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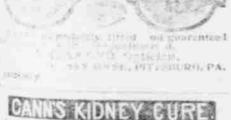
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THE QUIET MAN.

Why the Subject of Duoling Was Distasteful to Him.

"I've seen a good many strange things in my time, as you know, but I never

So spake Gen. R ---, as we sat side by side in the veranda of his snug little house in one of the northwestern provinces of India, watching the sun sink behind the endless line of stately palm trees that stood ranged like plumed soldiers along the opposite bank of the river.

eral," suggested I, guessing from the grave look on the old hero's weatherbeaten face that the forthcoming story must have deeper interest than any of his ordinary campaigning anecdotes. "I don't mind if I do," answered the veteran, "for although it is an affair that I have no great pleasure in looking back upon, it taught me a good les-

resumed after a pause, "I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels—as wild as could be, always in some scrape or other, and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling or fishing-all except one. "That one was a small, quiet, palefaced, gray-haired man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had once been crushed by some great sorrow and had never been able to shake it off. He hardly ever spoke to anyone, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face. So, of course, we made great fun of him among ourselves, fluding these

him the only quiet man in it. Quiet Man, was sitting, as usual, in the far corner, away from everybody else,

"That was pretty fair, certainly," eried Charlie Thoraton, of the Guards; but, after all, it doesn't beat the great hiel thirty years ago between Sir Hary Martingale and Col. Fortesene.

umped the quiet man as if somebody had stuck a pin into him. 'What on earth's the matter with him? whispered Thornton. I never

"But what was the story, then, Charlie? asked another man. Tve heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duelist of his kind in all England, and I've heard of his fight with Martingale, too; but I don't think I've ever had any partienlars, or at least none worth speaking

swered Thornton; for my uncle was Martingale's second. I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he aivays said that although he had been in plenty of duels, he had never seen one like that, and never wanted to see it again. What they quarreled about I on't know, and I dare say they didn't now themselves; but my uncle used to say he knew by the look in their eyes when they took their places to fire that it could not end without blood, and it didn't. They fired twice, and every shot told; and then their seconds, secing that both men were hard hit and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue-who was one of those grim fellows who are always nest dangerous toward the end of a fight-insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Martingale fired a moment too soon, and gave him a bad wound in the side; but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost bent double with pain though he was,

"Killed him?"

" 'Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for, after all, it was a fair fight,' struck in Lord H--, who had been looking over the newspapers on the table; 'but if you talk of dueling,

his own inordinate vanity?" chair with a face so changed that it H. E. diocher Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. | man rise up in his stead. I had once

> went quickly out. "The next night, and the next, and

come of him. But when I came in on

battalion.

our sisters and girl cousins.

seat of war.

to end the war.

of military accourrements used by relatives in the Mexican war, or in militia drills. That decided the matter. Now we could equip ourselves.

Ned Tippet, Mark Lanny, Tom Mallet, myself and several smaller boys, was instantly formed.

such savage determination that every one who heard him-even De Vitteneuve down over our faces.

beings in having discovered them.

of a mile.

the command

gratulate you upon having punished, as he deserved, the most cold-hearted ent-

"We all jumped from our chairs and asm, we pressed manfully forward.

missary department!

pure and simple. We had never for an instant associated soldiering with eating. That the soldier might get killed was likely; that he might get hungry we had not dreamed of. My men began to murmur, and now

But in spite of all I could do the comurging my men on, sword in hand.

by handfuls.

ing in the leaves of the adjoining woods attracted my attention. We were so tired that I was sure that we must have traversed a vast region, and thought it more than likely that we were at last in face of the enemy. I ordered my men down from the persimmon tree and threw them hurriedly into line. I drew my sword and advanced my force, with cocked pieces, to where wood and pasture met.

