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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you do it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cambria Freeman commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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Job Printing of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

COMMISSIONERS' ADJOURNED SALE

OF SEATED and UNSEATED LANDS.

THE Commissioners of Cambria county will offer at public sale, at the **Court House in Ebensburg**, on

Monday, the 24th day of October, 1882,

commencing at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following places and tracts of seated and unseated lands, which were purchased at Treasurer's sale and have been held five weeks subject to bid without redemption—they being now advertised to be sold on the 11th day of September last, and having been held over at that time until the 24th day of October, 1882:

UNSEATED LANDS.

Name.	Acres.	Perches.
CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.		
Andrew Duff	50	...
CONEMAUGH TOWNSHIP.		
John Ashler	438	153
CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.		
Robert Evans	438	150
Jessie Coneham	150	...
GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.		
Nicholas Bell	400	...
JACKSON TOWNSHIP.		
Samuel Davis	116	...
SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP.		
William Smith	400	...
R. L. Johnston	250	...
SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.		
S. W. Fisher	146	...
Morgan James	100	...
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.		
Henry Sharp	150	...
H. H. Rose	304	...
Enos Hoop	252	...
Philip West	200	...
WHITE TOWNSHIP.		
Thomas Conly	20	...
William Rush	371	73
William Roth	371	73

SEATED LANDS.

Name.	Acres.	Lots.
CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.		
D. G. McCartney	12	..
CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.		
Daniel and George Kraft	400	..
Abe Humphreys	500	..
A. L. Holliday	69	..
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.		
Christian Hirsch	..	1
John Demmerer	8	1
William Watkins	..	1
CROYLE TOWNSHIP.		
Patrick McIntire or McAteer	211	1
William Paul's estate	..	1
Daniel Demmitt	99	1
F. B. R. Co.	11	..
James Burk	18	..
William Ernest	..	1
Agnes Burke	25	..
John W. Jones	..	1
JACKSON TOWNSHIP.		
Paul Disheng, jr.	118	..
MILLVILLE BOROUGH.		
Andrew Torley	..	1
MUNSTER TOWNSHIP.		
John Noel (part of)	100	..
HIGHLAND TOWNSHIP.		
Jacob Ripple	50	..
Philip Wendle	25	..
John Harshberger	..	1
SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP.		
C. R. Ellis	572	..
R. L. Johnston	383	..
William A. Skelly	87	..
William A. Skelly	57	..
David D. Evans' estate	19	..
Levi Resh	49	..
Simon Dimond	40	..
TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.		
George Linzey	½	1
Daniel Keagle	½	1
James Reilly	1	1
R. W. Harris	1	1
Thomas Hildebrand	1	1
Samuel Smith	2½	1
Michael Kerney	1	1
James Smith	1	1
Jacob George	1	1
John W. Jones	1	1
Daniel Ferral	1	1
Sarah Roberts	1	1
Charles Mickael	½	1
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.		
Jane Nagle's Estate	1	1
David Potter	1	1
Abe Marsby	1	1
William Hone	1	1
Robert Crawley	1	1
Henry Benny	1	1
James H. Dougherty	..	1
Dan and Rose McLaughlin	5	..
Thos. Cooper	1	..
Bridget Bradley	..	1
WHITE TOWNSHIP.		
John Kinnavan	5	..
Jacob Holton	2	..
Samuel Wible	128	..
WILMORE BOROUGH.		
Harkins Out Estate, one house and one lot.		

The owners of the above pieces or tracts of land, desiring to redeem them, can do so by applying to the Commissioners, at their office, before the time of the sale, when such cases where any of said tracts were offered for sale on the 11th day of September last and were held over after bids were made for the same.

JOHN CONRAD,
S. W. DAVIS, } Commissioners.
WILLIAM H. MCMELLEN, Clerk.

Commissioners' Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 2, 1882.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE FARM.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, on the premises, in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and sell, divested of all liens, a FARM adjoining lands of Jacob Buck, S. Fingerhood, Matthew McMullen, Jas. Ivory, Jos. Dodon, and others, containing **82 Acres,** 43 perches of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and having thereon erected a Log Dwelling-house (weatherboarded and lined), *Frame Barn, Bank Barn, Wood House*, and other outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of purchase money on day of sale, one-third of balance on confirmation of sale, and balance in two equal annual payments; deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgment notes of the purchaser.

