A Narrow Escape.

Charlie Rudge was years ago, then I bade him good-bye on the platform of the station of the little town where we both lived, and he had shouted as the train moved away that he would write in the course of a day or two, I remember him well-a seedylooking fellow in a well-worn brown overcoat, a rather dirty paper collar round his throat, and an old topper that had done duty for many a rainy day, and was past ironing. A merry hearted, good-natured fellow was Rudge; ever empty of pocket and open of heart; rather weak-minded and easily imposed

He never kept his promise of writing, and for eight years I had heard nothing of him, when, not long ago, a rap came it my door, and in came Charlie

Rudge, exclaiming: "Hullo, old chap, how are you!" "Rudge! Why, who on earth would

and your address. So here I am.'

have thought of seeing you?" "Didn't know you were in town, old boy, or I'd have come up before. Saw your name in some paper the other day

As we talked over old times I observed him curiously. Just the same old Rudge, with the addition of a heavy mustache. His hat was exactly like the same old topper, very hapless; his collar might have been the identical one he had on when I last saw him, while his shirt front and frock coat were rivaling each other in decrepit old age. He opened my tobacco jar with the same old freedom and drank my beer with the same old gusto. I asked him to lunch. At first he could not stay, having a most important engagement in the city, where he was about, it appeared, to preside over a board of directors. The same old liar! Afterward he relented and did stay, saying the meeting could wait.

We talked of many things. He had apparently tried most occupations and mastered none. Now he was on certain empany promoting schemes, which he said was risky work, as he had to chance losing large sums of money. I glanced at his shabby coat! Where was he living? At Brixton and I must go over and dine with him on Thursevening. I really must, "Got bachelor diggings, don't you know, old chap, and we'll have a rare time of it." So I accepted. Then he told me he was engaged to a "fine girl, old chap. Awfully lucky to get her. When am I going to be married? Not quite sure, but between you and me, I fancy I shall make a stroke of luck soon, and then-oh, I say, you shall be 'best man,' you must. Amy 'il be delighted. She's a splendid girl. Money? Oh, she's a bit down on her luck now. Clever girl, though. Does typewriting-well, I must

day, old chap." On Thursday I went over to Brixton, after considerable wandering reached a small back street and knocked at a dingy door, which was opened by a slatterly-looking woman, who showed me into a room where mine host awaited me. A curtain hung across this room, barely concealing a bed and washstand.

say good-bye now. Don't forget Thurs-

'How are you, old chap? Hope you don't mind small diggings, but they're awfully comfortable. Just one room, you see: I find it handier than having a separate bedroom-no fag going from one room to another. We'll have supper in a trice. Hope you don't mind

The "cold collation" shortly revealed itself upon a grimy table cloth, and consisted of small meagre slices of cold beef, a bottle of mixed pickles, some bread, and about three ounces of

"Mrs. Wilkins," cried Rudge, as that inestimable personage was leaving the room after having laid the above banquet, and scattering some knives and forks promiscuously upon the table, "we shall want some beer please. Would you kindly get us some. "You'll have some, won't you, old chap?"

I nodded. Mrs. Wilkins stood with her arms akimbo and scowled 'Where's the money, Mister Rudge!

You know 'taint no good my goin' to the 'Three Crows' without Oh, certainly, certainly, Mrs. Wil-Why dear me, 'pon my soul l haven't got anything less than a sovereign"-Mrs. Wilkins sniffed, "Eh? Well



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HE LAST TIME I had seen | if you don't mind lending me a shilling.

old boy. Thanks awfully." Rudge did the honors of the meat in truly aristocratic style, and after sup-per borrowed another shilling to send out for some tobacco, explaining that Mrs. Wilkins was not to be trusted with gold, and that he could not leave me alone to go out and get it himself. As we smoked he became exceedingly

confident. "Now, old chap, I'm going to tell ou a secret and put you on to a good thing in the bargain. I've chummed up lately with a fellow named Marsworth, who's an awfully clever chap and up to all sorts of tips. Well, he's got one or two of us to go shares with im in a grand scheme. I'm not at lberty to tell you exactly what it is but it's a big affair. He knows more about the ins and outs of company promoting than I do, and he's just started a syndicate for booming the thing, and if you want a good investment, I think I can say it will pay you nearly cent for cent; at any rate, Marsworth says it ought to. I wouldn't tell any one else, but for the sake of old times I've given you the tip."

