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CHAPTER VIII. From that time I felt that my suspicion was a truth. I knew that were characters so complex that no human being could understand them. Here was a beautiful surface,- Heaven only knew what lay underneath. There was no outward brand of murder on the white brow, or red stain on the soft, white hand. But day by day the cer-tainty grew in my mind. Another tainty grew in my mind. Another thing struck me very much. We were sitting one day quite alone on the grass near a pretty little pool of water, called Dutton Pool,"—in some parts it was very shallow, in some very deep. Lance had gone somewhere on business, and had left us to entertain each other. I had often noticed that one of Mrs. Fleming's favorite ornaments was a olden locket with one fine diamond in he centre; she wore it suspended by a small chain from her neck. As she sat talking to me she was playing with the chain, when it suddenly became unfastened and the locket fell from it. In less than a second it was hidden in the long grass; she looked for it in silence for some minutes, then she said gently: "I have dropped my locket, Mr. Ford; is it near you. I cannot find it?'

asked. "I should not like to lose it." she replied, and her face paled as searching in the long grass she saw nothing of it I found it in a few minutes, but it was lying open, the fall had loosened the spring. I could not help seeing the contents as I gave it to her-a round ing of pale golden hair. A baby's curl!" I said, as I returned

minute "The only thing I have belonging to my little sister," she said. "She died when I was a child." "Mrs. Fleming," I asked, suddenly

'Almost," she replied, briefly, "Strange that three people should be almost alone in the world but for each other!" I said. "I was left an orphan when I was four years old," she said, "Only Heav-en knows how I have cried out upon my parents for leaving me. I never happy hour. Can you imagine a whole childhood passed without one

"Not one happy hour," she said. "I was left under the care of my grand-mother, a cold, proud, cruel woman, who never said a kind word to me, and

lieve me, Mr. Ford, there are white slaves in England, whose slavery is worse than that of an African child. I was one of them. I think of my youth with a sick shudder-I think of my childhood with horror-and I almost thank Heaven that the tyrant is dead

lighted my life." Now the real woman was breaking 'I often talk to Lance about it," she I was punished for the least offence. I on my grandmother's face. No one was that was all my mother's mother ever

gave to me. I need not say that I hated her, and learned to loathe the life I fain would have laid down. Do I tire you, ested," I replied.

when I could get my own living by teaching I should repay her. Thank Heaven, I did so!"

capable. ful girl," I said.

Yes, so much the worse for me. She seemed to repent of the words as soon as they were uttered. "I mean," she added, quickly, "that my grandmother hated me the more for

"You may imagine, after such an un-loved life, how I love Lance." "He is the best fellow in the world," I said, "and the woman who could deceive him ought to be shot." What women would deceive him?" she asked. "Indeed, for that matter, what woman could? I am his wife."
"It happens very often." I said, trying to speak carelessly, "that good and

was startled again. I could see it in her face. Vale Royal. Mrs. Fleming had several poor people whom she wished to see,

'Is it the one that holds your sister's hair?" he asked. 'Yes," she replied, opening it and

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials They seemed to forget all about me; she clung to him, and he kissed her face until I thought he would never give

> How lovely you were when I found you. Frances," he said. "Do you remember the evening—you were bending over the chrysanthemums?" "I shall forget my own life and my own soul before I forget that," she re-And I said to myself: "Even if my

he perfectly true, have I any

[right to mar such love as that?" I noticed that during all the conversation about the locket, she never once looked

We went to Vale Royal, and there never was man so be wildered as I. Lance proposed that we should go visiting with Mrs. Fleming. "Get your purse ready, John," he said-"this visit will require a small "I find the poor value kind words as

much as money," said the beautiful 'Then they must be very disinterested," he said, laughingly-"I should pre-

"You are only jesting, Lance," she It was a pretty sight to see her go in-those poor, little, dirty houses. There was no pride, no patronage, no condescension-she was simply sweet and natural; she listened to their complaints, gave them comfort, and relieved their wants. As I watched her, I could not help thinking to myself that if I were a fashionable or titled lady, this would be my favorite relaxation visiting and relieving the poor. I never saw so much happiness purchased by a few pounds. We came to a little cot-

tage that stood by itself in a garden. Are you growing tired?" she asked "I never tire with you," he replied.
"And you, Mr. Ford?" she asked. She never overlooked or forgot me, but studied my comfort on every occa-sion. I could have told her that I was watching what was to me a perfect problem—the kindly, gentle, pitying deeds of a woman who had, I believed, murdered her own child.