ANSELM WEAKLAND,
Assignee of A. S. Weakland and Wife.

Ebensburg, Sept. 29, 1882.—3t.

Farmers, Look Here!

I have on hand, ready for sale, a lot of those justly celebrated ONE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN

Tread Powers and Threshers,

suitable for TWO-HORSE POWERS and THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS

Cheap, which I will dispose of at reasonable prices. None of these Machines are so well known but that I need only say they are equal to any in the market for perfect satisfaction. These Machines have all the unfinished stock left among the effects of my deceased brother, Joshua Gilbert, and I propose they will be sold cheap.

Call and see them on the Fair ground, near the Allegheny House, or address

FREDERICK GILBERT,
Box 785, Altoona, Pa.

Altoona, Sept. 22, 1882.—2m.

Real Estate at Private Sale!

THE undersigned offers at private sale a valuable property, situate in Munster township, one mile from Ashville station, containing **185 Acres**, about 45 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a large two-story WELLING HOUSE, PLANK STABLE AND OUTBUILDINGS. There is an orchard of choice fruit trees and an abundance of good water on the premises. The land is in the vicinity of coal beds, and is well adapted for farming and stock raising. For terms apply to

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Sept. 1, 1882.—3m.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

Estate of John Killins, dec'd.

Letters testamentary to the estate of John Killins, late of Ebensburg township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having demands against the estate will present them for settlement to

CATHARINE KILLINS,
Executrix.

Ebensburg, Sept. 15, 1882.—6t.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came to the farm of the subscriber, in Cheerfield township, during the month of last March, a red yearling heifer, with a white strip across her shoulders.—The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, or she will be disposed of as the law directs.

JERRY DONAHOE.

Cheerfield Twp., Oct. 6, 1882.—3t.

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on Centre street, nearly opposite the Court House.
[6-2, 82-1y.]

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on Centre street.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.
For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very smallest food did not disagree with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

PE-RU-NA

"For Neuralgia in the limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder blades, or anywhere else, take PERUNA."

"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Biliousness, Diarrhœa, or Vomiting, take PERUNA."

"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."

"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient medicine known to man."

"PERUNA is the best aperient, purest tonic, finest invigorator of the body and mind."

"If you can't sleep, if you are nervous, worried mentally, take PERUNA."

"If you have Chronic Nasal Catarrh, let PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diseases of the Kidneys."

"If your druggist is out of our pamphlets on the Cure of Life, or if you are suffering under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. S. Hartman & Co., Columbus, O."

For Constipation and Piles, take

MAN-A-LIN

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THINK DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, druggists recommend it and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies, for complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the Same Time on the Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

DO Not Fail to send for our FALL Price-List for 1882. Free to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices, in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address

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227 and 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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DOUGLAS BROS., 55 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Agents Wanted. The Culminating Triumph

HOW to LIVE!

A complete Cyclopedia of household knowledge for the masses (now ready). Nothing like it! Going fast! Low priced, illustrated, unequaled in authorship. Send for Free specimen and full particulars. Outfit and instruction how to act, free to actual agents. Success to our industrious and faithful workers. State experience, if any, and territory desired. W. H. Thompson, Publisher, 604 Arch Str. st, Philadelphia, Pa.

Iron City College.

The most complete institution in the United States for the thorough practical education of young and middle aged men. Enter at any time.

☞ For circulars giving full particulars, address
[9-22-4m.] J. C. SMITH, A. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED—ENERGETIC, RELIABLE MEN to sell Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. GOOD SALARIES and Expenses paid. Address at once,
[9-28-2m.*] J. F. McCLARE, Rochester, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.
[4-7, '82-1y.*]

"DON'T GIVE IT AWAY."

From the simplest flowers by the wayside,
Fair wisdom may cull a bouquet;
A street-phrase may oft point a moral:
There's sense in—"Don't Give It Away."

If you hear of a choice bit of scandal,
Be it "spicy" or true as it may,
Don't eagerly hurry to spread it,
Do better—"Don't Give It Away."

When sin brings a neighbor to sorrow,
Though his fault be as plain as the day,
Remember, to err is still human—
Be silent—"Don't Give It Away."

When you hear of a note gone to protest
Which a friend was unable to pay,
Don't add to the howl of discredit—
Keep still, and—"Don't Give It Away."

When a gossip persistently bores you,
Your fellows or friends to betray,
Be polite as you can, but, remember,
Be firm and—"Don't Give It Away."