Why They Did Not End the Civil

In those stirring days back in the sixties the drums, flags and long lines of marching men took captive the hearts and fired the imagination of boys. Marbles, bats, tops and balls were exchanged for military implements and trappings. Every urchin became a soldier; every squad of boys a company or

So eager were we, in our North Carolina neighborhood, to fill our ranks and outdo the neighboring plantations, that all manner of recruits were gladly received and enlisted, including our negro playfellows, and on a pinch even

After a time we grew tired of drilling and longed for more stirring service. The men had gone to the front and our hearts had gone with them. Our motley companies were disbanded one by one, and the more enterprising boys of the neighborhood began to discuss the advisability of a forced march to the

To such a proceeding we were quite sure our mothers would object. But had they not, in some cases, opposed the enlistment of our fathers? We heard the loud cry on all sides, that it was every one's duty to do his utmost

stuffed to keep them from dropping

We had an armament that we felt must be decisive. Indeed, we wondered how our elders could have overlooked such irresistible weapons; and we counted ourselves the most fortunate of

thority than Uncle Primus, the carriage-driver, declared to be nearly sharp enough to shave with. Ned had a pistol which discharged six shots without reloading. Mark had one which

the reason that they were too small and had no uniforms or weapons, I shouted

tion in the persons of our mothers held

suit along the road. So, filing off by the left flank, we thicker than we had ever before known them and the gullies closer together and deeper. But filled with enthusi-

The sun crept slowly up, becoming hotter every moment. Our weapons grew heavier, and our military coats seemed to be larger and longer with we had also entirely overlooked the com-

and then to halt and look back. 1 urged them on, reminding them that it was a soldier's duty to suffer and even die for his country, and that the more he did of both, the greater and truer soldier he was. With many other cheering words that I had picked up, from listening to the grown people, I exhorted my army to do its duty.

nand began to straggle so badly that I was forced to detail Private Lanny as a rear guard, with strict orders to keep the men in line. But as the rear guard itself soon began to straggle, I was forced to quit my place at the head of the column and fill that place myself,

trees. Among them was a dead one, to whose branches some of last year's fruit still clung. The moment the command espied these, all order was lost. It scrambled over the fence and began

ANOTHER FELLOW'S GIRL How Geoffrey Halkett Was Cured

There was a man once-Geoffrey Halkett by name-of few failings, but chief among them was the ineradicable conviction that he understood the innermost workings of the mind of a girl. "A elever beggar I once knew," he

of His One Failing.

explained one night to his old intimate, Paddon-"in fact, about the eleverest beggar I ever did know-once said to me: 'If you know one thing thoroughly you hold the key to everything.' It didn't strike me particularly at the time. I had no reason for testing it, but it's awfully true, Jim. I can see it

It was in Jim Paddon's rooms in Gray's inn that this sententions remark was uttered. Jim Paddon was at the moment keenly interested in wondering whether the cork of a soda water bottle would come out easily, like a tooth with gas, or would require extracting with a wrench. The gas gained the day.

"Well," he said, content now to dally with trivialities, "and what if it is?" "Well, I'll tell you. Sometimes this knowledge is very useful to you, and sometimes-well, it's just amusing. I don't think I'm particularly conceited, but I flatter myself that I have always had a knack of understanding girls. It isn't a thing a man cares to talk about much. In the first place ninety-nine people out of a hundred would put anyone down as a fool who said thispossibly, I am rather femininely minded. In any case, I often used to think I could see things from their point of view better than most fellows. and argue their cases in their own way. Now, since I have thoroughly understood one girl, I know I can do this. And what is the consequence? Why, they never astonish me now."

Paddon took his pipe from his month and attempted to realize an old ambo tion, and blow a second smoke ring through a first.

"My experience," he said, when failure tripped him up remorselessly, "is that they vary too much. No two are alike and they always get mixed up, and to try to put them right is the worst of all." Whether he was alluding to smoke rings or girls was not very

"Look here, old fellow," he said, Twilight arose from the woods like a "you've either had one whisky too black mist and began to envelop us. many or too few." The rain slackened, but the bull, in-Paddon adopted the only course open stead of departing, lay down among the trees, springing to his feet bellowing "Who's the poor girl you've experifearfully if any one of us made an at-

mented on? Do I know her?" "That's rather a brutal way of put ting it, but I suppose it's Kate." "Then," said Paddon, "isn't it almost a pity that you are not going to marry her instead of me."