Somehow my soul did not yearn for his tip, and I gave Rudge distinctly o understand, and urged this point mphatically, that I was absolutely short of spare cash.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry, for you might have made a good thing out of But let me tell you something else. Marsworth's put me on as secretary, and this morning he came to me in rather a way; he'd made some technical mistake-just a little legal slip, or something-and there was only way out of it-the signatures of the diectors to some document or other; I never bother about these things, you know. He'd got one man to sign, and he wanted my name. Then he could raise capital at once, and he's promised us both a hundred pounds on Saturday. Did I sign? Rather, my boy!" "But, is it all right?"

"Oh, Mr. Marsworth's safe as nails, and as honest as the day. He's been

awfully nice to me all along." "Well, I shouldn't touch that money 'Not touch it? Won't I, though! And I've had 200 shares allotted to me free, old fellow, you'll have to be 'best man,' for I'm going to have the banns

put up on Sunday week." A few days after this I met Rudge in the city. He was smartly dressed and told me Marsworth had given him the money, and that also he had sold some of his sares for £60 that morning, "as a favor to a pal of mine, old Then about a week afterwards I had a letter from him saying he had taken a house and fixed the day of the wedding.

Some few days had elapsed. It was past midnight, and I was just thinking of retiring, being the only one up in the house, when a knock came to the door. I carefully withdrew the bolt and latch. A man with his coat collar turned up, a muffler over his face, and a hat slouched down over his eyes. dashed in, almost knocking me down. For a moment I was staggered, and made a rush for the intruder. "Hush! For heaven's sake shut the

It was Rudge! I shut and bolted the

"What do you want?" "Let me come into your study,

I took him there and he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming: "I'm a hunted man. For the sake

of our friendship, don't betray me. I swear I'm innocent." "What's the matter, Rudge?

'Marsworth! Forgery and embezzle-

I began to see daylight. What, has he turned out a fraud "Yes; and worse than that. I'm in t, too. There's a warrant out against

The poor fellow began . h bittery, and by degrees it all came out. Marsworth had used him and the other man as tools, neither of them having the slightest idea what was really happening. Marsworth had known that the crash must come, and had provided for it. He was nowhere to be found. The other man had been arrested and Rudge had escaped by the skin of his teeth and come to me. I saw he was more sinned against than sinning, and I gave him my solemn promise that I would assist him in scaping out of the country. The poor fellow had been honest about it, and had actually sent the hundred pounds to the public prosecutor, having, he told me, some £37 left out of the £60 he had received for the now worthless shares, and with which he determined to get to America, feeling sure the friend who had bought them would not

grudge the money. said I, "you'll never get aboard. They'll look for you at the docks sooner than anywhere. Besides, you're not easily disguised."

"That's true," he said, "and they've got my photo, I'm afraid." Rudge had a very striking profile.

his nose being a most prominent fea-"Look here," I exclaimed, "your best plan is to make for the continent. How about going to Antwerp or Holland, and

getting a passage to America on a North German Lloyd." "Ah, that's a good thought. We'll decide tomorrow."

I gave him a shake-down for the night and kept him concealed in my study next day, taking in his meals myself. He wrote a letter to his flance. whom I promised to see next day, and then we decided that he should take the 8:30 p. m. train from Liverpool-st Harwich. He shaved off his mustache and stained his eyebrows, and I managed to get him a black wig. But nothing sufficed for that profile of his, and I warned him to beware of ex posing his face too much. I also managed to rig him out in some other clothes, and I gave him a bag and

sundry requisites "Now," I said, "I shall come down and see you off, so that I can go and tell Miss Saunders you are safe. But as soon as we get to Liverpool street we'll separate. Do not take any further notice of me. Go first-class-it's only a few shillings more; get in the carriage at once and sit on the further side, reading a newspaper until the

train starts." He promised to observe all these precautions carefully, and in due time I Santiago the heavy rains, of course, found myself hanging about the platform at Liverpool street, apparently shut out from view the ourselve forces

studying the boat train, but really keeping my eyes fixed on a particular compartment wherein sat Rudge. As luck would have it there were few passengers that evening and he had the compartment to himself. The whistle sounded, the train began to move out of the station, and I was just congrat ulating myself that all had gone well, when I saw Rudge deliberately change his seat for the one nearest the platform, exposing his profile as he did so. At the same instant a tall, well-dressed individual, who had been lounging about the platform, made a rush for the carriage. Rudge, catching sight of him darted back.