When a confidence rests in your keeping—
When a friend to your ear doth convey
Some secret he trusts to your honor,
Take care you—"Don't Give It Away."

If you've money by hones industry
Laid up for a dark rainy day,
Don't spend your hard earnings on folly:
Be wise, and—"Don't Give It Away."

Kind Heaven bestows a fair prospect,
And crowns you with hope's brightest ray,
You've a chance to win pleasures immortal;
Oh, brother—Don't Give It Away."

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

THE PAGEANT.

One of the features of the Bi-Centennial celebration in Philadelphia will be a night pageant, consisting of enormous tableaux on wheels, representing historical scenes in the life of Pennsylvania, and also a set of "floats" illustrating one of the great epic poems of India, "The Ramayana." From the outlines given below it will be seen that there is plenty of room for display, which we are assured will be taken advantage of. The most elaborate preparations are now going on, and the spectators will be astonished beyond measure at the magnificence of the tableaux. To illustrate the Ramayana, fifteen tableaux will be employed, representing in turn

No. 1.

VALMIKI ENDOWED WITH THE GIFT OF POESY.

Valmiki, after dismissing Narad, goes to the river *Tamasa* with his pupil to bathe; while there a hunter kills a male curlew, and its mate mourns for it in plaintive tones, which attracts Valmiki, who exclaims:

"No rest, for ever-circling years,
Mayst thou, O forester, obtain,
By whose fell hand this harmless bird,
While sporting with its mate was slain."

He was struck with the rhythm of the sentence he had almost unconsciously uttered, and while thinking and brooding over the event which called it forth, Brahma appears.

No. 2.

RISHYASHRING BEGUILED FROM HIS HERMITAGE.

According to the prophecy of Sanatkumar (a saint and prophet) as a punishment for some folly wrought by Lomapad, king of the Angas, during his reign would be visited upon the land a terrible drought; rain could not fall upon the thirsty earth, until Rishyasring (son of Vibhandak, an ascetic) was brought into the kingdom, whether persuaded, captured, or beguiled.

The means devised by Lomapad and his court were as follows: A beautiful ship was built and launched upon the river; then fruit trees, flowers, and shrubs, the most beautiful of every description, were planted on this vessel after it had been covered with earth and grass; birds of brilliant plumage and sweetest voice were introduced among the trees; and to complete the whole, maids of exquisite form and lovely features, disguised in the dress of anchorites, were placed upon the floating island. They then set sail and reached the hermitage—beguiled Rishyasring into visiting them, and carried him into the land of the Angas, thereby causing the rain to fall and bringing prosperity once more into the kingdom.

No. 3.

One of the greatest tableaux represents the "Sacrifice of the White Horse," which is interpreted as follows:

SACRIFICE OF THE WHITE HORSE.

The great, just and mighty king *Dasaratha*, reigned in Ayodhya, in all his regal magnificence, but grieved for a son and heir. He, according to the prophecy of *Sanatkumar* (as had been related to him by Sumantra), visited Lomapad, King of the Angas, to invite and obtain Rishyasring, so that he (Rishyasring) could feed, at the offering of the steed, the flames with Holy Oil, necessary to complete the sacrifice of the "White Horse," as ordained by the gods, in order that Dasaratha might be blessed with a male progeny. The request being granted by Lomapad, the sacrifice was made and completed.

After the Sacrifice of the White Horse comes the fourth tableaux, representing the

COUNCIL OF THE GODS—RAVANA DOOMED.

The sacrifice having been completed, Rishpasring, still anxious to serve King Dasaratha, calls together the gods and implores them to grant the prayer of the pious king.

The immortals assembled also pray Brahma to rid them of Ravana, the terrible king of Lanka, who torments and plagues them with his might. He tells this can only be accomplished by the son of man. Vishnu appearing, they (the gods) request him to become incarnate and grant Dasaratha's prayer for a son, to which he consents. One of the sons born by this incarnation, Rama, becomes the destroyer of Ravana.

"The Nuptials of Rama" is the fifth tableau.

THE NUPTIALS OF RAMA.

Vishnu having become incarnate, as requested by the gods, brewed the heavenly nectar and conveyed it to Dasaratha, through a divine messenger.

Dasaratha then, as directed, gave the nectar to the Queens, Kausalya, to whom Rama was born, getting one-half.