"I am not tired, Mrs. Fleming, I am interested," I said. The little cottage, which stood in a ild patch of garden, was inhabited by a day-laborer. He was away at work; his wife sat at home nursing a little babe, a small, fair, tiny child, evidently no more than three weeks old, dving too, if one could judge from the face. She bent over it, - the besutiful, graceful woman who was Lance's wife. Heaven! the change that came over her, the passion of mother love that

"Let me hold the little one for you," she said, "while you rest for a few minutes;" and the poor young mother gratefully accepted the offer What a picture she made in the comy little room of the cottage, her beautiful face and shining hair, her rich dress sweeping the ground, and the tiny white child lying in her arms.

came into her face; she was trans-

Does it suffer much?" she asked, in her sweet, compassionate voice. 'It did, ma'am," replied the mother. but I have given it something to keep it quiet.' Do you mean to say that you have drugged it?" asked Mrs. Fleming. 'Only a little cordial, ma'am," replied

the mother, "nothing more; it keeps it sleeping, and when it sleeps it does not She shook her beautiful head. "It is a bad practice," she said; "more babies are killed by drugs than die a

I was determined she should look at me: I stepped forward and touched the "Do you not think it is merciful at times to give a child like this drugs when it has to die; to lessen the pain of

death—to keep it from crying out?"
Ah, me, that, startled fear that leaped into her eyes, the sudden quiver on the beautiful face. 'I do not know," she said; "I do not derstand such things." What can it matter," I said, "whether a little child like this dies conscious

or not? It cannot pray,—it must go straight to Heaven! Do you not think anyone who loved it, and had to see it die, would think it greatest kindness to My eyes held hers; I would not lose their glance; she could not take them I saw the fear leap into them, then die away; she was saying to her-self, what could I know?

But I knew. I remembered what the doctor said in Brighton when the in-quest was held on the tiny white body, that it had been mercifully drugged before it was drowned."
"I cannot tell," she replied, with a gentle shake of the head. "I only know that unfortunately the poor people use these kind of cordials too readily. I

should not like to decide whether in case like this it is true kindness or not "What a pretty child, Mrs. Ford; what a pity that it must die!" Could it be that she who bent with such loving care over this little stranger, who touched its tiny face with her delicate lips, who held it, cradled it in her soft arms, was the same desperate woman who had thrown her child into the

knew what to say or think. wiser, and better than myself, a whitehaired old minister, whom I had known for many years, and in whom I had implicit trust. I mentioned no names,

ate man, but he decided that the husband should be told. Such a woman, he said, must have unnatural qualities. Could not possioly be one fitted for any man to trust. She might be insane. She might be subject to mania—a thousand things

might occur which made it, he thought quite imperative that such a secret should not be withheld from her husthere was no doubt but that it would

as well for you to speak to her first; it would give her a fair chance." If it were not true, she could deny it, although if she proved to be innocent, and I had made a mistake, I deserved

what I should no doubt get; if she were guilty and owned it, she would have some warning at least. That seemed to me the best plan, if I could speak to her, break it to her in some way or other. A few more days passed. If any doubt was left on my mind, what hap-pened one morning at breakfast would have satisfied me. Lance had taken up the paper. I was reading some letters,

est curse in England," he said.

I have. I think now the crying sin As he uttered the words, his wife was just in the act of pouring some cream into my cup; It did not surerise me

that the pretty silver jug and the cream all fell together. Lance laughed aloud. "Why, Frances," he cried; "I have never seen you do such a clumsy thing

She was deadly pale, her hand shaking.
I have frightened myself," she said, "and no wonder with such a noise. A servant came, who made everything right.

