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VOLUME XXII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1889.

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bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying nekling sensation in the threat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none dees so

dways gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint, — Ernest A. Hepler, inspector of Public Roads, Parish Ter-

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toms of Consumption. I had a cough, night aweats, bleeding of the lungs

pales in chest and sides, and was so prestrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first doze of this medicine, said, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."

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RUBBERS

CANDEE

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a beast. Untouched at the hands of a hallowing priest, Whose will was his law, whose muscle his

boast. Who leoked on the world as his brothet at Is marriage a failure? and up from his late. From caverus of darkness, from foulness of air, Came loudly his savage and sensual cry, That told of his nature and answered me: Is marriage a fatture? I asked of the birds,

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a maid

Lamenting her fate, with an audible sigh.

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a bride

The happy heart-current was e :ger to speak.

Her lips were apart and her eyes were aglow, As, out of her heaven, she answered me: "No.

Is marriage a fa lure? and quicker he went— No moment in folly like this to be spent—

Is marriage a failure? Tasked of a pair

In odor of hay and in scent of the rose-

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a man

shade.

with the dew

through-

When their music of spring they were setting When bu lding their houses on leafy estates And teaching their young to be couples and males-Is marriage a failure? and out of the grove, The r odorous Eden of innocent rove, The singers in answer were unified so That echoes from everywhere uttered their

Is marriage a faffure! I said to myself. As I peered in the eyes of a tangle-haired elf, And then in the graver and holier face Of her of my bosom-thank God for His grace-Is marriage a failure? and out of my preast, in p ty for all of such bondage unblest, With every glad pulse of my being aflow. The answer came swelling: "A thousand times,

> -Henry T. Stanton, in Washington Post. FAMILY JARS.

How Reuben and I Came to Have Our First Falling Out.

Reuben and I had been in our own little home only a month. We had come from our wedding trip to the "little nest," as we called it, that had been made ready during our absence, by the loving thoughfulness of those who were anxious to see their children well-started, without what Aunt Patience called the boarding-house risk. We were going through the rooms together, full of delighted sur-prise at sight of all the attractive and comfortable articles of furniture, and Reuben was whispering of the great happiness in store for us in the new home, when suddenly was flashed across my mind the words of Aunt Patience, whispered to me on my marriage evening, after I had put on my traveling garments. We were walking hand-in-hand, when I said, under my breath: "Reuben, I wonder what Aunt Patience could have been thinking of when she said to me at the last: Be careful, Annie, of a first word that may lead to a falling out,' as if there could possibly be a falling out between Reuben tightened his clasp of my hand, and whispered in reply: "As if there could, indeed, my dear!" Now I think of it. I believe that if I had been as lovingly watchful as my husband, there could not have happened what did happen.

The housekeeping worked along very smoothly. I said so to my mother, who came to spend a week with us after we had been married a month, and she answered: "Yes, my dear, every thing is new now, all the trouble comes when things begin to seem old; you have a new house, new furnishing, a new and competent girl in the kitchen, and then, my dear, your married life is new; when, as I said, all these begin to grow old, then comes the trial of love and patience!"

"But, mother," I answered, "if I thought that our love could ever grow old, I should wish to die before that happened."

"I know, my dear," she replied, but it takes watchfulness to keep it youthful and fresh, so many make a mistake here and imagine that it will take care of itself, and they become careless in trying to take care of it." "But a love that you have got to watch all the time isn't the kind that

is desirable, it seems to me, mother. Ours is the kind that will take care of Nothing more was said between us upon the subject; but I told Reuben

about the conversation, and we laughed together at mother's fears. The long, beautiful summer was passing fast away, and we entered its last month, looking back upon the flown months, so full of joy to us; the last week of it had come, when one morning I rose to meet new emergencles; my kitchen girl, who had been graced indeed! housekeeping in a sense also, had gone | It proved worse than I had feared. away for a week and I was left to a new experience. I had never cooked a whole meal in my life, and what if I

should fail? The breakfast was not a formidable undertaking, for I had learned to make an omelet, and there was the nice, sweet bread that my girl had made before she left, enough for a week, she said. When we were seated, and Reuben helped the omelet, he said:

···· wite, ints is a greater success than Sarah makes of it. I' have always said that there was no need of the first fallures that we hear of among young wives in trying to get a meal. A bright, graceful creature like you could not help showing graceful results. My mother is that sort of woman, every thing comes out just right without a scemiog effert!"