fintigett smiled. He was not a marrying man. When next the two friends met it was at the home of Kate Temple, the maiden who, after being analyzed by one man, had perversely fallen in love with another. Halkett, too philosophical to be jeatous, had only found in the efreumstance of her preference for his friend a further proof of the wellknown law that ideals must be lowered half-mast high when science passes by. In short, he liked her still, but his

attitude now might best be described as one of slightly contemptuous sympathy. The circumstances under which they all met were now rather depressing. James Paddon had many weaknesses, and one of them had just attained an atarining prominence, Sir McDermott Ballarat, who doubled the parts of eminent specialist and family friend to the Temples (for Kate had one incumbrance-she was garrisoned round about by a maiden aunt with fads), had just discovered that his dear young friend Paddon possessed only one lung instead of the normal number, and that that interesting relic must on no account be allowed to winter in England. It was now September. The young man might take his lung to Davos Platz or to Colorado, but he must be off

without delay.

Halkett, like most people, was at his best in emergencies. The one cheering fact to the Temples on this last depressing evening was his quiet announcement to Kate that if Jim liked he would go with him and look after him. He had previously arranged it all with Paddon, who was pleased. This almost reconciled Kate to her lover's going to the further country. Jim Paddon did not feel ill, he said, whereas if he went to a place haunted by invalids he would grow worse out of sympathy. The good-bys that night were said in chapters. Geoffrey Hallrett left fiest and Kate's eyes were eloquent when she thanked him. She did not say much, but he was satisfied. It was at that moment that the eminently feminine thought occurred to her: "What a pity Geoffrey should not marry some nice girt?" Then old Mrs. Temple said good-by to all and discreetly left the lovers to settle the rest. This look two hours and three-quarters, during which time Geoffrey leaned against a lamppost smoking and thinking it rather a pity that Kate's eyes should be wasted on Jim. He was aroused by Jim rushing down the steps, almost knocking him down and swearing at him. They walked to London that night, by way of getting up strength for the journey. The next day they started.

Ruskin, who advocated once a period of lengthened probationary absence for the young man in love, probably foresaw the advantage of taking steps which would cancel fifty per cent. of irst engagements. Paddon was not to be relied upon with impunity. His lung grew lusty and strong in the bracing air of the Rocky mountains, but be fell in love with a settler's daughter just before the time when he should have returned to Kate. Halkett had noticed this emotion in its incipient stages, but Paddon had not, nor had it even tinged his letters to Kate, when he contracted a prevalent form of fever and the settler's daughter nursed him through it. As soon as he became convalescent he bestowed on her a new Colorado edition of his old love for Kate.

Now, Paddon's illness had been Halkett's opportunity. Whatever swerved in him, it was never his loyalty to his friends. He wrote to Kate regularly, reporting the invalid's health. When Jim regained convalescence it was promptly brought home to him that he . should resume management of his own affairs, but his new sentiment barred the way to this. At this crisis it seemed

good to Jim Paddon, whose simple brain was not capable of dealing with two sets of emotions, to unceremoniously depart with the settler's daughter and marry her. He considerately left a note requesting Halkett to deal with

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his honor as he thought fit. Geoffrey Halkett was a gentleman by instinct, and at the best but an amateur har. He had the British aversion to taking away a man's character to a girl. After much deliberation be said to himself: "If I know Kate-and I flatter myself that I do know her-she would rather retain her faith in a dead Jim than lose her faith in a living Jim." So he wrote that Jim had got worse and died. He did not consider bimself in this, which was to his credit.

Then, being no longer required in Colorado, he followed his letter home. On the way home common sense argued with him and brought home to him very forcibly that he had made a mistake. Sooner or later Kate must learn the truth. It would be better for her to hear it from him now than to have it brutally broken to her later, when it might injure her life more. It was not a pleasant mission, this mission of confession on which he went a short time after his return, but he confronted himself with the thought that she would at least acknowledge that all he had done

was out of consideration for her. Geoffrey Halkett never told anyone what happened at that interview. As a matter of fact, the girl heard him all through, and then, white and trembling with indignation, infinitely scornful with herself for having allowed anyone to defame her lover while she listened, she turned and left him-not, though, before she had pointedly suggested that he should never enter the house again. "She had never trusted him from the very beginning," so she said, "and