Then Lance continued, "You interrupted me, Frances. I was just saying that child-murder is one of the greatest blots on the civilization of the present It is such a horrible thing to speak

she said, feebly. "It wants some speaking about," said Lance. "I never take up a paper without reading one or two cases. I wonder that Government does not take it up and issue some decree or other. It is a blot on the face of the land." "I do not suppose that any decree of Government would change it," I said, "the evil lies too deeply for that; the law should be made equal; as it is the whole blame, shame, and punishment

free: there will be no change for the better, while that is the case. I have no patience to think of the irregularity "You are right, John," said my old end. "Still, cruelty in a woman is so horrible, and the woman must be as cruel as a demon who deserts or slays her own child. If I had my own way I would hang everyone who does it

fall on the woman, while the man goes

there would soon be an end of it There was a low, startled cry and the paper fell to the ground. Mrs. Fleming rose from her chair with a ghastly

Frances," cried her husband, "what is the matter? You will talk of such horrible things," she replied, vehemently, "and you know that I cannot bear them. "Sweetheart," he whispered, as he kissed her, "I will be more careful. I know a sensitive heart like yours cannot bear the knowledge of such things. You must forgive me, Frances, but to me there is something far more loathing in the woman who kills a child than in the woman who slave a man. Do not look so pale and grieved, my dar-John, we must be more careful

what we say. "I must beg you to remember that you began the subject, Lance."
"I am ashamed of making such a fuss," she continued, "but there are some subjects too horrible even to dwell upon or speak of, and that is one. I am going into the garden, Lance; perhaps you and Mr. Ford would like your cigars there? I am going to prune a favorite rose tree that is growing

"Do you understand pruning, Mrs. Fleming?" I asked. Such small things as rose trees. "We will follow you, Frances," said

her husband. "My case is empty; I must get some more cigars." fancied that she was unwilling to leave us together. She lingered a few minutes, then went out. Then simple, honest Lance turned to me with his face full of animation. John, did you ever see such a tender-hearted woman in your life? She

is almost too sensitive. My suspicions were certainties now, and my mind was more than ever tossed and whirled in tortured doubt and dread. I shall never forget one evening that came soon afterwards. We went to dine with a friend of Lance's, a Squire Peyton, who lived not far away, and he was the possessor of some very fine pictures of which he was very proud. He took us through his prettily-

arranged gallery.
"This is my last purchase," he said. We all three stopped to look at a large square picture representing the mother of the little Moses placing his cradle of rushes amongst the tall reeds in the

I saw Mrs. Fleming look at it with eyes that were wet with tears. Does it sadden you?" asked Lance. "It need not do; the little one looks young and tender to be left alone, but the water is silent and the mother is near. She never left him. What a pretty story of mother-love it is! The beautiful face paled, the lips trembled slightly. "It is a beautiful picture," she said,

"to come from that land of darkness; it makes something of the poetry of the Watching her, I said to myself, "that woman has not deadened her con-science; she has tried and failed, There is more good than evil in her.' All night long there sounded in my ears those words, "A life for a life!" And I wondered what would, what could be the punishment of a mother who took the life of her own child?

CHAPTER X. This state of things could not last. A shade of fear or mistrust came in her manner to me. I must repeat, even at the risk of being wearisome, that I think no man was ever in such a painful position. Had it not been for my fore-knowledge, I should have loved Mrs. Fleming for her beauty, her goodness, and her devotion to my dear old friend. I could not bear to tell him the truth, nor could I bear that he should be so basely and terribly deceived-that he should be living with and loving

one whom I knew to be a murderess. So I waited for an opportunity of ap-pealing to herself, and it came sooner than I had expected. One afternoon Lance had to leave us on business; he said he might be absent some few hours-he was going to Vale Royal. He asked me if I would take Mrs. Fleming out; she had complained of head-ache, and he thought a walk down by the river might be good for I promised to do so, and then

