FROM THE RANKS

Continued From Page 10.

brought him close to the culprit-a tall, slender shadow.

"You villain! Halt!" Down went the ladder on the dusty road. The hand that Chester had elinched upon the broad shoulder was hurled aside. There was a sudden whirl, a lightning blow that took the captain full in the chest and staggered him back



A lightning blow took the captain full in

the chest. upon the treacherous and entangling rungs, and ere he could recover himself the noiseless stranger had fairly whizzed into space and vanished in the darkness up the road. Chester sprang in pursuit. He heard the startled challenge of the sentry and then Leary's excited "Halt, I say! Halt!" and then he shouted: "Fire on him, Leary! Bring him

Virginians breasted the slope of Ceme-

tery Hill and surged over the low stone

wall into Cushing's guns. Hard, stub-

born fighting had Maynard's men to do

determination no man had beaten Sloat.

when, years afterward, his old command-

pliments and incessant calls. He was,

been a singular scene. Mrs. Maynard

Sloat had rushed into the house to call

Every one noted Mrs. Maynard's strong

interest in him, but no one could ac-

count for it. She was old enough to be

like the daughter. Both were tall, lithe,

slender. Both had dark, lustrous eyes;

quisitely chiseled features and slender,

shapely hands and feet. Alice was "the

his life in New York, while Mr. Jerrold

was of an old southern family and his

toast of the New Orleans clubs not many

Poor Sloat! He did not fancy Jerrold

and was as jealous as so unselfish a

cendancy the young fellow established

enough before Alice joined them. After

the generous wine, the unaccustomed

elegance of all his surroundings, due to

They were chatting in the parlor,

while Miss Renwick was entertaining

some young lady friends from town and

listening to the band on the parade.

Sloat was expatiating on her grace and

beauty and going over the album for

the twentieth time when the colonel,

with a twinkling eye, remarked to Mrs.

By act of congress officers may be ad

dressed by the title of the highest rank

held by them in the volunteer service

during the war. The colonel always

and subordinate, although in the army

his grade was simply that of first lieu-

"Alice would never forgive me," said

see it, Mrs. Maynard!" was the chorus

bade my having them finished. After-

"I think you ought to show Major

away.

mortal could be of the immediate as-

Both officers had bullet hole mementos

down!"

Bang! went the ready rifle with sharp, sullen roar that woke the echoes across the valley. Bang! again as Leary sent n second shot after the first. Then as er secured him a lieutenancy in the the captain came panting to the spot they followed up the road. No sign of the runner. Attracted by the shots, the sergeant of the guard and one or two men, lantern bearing, came running to the scene. Excitedly they searched up and down the road in mingled hope and dread of finding the body of the marander or some clew or trace. Nothing! Whoever he was, the fleet runner had vanished and made good his escape.

"Who could it have been, sir?" asked the sergeant of the officer of the day. "Surely none of the men ever come round this way."

"I don't know, sergeant; I don't know. Just take your lamp and see if her seat, wildly staring at the tall, there is anything visible down there slender subultern who entered the gateamong the rocks. He may have been hit way, and then fell back in her chair, and leaped the wall. Do you think you fairly swooning as he made his bow. hit him, Leary?"

"I can't say, sor. He came by me the colonel and get some water, while like a flash. I had just a second's look | Jerrold stood paralyzed at so strange a at him, an-sure I niver saw such run- reception of his first call. Mrs. Maynard

"Could you see his face?" asked Ches- her heart, or the heat, or something, and ter in a low tone as the other men mov- the ladies on their way home decided ed away to search the rocks.

"Not his face, sor. 'Twas too dark." certainly not the heat, it was unques-"Was there-did he look like any- tionably something, and that something body you knew or had seen—anybody was Jerrold, for she never took her eyes in the command?"

'Well, sor, not among the men -that seemed unable to shake off the fascinais, there's none so tall an slim both tion. Next day Jerrold dined there, and an so light. Sure he must 'a' worn from that time on he was a daily visitor. gums, sor. You couldn't hear the whisper of a footfall."

"Eut whom did he seem to resemble?" "Well, if the captain will forgive me, sor, it's unwillin I am to say the until Alice Renwick came did another worrd, but there's no one that tall an light an slim here, sor, but Lost'nant Jerrold. Sure it couldn't be him, sor."

"Leary, will you promise me some- dark, though almost perfect, skin, exthing on your word as a man?" "I will, sor,"

"Say not one word of this matter to picture of her father," said Mrs. Mayany one except I tell you or you have to nard, and Mr. Renwick had lived all before a court." "I promise, sor."

"And I believe you. Tell the sergeant | mother a Cuban beauty who was the I will soon be back."

With that he turned and walked down years before the war. the road until once more he came to the plank crossing and the passageway between the colonel's and bachelors' row. Here again he stopped short and waited with bated breath and scarcely beating in the colonel's household. It was bad hea. . The faint light he had seen before again illumined the room and cast that it was well nigh unbearable. Then its gleam upon the old gray wall. Even came the 3d of July dinner and the as he gazed there came silently to the colonel's one annual jollification. No window a tall, white robed form, and man ever heard of Sloat's being intoxia slender white hand seized and lower- cated. He rarely drank at all, but this ed the shade noiselessly. Then, as be- evening the reminiscences of the day, fore, the light faded away, but-she

was awake. Waiting one moment in silence, Cap- Mrs. Maynard s taste and supervision, tain Chester then sprang up the wooden | and the influence of Alice Renwick's steps and passed under the piazza which exquisite beauty had fairly carried him ran the length of the bachelor quarters. Half way down the row he turned sharply to his left, opened the green painted door and stood in a little dark hallway. Taking his matchbox from his pocket, he struck a light, and by its glare quickly read the card upon the first doorway to his right, "Mr. Howard F. Jerrold,

-th Infantry, U. S. A." Opening this door, he belted straight | Maynard: through the little parlor to the bedroom in the rear. A dim light was burning on the mantel. The bed was unruffled, un-

touched, and Mr. Jerrold was not there. Five minutes afterward Captain Chester, all alone, had laboriously and punctiliously so addressed his friend cautiously dragged the ladder from the side to the rear of the colonel's house, stretched it in the roadway where he | tenmt] Sloat the 'directoire' picture, had first stumbled upon it, then return- my dear."

ed to the searching party on No. 5. "Send two men to put that ladder madam, laughing, "though I conside back," he ordered. "It is where I told it the most beautiful we have of her." madam, laughing, "though I consider you-on the road behind the colonel's."

CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Maynard came to Sibley present, "Oh, I insist on seeing it, madin May and the officers with their wives were making their welcoming call she bution to the clamor. had with motherly pride and pleasure yielded to their constant importunities Mrs. Maynard, pleased, but still hesiand shown to one party after another an tating. "We are very daft about Alice album of photographs—likenesses of her at home, you know, and it's quite a only daughter. There were little cartes | wonder she has not been utterly spoiled de visite representing her in long dresses by her aunts and uncles, but this picand baby caps; quaint little pictures of ture was a specialty. An artist friend a chubby faced, chubby legged infant a of ours fairly made us have it taken in few months older; charming studies of the wedding dress worn by her granda little girl with great black eyes and mother. You know the Josephine Beaudelicate features; then of a tall, slender | harnais 'directoire' style that was worn slip of a maiden, decidedly foreign look- in seventeen ninety something. Her ing; then of a sweet and ponsive face, neck and shoulders are lovely, and that with great dark eyes, long, beautiful was why we consented. I went, and curling lashes and very heavy, low so did the artist, and we posed her, arched brows, exquisitely molded mouth and the photograph is simply of her and chin and most luxuriant dark hair; face and neck, too, but when Alico then others, still older, in every variety saw it she blushed furiously and forof dress, even in fancy costume, such as

the girl had worn at fair or masquerade. ward, though, she yielded when her These and others still had Mrs. May- Aunt Kate and I begged so hard and nard shown them, with repressed pride promised that none should be given and pleasure, and with sweet acknowl- away, and su-fust half a dozen were edgment of their enthusiastic praises. finished. Indeed the dress is by no Alice still tarried in the east, visiting | means as decollete as many girls wear | He had meant to show his intense lov-

relatives whom she had not seen since theirs at dinner now in New Tork, but alty and admiration for everything that a sudden pallor shot across his face, and her father's death three years earlier, poor Alice was scandalized when she saw it last month, and she never would and long before she came to join her mother at Sibley and to enter upon the let me put one in the album." life she so eagerly looked forward to-"Oh, do go and get it, Mrs. May-

"'way out in the west, you know, with | nard!" pleaded the ladies. "Oh, please officers and soldiers and the band and let me see it, Mrs. Maynard!" buffalo and Indians all around you"- | Sloat, and at last the mother pride prethere was not an officer or an officer's vailed. Mrs. Maynard rustled up stairs wife who had not delightedly examined and presently returned, holding in her that album. There was still another | hands a delicate silver frame in filigree picture, but that one had been shown to work, a quaint, foreign affair, and inonly a chosen few just one week after | closed therein was a cabinet photograph her daughter's arrival, and rather an en vignette-the head, neck and shoulabsurd seene had occurred, in which ders of a beautiful girl, and the dainty, that most estimable officer, Lieutenant | diminutive, what-there-was-of-it waist Sloat, had figured as the hero. A more of the old fashioned gown, sashed alsimple minded, well intentioned fellow | most immediately under the exquisite than Sloat there did not live. He was bust, revealed quite materially the so full of kindness and good nature and | cause of Alice Renwick's blushes. But readiness to do anything for anybody a more beautiful portrait was never that it never seemed to occur to him | photographed. The women fairly gasped that everybody on earth was not just as | with delight and envy. Sloat could not | feared a row and was just going to stop ready to be equally accommodating. restrain his impatience to get it in his He was a perpetual source of delight to own hands, and finally he grasped it the colonel and one of the most loyal and then eyed it in rapture. It was two and devoted of subalterns, despite the minutes before he spoke a word, while fact that his locks were long silvered the colonel sat laughing at his worshipwith the frosts of years and that he had ing gaze. Mrs. Maynard somewhat fought through the war of the rebellion | measily stretched forth her hand, and and risen to the rank of a field officer in the other ladies impatiently streve to Maynard's old brigade. The most tem- regain possession.

perate of men ordinarily, the colonel "Come, Major Sloat, you've surely had one anniversury he loved to celehad it long enough. We want it again. brate, and Sloat was his standby when "Never!" said Sloat, with meladramatic intensity. "Never! This is my the 3d of July came round, just as he ideal of perfection of divinity in womhad been at his shoulder at that supreme an. I will bear it home with me, set it moment when, heedless of the fearful sweep of shell and canister through above my fireside and adore it day and their shattered ranks, Pickett's heroic

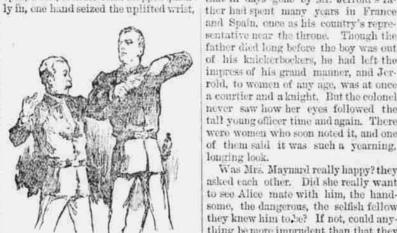
night." "Nonsense, Major Sloat!" said Mrs. Maynard, laughing, yet far from being at her ease. "Come, I must take it back. if she knew I had betrayed her she that day, and for serene courage and would never forgive me. Come, surrender!" And she strove to take it from

to carry from that field, both had won their brevets for conspicuous gallantry, But Sloat was in one of his utterly and Sloat was a happy and grateful man asinine moods. He would have been per- it was, I suppose?" feetly willing to give any sum he possessed for so perfect a picture as this. regular service. He was the colonel's He never dreamed that there were good henchman, although he never had brains and sufficient reasons why no man dent. So far as he was concerned, the enough to win a place on the regimental staff, and when Mrs. Maynard came he overwhelmed her with cumbrons comto his confident belief, her chosen and proof he could give of his admiration accepted beight for full two days after and devotion. A tame surrender now her arrival. Then Jerrold came back from a brief absence, and as in duty bound went to pay his respects to his must stand firm." polonel's wife, and that night there had

"Madam," said he, "I'd die first." had stopped suddenly in her laughing chat with two ladies, had started from

revived presently, explained that it was could be in carnest.

gan fambling at the back of the photo- mented Renwick; their delightful winthat it was possibly the heart, it was graph. This was too much for the ladies. ter together in Italy, his courtship, her They, too, rushed to the rescue. One of consent, their marriage and return to them sprang and shut the door; the other America. When Maynard came back stized and violently shook the back of to Sibley and the old regiment, he was off him during the entire evening and his chair, and Sloat leaped to the floor, so jolly and content that every man was still clinging to his prize and laughing welcomed at his house, and it was as though he had never had so much en- really a source of pride and pleasure to tertainment in his life. The long Vene- him that his accomplished wife should tian windows opened upon the piazza, find any of his young officers so thorand toward the nearest one he retreated, holding aloft the precious gage and Jerrold. Others were soldierly, courhis mother, said the garrison, but not waving off the attacking party with the teons, well bred, but he had the air of a other hand. He was within a yard of the foreign court about him, she privately consideration appear. He was singularly blinds when they were suddenly thrown informed her lerd, and it seems indeed open, a tall, slender form stepped quick- that in days gone by Mr. Jerrold's fa-



One hand scized the uplifted wrist the other the picture, and in far less time than it takes to tell it Mr. Jerrold had wrenched it away and with quiet bow restored it to its rightful owner. 'Oh, I say now, Jerrold, that's down-

right unhandsome of you!" gasped Sloat. "I'd have been on my way home with it.

"Shut up, you fool!" was the sharp, hissing whisper. "Wait till I go home if you want to talk about it." And as quickly as he came Mr. Jerrold slipped out again upon the piazza.

Of course the story was told with varied comment all over the post. Several officers were injudicious enough to chaff the old subaltern about it, andhe was a little sore headed the next day anyway-the usually placid Sloat grew the more indignant at Jerrold. He decided to go and upbraid him, and, as ill luck would have it, they met before

noon on the steps of the clubroom. "I want to say to you, Mr. Jerrold, that from an officer of your ago to one of mine I think your conduct last night a piece of importinence."

'I had a perfect right to do what I did," replied Jerrold coolly. "You were taking a most unwarrantable lib-"Oh, where is it?" "Oh, do let us erty in trying to carry off that picture." "How did you know what it was?

of exclamations from the few ladies You had never seen it!" "There's where you are mistaken, Mr. am." was Sloat's characteristic contri-Sloat" (and Jerrold purposely and exasperatingly refused to recognize the "I want you to understand it," said customary brevet). "I had seen it-frequently.

> one of them turned sharply and faced Jerrold as he spoke. It was his former company commander. Jerrold noted the symptom and flushed, but set his teeth doggedly.

> 'Why, Mr. Jerrold! Mrs. Maynard said she never showed that to any one," said Sloat in much surprise, heard her, did you not, Captain Chester?

"I did, certainly," was the reply. "All the same, I repeat what I've said," was Jerrold's sullen answer. have seen it frequently, and, what's more"- He suddenly stopped.

"Well, what's more?" said Sloat suggestively. "Never mind. I don't care to talk of the matter," replied Jerrold and started

to walk away. But Sloat was angry, nettled, jealous.

was his colonel's and had been snubbed be plunged heavily forward and went and called a fool by an officer many down like a shot. Sympathetic officers years though not so many "files" his and comrades surrounded the prostrate junior. He never had liked him, and form in an instant. The colonel himnow there was an air of conscious superiority about Jerrold that fairly exasperated him. He angrily followed and called to him to stop, but Jerrold walked on. Captain Chester stood still and and looked inquiringly around: watched them. The little man had almost to run before he overtook the tall one. They were out of earshot when he finally did so. There were a few words before?" on both sides. Then Jerrold shifted his light cane into his left hand, and Chester started forward, half expecting a fracas. To his artonishment, the two of-

ficers shook hands and parted. "Well," said he as Sloat came back, with an angry yet bewildered face, "I'm glad you shook hands. I almost it. So he apologized, did he?"

"No, nothing like it." "Then what did you mean by shaking hands?"

"That's nothing-never you mind," said Sloat confusedly. "I haven't forgiven him, by a good deal. The man's concers is enough to disgust anythingbut a woman, I suppose," he finished

"Well, it's none of my business, Sloat, but partica my saving I don't see what there was to bring about the apparent reconciliation. That handshake meant something."

"Oh, well-d-n it! We had some words, and he-or I-well, there's a bet, and we shook hands on it."

"Seems to me that's pretty serious business. Sloat-a bet following such a Alice may be in any minute now, and talk as you two have had. I hope"-"Well, captain," interrupted Sloat. "I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been mad as blazes, but I made it and

most stick to it. That's all." "You wouldn't mind telling me what

"I can't, and that ends it," Captain Chester found food for much thought and speculation over this incishould have it. He so loved and honored abrupt remark of Sloat by no means his colonel that he was ready to lay ended it. In his distrust of Jerrold he down his life for any of his household. | too, had taken alarm at the very sub In laying claim to this picture he hon- stantial intimacy to which that young estly believed that it was the highest man was welcomed at the colonel's quarters. Prior to his marriage old Maynard had not liked him at all, but it meant that his protestations were empty | was mainly because he had been so neg words. "Therefore," argued Sloat, "I ligent of his duties and so determined a beau in city society after his arrival at Sibley. He had indeed threatened to And with that he began backing to the have him transferred to a company still on frontier service if he did not reform. Alarmed now, Mrs. Maynard sprang but then the rifle practice season began, after him, and the little major leaped and Jerrold was a capital shot and sure upon a chair, his face aglow, jolly, to be on the list of competitors for the rubicund, beaming with bliss and tri- department team, so what was the use? umph. She looked up, almost wringing He would be ordered in for the rifle her hands, and turned half appealingly camp anyway, and so the colonel decidto the colonel, who was laughing heart- cd to keep him at headquarters. This ily on the sofa, never dreaming Sloat was in the summer of the year gone by. Then came the colonel's long leave, his "Here, I'll give you back the frame. visit to Europe, his meeting with his I don't want that," said Shoat and be- old friend, now the widow of the la-

oughly agreeable as she pronounced Mr. and Spain, once as his country's repre sentative near the throne. Though the father died long before the boy was out of his knickerbockers, he had left the impress of his grand manner, and Jerrold, to women of any age, was at once a courtier and a knight. But the colonel never saw how her eyes followed the

of them said it was such a yearning, longing look. Was Mrs. Maynard really happy? they asked each other. Did she really want to see Alice mate with him, the handsome, the dangerous, the selfish fellow they knew him to be? If not, could anything be more imprudent than that they should be thrown together as they were being, day after day? Had Alice wealth of her own? If not, did the mother know that nothing would tempt Howard Jerrold into an alliance with a dowerless daughter? These and many more were questions that came up every day. The garrison could talk of little else, and Alice Renwick had been there just three weeks and was the acknowledged queen of hearts at Sibley when the rifle competitions began again, and a great array of officers and men from all over the northwest came to the post by every

tall young officer time and again. There

were women who soon noted it, and one

train, and their canvas tents dotted the broad prairie to the north. One levely evening in August, just before the practice began, Colonel Maynard took his wife to drive out and see the camp. Mr. Jerrold and Alice Renwick followed on horseback. The carringe was surrounded as it halted near the range, and half a score of officers, old and young, were chatting with Mrs. Maynard, while others gathered about the lovely girl who sat there in the saddle. There came marching up from the railway a small squad of soldiers, competitors arriving from the far west. Among them-apparently their senior noncommissioned officer - was a tall cavalry sergeant, superbly built, and with a bronzed and bearded and swarthy face that seemed to tell of years of campaigning over mountain and prairie. They were all men of perfect physique, all in the neat, soldierly fatigue dress of the regular service, some wearing the spotless white stripes of the infantry, others the less artistic and equally de-Two officers were standing by, and structible yellow of the cavalry. Their swinging stride, erect carriage and clear and handsome eyes all spoke of the perfection of health and soldierly development. Curious glonces were turned to them as they advanced, and Miss Renwick, catching sight of the party, ex-

claimed: "Oh, who are these? And what a tall soldier that sergeant is!"

"That sergeant, Miss Renwick," said a slow, deliberate voice, "is the man I believe will knock Mr. Jerrold out of the first prize. That is Sergeant Mo-Leod."

As though he heard his name pronounced, the tall cavalryman glanced for the first time at the group, brought his rifle to the carry, as if about to salute and was just stepping upon the roadside, where he came in full view of the occupants of the carriage, when travels a furlong.

self sprang from his carriage and joined the group, a blanket was quickly brought from a neighboring tent, and the sergeant was borne thither and laid upon a cot. A surgeon felt his pulse

"Any of you cavalrymen know him well? Has he been affected this way

A young corporal who had been bending anxiously over the sergeant straightened up and saluted:

"I know him well, sir, and have been with him five years. He's only had one sick snell in all that time-'twas just atory organs, and his use of the phonobeen sunstruck once."

"This is no case of sunstroke," said the doctor. "It looks more like the heart. How long ago was the attack you speak of?"

"Three years ago last April, sir. I remember it, because we'd just got into Fort Raines after a long scout. He'd been the solidest man in the troop all through the cold and storm and snow we had in the mountains, and we were in the reading room, and he'd picked up a newspaper and was reading while he rest of us were talking and laughing, and, first thing we knew, he was own on the floor, just like he was to-

"Hm!" said the surgeon. "Yes; that's plenty, steward. Give him that, Raise his head a little, corporal. Now e'll come round all right.

Driving home that night, Colonel Maynard musingly remarked: "Did you see that splendid fellow

who fainted away?" "No," answered his wife; "you all

gathered about him so quickly and carried him away. I could not even catch a glimpse of him. But he had recovered, ad he not?" "Yes. Still I was thinking what a

man slips through the surgeon's examinations with such a malady as this. Now, here is one of the finest athletes and shots in the whole army, a man who has been through some hard service and stirring fights, has won a tiptop name for himself and was on the high road to a commission, and yet this will block him effectually." "Why, what is the trouble?"

"Some affection of the heart. Why! Hello! Stop, driver! Orderly, jump down and run back there. Mrs. Maynard has dropped her fan. What was it, dear?" he asked anxiously. "You started, and you are white and trembling." "I-I don't know, colonel. Let us go home. It will be over in a minute. Where are Alice and Mr. Jerrold? Call them, please. She must not be out riding after dark."

But they were not in sight, and it was considerably after dark when they reached the fert. Mr. Jerrold explained that his horse had picked up a stone and he had had to walk him all the way.

Continued t pry's retounce.

THE ACME OF VULGARITY.

Skirts with separate linings have reurned to replace those in which the lining s sewed in with the seams, as has been the custom for two or three years past. Some imes the separate lining is made in the form of a distinct skirt, which, when made of silk and prettily trimmed, may be worn with a number of different gowns. It should be as full as the outer dress itself



SATIN VEST generally serviceable. It is a mistake to wear a white silk petticoat except under evening dress, for one hour's wear under a street gown will destroy its beauty and freshness forever, and soiled silk is the acme of vulgarity. Muslin and cambric petticoats are the only admissible white es for ordinary wear, since they alone can be changed frequently and laundered successfully.

Muslin skirts and other underwear are sold at such low prices now that there is no excuse for any woman who has not an ample supply of such garments. It is not ential that they be of fine material or elaborately trimmed, although even the least expensive articles have usually some ort of croamentation. The main thing is to have plenty of them, keep them in good order and have them well laundered.

Many wealthy women inclined to plumpness buy the plainest underclothing to be found in order to avoid the fluff and fullness that would be caused by trimming. Hand embroidered French goods of extremely plain cut may be obtained at a moderate price and are often worn by large women who prefer some sert of decoration to a perfectly plain finish.

Some of the new articles of neckwear are really charming in effect. One lately seen consisted of a linely jetted round yoke with a standing collar and black gauze The lower edge of the voke was cut in several large points and bordered with a full double frill of the satin striped gauze, very finely plaited. Black mousseline de sole, crepe de chine and other thin black goods are much employed for these becoming adjuncts and are often combined with tinted or white lace.

A sketch is given of a vest of gold col ored satin trimmed with black guipure The upper part is plaited into the standing collar, and the material is so shaped as to fall in coquilles. The lower part is confined by corselet pieces of guipure. The middle of the front and the collar are trimmed with narrow guipure.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Some parrots are very quick in acquiring words, and are generally fond of display ing these new acquisitions, but occasionally a bird will be profoundly silent until the teacher despairs of her mastering a certain phrase or word, then all at once, and unexpectedly, the "scholar" will repeat her

A genius with a taste for statistics has calculated that the average newspaper writer makes 4,000,000 strokes with his pen each year, or a line 300 miles long. A rapid penman draws his pen through 16% feet in every minute. In forty minutes his pen

USES OF PHONOGRAPHS.

ANY CHANGES MADE IN THE SEN-SITIVE INSTRUMENT.

ft Is Being Used as an Aid in Medicine in the Learning of Languages and in Elecution -- An Interview with a Physiciao Who Has Studied Them.

Dr. J. Mount Bieyer, of this city, bas sen making a collection of voices for tearly five years, and he has now fully ave hundred specimens, which can be eard at any time by putting them in his shonograph and setting the machine in notion. Dr. Bleyer makes a specialty in diseases of the throat, lungs and respir like this-and then he told me he'd graph and micro-graphophone have been nade solely for the purpose of ascertaining the practical value of these inventions in regard to medical and other sciences.

ders, five inches long by three in diameter 'Few people have any idea," Dr. Blever said to a reporter the other day, "of the wonderful changes that have been made in the phonograph since it first came out from the workshop of Mr. Edison. The instru ment has now been so perfected that it is capable of faithfully representing every word, syllable, vowel, consonant, aspirant, or indeed sounds of any kind.

"A curious feature of the modern phonograph is the difference made in the key of the voice by an increase or decrease in the velocity of the cylinder. If the latter is turned as fast in transmitting the voice as is in receiving, the sound is reproduced with almost mathematical fidelity If. however, the cylinder is turned more slow ly, the voice is reproduced in a much lower one So, on the other hand, if the mechanism is moved more rapidly, the voice is reproduced in a much higher key. curious fact enables a person to hear himself speak as if he had been endowed with different vocal organs.

'A contraito, for example, who sings a song into the apparatus in her usual style may hear it reproduced as she gave it, or, to changing the speed of the motor, as a mezzo soprano, high treble, or, on the other hand, as a baritone, basso, or singular fact it is that occasionally a even basso profundo. Of course there is a change in the time corresponding with the change in the key. The high treble sings so rapidly as to grate upon the ear, while the basso vocalizes so slowly as to suggest somnolent fatigue. Strange to say, the quality of voice which the French call tim bre remains unchanged, no matter what time is employed

IN MEDICINE.
"Hut it is in medical science that the phonograph is destined to evert a greater affinence. Its value in this branch is barely beginning to be appreciated. For some years I have occupied myself in studying the uses to which this machine might be put in the medical as well as in other sciences, and I can safely say that already in the present stage of its con struction the phonograph can be made to record many of the symptoms usual in diseases of the respiratory organs, in both normal and abnormal states. For in stance, the voice of singers with a good voice may be recorded and kept for comparison, in case of any ailment, making the normal record a standard "Phonograms of tenors, baritones and

bassos may be preserved, the voices studied as to the different shades of tone and qual ity, and be found of value in clinical, as well as in other demonstrations. Good records of specimen patients, illustrating a certain cough, such as the whoop or whoop ing cough, asthmatic cough, bronchitis That Is What a Soiled Silk Is, According to stenosis of the larynx, and in croup and diphtheria would be of great benefit, par ticularly in cases of diphtheria and croup where the stenosis is marked

"A standard of operation might be selected, and the students, listening through a cylinder, receive the impression therefrom as to about the correct time when operative interference becomes necessary With the aid of such practical demonstration in the lecture rooms of our colleges, I am certain that our students would gain more from one lecture than from two dozen of the or dinary and prevailing ones.

"Only too frequently, when we wish to demonstrate some particular clinical case to our students with a view to illustrating certain points of interest therein, a proper subject cannot be found, and words most feebly take the place of facts. Now, if good records of clinical cases in one's private or hospital experience could be taken and kept, then living examples would always be in readiness and could be presented in the various stages of the case.

Dr. Bleyer medlently remarked that he thought these phonographic patients would soon be placed in one or more of the medical colleges. He himself has a large collection of cylinders illustrating the different forms of lung and throat diseases, including stammering, coughing, hoarse ness and pasal troubles. PHONOGRAPHS IN ELOCUTION.

"You must remember," said Dr. Bleyer, "that the many uses to which this valuable machine may be put are just beginning to be realized. A practical application of the phonograph has been suggested by Dr Richard S. Roselthal, which is already productive of very satisfactory results. That is the instruction in the pronunciation of foreign languages. I am told that a num ber of Dr Rosenthal's pupils are already engaged in this the ideal way of master ing foreign languages The pupils are supplied with books and

prepared cylinders to match. The method of study is to trum the eye and the ear at the same time, and a pupil, with his lesson on the cylinder, can, by hearing it over and over again, muster the pronunciation, while the eye follows the printed text, which makes him familiar with the spelling and appearance of the words. 'As an automatic teacher of elecution,

this novel idea has been brought into ac tual execution, and is at the present time being practiced by a number of actors and actresses. The example was set by Clara Morris, who obtained a phonograph, and used it to ascertain exactly how her speech sounded. She had become convinced that no speaker could eatch the tones of his or her own voice exactly as others did.

"It occurred to her that by speaking into a phonograph she could receive in return a rorrect idea of her vocal expression. Her plan succeeded admirably She recited doubtful portions of her roles into the machine, and had it repeat them again and again for her criticism. The story of Miss Morris' experiment leaked out, and now there can be counted at least a dozen players who, in studying their parts, are calling this machine to assist them in their efforts toward correct vocalization."-New York Sun.

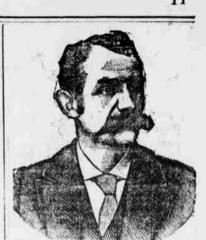
Going to the Show.

There is a spot up among the Andes where it rains about one day in a week, and they have built a l-otel and made a summer resort there, just that people may see the show. The chap who can say that he has seen it rain is entitled to swell around and expectorate over his shoulder. -Detroit Free Press.

Unpleasant to Have Around. "Are you still engaged to Mr. Briggs?" "No: I broke it off last week. I was

afraid to marry him. He knows too much. I gave him some ribbon to match. He found it in the first store he went to, and he bought it for two cents below the regular price."-New York Recorder.

The human jaw is very loosely socketed in the skull, so that it is often dislocated by the mere act of yawning. Not being intended for biting purposes, offensive or defensive no attention seems to have been paid by nature to making it fast,



Dr. E. Grewer

The Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians, are now permanently located at

311 SPRUCE ST., SCRANTON. The doctor is a graduate of the University of Petnsylvania, formerly demonstrator of physi-olory and surgery at the Medico Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. A specialty of Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases.

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A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a financi sat-urated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and so a charge

relief and so n effect a cure.

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