Halkett took up his hat and went. This man, who had thought himself never to be astonished again, was an bstinate man, but not too obstinate to acknowledge himself astonished. He wasted no time over useless arguments or letters, but he went abroad and some time subsequently he met Jim Paddon. The interview was short, but satisfactory. All, it appeared, that Hallert required of his former friend was a letter written to Kate, telling her how matters stood. Paddon demurred, and Mrs. Paddon thought Halkett a nui-

"I may be a sneak," said Jim; "but I'll be - if I'll write myself down one." Haikett declined to enter into the distinction. "You can put it in a gentlemanly way if you can," he said. A man with only one lung and a bad case is no match for a man with two lungs and a good case and a rapidly developing passion for a woman. In less than a month Halkett was home with

the jetter. "Kate is devilish obstinate when she's in a bad temper," he said to himself. "I know what she'll do now; she'll refuse to see me, and I'm not going to trust the letter to the post." Still, he wrote and asked her to make an appointment. She replied by return, naming a day and hour. Halkett gasped a little at this, but went for a walk to think how he should

He need not have troubled about arranging speeches or lines of conduct. Kate took the initiative at the interview, as he might have known she must. She was very civil, only rather distant, and asked him why he wanted

"I have brought you a letter," he She held out her hand. He gave it to her. She looked at the writing, murmured an excuse and left

When she came back there was little changed about her except a hesitancy in her speech. "Don't make me apologize," she said,

"but, of course, I knew you were right when you told me, only I wasn't going to allow anyone but Jim to say such things about himself, was 1?" "Certainly not, said Halkett, too blinded by the sentiment of the sentence to consider its grammar. 'It is

I who have to apologize." So they parted good friends and the student of women went home satisfied and on the whole rather pleased than not with the sensation of astonishment to which he was now becoming quite accustomed.

After a decent interval of these friendly relations he asked her to marry him. Then the friendly intercourse

snapped like a pipestem and she told him he had insulted her. "You ought by this time," she said, "to know me too well to imagine that I could ever This finished off Geoffrey Halkett,

He spent a miserable month making up his mind whether to go abroad or to the devil, and he finally decided on a combination, when this letter DEAR MR. HALKETT-Have we annoyed you

In any way? If not, why do you never came to see us now? We shall both be in, and very you care to look us up again. Very sincerely P. S -Aunt says she may have to go Wednesday, but every other afternoon she will

be at home. Geoffrey Halkett read this letter, but not all his experience could make him look as though be had expected it. After a little while he smiled and lit his pipe, and was happy. He might not understand women, but he understood that letter. On Wednesday morning he spent twenty gumeas on a ring, on Wednesday afternoon he called at the Temples' and saw Kate. After all, now that he was cured of his chief weakness, he was a very good fellow, and there is never a better wife than the girl who is capable of astonishing you on occasion. - San Francisco Examiner.

A Decidedly Lucky Accident. It was a fortunate accident that led to the discovery of the method of transferring handwriting to iron. A Pittsburgh iron founder, while experimenting with molten iron in different conditions, accidentally dropped a ticket into a mold. He presently found that the type of the ticket was transferred to the iron in distinct characters. Following up the idea which this fact suggested, he procured a heat-proof ink, with which he wrote invertedly on ordinary white paper. This paper was introduced into the mold before the molten iron was poured in. When the mold cooled the paper had been consumed by the heat, but the ink, which remained intact, find left a clear impression on

the iron.

VOLUME XXVII. OILS! OILS! CURE

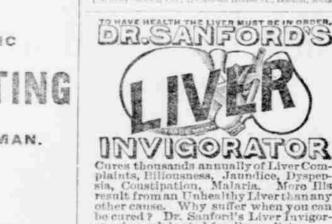
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yet told you about the strangest of them all; and I can promise you that it's a story worth hearing."

"Suppose you tell it me now, gen-

son, if only I had the sense to profit "When I was quite a young fellow and hadn't long joined the army," he

quiet ways of his a very queer contrast to our own rackety, harum-scarum style, and we nicknamed him the st Man in the Club,' though, indeed, we might just as well have called "Well, one evening when the room was pretty full and our friend, the

we began to talk about dueling, a subjost with which we were all tolerably familiar, for there was hardly a manamong us who hadn't been 'out' once. "They did some tidy dueling in the old times, said Lord H-, who was killed afterward in action. You remember how those six chums of Harry III. of France fought three to three till there was only one left alive out of the six:

"He had hardly spoken when up

saw him like that before."