I cannot tell how it was that our walk was delayed until the gloaming, and then we went at once to the river, for no other reason that I can see, except that Lance had wished us to go there. But to my dying day I can never for-get the scene. The sky was reseate with crimson clouds, and golden with gold; the river ran swiftly, brimming full up to the banks; the glow of the sunlight lay on the hills around, on the green fields, on the distant woods, on the bank where we stood, on the tall, noble trees, on the wild flowers and blossoms. Better almost than anything else I remember a great patch of scarlet poppies that grew in the long green grass; even now, although this took place a long time ago, the sight of a crimson poppy makes my heart ache. The withered trunk of a fallen tree lay across the river's bank; one end of it was washed by the stream. Mrs. Flem-ing sat down upon it, and the scarlet

poppies were at her feet.

"We can see nothing so pretty as the sunset over the river, Mr. Ford," she said; "let us watch it." We sat for some few minutes in silence; the rosy glow from the sky and the river seemed to fall on her face as she turned it to the water.

The time had come; I knew that, vet

Shall I tell you?" I asked. "Yes, by all means," she replied, "I am sure the subject is very grave, you look so unhappy Now the time was come! That beautiful face would never look into mine again. I steeled my heart by thinking of the tiny baby face I had seen on the

wooden bench of the pier-so like hers, -the little drowned face ! "I will tell you of what I am think-g, Mrs. Fleming," I said; "but I must tell it to you as a story."
"Do," she said, in a gentle voice, and she gathered the scarlet poppies as she

There were two friends once upon a ne," I began, "who loved each other with a love deeper and truer than the love of brothers. She nodded her head with a charming smile; I saw an expression of great relief pass over her face.
"I understand," she said; "as you and Lance love each other, there is

something most beautiful in the love of er; their interests were identical, they shared at that time the same hopes and fears. They were parted for a time, one was busy with his own affairs, the other, an invalid, went to Brighton

How the smile died away, the sun did not set more surely or more slowly than that sweet smile of interest died from her lips, but no fear replaced it at first, The friend who was an invalid went Brighton, as I have said, for his alth, and either fate or Providence took him one night to the Chain Pier."
I did not look at her; I dared not. eyes wandered over the running river, where the crimson clouds were reflected like blood; but I heard a gasp-

ing sound as of breath hardly drawn. I "The Chain Pier that evening lay in the midst of soft, thick gloom; there was no sound on it save the low washing of the waves and the shrill voice of the wind as it played amongst the wooden piles. He sat silent, absorbed in thought, when suddenly a woman came down the pier, a tall, beautiful woman, who walked to the end, and stood leaning there." I saw the scarlet poppies fall from the nerveless hands on the green grass, but

suddenly turned to stone. I dare not look at her. The scene was far greater agony to me, I almost believe, than to I went on .-"The woman stood there for some short time in silence; then she became restless, and looked all round to see if

the figure by my side seemed to have

anvone were near. Then she walked to the side of the She did not see the dark form in in the corner; she raised something in her arms, and dropped it into the sea. There was a sound, but it was like nothing human,-it was neither sigh nor moan, but more pitiful than either the poppies lay still on the grass, and a great hush seemed to have fallen over

the river. 'Into the sea," I repeated, "and the man, as it fell, saw a shawl of black and She tried to spring up, and I knew that her impulse was to rush to the river. I held her arms, and she remained motionless; the very air around

us seemed to beat with a passionate pulse of pain. 'There was a faint splash in the water." I went on; "it was all over in less than a second, and then the swift. waves rolled on as before. The woman stood motionless. When she turned to leave the spot the moon shone full on her face, ghastly, desperate, and beautiful, he saw it as plainly as I see the river here. She cried aloud as she went away, 'Oh, my God, if I dare-if I dare! Can you tell what happened? Listen how wonderful are the ways of God. who hates murder and punishes it. She flung the burden into the sea, feeling sure it would sink; but it caught,-the black and grey shawl caught, -on some hooks that had been driven into the outer woodwork of the pier; it caught and hung there, the shawl moving to

and fro with every breath of wind and every wave." Without a word or cry she fell with her face in the grass. Oh, Heaven, be pitiful to all who are stricken and guil-