"Stand away there!" shouted a porter, catching the man by the arm, just as he was about to board the train. You fool!" cried the man. "I'm a police officer. I should have nabbed him

if it hadn't been for you.
"Very sorry, sir," said the porter; but you can telegraph." "Thank you for nothing," said the de-tective, as he turned and rushed to the

telegraph office "Where will they catch him?" I asked the porter." 'At Harwich, sir. The train doesn't

I went to see Miss Saunders next norning, introducing myself as Rudge's friend, and found her quite broken-hearted, and yet just a little bit hopeful at the idea that he had escaped. With deep pity for her I was obliged to tell her what had happened. It was the last stroke of grief for her, and she burst into tears. In vain I

he might have escaped, after all. No, no. I'm sure they've got him and he'll go to prison. Oh, you don't think he is a criminal, do you?" 'No. Miss Saunders, he's only very weak. But he will have to suffer if he's taken, and you must cheer him by

tried to cheer her with the hope that

promising to be faithful to him."
"Oh. I will, I am content to wait if omes to the worst." I left her promising to see her again in a few days. As I went home bought an evening paper, and the first thing on which my eye lighted was the

THE MARSWORTH FRAUDS.

Strange Disappearance of the Man Rudge. Last evening just as the 8.30 train from Liverpool street to Harwich was moving out of the station, Detective Inspector Brett suddenly recognized Rudge, one of the men who is "wanted 'in connection with the Marsworth frauds, seated alone in a first-class compartment. The inspector was too late to enter the train, but at once wired to Harwich, and on the train arriving there a force of police in plain clothes were ready waiting to arrest the criminal. Strange to say, however, although the train was carefully searched no trace of him was discovered. As there had been no stop between Liverpoo street and Harwich it is supposed that the unfortunate man jumped from his carriage in desperation. Nothing has since been heard of him, however, and the affair remains a mystery.

'Poor Rudge," I sighed, as it dawned upon me that perhaps he was lying rushed and mangled somewhere along the line. I was terribly upset, and only hoped that Miss Saunders would not get hold of the paper.

The next evening the postmar brought me a letter with a French stamp and a Paris postmark, and the the direction written in the sprawling fist of Rudge! I hastily tore it oper and read as follows: "Dear Old Chap:--Just a line to tell you

that I'm neither dead nor in prison. How you must have been wondering what has become of me! I saw you noiced the detective had spotted me. What a fool I was to move-and I wondered how on earth I should escape, for guessed they would be waiting for me Harwich. At first I thought of risking it and jumping, but suddenly a bright idea struck me. I knew that although the carriage I was in did not stop before we reached Harwich, that I had once traveled by this very train to Ipswich and on puzzling it out I remembered there was a 'clip coach' in the rear which is 'slipped' at Clochester, and afterward runs on to Inswich. If I could get on hoard that coach I should be safe, and I made up my mind to try it. I opened the door and got out on the footboard and started on my journey to the rear of the train. And it was a journey! I had to creep along three carriages, and we were going at a good speed; then I had to duck my head as I passed the win-dows, lest people should see me, and I was particularly careful at the guard's van. At length I found myself on the tan. At length I found mysen of the last coach, and, to my footboard of the last compartment. We oy, found an empty compartment. We were slipped at Colchester and I manged to evade the ticket collector, got a ned for the night, ran up to town the next morning, risking discovery, caught the H a. m. boat train for Charing Cross, and here I am! I am off to Hamburg tomorrow and shall take passage from there to America. I have written to tell Miss Saunders I am safe, and you shall both hear from me again as soon as I reach America. With everlasting thanks, "Yours ever, "Chas. H. Rudge.

This is the true history of Rudge's marvelous escape. He reached America and gladdened the heart of his fiancee by getting an appointment there-of course, under another name. Miss Saunders was talking of going out to him; but I have just heard that Marsworth is taken, and has made certain confessions that clear Rudge and the other men from all share in the frauds, except that of being Marworth's dupes. So I am in hopes that all will be right

LONG DISTANCE FIGHTING.

Impossible to Tell Infantry from Cavalry at 2,000 Yards. the Washington Star.

