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**Advertisement**  
BARNARD & GALATIAN,  
ANDOVER, N. Y.

**ERIK HUNTER**  
ANDOVER, N. Y.

## Jason Hunt & Son,

Are opening a Stock of  
New and Choice  
Groceries and Provisions!  
(In the store formerly occupied by Crandall & Brainerd.)  
Everything New!

Bought for Cash!  
At the Lowest Possible Price!

No Old Goods!  
Everything New!

And of the Very Best Quality!

That can be found in the markets. We will keep a full stock of

BOOTS and SHOES of the Best Make!

A full line of  
CROCKERY,  
GLASSWARE,  
and NAILS

We shall not be Undersold!

TERMS - - - 30 days!

Everything Warranted as Recommended!

We take most kinds of produce at the best market price.  
Andover, March 7th, 1874. [278]

## COLE & FRISBEY

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They Keep the  
Largest Stock, The Latest  
Styles, and the Lowest  
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### A LARGE STOCK OF Hats, Caps, Groceries, &c.

The Celebrated  
Rochester Boots and Shoes  
Constantly on hand  
AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Call And See Before  
Purchasing Elsewhere,  
And You will be Convinced.

## TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN A GORILLA AND A LION.

BY A. W. HOLMES.

My black guide, whose movements were as noiseless and gliding as those of a snake, was about twenty yards in front of me, peering gently but swiftly on the hands and knees through the tangled underwood and thorny creepers which made the entrance into the dense and gloomy recesses of the primeval African forest almost impossible to the hardest of the human race, and I was eagerly following the track which he had made, when suddenly he placed his right hand behind him, made with it a gentle movement, warning me to be silent and cautious.

How long we both remained motionless and hardly daring to draw a breath I know not. It may have been five minutes. It appeared to me as many hours. I felt neither fear nor apprehension of danger, but my anxiety to obtain a sight of a living gorilla, and, if possible, to get within shot of him, and the hope that my black hunter had at length marked one, caused my heart to throb with expectation so loudly, that in order still to be obliged to hold my breath forcibly until the onset of antipathy became unbearable, and it was with great difficulty I repressed a spasmodic tendency to relieve the oppressed lungs by a scream. At length my guide moved forward, but so silently that his progress was more like that of a shadow than of anything having life and weight in it. His hand was still carried behind him, the open palm towards me, and every motion of the fingers instinct with intelligence and warning of the presence of danger the most imminent and deadly. The Fan my guide was a splendid specimen of that noblest of the Central African tribes) except a stopped. His palm expanded, and I instinctively recognized the ground shook with a slight tremor. The air vibrated around us, and best intently upon our ears, as the reader may have when the hand of a great organ is gently touched. At first I did not perceive that the agitation was the result of sound, but as the vibration was passing away, I distinguished a low deep growl, and found that some terrible beast, most probably either a lion or a gorilla, was close at hand, and was either conversing in a low tone with his mate, or was uttering the first notes of a contest or alarm.

The Fan looked round to see where I was. The movement gave me pleasure, because I was then certain that my progress was so completely stopped. His eyes expanded, and I instinctively recognized the ground shook with a slight tremor. The air vibrated around us, and best intently upon our ears, as the reader may have when the hand of a great organ is gently touched. At first I did not perceive that the agitation was the result of sound, but as the vibration was passing away, I distinguished a low deep growl, and found that some terrible beast, most probably either a lion or a gorilla, was close at hand, and was either conversing in a low tone with his mate, or was uttering the first notes of a contest or alarm.

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of talking also near the ground, and being a creek shot under ordinary circumstances, I had just received to take everything by standing up and taking an open shot at him from the shoulder when a turn was given to my thoughts by a terrific shriek, or rather series of shrieks, as if a rough, strong woman were rending the air in mingled rage and pain.

The shrieks were uttered by the female gorilla, who had gone some distance into the wood while I was engaged trying to aim at the male. She had either disturbed a lion, who was sleeping away the effects of a hearty supper, or had met him on his way to his couch of repose, and the noise he uttered in his morning report. She sprang into the nearest tree, uttering at the same time those starting human cries which had nearly unnerved me to the point of fainting.

The roar of the lion was instantly answered by a deeper, hoarser, louder, and more savage roar. A second or so expressive of anger, defiance, and reluctance, savage, cruel ferocity. I never looked at the Fan and smiled. He looked at me as if he were a laughing-stock. He closed his mouth with an effort, then growled, placed his fingers on his lips, and turned to watch the combat which was now inevitable, and in the occurrence of which lay our best hopes of safety.

Suddenly thirty yards on our left, the lion had come crashing through the jungle, and had crossed the close ironical path with a bound. He now stood full in sight in the clear open, his head erect, his mane streaming up and out, his eyes fixed on the gorilla with a deadly earnestness which made my heart beat with a sickening throb. The gorilla was fully fixed in the gorilla's shoulder and head, but he was himself nearly torn asunder and disemboweled. He fell back on his hands and knees, his head on the ground, his eyes wide open, and his body convulsed with agony. He was dead.

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