Before my husband went away for his office that day, I said: "Tell me, se life had gone out from the shine to the Reuben, what would you like for dinner," for my confidence in my ability Whose skirts were all graggled and stained had grown with his expressed thought

Of grasses the scythe of the years had gone "Well, my dear, I must own that I Is marriage a failure! and turning her head have, since we have been keeping To the long trodden path she would never more house, missed the kind of pie that my mother made. I have sometimes want-From out of her bitterness, answered me: ed to ask you to make it, instead of Sarah, but I did not care to have you begin that kind of work just yet. But Who lived in the present with fulness of pride, Whose lips were just meeting the flagon of wine now that it is thrust upon you. I wish She must dr nk to the lees in her revel divinewe might have a blackberry pie for Is m rringe a failure? and quick in her check

What could I answer but that it should be as he wished, while my thoughts flew towards the new cook-Whose volumes of nature were "read as he book that was still in the box among my wedding presents. Sarah had re-Whose purpose in life was "to have and to sented the idea of using it, and, alas! I Whose passion was self and whose deity goldhad never thought it worth while before this morning to look into it.

But hearing full well as he bastened on by, He laughed in my face, and he answered me: "You may send up some beef for a roast," I said, in an assured way, and I could not help seeing that Reuben felt that we were just beginning to live. Who stood in the sunset with silvery hair, I set about the day's work confident Whose evening of life was approaching its close, and happy. "It is just as Reuben Is marriage a failure? and woman and man, Who, toiling together, had tested the plan, says," I whispered to myself, as I sat down with my cook-book, and looked Who entered the brook and kept on with its through the chapter on meats and veg-Till reaching the ocean-they answered me: etables first, "a woman with any grace and an idea of the fitness of things, is sure of making cooking a success, with-

> The meat came, a very large piece; but then Reuben liked to do things in a grand way, and I was very glad of it. I could not endure an over-careful man who had even the suspicion of trying to scrimp about him. The blackberries were large, fresh ones.

out giving such constant care to it."

I put my kitchen in order, and decided that I would begin at once my preparations for dinner. I quickened the heat of the range, turned to the pastry receipts, and followed down the column until I came to blackberry pie. I brought out my flour, lard, sugar and pastry-board. There was no rule for the proper quantities for one pic, and nothing exact as to the mixing of the crust, but I was not much disturbed by this, indeed I thought the compiler of the book had shown due respect to the "natural faculties of the housekeeper," and I put a generous amount of flour into the pastry bowl, and in the cen-

ter a lump of lard. The rule said rub the lard in, using the hands as little as possible. "If not the hands, what?" I asked. "Of course a spoon," my wiser self said to my first ignorance. There must be water. I brought a pitcher, poured in what I thought would be a generous quantity, and began to stir the mixture. "Stir lightly," stared at me from the open book, but it was not so easy to stir lightly as one might imagine. At last the dough seemed ready for the molding-board, and I emptied the bowl and began to roll out my crust. Such a time as I had! It took all my strength to get it into shape, but at last I had filled the crust with the berries, put on the pastry cover, trimmed the edge and placed my first pie in the oven, with a hope that amounted almost to triumph, that it would be even more worthy of the name than a like effort of Reuben's mother. I sat down to enjoy the feeling, and had lived in imagination through all the praise that would be given me on account of my great success, when my reverie was broken by a sound from the oven. I opened the door; my pie was very brown and there was a pool of juice around it. I took it hastily out and looked at it in dismay. What could I do? Plainly

I consoled myself for the lost juice as well as possible, and remembering that Reuben had once said he did not like pale pie-crust, decided that though mine did look a shade darker than his mother's, it was not surely spoiled.

The fire was certainly too hot, when the meat was cooked I needed to make it slower. Following this decision the heat of the oven was reduced, and the beef put into a pan half filled with water. I meant to have some gravy. Sarah usually failed in giving us all

The dinner hour came, and I was dressed in a pretty muslin, and met my husband in the hall. He met me with those little words of greeting, that women prize so much, that might seem small and even foolish when told, and I led the way to the dining-

room as to the place of my crowning. Reuben began to carve; he was a long time about it, and he turned the meat several times before he cut the second slice. I watched his face eagerly, I wished to discover a sign of his gratification before it was expressed. But I saw nothing to encourage my hope that he would speak the words that I so longed to hear. We had eaten for a minute in silence, when he remarked:

"I ordered a tender piece of beef, but he has sent me the worst roast I ever had." Plainly the beef was a great disap-

pointment, and he was trying to make me believe that he thought the butcher should have the blame. I tried to hide my bitterness, and began to have a fear with regard to the pie; if that should be a failure I should be dis-

Reuben tasted a piece, laid down fork and said in tones that he tried to have me think were those of jest: "A man never finds the pie-crust of to-day what he reads of in novels, and a pic isn't fit for one to eat, any way, unless -unless he feels that his stomach is up to the greatest effort of digestion, and mine isn't to-day."