" I can give them to you, then,' an-

he fired and brought down his man." " 'Rather-shot him slap through the heart. But it was his last duel, for from that day he was never beard of

again: and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken

what do you say to this? "Another Dueling Teagedy in Paris The notorious Prussian bully and duel ist, Armand de Villeneuve, has just added another wreath to his bloodstained laurels, the new victim being Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a fine young fellow of twenty-three, the only son of a widowed mother. Some strong expressions of disgust used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Vitleneuve's former duels having come to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable. The chevalier having fired first and missed, De Villeneuve called out to him: "Look to the second buttonhole of your cont! and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent. who expired half an nour later in great agony. His mother is said to be brokenhearted at his death. How much longer, we wonder, will this savage be al-

lowed to offer these human sacrifices to "Just then I happened to look up and saw the Quiet Man rise slo wly from the startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disappear bodily, and another seen an oil painting abroad in which an avenging angel was harling lightnings upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that is just how that man looked at that moment. He glanced at his watch and then came across the room and

the next after that, the Quiet Man didn't appear at the club, and we all began to wonder what could have be--

THE BOY BATTALION.

the fourth evening there he was, though he looked-as it seemed to me -rather paler and feebler than usual. "Here's news for you, Fred,' called War.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1893.

out Charlie Thornton. 'That rascally French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met his match at last; and Dr. Lansett, of the --- th Bengal native infantry, who saw the whole affair, is just going to tell us all about it.' " 'Well, this is how it happened,' began the doctor. 'In passing through Paris I stopped to visit my old friend,

Col. De Malet, and he and I were strolling through the Tuileries gardens when suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd: 'Here comes De Villeneuve! Then the throng parted, and I had just time to eatch a glimpse of the bully's tall figure and long black mustache when a man stepped forth from the crowd and said something to him, and then suddenly dealt him a blow. "Then there was a rush and clamor of voices and everybody came crowding

round so that I couldn't see anything: but presently De Malet came up to me and said: "Lansett, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have a chance of showing your surgery, for De Villeneuve never wounds without killing." " Just then the crowd opened and I

saw, to my amazement, that this man who had insulted and defied the most terrible fighter in all France was a slim little fellow, with a pale, meager "" "As I am the challenged party, I have the right to choose weapons," we

heard him say, quite coolly, "and I choose swords." ". "Are you mad!" cried De Malet, seizing his arm; "don't you know De Villeneuve's the deadliest swordsman in Europe? Choose pistols-give your-" ' "Pistols may miss-swords can't," answered the stranger in a tone of

himself, furious though he was-gave a kind of shudder. "I had vowed never o fight again, save with a man who deserved to die; but you have deserved it well by your colu-blooded marders, and die you shall!" "Where both sides were so eager to fight, there was no need of much preparation. They met that evening, Col. de Malet being the stranger's second,

and another French officer acting for De Villeneuve. "As a rule, De Villeneuve was as cool on the ground as if he had been at a pienie, but at this time he was as wild and fierce as a tiger, partly, no doubt, from having been insuited before so many of his admirers, but also because he had found out that the stranger was an Englishman, and he hated everything English like poison. But more terrible than all his fory was the cold, stern, pitiless calmness of the

Englishman's face, as if he felt certain of his man. " They fought for some time without a scratch on either side, and then suddealy the Englishman stombled forward, exposing his left side. Quick as lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's strict was all crimson with blood, but the moment he felt the steel piecee him he made a thrust with all his might, and baried his sword up to the hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I understood that he had deliberately laid himself open to his opponent's weapon in order to make sure of killing

him; so he had, for De Villeneuve never spoke again." "Just as the doctor said this, down fell a chair with a great crash, and looking up we saw the Quiet Man trying to slip past us to the door. Dr. Lansett sprang up and caught him by both bands. " 'You here?' he cried. 'Let me con-

throat in existence. I trust your wound does not pain you much?" "'What?' we all shouted, 'was it he who killed De Villeneuve?" "Indeed it was,' answered the doctor, and it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw.