I went on quickly.—
'A boatman found it, and the bundle contained a little drowned child—a fair waxen babe, beautiful even though it had lain in the salt, bitter waters of the green sea all night. Now comes the horror, Mrs. Fleming. When the man who saw the scene went, after some years, to visit the friend whom he loved so dearly, he recognized in that friend's wife the woman who threw the child Again came the sound that was like

nothing human. 'What was that man to do?" I asked. "He could not be silent; the friend who loved and trusted him must have been most basely deceived—he could not hide a murder; yet the woman was so lovely, so lovable; she was seem-ingly so good, so charitable, so devoted to her husband, that he was puzzled, tortured; at last he resolved upon tell-ing her. I have told you. Then silence, deep and awful, fell

over us; it lasted until I saw that I must break it. She lay motionless on the ground, her face buried in the "What should you have done in that man's place, Mrs. Fleming?" I asked. Then she raised her face; it was whiter, more despairing, more ghastly than I had seen it on the pier. "I knew it must come," she wailed 'Oh! Heaven, how often have I dieaded

this-I knew from the first. "Then it was you?" I said.
"It was me;" she replied. "I need not try to hide it any longer, why should I? Every leaf on every tree, every raindrop that has fallen, every wind that has whispered has told it aloud ever since. If I hide it from you someone else will start up and tell. I deny it, then the very stones in the street will cry it out. Yes, it was me-wretched, miserable me, -the most miserable, the most guilty woman alive-it

My heart went out to her in fulness of pity-poor unhappy woman! sobbing her heart out; weeping, as surely no one ever wept before. I wished that Heaven had made anyone else her judge than me. Then she sat up facing me, and I wondered what the judge must think when the sentence of death passes his lips. I knew that this was the sentence of death for this woman. You never knew what passed after, did you?" I asked.

"No-not at all." was the half sullen reply-"not at all."
"Did you never purchase a Brighton paper, or look into a London paper to "No," she replied.
"Then I will tell you," I said, and I told her all that had passed. How the people had stood round the little baby, and the men cursed the cruel hands

that had drowned the little babe.
"Did they curse my hands?" she
asked, and I saw her looking at them in wonder. "Yes; the men said hard words, but the women were pitiful and kind; one kissed the little face, dried it, and kissed it with tears in her eyes. Was it your own child?" There was a long pause, a long si-lence, a terrible few minutes, and then

she answered: 'Yes, it was my child." Her voice was full of despair; she folded her hands and Jaid them on her

"I knew it must come," she said. "Now let me try to think what I must do. I meet now that which I have dreaded so long. Oh, Lance! my love Lance! my love Lance! You will not tell him?" she cried, turning to me with impassioned appeal. "You will not!-you could not break his heart and -you could not kill me! Oh, for Heaven's sake, say you will not tell

Then I found her on her knees at my feet, sobbing with passionate cries-I must not tell him, it would kill him. She would go away, if I said she must; she would go from the heart and the home where she had nestled in safety so long; she would die; she would do any-thing if only I would not tell him. He had loved and trusted her so-she loved him so dearly. I must not tell. liked, she would go to the river and throw herself in. She would give her life freely, gladly-if only I would not

So I sat holding, as it were, the passionate, aching heart in my hand. "You must calm yourself." I said.
"Let us talk reasonably. We cannot talk while you are like this. She beat her white hands together, and I could not still her cries; they were all for "Lance!"-"her love Lance!"

[To be Continued.] THE GUN OF THE FUTURE.

Awful Pessibilities of Warfare Involved in the Use of the Dynamitte Shell.