Then I knew that I had utterly failed-knew it before I tried to taste a morsel of the heavy stuff I had so recklessly put together, and had dared to hope it might be even better than my husband's mother's pie.

and excited. Reuben followed me into our little parlor, and tried to explain, sp aks of "the gloomy spots upon t is body" (the moon's), "which below on earth rive rise to talk of Cain."

but it was not an explanation that J wanted. I had prepared myself for unqualified praise; nothing but that would satisfy me. I can not tell how it became a quarrel, this discussion of ours; but when Reuben turned with a simple good-bye with no kiss. I felt as if my married happiness was already wrecked. The afternoon wore away. and I was bathing my eyes in my room, when I heard a gentle knock, and Aunt Patience entered. I ran to her, and cried: "Oh, auntie! I never needed you more in my life than I do now." Without seeming to notice my wet eyes and swollen face, she said: "I suppose so, my dear. I hear that your girl is

have had experience." Then I sank into her friendly arms and told her all, not sparing myself in the least, and trying to take most of the blame of the falling out between Reuben and myself. "Oh, auntie," I sobbed, "I remember your words on that first night of our marriage; if I had only believed it possible for me to speak a word that was unkind to my husband, I might have been saved all

gone, and young housekeepers find it

very hard getting on alone before they

"Poor child!" she whispered, as she did when I was a little gir! and in trouble, "it has come sooner than I could have thought, but let us rejoice that there is time to save your married

I had dried my eyes, dressed myself in a manner that Reuben liked, and was full of the purpose to make up with him, when I heard his wellknown step. He came in, gathered me to himself, and said: "My dear wife, I have been a miserable man all the afte noon!" Then he tried to take all the blame to himself, which I would not allow, and it ended by our going down hand-in-hand to meet Aunt Patience, who sat cool and calm in the parlor. She had a few words of advice and warning for us both, and she said to my husband

"Your mistake lay in supposing that any woman could make a success of her first week's housekeeping when she had never received the training of experience. Could you have gone into your office and have made things run smoothly at a first trial? No man is wise who supposes that his wife, though she has all the gifts and graces in the world, can be allowed a royal road to perfection in this department. He must be willing to witness with patience many failures in her experiment in this direction."

When she had finished her little lecture, she said: "Now, Annie, if you will come with me to the kitchen, I will make some tea rolls, and you may watch me." I followed meekly, and looked on,

observing the smallest detail, and then returned to invite my husband out to

Aunt Patience remained with us through the week. She was the teacher, and I the learner, and when my girl came back I was the mistress not only of the parlor and dining-com, but of the kitchen as well. I tried experiments, made failures, had successes, but watched results from certain causes, and conquered at last, not surely without labor and thought, but the gain is worth all I gave to it, and now I can do a thing gracefully without fear, and seemingly without effort, and Reuben's praise is more to me than that of all the world beside .-Mrs. M. R. Baldwin, in Christian at Work.

Man in the Moon.

This individual is familiar in the tradions and the literature of every people on the earliest times to the pres nt. here are stories which are supposed to ite back to a period earlier than th ne of Moses, telling of the man who as put to death for gathering sticks on he Sabbath, and was sent to the moon stry there ever after. A German tory ideo tells about a man who cut sticks on the Sabbath, and who was aught up in the tooon, fagots and all. t is believed that he is still to be seen, caring his burden of sticks.

A similar story is told in Swabia, only

this case the punishment was for havg stolen the wood, rather than for er aking the Sal-bath. A Junth yth relates that the fellow was guilty of stealing cabbages on Chris-miss evening. His neighbors cauget him ut as he was making of with the plunder, and trey "wished" him up in the moon. There he is to-night with his stolen cabbages.

