

feels its utter helplessness against an unknown force. Yet all unconscious of the outer world, might be seen a young man, walking back and forth in his room like a troubled spirit from Dante's Inferno. On his face, however, was written plainly the fact that his spirit was in perfect harmony with Nature. By the contracted brows and the frequent twitching of the corners of his mouth one would guess at once that some great struggle was going on within him. And by the nervous clinching of his half-raised hand are might quickly surmise it was no ordinary struggle between Good and Evil

The fact was he had reached a point where life itself seemed at stake. Conflicting passions so blinded him that sometimes he would rub his eyes to make sure that the whole thing was not some horrible night-mare. Often in passing a table he would stop before it, and picking up an ugly looking knife would run his finger over the sharp edge. Once he cut his finger and the demoniac look that came into his eyes when he saw the blood flow was simply indescribable. Sometimes, apparently, a smile of satisfaction would steal over his features; but this very quickly would give place to a look of horror and disgust.

What awful influence was brought to bear to drive him to such a state of desperation we can only surmise. Whatever the cause of these contending passions, such a mental struggle could not last long, before reason itself would be dethroned. He approached the table once more. By the resigned look upon his distorted features it was plainly seen that he meant it for the last time; that the struggle was over, and that the Evil one was victorious. He deliberately sat down before the table and picking up a small mirror which was lying upon the table he gazed long and fondly upon the reflected image. Tears welled to his eyes

as the conflicting thoughts of the past crowded upon him. As the sad and indefinite meaning of the word "Never Again" broke upon him, he commenced to realize the full force of his rash determination. And fearing that he might become unnerved by further reflection he quickly grasped the ugly looking weapon which was near at hand and—— with two strokes Auby's mustache was completely demolished.

About 7 o'clock Sunday morning Wild, Wurd and Jeculiar McDowal was seen passing over the hills towards the Seven Mountains. About 8 o'clock that night a tired and weary traveler staggered into the Hotel De Slabtown and registered there as P. McDowal, Snow Shoe, Pa. The correspondent of the FREE LANCE immediately called upon him and was given the following description of that gentleman's late watch of the ground hog's hole. He said, 'I started out early this morning for the hole, which I had located Saturday, and on arriving there I took my stand where the animal could not see me, viz., up a neighboring tree, and awaited the appearance of the hog. I sat there for a long time thinking of the green pastures and fertile fields of "Ould Ireland," when a noise attracted my attention to the hole, and on looking I saw that celebrated animal, the ground hog. It weighed about 200 pounds and had tusks about two feet in length which stuck out straight from the head. It sat on its haunches and wound its trunk about the lower branches of a tree to observe more closely its shadow when the sun came out. Very soon it snuffed the air and espied me up the tree. This ferocious animal now attempted to uproot the tree with its trunk and horns and was succeeding in its attempt. I saw that my only hope was to jump and run, which I did. The hog saw this move and followed me close. I ran for life, and just as I was about overcome with terror, I saw a fence in front. I ran, leaped over, and fell in a dead faint, safe from a horrible