Dasaratha growing old, was thinking of the wedlock of his son, when Visvamitra came and requested of Dasaratha Rama's aid to destroy the Rakshasas and evil fiends, who disturbed the Hermit at his holy rites. Though Rama was quite young, Dasaratha consented, and Rama departed with the Sage. After accomplishing the defeat and destruction of the Rakshasas, they, in journeying homeward, came to Mathila, in the kingdom of Janak, possessor of the wondrous bow of Siva, the raising or bending of which was required as a mark of valor and to win his beautiful daughter Sita (of no mortal birth), as a wife. All had failed, until the peerless Rama, "the heroic and virtuous," plied his might, and gained the fair Sita by not only bending but breaking the wonderful and monstrous bow, "a treasure from the skies."

"The Banishment of Rama," the sixth tableau, is one of the most extensive as well as beautiful of the entire series.

THE BANISHMENT OF RAMA.

Dasaratha then made preparations for the public acknowledgment of Rama as next king in succession, but his hopes and his happiness were frustrated through the designs and intrigues of Kaikeyi, his second wife and mother of Bharata. She was jealous of Rama and was determined that her son should rule over *Ayodhya*. She therefore exacted of Dasaratha the fulfillment of a promise made her some years before, when he was dangerously wounded in battle, and carefully attended by her, viz: That he would grant to her any two boons she might be pleased to ask. Amongst the Hindos a promise once given was irrevocable, and the wretched King was compelled to yield, although the first boon required was to banish Rama for a period of fourteen years, and the second to declare Bharata the heir apparent, in his stead. Rama submitted to this stern decree, determined that his father's faith should not be pledged in vain, and departed in a chariot driven by Sumantra and accompanied by Sita and Laksman, his favorite brother and faithful companion.

No. 7 illustrates

THE CRIME OF DASARATHA.

Rama was no sooner gone than his aged father drooped and pined; for six long days he mourned. During the night of the seventh day there rose up in his mind a crime he had inadvertently committed in his youth, and to which he attributed the great sorrow that had come upon him in his old age.—Calling Rama's mother, Kausalya, he unburdened his mind to her, telling how, in his youthful days, while out hunting, concealed in some bushes, he heard what he thought was an elephant drinking. Taking an arrow he shot, and, to his grief and astonishment, he heard a human voice groaning. He ran quickly to the place, and found lying beside the river bank a young hermit, with the shaft in his side. After reproaching Dasaratha, the boy sends him for his (the hermit's) old blind parents, now bereft of their support. After telling the grievous tale, the old people are conducted to the place where their son is lying already dead. In his stupendous grief the old man places upon Dasaratha a curse, viz: That he, some day, may suffer the pangs of a bereaved father's woe.

Then follows the "Abduction of Sita,"—tableau No. 8.

ABDUCTION OF SITA

During the sojourn of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana, in the valley of Panchavati, in the Forest of Dandaka, Surpanhaka—a monster and sister to Ravana—was inspired with love for Rama, which he repulsed, and, when in a fit of jealous rage, she rushed upon Sita to attack her as the beloved of Rama, Lakshmana interfered and cut off her nose and ears. Howling with furious anger she flew to Ravana, and, in revenge, inflamed him with love for Sita. He resolved to possess her (Sita), and, aided by Maricha, who assumed the form of a golden fawn, enticed Rama and Lakshmana to the chase. During their absence Ravana snatched Sita from the hermitage, and, mounting his magic chariot, flew through the air.

Jatayu, a gigantic vulture king and devoted friend of Rama, hearing Sita's cries for help, tried to rescue her, but failed, after a fierce battle with her ravisher, wherein the bird received his death wound.

The ninth tableau represents "Kabandha released from the curse of Indra." This tableau represents Kabandha escaping exultant from the Pyre in a chariot drawn by swans.

KABANDHA RELEASED FROM THE CURSE OF INDRA.

On the return of Rama from the chase of the giant in deer's guise, he found *Sita* gone, and at once set out in quest of her. In searching through Janasthan, where dwelled the giants, they (Rama and Lakshmana) discovered the dying Jatayu, who informed them he had received his death wound from the "Brother of the Lord of Gold." They paid the sad rites of burial to the Winged Monarch, and continued their journey and search.

During their travels they met Kabandha, a mortal once, more beautiful than any living being, but, through the curse of Indra, forced to retain the monstrous form which he had used to tyrannize over the world, until Rama should cleave away both his arms and place him on a funeral pyre, then his own fair shape would return to him.