In some of the provinces along the orth sea the m n in the moon was a sheep-stealer, and the fact of his being oaded down as he is with caubages is scounted for by saying that he used to tice the sheep with these veretables, a giant who lives in the moon, and w.o is supposed to cause the ebb and flow of the tide. When the giant stoops, the w ter lows, and when he stands erect, the water chis again. in Greenlent the sun is a female

livinity, and the moon is her brother. buring their mortal lives upon the earth. the broth r teased his sister. She flew last quarter, he leaves his house, on a sled e harnessed to four dogs, and hunts for several days. On his return, he eats so much that he again grows into a full

The Russians have several accounts to give of the phenomena of the moon. ne is that a man was looking for a land where there we so death. He too up he a code in the moon, but after he had red there a hundred years, more or ess, death foun I had out, and came there ofter him. A furious stru wle between the moon and death took place. While t was going on, the man was caught up a the sky, and now shines "as a star near the moon. The variety of these stories is by no

seans exhaust d, but enough have been given that the reader may judge of their character. In them all the man in the moon is a very bad fedow, or a coward. In a few instances he is identified with ome historical scoundrel. The French have a theory that he is Judes Isear of who was transported there for his treason. thers have been inclined to think that he is non, carrying a bundle of thorns "Why do you try to make fun of on his shoulders in punishment for offerme?" I burst out. "You at least might ing to God the cheapest gift from his have respected my intentions," I ad: ded, as I rose from the table flushed second canto of the "Paradise," when he

MY MARY. How will it be in a hundred years? My Mary.
We shall have passed through the vale of tears,
Rottomed its hopes and conquered its fears, My Mary.

Shall love be colder in that fair land? My Mary.
Shall I stand apart in some bright band,
And feel no more the touch of your hand? My Mary. Shall we have forgot the kisses aweet?

My Mary. Keeping time with each fond bosom's beat, Making an Eden of our retreat? My Mary. see your dear lips parting to speak, My Mary. Loving words are the solace I seek-

Say them again, lest my faith grows weak, My Mary. "Love knoweth no ending," is that true? My Mary. I joy to know it is ever new.
Bliss would hardly be bliss without you,

My Mary. "Love's fountain is there." I hear you say. My Mary And "Nearer the fountain, nearer the day," Giorious words to cheer by the way,

see it all now, for ever more, My Mary. We shall be one and our love shall soar High as the throne on that nightless shore, My Mary. - William Lyle, in Detroit Free Press

IN A SNAKE'S THROAT. Almost Swallowed by an Immense

Boa Constrictor.

An Adventure on the Amazon-Cutting the Rep: ile in Two and Rescuing the Victim of Its Voracity -A Close Call.

Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as acarly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's axe and transportation down the river to fetch 250 pounds apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be

floated to the river. It was some ten days after our arrival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon, where we sat down to cat our lunch, Murilla discovered near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them de-

licious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast. We both ate of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhibaration. We became almost deiriously happy, Murilla bursting out in the Portuguese doggerel with boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous system tingled with pleasing excitement to the very fingertips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing by nodding my head in rhythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburst-of seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately

following his example. Then all became a blank. This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence to assert itself. I then awoke-if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening -with a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all lirections. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears, and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me as in a rubber mold at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was only a nightmare which would pass away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after

all, and not asleep and dreaming. Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up-I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered. I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half engulfed in the throat of a monster boa. This hideous reptile, finding me lying at length on the ground, stupefied, had deliberately set

about swallowing me. Now I was moroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction pump were employed in dragging me remorselessly down, down, down; inch by inch into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on

opp essiveness, but there was an utter absence of acute pain.

An indescribably sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already entombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathsome prospect, I gave a horrifled scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled frantically to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resistless course as I to struggle for freedom from that living vise stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing and hold me like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction-pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy.

As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing any thing by struggling a complete change came over me. I became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad.

If there was the slightest hope of escape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb, by bringing into play the hooked fangs and arousing the activity of that

horrible suction force within. From my school-boy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours engulfing me up to the waist, and that by offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three minutes.

For the first time since recovering consciousness my thoughts now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What had become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from the stupefying effects of the berries will be able to render me assistance.

In my anxiety to see if Murilla were any where around. I tried to look about me. The movement disturbed the boa. and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course. and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The least movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would reciprocate by trying to

Hours, that the horror of my position seem to lengthen into days, passed by; I thought I should go stark, raving mad, as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try and inch me further down his throat.