The fearful ravages wrought by the explosions of dynamite, says the London Times, leave no one unable to conjecture what might be the consequences of a bombardment in which missiles charged with dynamite should be employed. The difficulty has also been easy to anticipate. The shock of explosion of the gun charge would under the old system in all probability fire the shell charged, dynamite being easily exploded by mechanical shock, and the gun and shell might naturally be expected to destroy the gunners rather than the enemy.

The Americans, who seem rather fond of trying the supposed impossible, first began to experiment on dynamite missiles, and an officer of the American navy contrived what may be called a colossal air gun, in which the shell charged with dynamite might be started on its flight with an easy but accelerating motion, avoiding the shock so certainly productive of premature explosion, and obtaining by a high air pressure through a long bore the velocity re-The idea had been foreshadowed by

the Lyman accelerating gun, whi starting the shot with a small charge, followed it up by successive explosions of accelerating charges placed along the bore, and giving it the highest initial velocity ever attained by any gun. The Lyman gun failed, as might have been anticipated; through the weak spots introduced into the system by the mechanical arrangement for securing the accelerating charges from exploding prematurely or not exploding at all, and the great relief given to the gun by the modification of the explosive qualities of the powder has probably put an end to the experiments in accelerating charges. The success of the experimental air gun in throwing to effective distances shells filled with dynamite or even nitroglycerine was such that a gun of eight inch calibre and calculated to throw a

shell three miles was planned. It was perfectly correct in theory, and was made apparently on the safe method, but while the scientific officer who conceived it was following out the development of his system by mathematical calculations one of the more characteristic practical inventors had attacked the problem from the other side.

Instead of making his propelling force more elastic, he gave the elasticity to his missile, and by a wad or cushion of caoutchouc of the requisite quality so took up the first impulse given by the explosion that a shell filled with dynamite was fired with complete safety and an affect which can be imagined more easily than calculated. A shell fired from any ordinary battery gun and carrying 11 pounds of dynamite striking a edge of gneiss which formed the target blew out a cavity 20 feet in diameter and six feet deep. No fuse is required as the shell explodes by concussion as it hits its mark; and it was easy to perceive that a single shell of this description striking the side of the most solid ironclad in existence near the water line would be likely to send her to the bottom. Thus far no accident is reported in the experiments, which are to be, if they are not by this time, repeated with guns of much heavier calibre. But the calibre of the gun is of secondary importance; its range and the capacity of the shell for carrying dynamite are the chief elements to calculate on; and if a shell carrying a hundred pounds of the explosive can be fired from one of the heavy guns now in use, the first hit decides, any conflict as between single ships, and one of our steel unarmored cruisers will yield no quicker than the Inflexible to the shock of such an explosion.

A Group of Novellata,

In the art of telling American stories, American writers have attained high success in a very difficult field. A good short story is a work of art. It is a good deal easier to expand a story in the telling than to continue it, and the best povelists often lose their charm when they eesay the short story. Among the writers of fiction who have proved themselves masters of the art of telling short stories, Hamilton W. Mabie, in an article n Good Cheer, mentions Julian Hawthorne, George Parsons Lathrop, W. H. Bishop, H. C. Bunner, Brander Matthews, Rose Terry Cooke, Marion Har-land and Julia Schayer. Among the stories by these authors that will be found in this admirable class are "Archibald Malmaison," "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds," "An Echo of Passion," "Newport," "The House of a Merchant Prince," "One of the Thirty Pieces," "Choy Susan," "In Partnership," "Venetian Glass," "The Rival Ghosts," "The Red Silk Handkerchief," "Love in Old Clothes," "A Letter and a Paragraph," "Bits of Travel," "Ramona," Lily," and other stories. An Allegory.

A charming little Lie approached the

"Mr. Barnum, can you give me anything to do this season !" "I don't know. You're rather an interesting looking little fellow. Sit down and wait till the agent of the Associated press comes up for the particulars of Jumbo's death. May be between us we

can give you a job." That night the little Lie was set at work, and next morning all the papers told how Jumbo was killed while valiantly trying to save the baby elephant Ten Thumb - Chimgo Neve.