Rama and Lakshmana, in defending themselves against his attack, cut off his arms, and, anxious to obtain news of *Sita*, which Kabandha, as a spirit-ascending, could give, they prepared and lighted the funeral pyre and placed the monstrous giant upon it, and, as had been ordained, he arose from the smoke resplendent in his beauty and rich attire, and told them to seek Sugriva, "Lord of Tanars," and crave his help and protection, through whom they would recover the missing Sita.

THE CORONATION OF SUGRIVA.

"The Coronation of Sugriva," which is the tenth tableau, is intended to illustrate that while traveling in search of Sita, Rama and his brother approached the wood of Rishyamuka, and, as they had been directed by Kabandha, sought there the august ape Sugriva, who told Rama his story, and how he was persecuted by his brother Bali, king of the monkeys. Having received news of Sita through the ape, Rama announced to him his intention of destroying *Bali*, and placing him (Sugriva) on the throne. After a terrible combat, in a dire moment Rama kills *Bali* with one of his invincible arrows, and has Sugriva crowned king, which placing him over the immense host of Vanars, he sends companies out to scour the country in search of the missing Sita. One of these companies is commanded by Hanuman, son of the wind.

The eleventh tableau shows the island of Lanka, where Sita was imprisoned in the Asoka Grove.

ISLAND OF LANKA.

After searching for some time without success, the monkeys were about to despair, when they met Sampati (an aged vulture, brother of Jatayu), who discovered to them Sita's place of concealment in the island of Lanka, leagues across the sea.

The Vanars then encamped upon the seashore, and, after a long debate, decided that Hanuman should leap across the sea to the island.

After accomplishing this terrible feat, Hanuman reduced his tremendous size to that of a cat, and entered the magnificent city of Lanka, where he sought long and patiently for Sita, but in vain, until noticing a grove of asoka trees he had not yet visited, entered there and found Sita, guarded by fiends and giantesses, thin and pale with sorrow. He there overheard an interview, in which Sita repulsed and spurned Ravana. Assured of the lady's purity and faith to Rama he disclosed himself to her by the token given him by Rama. She exchanged it for another, and Hanuman, after destroying the grove and doing other great and wonderful feats returned to Rama and his friends.

After the return of that faithful ambassador Hanuman, Rama gathered the armies together and marched to the ocean.

The twelfth tableau represents

RAMA INVOKING THE OCEAN.

"The Combat Between Rama and Ravana" is illustrated in the thirteenth tableau.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN RAMA AND RAVANA.

The mole, being built of trees and huge rocks, extended from the main shore to the island of Lanka; Rama and his army crossed and beseiged Lanka. After a fierce battle between the two hosts. Ravana appeared in his glittering chariot and fought with Rama, who was on foot. Indra, seeing the unequal contest, sent his own glorious car, which Rama ascended. For many days the conflict continued, until Rama launched at his foe the deadly arrow which Brahma had bestowed upon Lord Indra, and had been given to Rama by Saint Agastya his life to save. The dart pierced the giant Ravana's heart, decided the contest, and fulfilled the promise made by Vishnu in his incarnation of Rama.

After Ravana's death Sita was received very coldly by Rama, who wished his wife to show herself unpolluted before his whole army. Overwhelmed with shame at such a greeting from her lord, Sita caused a funeral pyre to be erected, and throwing herself thereon, prayed to the Fire God to vindicate her honor, all of which is illustrated in the fourteenth tableau.

SITA'S PURIFICATION BY FIRE.

SITA'S DESCENT INTO THE EARTH.

Sita's descent into the earth is the subject of the fifteenth tableau. When after the lapse of years Rama decided to celebrate himself the Sacrifice of the White Horse, Valmiki and his pupils attended the ceremonies, during which the two princes recited to their father the account of his own achievements. Inquiry revealed the secret of their parentage, and Rama invited Sita to reaffirm her innocence before the vast assemblage. She was unwilling to go through this second ordeal, and prayed to the Goddess of Earth to grant her a hiding place. In response to her prayer Madhavi appeared, and placing Sita on the throne beside her they descended to Hades together, a continuous shower of flowers falling on her head.

A WONDER OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

DISCOVERY OF A GORGE WHERE THE AIR IS A NON-CONDUCTOR OF SOUND.