The heavy odor of the reptile's breath was like some overpowe ing drug, which, if distilled and applied in moderation, might even be tolerable to the nostrils. Darkness came. and added to the terror of my situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and, in the darkness, my plight was pitiable in the extreme, How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity spent amid all the blackness and the mental tortures of hell itself.

Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a raving maniac, or a blubbering idiot, seemed the st angest thing that had yet happened.

My first thought was to ascertain whether the gutta-percha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and, although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa-constrictor's jaws. They were three full inches higher up my body than yester eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinister discovery awakened in me no sense of uneasi-

I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence; but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thought-It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I quiet. They were not even folded tomal or human being near by, but I was too far gone to pay any attention.

At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my cars continued for awhile in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sank into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion.

I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days' nursing by Murilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. the lower half of the body created only The effects of the berries had kept him numbness there; above was a sense of | stupefied until the dawn of the second

day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He had awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up, he beheld not a dozen yards away my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lengths among the debris of decaying forest fungus.

Advertising Hates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-nua Fareman commonds it to the favorable con-sideration of advertisers, whose favors will bein-serted at the following low rates:

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Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp. Being an expert woodman, he had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the right place. Two were searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen us.

Returning with axes and crocodile spears the party attacked the box, chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs, before he could escape. At the first blow of the axe the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skillfully applied, and he was rendered powerless.

The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around.

In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river, but my own mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hardtack and venison, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of ninety-

as white as you see it now. My nervous system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and ne vous fears and tremors for years afterward. But a naturally iron constitution finally over-rode the effects of my terrible experience and left me in possession of my usual excellent health. - Boston Commercial Bulletin.

FUMES OF TOBACCO.

The Degree to Which They Are Disinfecting in Their Action It has long been a cherished theory. at least of smokers, that the fumes of tobacco were to a certain degree disinfecting in their action. To put this theory to a test, Dr. Vincenzo Tessarini, of the University of Pisa, has recently conducted an investigation into the action of tobacco smoke upon micro-organisms. He devised an apparatus consisting of two funnels placed with their mouths opposed, and scaled with paraffine. To each small end of the funnels tubes were attached. suitably arranged so that a cigar could be placed in one end, while the bacteriological smoker inspired at the other. The smoke was thus drawn into the large space made by the funnels, in which was a plate with various cultures of micro-organisms; control cultures were also used. The microbos were subjected to the smoke for from thirty to thirty-five minutes, during which time from three and a half to four and a half grams of tobacco were used. The micro-organisms tested were the spirillum cholera Asiatica, spirillum Finkler and Prior, bacillus anthracis, bacillus typhi abdominalis. bacillus pneumoniæ, staphylococcus pyogeneus aureus, and bacillus prodigiosus. The kinds of tobacco used were the large Virginia cigars, the large Cavour cigars, the small Cavour cigars, the best cigarette tobacco.

The results show that tobacco-smoke has the effect of preventing the development of some micro-organisms entirely, and of retarding that of others. The Virginia cigars seemed to have the most powerful effect, while cigarette-smoke had only a retarding influence, and did not entirely check the growth of any form. By first drawing the tobacco-smoke through water, it was found to have lost its germicidal properties. - Science.

SELF CONTROL

Its Expression in the Use of the Hands. There are few people who possess that absolute repose which marks the "Vere

de Vere." A person may be outwardly calm and sel? possessed under all conditions and yet find a pecultar sustaining quality and moral support in some small article held in the hand. In this case a woman has the advantage over the sterner sex, as there are countless smelling bottles, bon bonnieres and the all powerful fan especially designed for the use of nervous feminine hands.

A man plays with his knife, fingers his watch chain or flutters his handkerchief. and there are few who quite know what to do with their hands when they are entirely unoccupied. Lawyers are keen observers of human idiosyncracles and one of them in relating

a story of a client gave as a point of interest the fact of the absolute repose and quiet of the client's hands. The case was important and the one most interested was a woman. In talking the matter over with her the lawyer observed with surprise that she

kept her hands empty and absolutely

throughout the whole conversation. The circumstance was an unusual one. as there are few who possess sufficient self control not to feel an increased sense of confidence and self assurance when the hands are supplied with some small article, which seems to render them less obtrulive and takes away any feeling of re-ousibility their owner may have regarding them.

-The "School for the Technical Training for Gentlewomen" opened in London last year, has begun its second year auspiciously. The course comprises instruction in dressmaking cookery, millinery, upholstering, house hold management, domestic economy, clear starching and finlaundry work, book-keeping, hygiene, elocution, finance and investment of

