew every instant more violent. He would raise himself almost erect in the air, seemingly on the very tip of his tail, then fall suddenly and twist and bite himself in his agony.

We could not get another shot till he became more quiet. So we waited.

"See, he is trying to escape!" cried Wilson.

It was even so. He rattled at headlong speed down the mountain, over rocks, everything. We got on a tall rock, where we could overlook the scene.

A few hundred rods down the rocky descent was a precipice overhanging a densely-foliaged valley at least 400 feet below. In his present mad, blind course the serpent must go over its edge.

We stood, the spectators of the coming tragedy. And he did go over in our full view. What a fall was that! How many tons' weight I dare not guess. Down, down, he fell, coiled in a ball, a dense, black, wriggling mass. There was a small pond or stagnant pool in the valley, and it chanced to be directly below our blind serpent. I almost shut my eyes as the seconds passed. The tremendous mass cleared the precipice; the next instant there was a splash which threw the water high in huge jets, and emptied the pond, throwing out alligators, water snakes, and other aqueous monsters, and at the bottom, deep in the mud, lay the serpent. He writhed still, but the water came in and filled the pool again and drowned him.

The Literature of Crime.

America presents a most prolific field for cheap (*i. e. low* grade) literature; and as our boys and girls are essentially a reading class, and the demand for this literature is large, the bookstores and news-stands are stocked with it. An unnatural development of sentiment, at the expense of judgment, leads the young of both sexes to patronize that species of sensational romance, startling fiction, or even coarse vulgarity, that is so unsparingly meted out to them in the novels and story papers that have attained immense circulation in the land. They devour with avidity the account of imaginary adventures, and follow with all the interest of absolute reality, through the pages of these highly wrought literary productions the wavering fortunes of some fictitious hero or equally mythical heroine. And the same irresistible penchant for these sensational romances that has enthralled the intellects of much of our adult population has become a kind of second nature with our rising generation. It has become woven with their very being so that it would appear to be a necessary adjunct to their existence. They neglect the performance of their ordinary occupations and shirk the responsibilities of position or duty to indulge their propensities for such reading. It appears to carry with it a fascination, that imperceptibly steals over the sense of its votaries and chains their intellect to its dominion.

We advise parents to exclude from their homes the filthy story papers which constitute "the literature of crime," and we would warn them that when once a youth has yielded his undeveloped intellect to the subtile and poisonous influence, he endangers the safety of his intellectual aspirations. No more will he aspire to true and substantial literature; no more will his ambition prompt him to covet intellectual study; no more will he seek to make everything subservient to the increase of his intelligence and the proper culture of his genius and talents; solid literature will no longer have any charms for him as his tastes become submerged in the yawning gulf of debasement.

Many a young man of the brightest talents, whose career at school was honorable and successful, has thwarted his high anticipations by the habit of reading "the literature of crime." It is, then, the solemn duty of parents and guardians to see that their sons and daughters do not read the intellectual poison which can be found on the counter of nearly every periodical store in the land.

A MATERIALIZED HOLE.—Take a sheet of stiff writing paper and fold it into a tube an inch in diameter. Apply it to the right eye and look steadfastly through it, focusing the eye on any convenient object; keep the left eye open. Now place the left hand, held palm upward, edgeways against the side of the tube, and about an inch or two above its lower end. The astonishing effect will be produced of a hole, apparently the size of the cross section of the tube, made through the left hand. This is the hole in which we propose to materialize another and smaller hole. As we need a genuine aperture, and it would be inconvenient to make one in the left hand, let a sheet of white paper be substituted therefor and similarly held. Just at the part of the paper where the hole equaling in diameter the orifice of the tube appears make an opening a quarter of an inch in diameter. Now stare intently into the tube; and the second hole, defined by its difference of illumination, will be seen floating in the first hole, and yet both will be transparent. The illusion, for of course it is one of those odd pranks our binocular vision plays upon us, is certainly one of the most curious ever devised. Besides, here is the actual hole clearly visible, and yet there is no solid body to be seen to define its edges. It is not a mere spot of light, because if a page of print be regarded, the lines within the boundaries of the little hole will not coincide at all with those surrounding it and extending to the edges of the large apparent aperture. Each eye obviously transmits an entirely different impression to the brain, and that organ, unable to disentangle them, lands us in the palpable absurdity of a materialized hole.

DU CHAILLU doesn't wonder that polygamy is popular in Africa, where women do most of the work, and don't require expensive outlays for dress. He saw an African chief who had 300 wives, and the whole lot hadn't three cents, worth of day goods about them.

The Story of a Picture and a Poem.

THE PICTURE.