James Carroll, a well known citizen of Helena, Montana, says the *Herald* of that place, recently made a remarkable discovery in the Yellowstone Park. He was alone, waiting for his fellow excursionists to come up. But let him tell the story:

"While waiting I dismounted and sat down on a rock, with my Winchester laying across my knees. Around me was a scene of grandeur. I was in a deep gorge which led into the valley. On each side the gray cliffs towered to a magnificent height. Behind me was the steep path down which I had come through the thick growth of stunted pines, while in front of and below me was the gorge (a quarter of a mile wide, perhaps), its bottom covered from the foot of one cliff to the other with a heavy growth of timber.

"After resting awhile I stood up and listened, expecting to hear my friends approaching. But not a sound met my ear. The stillness was so deep that a feeling of uneasiness came over me, and I attempted to call out to my companions. But although I opened my mouth and went through all the details of a good lusty yell, not a sound could I make. I tried again and with the same result. I couldn't understand it. My horse, which had been standing quietly by me, noticed a movement of the bushes near by, and probably thinking her equine friends were near attempted a 'whinner.' It was a sad failure, for she could not make a sound. She was evidently as much astonished as I, and became as uneasy.

"I was on the point of mounting and starting back up the mountain, when a fierce looking wild animal of the panther tribe stepped out of the bushes within about thirty feet of where I was standing. It saw me instantly and stooped to spring at me. I hastily brought my gun to my shoulder and—fired, shall I say? No. I pulled the trigger, but there was no report although the smoke puffed out at the end of the gun and the wild beast fell as if struck. It immediately jumped up and hobbled into the brush, but leaving a trail of blood behind it. I was now confirmed in my former suspicion that I was in a land of enchantment, and although not at all superstitious under ordinary circumstances I would not have been much surprised now to see the devil himself jump out from behind a rock. I immediately jumped on my horse and started back up the path.

"In about a hundred yards I met my companions, who were all standing close together trying to talk to each other, but although they seemed to be shouting at the top of their voices they were really as dumb as the dead. Although I felt that Old Nick himself was just as likely as not to be on my trail I could not help laughing at their odd gestures, grimaces and red faces from their efforts at making themselves heard. They were pretty badly frightened, too.

"I passed by them and beckoned them to follow me back the way we had come. No attempt was made at conversation. After going a quarter of a mile in silence I lost my way. One of my comrades who seemed to think he knew the way back to the trail came up close to me and bending over so that his mouth was close to my ear, with a superhuman effort yelled 'Let me lead!' His shout nearly bursted my tympanum. We had got out of the charmed air."

A GREAT STORM PREDICTED.—Dr. E. Stone Wiggins, of Ontario, Canada, who some time ago predicted that the recent gale would sweep from east to west over the continent, says a great storm will strike this planet in March next. He gives this timely warning:

"It will be first felt in the northern Pacific, and will cross the meridian of Ottawa at noon (5 P. M., London time) on Sunday, March 11, 1883. No vessel smaller than a Cunarder will be able to live in this tempest. India, the south of Europe, England and especially the North American continent will be the theatre of its ravages. As all the low lands on the Atlantic will be submerged, I advise shipbuilders to place their prospective vessels high up on stocks, and farmers having loose valuables, such as hay, cattle, etc., to remove them to a place of safety. I beg further, most respectfully to appeal to the honorable Minister of Marine that he will peremptorily order up storm drums on all the Canadian coast not later than the 20th of February, and thus permit no vessel to leave the harbor. If this is not done, hundreds of lives will be lost and millions worth of property destroyed."

GIVEN AWAY.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.—You are requested to call at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering with Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, it will positively cure you.

A DOG'S ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.

Snap, my little fox-terrier, was the most affectionate and devoted dog I ever remember. It mattered not where I went, he was sure to be close at my heels, and the thicker the crowd, the closer he kept to them. For the three years that I lived in London, in all our wanderings I never once missed him or had any trouble with him.

As far as possible, dogs are prohibited from traveling on the underground railway; but as I had constantly to travel by it from King's Cross to Paddington, and Snap's habit of keeping close being well known to the officials, they winked at his accompanying me.

On a certain afternoon, being, as usual, on my way to Paddington, and a train being due at King's Cross, I made a rush for it, and reached the platform just as a train was coming into the station.