came crowding around the hero, setting up a cheer that made the air ring, but he looked at us so sadly and darkly that it made the shout die upon our lips. " 'Ah, lads! lads!' said he, in a tone of deep dejection, 'for heaven's sake don't praise a man for having shed blood and destroyed life. I killed that ruffian as I would have killed a wild beast, to save those whom he would have slaughtered; but God help the man who shall take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger! If you wish to know what happiness a successful duelist enjoys, look at me. Do you remember that story which Capt. Thornton told here the other night about the duel in which

Col. Fortescue, the "famous duellist," as you called him, killed Sir Henry Martingale? "'To be sure,' answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared; 'but " 'I was once Col. Fortesche,' was the

answer."-Saturday Review and Re-The Perfect Ear. In McClure's Magazine Prof. Henry Drummond discusses the question of where man got his cars. Nature he holds, seldom makes anything new; her method of creation is to adopt something old. So when land animals were determined on, and nature started out to manufacture ears for them, she made them out of old breathing apparatus. She saw, Prof. Drammond contends, that if water could pass through hole in the needs such as fishes have. sound could pass likewise, thereupon she brought certain species adapted to her purpose to shore, and set to work upon the five gill-slits and elaborated the whole in a hearing organ. This was not a quick process, but the slow

ated until the work was done. THINGS IN GENERAL.

labor of ages, but finally was produced

the perfect car, and man was not cre-

Torroises have been known to live 300 years. The largest mammoth tusk yet discovered was 16 feet. AT THE equator the average annual

rainfall is 100 inches. The cost of a one-man sea-diving apparatus for a depth of 200 feet is \$575. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has been janitor of a Kentucky church for 30 years. A MULE owned by residents at Crowden Creek, N. C., is reported to be near-A ly half a century old.

Here the noise grew so much louder, ndicating the approach of such a superior force, that we halted to decide. by council of war, whether officer or privates ought to occupy the front

I have a confused recollection of a

roar, a rush of wildly flying earth and

leaves, and still more wildly flying hel-

mets and cutaway coats. Then I found

myself astride a persimmon limb a safe

distance from the ground, which was

held by a raving bull. The animal was

dividing his attention between my tree

and the three others that held the re-

"Aim! Fire!" I shouted as soon as I

No response came. I repeated the

command still louder and more per-

emptorily, and continued to do so until,

having at some risk wriggled myself

around on the limb so as to face the

battalion, I found that the reason why

my soldiers did not fire was that they

the hands, or rather under the feet, of

the bull. I reached for my sword only

The bull took his stand under the

tree. The afternoon stretched out into

an interminable expanse of time. My

persimmon branch became intensely

uncomfortable; but still the bull kept

watch for us. By and by a thunder-

storm arose and made matters much

Accompanied by blinding flashes of

lightning that seemed to play around

our very heads, and deafening thunder-

peals, the rain fell in such torrents that

we could scarcely breathe. As the

horsehair belmets had been abandoned

with our arms, the rain poured into our

gaping collars till we were soaked

I was becoming so chilled and stiff.

and my hands were so benumbed with

clutching the tree, that several times I

was on the point of losing my hold and

falling to the ground. From the some-

what unsoldierly sounds of distress

that came from the other trees. I in-

ferred that the rest of the battalien

Just as night was swallowing up the

world, I made out a dim, decrepit fig-

ure hobbling along on the other side of

"What dat up dem trees?" demanded

"It's me!" sang out with one accord

"My goodness alibe, chillun, whut

"O. Uncle Nat!" I called out. "Drive

yer mean turnin' tree-frawg dis time o'

away that bull! He won't let us come

Good old Nat Dibby, a free negro

whom we all knew very well, had hap-

pened to come past. He made a rush

at the bull, and drove him away, and

one by one we half-slid, half-fell out of

I wondered greatly how he happened

But it was to his cabin that he took

us, and after we had been regaled on

ash-cake and buttermilk, the battalion,

captain and all, were tucked away in

the only bed in the house, while the old

man and his wife, Aunt Patsy, slept on

Betimes the next morning the bat-

talion began their retrograde move-

ment. At the head marched Uncle Nat.

bearing our weapons in his arms. Aunt.