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A SINGING PILGRIM.

How Philip Philips Sung His Way Around the World and made Himself Popular.

Philip Phillips is an example of a mas with his whole heart in his art. The story of his remarkable career is as interceting as a remance. He has sung his way around the world. One day he was in Rome. A ragged organ-grinder was playing a tune on a barrel organ. Mr. Phillips was astonished to hear that it was one of the melodies that he himself had composed. He asked the organgrinder where he had purchased the organ. He answered that he had got is from Berne, Switzerland. Mr. Phillips visited Berne and hunted up the organ dealer, who told him that he had heard the song at a religious meeting. It was one of those melodies that whistle themselves, and the organ maker at once put it into a barrel organ. He ground two or three organs that had several of Mr. Phillips' tunes in them, and Mr. Phillips himself has a music box which plays nine of his melodies. I relate this incident as showing how widely his music is sung. Mr. Phillips was born a musician, but he was called into prominence by a little incident that proves how great reputations are quickly created byt some

trivial occurrence. Mr. Phillips began singing solos when a mere boy, in the choir in the little church in Chautauque county attended by the Phillips family. The choir broke down in singing

When I oan read my title clear." and the minister called upon Master Phillips to sing the hymn. Mr. Phillips then taught singing school and pedied melodeons. In Fredonia, N. Y., during a revival of religion, the young man began his first service of song. He was the ploneer in that new and refreshing departure from the formal, old-fashioued sacred singing. Many eminent disciples, ike Bliss and Sankey, have followed in his footsteps. The good man, with music in his heart, went South during the war, ministering and singing to sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital. under the auspices of that grand organization, the Christian Commission

newspaper a stirring poem, or which the following is the first stanza: If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swifteet feet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailors. Anchor'd yet within the bay. You can lend a hand to belp them As they launch their boats away

One day Mr. Philips found in a Cleveland

It was set to music by a Cleveland publishing house and entitled Your Mission, and Mr. Phillips sang it as only he can sing it. The anniversary of the Christian Commission was celebrated in Washington in 1865, not long prior to the as-maxination of President Lincoln. Mr. Phillips sang Your Mission during the evening with such grand effect that President Lincoln asked Hon. William H. Seward, the presiding officer, to have the song repeated; and the request was granted. Poor Lincoln! It was the last time on earth that he was to hear the sweet voice of the singer who had so charmed him, and when, after Lincoln's death, the incident was related, there came to Mr. Phillips from all sections of the country calls to come and sing Your Mission to large audiences. Mr. Phillips suddenly found himself famous, and that he was more than able to keep up his suddenly acquired reputation has been proved for more than twenty years.

Here is a man who has been down town all day, in the full tide of care, that, from morning to night, floods the mar kets, offices, and streets of our great cities. Timid, nervous, irritable, possibly a little disheartened, he starts for his home. If it is winter when he enters, there is a bit of bright fire, that makes a bad temper seem like a sin in the comtrast; a noise of the children that is not dissonant; and an evident care for his comfort, telling, plainer than any words, how constantly be has been in the mind of the house-mother, while breasting the stress and strife of the day; while a low, sweet voice, that excellent thing is woman, greets him with words that ripple over the fevered spirit like cool water. And the man who can nurse a bad temper after that, deserves to smart for it. There is no place on earth into which a man can go with such perfect assurance that he will feel the shadow of healing, as into such a bome as that. It is the very gate of heaven.- Robert

Die Lewis On Baldness.

Collyer.