Jumping into a compartment, I looked to see if the dog was with me, but to my dismay, as a porter slammed the door and the train began to move, I observed Snap on the platform, running wildly up and down looking for me. Suddenly he saw me at the window, but it was too late; and as we entered the darkness of the tunnel, I heard him give a despairing bark.

I felt angry with myself for not looking after him more carefully, and resolved to get out at the next station and go back for him. But how had he missed me? I could not understand it, for he had never done such a thing before. Five minutes brought us to Gower street, and a train then due took me back in another five minutes to where I had started from.

"Have you seen my dog?" I asked of a porter there who knew me.

"Your dog, sir?" answered the man. "Oh yes, to be sure. You left him behind, didn't you? Well, as the train went into the tunnel, I saw him jump from the platform and follow it."

"What!" I said; "he wasn't following it when we reached Gower street."

"Wasn't he? Then I expect he's still in the tunnel. The train went too fast for him to keep up with it.

"He'll be run over!" I exclaimed, very nervous for Snap's safety.

"Tell you what, sir. I'll go and get permission, if you like from the inspector to take a lantern and see if we can find him."

I thanked the man, and he started off to get the necessary permission, which the inspector gave, after saying something about people having no right to bring dogs into the station. Together the man and I then went into the tunnel.

The unaccustomed darkness, to say nothing of the perils of such an expedition, inspired me with considerable dread, and I kept tight hold of my guide's arm. When we had advanced some two or three hundred yards along the under-ground highway, or rather "low" way, the lights of an up-train became visible. As it went by and we stood still for a minute, the roar and rattle were not calculated to dispel my nervousness. They were terrible—deafening. Immediately it passed, the porter cried out.

"Look there, sir—look; there he goes!"

He was pointing toward the red danger light at the tail of the receding train, and there, sure enough, was Snap scampering after it at a pace which no one could have given a fox-terrier credit for. I began to call and whistle as loudly as I could, but my voice was drowned by the hissing whir and rattle going on. Just then another engine hove in sight on our line of rails, and we had rapidly to step back into one of the recesses or man-holes, as I believe they are called. When this second train had shot past us, there again, to our astonishment, was Snap galloping after it. He had not observed us, of course. We then walked on some little way further along the tunnel, and in a minute another up-train passed us, and there once more the dog was behind it.

"How ridiculous," I cried, "and yet how painful, to see the poor little beast tearing to and fro for dear life in this way! He will surely be run over before long."

But the reason was obvious; he could not keep up with the speed of the train, and by the time it had distanced him, another probably passed in the opposite direction, when, confused by the noise and turmoil, he turned immediately and pursued that. It seemed to me simply marvelous that he had escaped the wheels even so far in these agonizing efforts to find me.

As the lights of the next engine came in view, I resolved to give the last carriage just time to pass, and then to rush out, and, if possible, to intercept my poor pet, for I expected him again to return with that. I was not mistaken, and as I slipped from the manhole in front of the dog the porter held his lantern so that its light fell full upon my form. Snap instantly recognized me, and with one bound and a breathless yelp landed on my breast, and clasping me tightly round the neck with his two fore-legs as if they had been the arms of a loving child, he rubbed his wet nose excitedly against my face. Terrified well nigh unto death, gasping and exhausted, and all the time uttering a plaintive little wail of delight, he lay almost motionless in this position for several minutes, while his affectionate heart beat like a small sledge hammer against mine. This simple but intense demonstration of canine devotion, in the gloomy depths of the under-ground, with only the faint rays of the porter's lamp to illuminate the scene, was very touching.

"You have got a noble little chap there, sir," said the man, as he led the way cautiously back to the platform. "He was worth a bit of trouble to find, and no mistake.

"Quite true, my friend," I answered, "and I'll take good care for the future to pop him under my arm when I travel on the Metropolitan Railway again."

"I reckon he won't give you the chance, sir," said the man. "I know a bit about dogs, and I shouldn't wonder if he fights shy of the stations altogether after this."

The man was right, for never since that day have I been able to induce Snap to come within yards of the head of the railway station stairs. Coax and cajole him as I will, he always resists. He looks up at me with such a pitiful expression, as much as to say: "Why, you wouldn't risk losing me again, would you?" that I have at last conceded the point to him you will readily understand, for I need hardly add that if I had a strong regard for my dog before, it has grown into a real and strong affection now.—*W. W. Fenn, in Harper's Young People.*

MOTHERS SHOULD KNOW IT.—Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody,