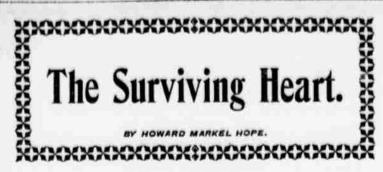
THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1899.



Along an old road in Pennsylvania Beggs. stands the charred ruins of an inn which in its day afforded welcome body," Stiles replied, withdrawing his shelter and rest to many a wayfarer. eyes with some difficulty. "But that ain't all. The heart had not been cut Several years after the Revolution a pike was opened ten miles to the southward and the ancient thoroughfare became a mere byway. Some of the regular travelers, however, who on the young fellow." had grown used to the richness of its larder, still patronized the tavern, but on many an evening its landlord, Joel Beggs, sat alone in the tap room, which had been wont to resound with the rollicking song or the hearty laugh following a gay tale, ruminating upon catching the landlord's sleeve, "did you ever see such a resemblance?" the decay of his fortunes or lamenting to a neighborhood crony.

October night in 1793-so the dier, it's himself." queer tale runs-he sat smoking his briarwood pipe by the great wood with stiffening lips, "it's exactly fifteen years tonight since the young fellow stove and looking curiously at a stranger who occupied a chair by a died up there." table in the corner. The man had arrived about an hour before, had had Lewie." his overridden horse put up, had stalked into the tep room, where he had declined to register and refused supper. He had taken the chair by the table and had not risen from it since. A black cape fell to the tops of his heavily spurred boots entirely concealed his figure, which might, however, have been surmised to be extremely gaunt. Long and kinky locks hung to his shoulders, and from their raven mass his face looked out with almost startling pallor, and his eyes ney, don't you?" seldom left the hands of the tall clock back of the bar. He had dropped his cocked hat upon the table, and placed beside it a box neatly rapped in oilskin.

Beggs had essayed socialbility by asking as to the condition of the roads. "Damnable," had been the answer,

Repelled by the tone, rather than the adjective, which was mild tap room profanity, the landlord had taken a turn about the room and then

made a second effort. "Is there anything I can do for you, sir?

"No," was the impatient reply, "but you can make out my bill as if I had kept your scullions working like dovils. You can do something elselet me alone."

Joel had betaken himself to his chair and pipe and the stranger had relapsed into pointed allence. But as the former had continued to study his odd guest he suddenly straightened up, put his hands upon his knees and openly stared. The stranger did not notice this, but a small man, who came into was other than the ordinary package the room at the moment, stopped short carried by travelers. upon seeing the landlord's posture, and also turned his small eyes upon the stranger. After a moment or two fore 11." he walked to the stove.

"Hello, Lowie," greeted Beggs, with-drawing his eyes from his guest. "Glad you come in. It's a damp night and mighty lonesome." mighty lonesome." common queer somehow."

is damp and it's come foggy. But I didn't come in to talk about the weather, Joel. Old Sydney's home." They looked at each other, then with one accord cast wondering glances at the stranger, who kept his eyes steadily upon the face of the clock.

house, which had been the abode of hospitality during the brighter days of the Grevistons, and up whose capac-lous chimneys "her great fires" had roared, stood then like a sepulchre of by-gone times. Deserted, silent, mournful, the hill which it surmounted seemed to be thrusting it far above the world's activity and good cheer. After they had passed between the granite pillars at the entrance and had closed the creaking iron gate Beggs stopped and cautiously raised the box to his ear. He instantly lowered it, and said in a low whisper: 'It is still beating." "Yes," Stiles repeated, after listen-"What did he find?" whispered

ing, "it's beating hard." They ascended to the broad porch and went noiselessly around to the lighted window. The taper had burned low and the hearth flames were dying, but the solitary figure in the repetition, they came to a chambe great arm chair was plainly revealed.

out, or there was no sign of a cut on Old Sydney was bent forward staring the soldier's breast. Dr. Leighton thinks into the embers. His long hair, plaitthat old Sydney and the Frenchman ed and bowed, was little whiter than performed some diabolical experiment his face, upon which horror of memories he could not dismiss was visible. Both men turned their heads and As the light had waned the shadows had crept closer to him, and now ooked at the stranger, moved by a yet unspoken fact regarding him. He had seemed to be standing back of his lrawn his black hair free from his chair and looking over his shoulders pailld face and was still staring at as if curious to learn what he saw in them. They shrank closer to the win- the expiring glow.

Awed by the suggested terrors of the "Heaven above us," whispered Stiles, place, they tip-toed to the front door and Beggs swung the heavy iron ring of the knocker. A third rap echoed "If he isn't a twin to the young solhollowly through the wide pussage before the old man came to the door and "And see here, Joel," Stiles recalled, asked from inside who was there.

"Lewis Stiles and Joel Beggs," the landlord responded. 'What do you want?"

"It is, by all that's-stand by me "I have brought you at package that was left at my inn." The stranger had risen and was com-The master of the lonely house

shoved the heavy oaken bolt and open-"Landlord," he said gruffly, "I can't ed the door. The light of the new tapwait any longer. I will leave yonder per he held showed a man aged prepackage in your charge and if a young maturely by distress. His large eyes man looking somewhat like me does not had a haunted look-the whole face. ome for it by 11 o'clock, I want you long pinched and pailid, wore the rapt o take it up to Sydney Greviston. expression of one who suffers well-The landlord started in spite of himgrounded forebodings of the future. elf, and Stiles captured an exclama-

"What are you frightened about ?" the He invited them in, holding up the light to show the way. They noted man demanded. "You know old Sydthat he had suddenly become the haughty Sydney Greviston they had two men. "Very well, sir; very well. Shall I long known; the one in the chair by give him any message?"

"Say to him what you please, but you the hearth had been a stranger to are not to open the package. Now fetch me my horse and be quick." them. "A young man came to my inn this

evening," Joel explained, "and asked Beggs gave the order, and while the animal was being made ready the me to bring this package to you if no stranger stalked the room impatiently, one came for it before 11 o'clock." but did not once go near the two men "And he bore a remarkable resemor speak to them. When the horse was blance," said Stiles, searching the at the door he flung a coin upon a table withered face which had suddenly bewithout asking for his reckoning, went come stolid, "to the young soldier who out and clattered away. died up here fifteen years ago tonight." The landlord and Stilles stood in won-"Is that all, landlord?" said the old

"That there was no heart in the

ng toward them.

upon his lips

der until the splash of hoofs died away man, ignoring Stiles, but they saw, in far down the muddy road; then, with spite of his efforts to hide them, that out a word, walked over to the table his frail hands were shaking as if with and examined the package. It was Dalsy. about eight inches long by four square, "He said there was no message, but wrapped in oilskin and securely tied I fell it my duty to advise you, strwith a leather thong. At the knot and

"I do not need your advice, my man; the intersection of the thong were red I have been expecting the package." wax wafers pressed by a seal in the "Very well, sir," Beggs asquiesced, shape of a heart. Beggs lifted it. "I only wished to ask you to put your found it to be of natural weight and ear to the package." set it back upon the table. There was "My ear? What for?" nothing about it to suggest that it

"What is an ear for," Stiles interposed, indignantly, "but to listen?" With a labored smile old Sydney bent and listened. His lips were trembling, when he rose, but he asked with

"A heart beating in that box! What

He put down the swaying can-

"Yes," said Stiles, "the young sol-

well-feigned credulity: "Yes, come back, Lewie. If I must What is there to hear? 'Sydney Greviston." said Stilles, "fifteen years ago tonight a young seldier died in this house. His body had no heart in it, but there is a heart beating in that box!"

must go. Good landlord, call a boy and RECEPTION OF send him for the nearest doctor, and then we must all haste to save him.' Eager to be relieved of any possible blame in leaving the box with Sydney. Beggs summoned a boy, and bade him tell Dr. Leighton to come as speedily as he could. The three then started up the hill, but the landlord and Stiles had almost reached the house before they noticed that Francois had lagged be hind. They found that Sydney had fortunately left the front door unbolted, and they entered the hall. It was totally dark, but having learned that the old man had gone upstairs they groped their way to the landing above. They paused there, not knowing whether to go forward or back along Their hesitation, how the passage.

shone.

ever, was speedily ended by hearing a moan near them, and, guided by its door, under which a very dim light

Reggs turned the knob and cautiousy pushed the door open. The close air hat issued from within told them that the room must have been unoccupied for years. The light barely showed a bed in a corner with its tattered canopy, frayed chairs standing about, and the ragged carpet upon the floor, Upon the table beside the taper stood the box, but Sydney was not visible. They stood but a few moments, however, before a deep groan called them in haste to the bed. Old Sydney lay upon it, bent with suffering, gripping his waistcoat over his heart and breathing feebly.

They were relieved by hearing steps coming rapidly up the stairs. Eager for Dr. Leighton's arrival they both hurrled to the door and met him there. "Old Sydney is on the bed there," said the landlord, "and I think he is in serious condition."

"Ab, that bed," said the doctor, replacing the taper with a resh one taken from his case; "it is the same the young Revolutionary soldier died on." "Fifteen years ago this very night

said Stiles. "Almost to the minute," added the doctor, going to the bed.

He parted the tattered damask hangings, held the taper forward and leaned over. He instantly straightened, pulled the curtains together and turned to the

"Too late," he said quietly. "Not dead," they cried together.

"Yes; it is all over." With a rapid explanation concerning the box Stiles went to it and put his ear down.

"It is still beating fast.' he exclaimed; "come and listen, doctor." Dr. Leighton complied, and at once said:

"It is a perfectly natural heart beat. This is a very dangerous affair and it must be destroyed."

He took a lancet from his case and pushed it under the leather thong. He was about to sever it, when an excited protest sounded from the doorway. It came from the French student, whose footsteps they had not heard. He

rushed toward the doctor, crying; "Do not cut; it is mine. It was stolen from me and brought here. It was a diabolical plot, but you were in time. Yes, yes, tell me you were in time to

save Monsieur Greviston." "No." said the doctor; "he is dead." "In the same bed and in the same room where you and he killed the young soldier fifteen years ago tonight," said Stiles, glaring into the man's eyes.

"That has nothing to do with this, man. That was-Mon Dieu! what is this! Help, doctor; help! I-Sacre!" He was clutching at his heart in agony. He reeled about, and in a mo-

VISITING KNIGHTS

[Concluded from Page 1.]

ever given the degree, as the robes and paraphernalia are the best procurable. It is expected that all the grand officers and representatives will present to enjoy this presentation of the ritual

The idea of presenting one degree of the work at each succeeding grand convocation was instituted some time ago and has rapidly grown in favor. work of this team will undoubtedly inite the efforts of the others hereafter. At the conclusion of the degree work knightly social will be held. GRAND COMMANDER'S REPORT.

Grand Commander Sir John Gowand, of Philipsburg, who, by the way, is a prominent party leader down his way, gave a representative of The Tribune a resume of his annual address,

which he will read today. In part, he said: "There are now 114 commanderles located in seventynine places in 32 counties in the state, having up to May 1 a total membership of over 15,000. Each commandery

has taken an interest in the work of all prepared to do business. The convocation will pass smoothly along in

its labors. "We have had a most successful year, having 1.318 past commanders in good standing, paid out over \$28,000 in relief; have invested over \$95,000, and own almost \$71,000 worth of paraphernalia. In concluding, I might say I like your city first rate, though I have seen but little of it. The order seems to be fine lot of men."

POINTS FOR REPRESENTATIVES. Only ten representatives can be elected to the supreme convocation this year. The representation is based upon one for 1500. The supreme body meets in Philadelphia in October next.

Sir Louis E. Stilz, of Philadelphia, is said to be the tallest and handsomest knight attending the convocation. He is chairman of the committee cn "grand commander's address and state of the order.

General headquarters are at the Hotel Jermyn, but information and

guides can be secured at Malta temple. '99 committee headquarters, where all representatives should register.

All the grand officers, with the exception of Grand Junior Warden 'oseph W. Smink, of Shamokin, who is

ill at Atlantic City, are here ready for work. About 200 representatives have arrived already and a most successful convocation is expected.

SONG CANARIES OF GERMANY.

Their Home Is in an Entirely Isolated Chain of Mountains.

From Chambers' Journal.

The home of these bitds, the Harz an entirely isolated chain of mountains rising out of the plain between the rivers Leine and Saale, is the nost northern elevation of mportance in Germany and lies partly in Pruzsia, partly in Anhalt and Brunswick. The best song canaries are wared here of the present time, chiefly n Andreasberg, a town also celebrated for its silver mines. In every house and cottage of the place you see canaries, and on a fine summer's day, when walking by, their song greets you from every open door and window. Wheras with the other races of canaries color, mark-

esq., of Bradley Forge came up our canal of this town, loaded with 22 tons and 15 hundredweight of its own metal. etc. It is nearly of equal dimensions with other boats employed upon the canal, being 70 feet long and 6 feet \$ 1-2 inches wide; the thickness of the plates with which it is made is about five-sixteenths of an inch, and it is put together with rivets, like copper or fire

engine bollers; but the stem posts are wood and the gunwale lined with the same; the beams are made of elm planks. "Her weight is about eight tons; she

will carry, in deep water, upward of 32 tons, and draws eight or nine inches of The water when light." It is extraordinary that such hints as these should have fallen dead. Was there no shipbuilder with an eye swift to witness the enormous possibilities latent in these little canal experiments? A small iron boat was launched in August 1815. She was fitted up in Liverpool as a pleasure boat. Hundreds viewed her as a curiosity. She was sunk maliciously in the Duke's dock, as though some Daniel

Quilip of a workman, foreseeing iron as an issue if this boat was suffered to go on hinting, had put an end to her. Her owner raised her and sold her for old iron; "but the loss of this boat," he says "turned my attention to the practicability of making an iron boat the order and the representatives are which could not be sunk by any ordinary means."

PAY FOR FLATTERY.

Capitalists, Tradesmen, Actors, Sportsmen Inordinately Proud of Praise. From Tit-Bits.

A friend of the writer is well acquainted with a wealthy employer of labor in the north of England, who has very strong here and represented by a an insatiable hunger for flattery, and will fo feit any reasonable sum to secure the praise so sweet to his soul. His shrewd manager is well aware of his weakness, and has pocketed many

> again a "testimonial" craze will break out among the employes of the firm. and an illuminated address of a most complimentary character will be presented to the delighted master who copies to the press. But only those in

the secret know that the men who sign full pay for so doing, while the wily manager who engineers the affair gets a £5 note.

Among those in the theatrical profession it is a notorious fact that cervisit a new town, arrange with an agent for a "public welcome" at the rallway station and an ovation in the public streets. In every town there are men

who will applaud anybody and anything for a shilling an hour. A crowd of these creatures are hired for the occasion, and applaud the actor as he

arrives in the town. They also follow his carriage through the streets and vociferously shout his name and fame. This kind of thing is sure to be paragraphed in the local papers, and pays

vertisement. It is no uncommon occurrence for employing a clique of paid patrons, who and ardently applaud at the elected time. This is known as "drawing the house," and the praise thus purchased and prearranged often proves contagious in exciting applause of a more general and natural character.

An amateur batsman of some notor or sixpence a rural lad will shout

Carcano. Its height does not surpass seventy centimeters; it is often harnessed to a liliputian mail coach.

Berlin has the smallest elephant in the world. It is only one meter high and weighs eighty kilograms. The smallest camels belong in Persia.

They are not more than fifty centimeters high.

The smallest cows in the world are to be found in the Samoan Islands,

The smallest locomotive ever made can now be seen at the Omaha exposition. Its height from the top of the stack to the rail is 25 inches, and the guage is 12% inches. The cylinders are 2 by 4 inches; the boiler is 1% horse power, made of steel and tested to 300 pounds pressure, and will hold twenty-four gallons of water. The diameter of the driving wheel is 10 inches. The weight of the little engine is about 600 pounds, and it will run on a rall threequarters of an inch square. It will draw ten cars, each containing two per-

REVOLT AGAINST SILENCE.

sons.

How Solitary Confinement Prisoners Rest While at Liberty.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph. When the presumptive system of segregate confinement enforced at the Eastern penilentiary aroused the indignation of Charles Dickens, and his trenchant pen gave expression to his horror of such punishment, the institution on Fairmount avenue was given a sinister reputation beyond its deserts. Since the great novelist wrote in terms so severe of solitary imprisonment the results obtained by the management of the prison here have refuted in the main the strictures passed upon the Eastern penitentiary. Penologists have given their testimony in favor of the system which Dickens condemned, and solitary confinement is in vogue in many of the penitentlaries of the country. If enforced to the leta fat fee in consequence. Now and ter, and a man was compelled to sit within a narrow cell day after day, with nothing but his own thoughts to occupy his mind, then, indeed. solitary confinement would be a barbarity that would shame civilization and humanshows it to all his friends and sends ity. Madness and death could only re-

sult in the majority of cases. But when the convicted man stands the testimonial get a day's holiday on before his judge to receive his punishment, and listens to the words "solltary confinement," their terror is lightened by the merciful provision that his ioneliness shall be relieved by "hard labor." Then, too, the crowded conditain provincial actors, when about to tion of the Eastern penitentlary requires that two, and frequently three, convicts shall be confined in the same cell, and the "solitary confinement" part of the sentence is more or less a legal fiction.

While a man has the company of his fellows and the boon of work in the prison there is imposed upon him a punishment the severity and irksomeness of which can only be apprehended in its full force by one who has undergone it. The punishment is silence. Throughout the day no man dare speak infinitely better than any ordinary ad- to his fellows save of necessity or by stealth. To a man who has yielded to

temptation and fallen from an honoramateur music hall singers to secure able place in society the need of huan ovation every night they appear, by man sympathy, the sound of a kindly voice, a friendly car into which to pour distribute themselves about the hall the torturing surgings of his mind is most necessary, and must make this imposed silence terrible to bear.

The prison authorities recognize the severity of the punishment of these long brooding hours and the mental strain imposed on the convict. Many in passing the ponitentiary in the early lety in the north is in the habit of hours of the evening must have been bribing the lads of the village to ap- startled by the cries and tumult echo plaud him as he leaves the pavilion. ing from behind its stone walls, and

vondered as they hurried by if

"You don't mean it?" observed the gaze, "When did he come?"

"This nightfall. He come through of his heart. He looked about, susthe village at a mad gallop, mud from pecting that Stiles was trying to frighthead to foot, and his horse dashed with froth. I caught sight of the old alone and the box still stood upon the man as he passed Ridley's store. His face was as pale as a corpse's and his eyes looked as if the devil had been chasing him for many a good mile."

"He'd a-been chasing his own, then," said Beggs, rising.

He walked to a side window, where Stiles joined him. They turned their eyes upward. There was a light, her and force and that the sensation blurred by the fog, high up as if from a house on a hill.

"I was up there just afore I came in," said Stiles in a haif whisper. "I with a hand trembling in unison with went round on to the big porch to the window where the light is. Old Sydney has a bright fire burning on his hearth and he was sitting before it in a big armed chair. He was all bowed forward, gripping his knees and shivering like he was cold. A ghost couldn't few moments for him; then, holding a-been whiter and a fellow that sees the ghost couldn't a-been more afeared.'

"Is there anyone with him?" "No one but---' Stiles tried to express his meaning

by a look. "But what?" asked Beggs, falling

to understand.

"But his thoughts, and, before God, Joel. I wouldn't be alone with such thoughts as that old man must have for all his wealth."

"You don't mean to say that old Sydney-"

"I do," Stiles interrupted, with a swift glance at the stranger, who, however, seemed to be oblivious to everything but the laggard clock hands. "I have good reason to speak out plain about it now, and it's high time we actly like him, and there are heartget the officers to help us look into it."

"If you know anything certain to tell them I'm ready to stand by you in making the charge."

"Well, I do. You mind that the young revolutionary soldier came here they walked slowly to the table. that night and asked for old Sydney. He seemed to be in trouble. When Sydney came they were together in the He started up, awe stealing over his side room for an hour, and when they came out Sydney told us the young soldier would stay awhile at his house and asked us to say nothing about his being here. He took sick up there in the old house and died, with no one by him but old Sydney and that French cholar who lived there and did nothsponse. ing but study his devilish books."

"Of course, I mind all that, Lewie," "But here is the new part. Doctor Leighton told me this only tonight. He treated the soldier up there, but never could say what alled him. This evening he called me into his office and said would tell me something that weighed on his mind and that he'd never told anyone before. That was that, unbeknown to old Sydney or the Frenchman, he cut the young man open to examine his heart, and he found-

ing no ill effects, started with Stiles He stopped involuntarily and cast a from the inn. The fog had grown so dense as to hide the light in the winquick glance at the stranger, to find that his glaring eyes were fixed upon dow until they came to the stone fence surrounding the grounds. The great

Observing that he was himself anxlous to see the end of the affair, Stiles game are you simpletons trying to play? Who ever heard of the like? went out and Joel resumed his pipe and My dear landlord, you and your friend chair by the stove. The combination of warmth, smoke and silence proved have been imbibing stupidity at your own bar. You have now carried the soporific. After a time he suddenly started from a sound nap, clutched at messenger's instructions. Good night." landlord at last, again withdrawing his his breast and sat bolt upright. He had been aroused by one vielent thump

"I have an errand in the village,"

said Stiles, "but I will come back be-

They turned angrlly from him and walked to the front door, the old man following with the taper and chucken him, but the room was quiet, he was ling unnaturally in ridicule. Carlous to learn if the Sydney Greviston they table. He settled back in his chair, knew or the one they had seen in the only to spring to his feet as his heart chair returned to the room they hestgave another extraordinary bound. He ened around the window and looked walked over to the bar and was there in: frightened by an unnerving throb. Befearful old man-that come from the ng a man of spirit, however, he stood hallway and walked shrinkingly to the his ground and discovered that the table. heats were rapidly increasing in numdle and fell to his knees near the box. Sinking further back he bowed forwas growing sickening. He backed toward until he was almost prone, his ward the door opening upon the rear white cue trailing upon the dusty floor. of the inn and turned the brass knob Fascinated by his wretchedness and expected each moment to see him af-

the then rapid palpitation. The mofected as they had been, they stoud ment he crossed the sill his heart re by the window and watched. He finsumed its normal action ally pulled himself to his feet by the At that instant he heard Stiles enter aid of the table. He placed one quivthe tap-room. He called out to him ering hand upon the package and to sit down by the stove and walt a stood as if waiting for expected help. At that moment a tall clock in the the door slightly ajar, watched to see further corner of the room began to if he should be similarly affected. He strike sat but a few minutes before he sud-"Midnight," whispered the landlord

denly threw up his hands and looked wildly around. He sprang to his feet, dler died shortly after midnight." gripping his left side, and fied towards The last stroke died away and the the rear door, his little body jerking as old man took up the package in one the pulsations grew more alarming. hand and the taper in the other and The landlord threw open the door and staggered into the hall. They noted stepped into the room in front of him. by the movement of the bannister Stiles stopped short, dazed by his shadows and the dimming of the light abrupt relief.

that he was ascending the stairs with "I know what you suffered." Beggs great feebleness. said. "It had its grip on my heart a They left the house and descended to few minutes ago. What do you supthe inn. Resuming their places by the pose it is?"

stove, they were about to discuss the "That young soldier died up there wisdom of leaving the box with Sydfifteen years ago tonight," said Stiles, ney, when the door was pushed open as if reasoning to himself. "There was and an old man entered. His black no heart in his body. The stranger satin garments were so bedraggled that brought that package looked exwith headlong haste, many mud splotches clinging unheeded to his pale

shaped seals on it." He turned about and looked at the to close to his cheeks that they did package to signify his conclusion, and not recognize him until he had come the landlord, coming closer to him, close to the stove. They had both nodded his assent. With one accord

sprung to their feet, the landlord ejaculating, "Francois, the French schol-Neither ventured to touch the packar age, but Stiles put his car close to it. "Yes, yes," said the man, excitedly, 'Have you seen this night a young face as he motioned Joel to listen. He man, tall, black hair, white face, with complied, and sprang erect, saying: a package?" "I may be out of my head, Lewie, 'He has been here."

but if ever I heard a heart beating I "And where now," he asked, looking hear one in that package." eagerly around. The first stroke of eleven from the The landlord described the stranger

clock startlingly intercepted Stiles' reand told of his request. "And you have not-no, no-you have "No one has come for this devil's

affair." said Joel, after the vibration Greviston?" of the last stroke had died away, "and I suppose I must keep my promise to the fellow that brought it here." "Ought we to take it to old Sdyney when we know the awful effect it produces?" Stiles considered. "Well, I want it out of my tavern. We'll tell Sdyney about it and he can do as he pleases with it."

He lifted the box carefully, and, feel-

Why so waste time when the heart of Monsieur Greviston may be beating now Monsieur Greviston may be beating now gent, and when he's finished I'm goin' to beyond all help? We must go; we say, "Shine, sir?"-Pearson's Weekly.

nent fell into a large chair near him, "Take that box from the room," commanded the doctor, hastening to the sufferer.

Stiles put his hands upon the box but instantly sprang back from it, erying: "I would not touch it to save the

scoundrel. Don't you do so either, Beggs. The thing gripped my heart again."

Doctor Leighton sprang to his case, took out a phial and poured a few drops of a colorless Houid into a glass. After Stiles' warning Boggs bent over the box, being careful not to touch it. He now rose up and caught the doctor's arm. was the latter, a bent, withcred,

"Your medicine will do him no good now. The heart has stopped beating." They turned quickly to the sufferer on the chair. He was perfectly still, his hands gripping the chair arms in alue lies in this. his last agony. The doctor bent over him, then returned to the table.

"It is as you say, Joel," he quietly observed, putting the glass upon the table. "He is dead. Now we will open this package."

He cut the thong with the lancet and unwrapped the oliskin. A finely-polished mahogany box was disclosed. He raised the lid without difficulty and took from it a bottle and held it close to the taper.

"What is it ?" asked the landlord. "A human heart," the doctor replied, "The heart of the young soldier who died here in this room fifteen years

ago tonight," repeated Stiles. "That we cannot tell," Doctor Leighton responded, "but his heart was surely missing, and circumstances make it likely that this is it."

OUR LITTLE ONES.

They are such tiny feet; They have gone such a little way to meet The years which are required to break Their steps to evenness and make Them go More sure and slow.

They are such little hands; Be kind. Things are so new, and life but stands

A step beyond the doorway. All around face, and his damp white hair hung day has found

Such tempting things to shine upon, and so The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new, young lives; Surely their newness shrives Them well of many sins. They see se

much That being immortal they would touch

That if they reach We must not chide, but teach

They are such fend, clear eyes That widen to surprise

At every turn; they are so often held To suns or showers-showers soon di pelled By looking in our face;

Love asks, for such, much grace,

They are such fair, frall gifts Uncertain as the rifts Of light that lie along the sky-They may not be here by-and-by-Give them not love, but more-above -patience with the love. And harder-

A Terrible Revenge.

Second bootblack-Yes, and I'm goin'

ngs, shape and size are important points, with this breed there is but one-their song. The birds are usually of middle size

AS POTENT AS A KING.

the Swatis.

in energy and strategic ability. In the fighting at the Malakand he lost two

nair valley, and a shrine was crected to

were buried with great pomp in the

and afterward the member

London Letter in Chicago Record.

and 10s or 15s, so spent by the concelted cricketer produces applause potent enough to please the most exactand strongly built; the head is large, ing egotist. the legs shorter and the neck not so ong as in the common canary; the legs

A wealthy man in the Midlands has slant backward a little and the bird does not stand as upright as the others The breast ought to be broad and To any person who writes him a flatstrong, the eyes large and lively; the ering testimonial concerning any of feathers must lie smooth and the bird ought to execute all its movements with a sort of coquetry. The colors der for ten shillings. The testimonials vary from straw to golden yellow, some he thus receives-now numbering some with green markings, but deeper hundreds-he preserves in albums.made shades of yellow are not to be found for the purpose, and these books he among them. If we say that these keeps upon his drawing room table for birds have to take the second place the inspection of visitors.

In outward beauty of form and color, An itinerant medleo, of American we certainly must give them the first of all in point of song. Their entire was accustomed to pay a certain num-ber of people to praise his goods in the With the utmost care and science presence of the public. These folk met heir voice has been cultivated for

in the market square every evening, years, and splended results have been and, ascending the platform, gave per-

obtained. The song of a really firstsonal testimony as to the "benefit" they class Harz bird is a marvel of beauty had derived from using the various for those who understand it, but it nostrums sold by the medicine man. needs much practice and a musical ear Some of the more fluent and accomto note alight differences and faults plished of these prevaricators were and to be able to choose the really best paid half a crown for their testimony. songster among a crowd of birds. On one occasion, however, an alterca-

tion took place as to the payment of one of these walking testimonials. So the secret leaked out. Influence of the Mad Mullah Among Certain candidates for pa l'ament in

past elections have not been above purchasing praise from members of their prospective constituencies. One very Not much is known about the "mad muliah," the old man of India who is causing uncasiness in the minds of Engwealthy candidate always instructed his agent to prepare a list of probable lish politicians today. He is mad only in the fanatical sense. He first made himpatrons in a parish, prior to a public meeting. These were artfully apself notorious in the Chitral outbreak of proached, and advised that their ard-1895, when, although more than seventy years old, he was among the foremost ent applause at the forthcoming meet-

And it was, too.

SMALLEST IN THE WORLD. Things and Places That Excite Inter-

est by Reason of Minuteness.

The mullah is a native of the Bonair ountry, and wields therein a tremendous From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. amount of influence. This influence he The smallest book ever printed is the of the people in Swat against the khan of Dir in the "jehad," or holy war. There story of Perrault's little "Hop-o'-My-Thumb," lately published. The book is s a feud of long standing between the one and one-half inches long by one Ewatis and the kahan. The kahan claims certain parts of Upper Swat, and inch wide, and one-quarter inch thick. It can be read only by the aid of a at intervals from before the British oc-cupation until this day he has been in miscroscope, but is complete in every way and has four engravings. Shears no bigger than a pin is one of the exhibits of the skill of a Sheffield

workman; a dozen of these shears weigh less than half a grain, or about the weight of a postage stamp; they are as perfectly made as shears of ordinary size.

Gaust is the smallest republic as to as the muliah is at large, but the suparea, which is exactly one mile. The pression of the present outbreak is likely population numbers 150. It is situated in the Pyrenees.

Tavolara is the smallest republic as to population, having only fifty-three men, women and children. It is twelve

miles from Sardinia. Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic, sends out its mail once a year to the outside world; it has a population of sixty-four persons-eigheen men, nineteen women, fifteen boys and twelve girls.

The story of the use of iron as a ma-King Malietoa, the Samoan monarch. terial for the construction of ships is full of interest. Iron was long ago used lately dead, received a smaller salary experimentally for building boats; sevthan any royalty, \$150 monthly, and it eral references to these crude attempts was usually in arrears.

will be found in the annual register of Chinese streets are the narrowest in last century. Grantham quotes from a publication dated July 28, 1887. The the world-some of them are only eight The feet wide. writer says; "A few days ago a boat

The smallest horse in the world is a built of English iron by J. Wilkinson, Shetland pony owned by the Marquis will be held at Danville in a year hence.

himself hoarse in praise of any one, bloody revolt was going on within. revolt it is, indeed, that nightly takes place, but it is the revolt of overburdened hearts, of anguished souls and black, evil minds against the silence they have writhed under during the nvented a number of eccentric but day. From 6 o'clock until 9 each night useless articles, which he has placed the han of silence is raised, and the upon the market at his own expense. inmates of the prison are free to give vent to the tumult of their minds.

Locked there in their cells, the great these articles, he invariably sends a majority of the prisoners await eng-letter of thanks, inclosing a postal orpandemonlum breaks loose. The corridors echo and re-echo to the yells, shricks and songs of the miserable, caged men. Many of them have musical instruments, and these add their volume to the general discord. For three hours the din continues, but on origin, while traveling in the provinces, the stroke of 9 the electric lights go out, allence once more broods over the gloomy place, and fortunate the man

who finds freedom in sleep.

Giles in the Pulpit.

The tencis of John Wesley and hislisciples were eagerly embraced in Norfolk, and Giles frequently became a lofolk, and Glies frequently became a lo-cal preacher. One "local," Sam by name, is described as "a born teacher," though his similies of a domenent to the bur-lesque. On one erradion a tank for his text, "The wages of sin is death," and prefaced his sermon as follows: "My frinds, Brotner Paul tells us that th' wanges of sin is death. Now let's see whather we kin serme worthe mean by?

whuther we kin grasp wot he maan by't, S'pose I wor tu go an du my haarvest for Mr. H. (a local farmer), an' arter all th' wok wor dun, go an' ax Mr. T. other farmer in the same village) my waages, wot du yeou think Mr. T. would saay? Sure ly he would up and saay, 'Sam, yeou air a fule; go an ax Mr. H. fur yer waage; yeou ha' dun yer haarvest there; wot du ycop come an' ax me fur yer waages fur" An' ei I wuk all my loife fur th' dauvil an' go tu Ged ing would be noted and remunerated. fur my tone for in marvin an go tu troa fur my reward. He wood saay, 'No, no, Sam; yeou go tu th' daavil fur yer re-ward; yeou hev wuked fur him in the haarvest o' loite; he must pay yeou!'--Westminster Gazette.

REFRIGERATED BEEF.

New York, May 8 .- The United States transport McCiellan will sail for Cuba and Porto Rico on Thursday. She will carry 280,000 pounds of refrigerated beef which will arrive at noon on that day from Chicago. She will also carry 850,000 pounds of forage. The beef forage will be landed at Sanand the tiago. The McCielian will carry 250 ra+ oruits.

The transport Meade salled today for San Juan with 227 recruits for the Fifth artillery, Fifth cavalry and Eleventh infantry. She will return to this port with the Nineteenth infantry.

SHERIFF BEATTY DIES.

Penell Declares That He Will Not Be Taken Alive.

McConnelisburg, Pa., May 8.-Deputy Sheriff William C. Beatty, who was shot by Clem Pennell at Barnes Gap, Fulton county, recently while Beatty with a posse was trying to arrest Pennell, died at his home in Buck valley yesterday.

Pennell is being harbored by friends, He is armed and swears he will kill any man who attempts to take him.

Wyoming Classis.

Hazleton, May 8 .- The three days' seasion of the Wyoming classis of the Ro-formed church came to a close here today. The next meeting of the classis

to lead to an independent inquiry into the pretensions of the khan of Dir with a view to a settlement of the old control versy. SHIPBUILDING AND IRON How the Metal First Came to Be Used in Nautical Construction.

-George Klingle, in Washington Star. From the Pall Mall Magazine.

First bootblack-You had a row with Nibsey, Billy?

ter have my revenge, too, First bootblack-Goin' to fight him? Second bootblack-Naw, I'm goin' to stand aside of him when he's a shinin' a

not taken the box up to Monsieur "We have just come from his house, "Mon Dieui We must make haste then. It is a trick, a scheme, a crime

of the devil. The box was stolen from my collection, and I have traced the thief here. It affects the heart of anyone alone with it." "Perhaps it contains the missing

heart of the young soldier who died up there fifteen years ago tonight," said Stiles, walking close to the Frenchman and fixing him with his sharp eyes.

the habit of raiding the country. His agent, a Khaka Khel of the Zairat, near Nowshert, had spread terror throughout the valley, but it is doubtful whether the khan, with all his boasts-for he is a weak man-would be able to maintain his official position were it not for British support. The frontier will not be secure as long

fingers,

mark the soot.