The back of the neck should be protected in winter against cold and in summer against great heat. Nothing can accomplish this uniformly and perfectly but the hair. The custom of shingling off the hair from the back of the neck is unphysiological, and it should in both sexes be allowed to fall low enough to cover the nape, or meet the usual dress. Woman wear long hair, use pomades and frizzing irons, pull their hair hard in dressing it, suffer much from heat in the

patch here and there, but we never see a woman with a shiny top. 2. Men sever lose their heir below where the hat touches the head; not if they have been bald fifty years. May we not expect, if we keep the top of the head hot and moist, that the bair-

scalp and headache, and are never bald,

The causes named sometimes take off a

glands will become weak and finally too weak to grow hair? My own family is predisposed to baldness. A younger brother is quite bald. My hair at 60 is perfect. For thirty years I have worn the ordinary silk hat, with nearly 300 holes through the top, the holes being about a sixteenth of an inch in dismeter. The nap is reversed before the holes are punched, and when it is brushed back to it proper place the holes are never seen except when the hat to held up between the eye and a strong light. Between the sweat-leather and the hat an open corrugated wire is fastened, and extends all around. The ven-

tilation is perfect. Dio Lewis. The Poodle Before the Baby, Arabella: "The poor little fellow in dreadful sick. It makes my heart ache to watch him?"

Josephine: "Does he grit his teeth and start in his sleep?"
"I haven't noticed." I am afraid it's some kind of fever, and it almost driv me to distraction His eyes have a wild gleam in them-"Give him some sweet spirits of nitre."

"And yesterday I noticed when he wagged his tail-"Good gracious, Arabella! what are you talking shout?"

"About my poodle, of course." "Oh! I thought you meant your

A TRAGEDY;

THE STORY OF THE CHAIN PIER.

"Is it one you prize very much?" I

it to her. Her whole face went blood-red in one

"You must prize it," I said; but I could not keep the dryness of suspicion "are you, like Lance and myself, with out relations?"

happy hour?" I said. With white, nervous fingers she fastened the gold chain round her neck

who gradged me every slice of bread and butter I ate." She looked at me, still holding the golden locket in her white fingers.
"If I had been like other girls," she said, "if I had parents to love me, brothers and sisters, friends or relatives, I should have been different. Be-

through the mask; her face flushed, her said, "this terrible childhood of mine. never heard a word of pity or affection I never saw a look of anything but hate ever pitiful to me; fierce words, fierce blows, complaints of the burden I was,

'On the contrary, I am deeply inter-"My grandmother was not poor, she was greedy. She had a good income which died with her, and she strongly objected to spend it on me. She paid for my education on the condition that

"Then you were a governess?" I said "Yes; I began to get my living at fif-I was tall for my age, and quite she said: "but fifteen is very young, Mr. Ford, for a girl to be thrown 'You must have been a very beauti-

There was silence between as for some minutes, then she added-

oyal men like Lance are most easily "It should not be so," she said. She That same afternoon we drove into

and some shopping to do.
"You should take your locket to a jeweler's." I said, "and have the spring secured. "What locket is that?" asked Lance, looking up eagerly from his paper.
"Mine," she replied — "this." She held it out for his inspection. "I neary lest it this morning," she said; "it fell from my neck."

holding it out for him to see. What nerve she had, if this was what I imagined, the hair of the little dead child. Loving Lance rose from his chair to kiss her. You would not like to lose that, my darling, would you?" he said. "Except-ing me, that is all you have in the wide

CHAPTER IX. Mrs. Fleming was not at her ease with me. I found her several times watching me with a curious, intent gaze, seeking, as it were, to pierce my thoughts, to dive into my motives, but always puzzled-even as I was puzzled over her. That round of visiting made me more loath than ever to believe that I was right. Such gentle thought and care, such consideration, such real charity I had never seen before. I was not surprised when Lance told me that she was considered quite an angel by the poor. I fell ill with anxiety. I never I did what many others in dire perplexity would do, I went to one elder,

but I told him the story. He was a kind-hearted, compassionknew the time for speaking to her had

eventually become known; better hear it from the lips of a friend than from the lips of a foe.
"Perhaps," he advised, "it might be

Lance looked suddenly from his pa-"I used to think drink was the great-"Have you changed your opinion?" I

only Heaven knows how I shrank from the task! I would rather have died, yet my sense of justice urged me on. Was it fair that Lance Fleming should lavish the whole love of his life on a "What are you thinking so intently about Mr Ford " she asked me.