Patsy had spent most of the night in

drying our regimentals, but they were

so rumpled and bedraggled by the cam-

paign of the day before that all the

pomp and circumstance of war was

gone, leaving us to cut pitiful figures

"Ne' mind, honeys," argued the old

man, as we trudged at his heels, "I

thinks you's done mons'ous smart fer

li'l' scrops o' chillun lak you, I does.

You's done toted dese hyere gans all

day 'dout shootin' anybody or yerse'fs,

eider, you's clomb trees lak squir'ls an'

frez to de limbs lak tree frawgs. Go

home an' cat a few mo' ash cakes an'

you'll lay you'll be gin'nls, ev'y one un

When we came within sight of home

we found the wildest commotion. Peo-

ple thronged the place. Searching

parties were being formed. Mounted

messengers were dashing off along every

We trembled with fear at the thought

of meeting our mothers. We had ex-

pected to march back to the sound of

martial music and crowned with glory

that should compel forgiveness. How

of Uncle Nat stood us in good stead.

Halting at a safe distance, he hid us in

the bushes, went forward alone and

made peace at the house. Then he

came back and led the forlorn battalion

up the hill and turned them over to the

authorities.-David Dodge, in Youth's

chines have been invented for boring

But even here the goodness and tact

could we go back in this guise?

yer, by en' by!"

road and byway.

Companion.

to be here-so far away, and when he

told us that his cabin was only a mile

the trees, helped down by Uncle Nat.

were in no better plight than I.

four hourse and whining voices.

night?" came the response.

away, I could not believe it.

down!" I chattered.

The armament of the battalion was in

mainder of the battalion.

took in the situation.

had nothing to fire.

to find it also missing.

through and through.

tempt to get down.

the fence.

a voice.

the floor.

rank. The privates were sure that the officer should. The officer was equally positive that he should not. As each party at once set about putting his theory on this point into practice, the company was soon back at the persimmon tree which stood on the crest of the hill. Here we had an open space at our front, and, what seemed just then still more important, an open

one in our rear, with a line of retreat downhill The rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs swept nearer and nearer. The edge of the wood was reached. The outmost fringe of bushes was now a-ouiver.

Just then we found in the garrets of our homes several long-forgotten lots

A marching column, comprised of

We were to muster at the Creek Bridge at daybreak. Of course we were too much excited the night before to sleep. We were all on hand before the day broke, and the boy battalion was formed. We wore huge light-horse helmets, made of leather, decked with trailing horsehair and shaped like the helmet of Alexander the Great, beside cutaway coats radiant with buff trimmings and brass buttons. The coat sleeves were rolled up so that we might have the use of our hands, and under the lining of the helmets leaves were

I bore a sword which no less an au-

required no cocking, but was fired by the pulling of the trigger, and Tom had a rifle that would kill at a distance The fact that I had a sword of course made me captain. After inspecting the guns to see if they were all loaded, and ordering to their homes all recruits under nine years old-I was twelve-for

"Shoulder-r arms! Forward mar-reh!" We trudged bravely forward. As soon as the friendly screen of the woods was reached the command was halted, or rather it halted itself, in order that a line of march might be agreed upon, For two reasons we decided to abandon the highway and strike across the country. One reason was that we wished to surprise the enemy and end the war with a volley. The other reason, and the chief one, was that the most formidable enemies of the expedi-

the rear and would doubtless give purstruck out through the woods and fields. The thorns and briers seemed

every step we made. Hunger reminded us that we had not only left home without breakfast, but that in organizing To our minds a soldier was a fighter,

After awhile we began to skirt a pasture in which grew many persimmon

Knowing that an officer's place was with his men, and also being exceedingly hungry myself, I was not long in joining them. The persimmons must really have been dry and tasteless, but, plentifully sauced with hunger, we thought them the daintiest food we had ever eaten. We swallowed them While I was in the tree a loud rush-

MAN'S INGENUITY. NEARLY one hundred different ma-

Oxen three hundred miles of irrigation ditches are in operation or building in Yakima county, Wash. A HAY saver, consisting of a threesided device, which enables the horse to insert his head into the manger but does not permit any lateral movement of it, is a late invention.

A PLAN to force coal by pipe line

from the mines to the seaboard has been proposed. The coal will be ground to powder, mixed with water, sent through the pipes, the water then removed, the coal dried and pressed in-