You all remember, dear young folks, says the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*, the great Centennial Exhibition out at Fair Park nearly two years ago. Well, when you walked through Memorial Hall with your mammas and papas, did you not see upon one of the walls of the Art Gallery a beautiful picture of a lady with a lovely little boy upon her lap who was trying to grasp at a bunch of purple grapes which his mamma held high above his head? It was a valuable picture, and people who know a great deal about such things praised it very much. One day a young girl came and stood in front of it. Her name was Angie; and she had rosy cheeks and large dark eyes, and her face and form seemed full of happy health. After she had gazed awhile at the pretty picture, she smiled to herself, and wrote down some lines in her little note-book. A few weeks passed quickly by, and in a darkened room many people gathered around a young girl's coffin. Waxen candles burned at its head upon a snowy altar, and sweet flowers were scattered upon the shroud—*Angie's* shroud—for Angie it was who lay there in her pure white dress, her bright eyes closed in death, and her cheeks, no longer rosy, half hidden by the long white veil. In spite of her youth, in spite of her happy health, the angel of Death had come suddenly and snatched her away from her mamma and her papa and her brother and the dear home she loved so well.

A summer's grass had already grown green upon her grave when an old friend, turning over the leaves of a book belonging to the dead girl, came upon the little poem that Angie wrote, months before, upon the pretty picture in the Art Gallery of the Centennial.

Here are the lines, dear young folks, and when you have read them, think how little the young author of them thought of death when she stood before the picture, bright and strong, writing her little poem; and ask yourselves in turn: "If our dear Lord should call *me* out of life as suddenly as He did young Angie, (and who can say that He will not?) *am I prepared to go, like her, before His pure and holy throne?*"

THE POEM.

Mother's darling, little Charlie,
Seated on her fancy knee,
Says in tones of childish pleading,
"Mamma, give some grapes to me!"

"Yes, my precious, you shall have them,"
And she holds the bunch aloft.
"You can have them when you reach them,"
(Addeth she in accents soft).

Vainly struggles little Charlie,
Tries and tries, but all in vain;
Tries until, his hopes departing,
Bitter tears begin to rain.

Tears in eyes so blue and sunny?
Mamma cannot bear the sight,
As she clasps the dear one to her,
Kissing off the tears so bright;

Then she gives the grapes delicious
To the sobbing little one;
And she talks in words of comfort
Till the shining tears are gone.

Would that all our many sorrows
Could as quickly pass away
As the tears of little Charlie,
With the passing of a day.

A DOG DETECTIVE.—A well dressed young woman entered a restaurant not far from the terminus of the Orleans Railway, Paris, and told the waiter to bring her in all haste a basin of soup, as she was about to take her departure on the next train. This was immediately done, and after having eaten it and paid the waiter, she was hurrying away, saying that she should certainly be late, when she perceived her passage barred by a large dog, which refused to let her pass. She attempted by caresses to put it aside, but the animal held firm and opposed her way.

"I shall certainly be late!" cried she. "Do take away that horrible dog!"

The waiter and the master cried out, "Videeq, Videeq, give way, sir!" but the dog never stirred.

One of the waiters here whispered something to the master, who coming up to the young woman, said:

"If my dog prevents your leaving the premises the reason must be that you have some of the property belonging to the house about you. You had better give it up at once and go your way."

The person thus addressed at first affected great indignation at being so accused, but at last drew out a silver spoon, which she handed to the owner of the restaurant. The dog then allowed her to pass, and she was hurrying off when she was seized by her mantle and forced to stop. This time it was by a police agent, who had been on the lookout for several persons suspected of being concerned in a robbery, and who, it was thought, might attempt to get off by the railway. She was arrested, and on examination her mantle was found to be furnished with immense pockets for receiving pilfered goods. It is said this is not the first time that the dog belonging to the restaurant has shown himself a faithful guardian of his master's property.

ASTONISHING EFFECT OF THE IMAGINATION.—A strange case is that of Henry C. Eshman, who lives near the boundary of Berks county, not far from Sweetwood, and is the owner of considerable property. Up to within several weeks ago he was hale and hearty. Notwithstanding his abundance of this world's goods, he generally wore one suit of clothes during the week and on Sunday. Several weeks ago he was startled because he imagined that a very offensive odor either came from his ears or mouth, or the pores of the skin. He was greatly alarmed, and imagined he was sinking into galloping consumption, and was gradually decaying. He was unable to sleep, became haggard and emaciated, and even his friends began to imagine that his end was near at hand. He dressed himself regularly, and was determined to keep on his feet. He went into the fields and in the woods, determined to fight down his disease, but wherever he went the same dreadful stench and feeling came over him. Finally, an old woodchopper met him in the woods one day. The woodsman had a long talk with him, and he stood quite close to examine him. Then the woodsman asked the sickman for his coat. It was examined. The woodsman carried it away twenty yards, and it was discovered that the stench followed. The coat was thoroughly examined, and a dead mouse was found in the lining. The mouse had by some means gotten in the lining of his coat and died there, and its decaying body caused the unpleasant effluvia. When this was known the sufferer gained courage, and as he slowly realized what imagination had done, he rallied and was soon on the road to health.