"Unless they have had experience," remarked an army officer, "people are very liable to have a very imperfect idea as to distances in army and field operations, and as a result they get things considerably mixed. When they read that armies are engaging with each other at 2,000 yards between them, they may think that they can see each other, but the reality is far different. At that distance to the naked eye, a man or a horse does not look any larger than a speck. It is impossible to distinguish at that distance between a man and a horse, and at 800 yards less, 1,200 yards, specially where there is any dust, it requires the best kind of eyes to tell the infantry from cavalry. At 900 yards the movements become clearer, though it is not until they get within 750 yards of each other that the heads of the columns can be made out with any-

thing like certainty. "Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much easier than cavalry or artillery, for the reason that less dust is raised. Besides that, infantry can be distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a marching column in dry weather raises a great dear of At our recent engagements at

as effectually as would the dust. Even a glass would not penetrate it. "There is no doubt that the rifles of the present day do service at a much greater distance than those formerly used, but no general is going to waste ammunition at a greater distance than Any first class arm will shoot and do good service at a greater distance than men can clearly see, but the chances are that no battles will be fought at such distances. The distance between the White House and the Capitoi is about 1,900 yards, and it would not be

disance if it could be avoided." BRYANT'S LIST OF OUTLAWED WORDS

practicable to fight a battle at that

Many of the Poet-Editor's Prohibitions Have Since Been Reversed by the Supreme Court of General

When William Cullen Bryant was editor of the New York Evening Post he made up a list of prohibited words, "index expurgatorius," which received at the time widespread approval among literary workers. This was the

list: Above and over for General and all "more than." similar titles. Artiste for "artist." Mutual for "com-Official for "officer." Authoress Bagging for turing." On yesterday. Ovation.

"re- Over his signature. Pants for "pantafor Balance mainder. Banquet for Partially for "part-Parties for "per-Claimed

Past two weeks for collided. "last two weeks" and all similar ex-Cortege for "procession." Poetess.
Cotemporary for Portion for "part."
"contemporary." Posted for "in-"contemporary." Couple for "two." Darky for "negro."

Day before yester-da, for "the day Quite prefixed to before yesterday." "good" Debut,
Deceased as a verb. Raid for "attack."
Democracy applied Realized for "obto a political tained."

Policible for "trusttained." Reliable for "trustfor "exworthy. Repudiate for "re-ject" or "diselement Devouring

Donate. Retire as an active Employee. Indorse prove." Role for "part." Rowdies. Gents for "gentle

Sensation for "noteworthy event." graduated. Standpoint for House for "house of State for "say." representatives." Humbug. Talent for "talents" inaugurate for "bcor "ability." Talented. n our midst.

s being done, and Tapis, all passives of this The deceased, form Is being done. The United States. form. item for "particle, extract or paraor para- Transpire for graph. pardize for pard." lubilant for Vicinity for "neigh-borhood." Juvenile for "boy." Lady for "wife." Wall Street slang generally, "bulls, Lengthy for "long," Leniency for "len-

bears, long, short, corner, tight, mor-Loan or loaned for "lend" or "lent." Located. "wharfs," Majority, relating to Which with a noun, as "which man." places or circum- as "w stances.for"most." Would "seems,"

Mrs. President, Mrs. Governor.

The List Analyzed. Commenting upon this list the Philadelphia Press recently said: Taking the words as they go, even in Bryant's "aspirant" came into its own. time. and it is a question whether he was not wrong in listing it. "Bogus," Ayres felt in 1881, was still " a colloquial term incompatible with dignified diction." But it is good collequialism, and having lost all novelty for the present generation is coming into general usage, and there is no reason why it should not adorn the most dignified diction if mic character. "Casket" describes, today, a special kind of "coffin," and has as much right to be used as "schooner" instead of the generic term "vessel." Collided" is good English today, and was used in Queen Anne's time, and its proscription by Mr. Bryant ... not defensible. "Debut." "employe," "en route," once adventive, are now naturalized, the Democratic party masqueraders as the Democracy without rhetorical objections, and even college as well as a passive verb, while "humbug" is as invulnerable a word as one may chance to meet.

When one comes to "is being done and "all passives of this form." the smell and smoke of a bitter controversy s at once perceived, 'is being' having finally won the victory. Between 1865 and 1875 the purists waged bitter and unceasing warfare on this locution, which was described as a nineteenth century locution, ungrammatical, unrhetorical, ugly and indefensible; but a wider range of grammatical, rhetorical research disclosed its earlier usage, and ambiguity of meaning involved in the forms "the house is building," etc., forced the passive into a wider, and then into good, usage. "Jeopardize," jubilant." "leniency" are all acceptable today, as is "loafer," while "loan" and "loaned" have developed a shade of meaning not given by 'lend" or lent," and are, therefore, as unobjectionable as "official" for "officer." 'reliable" for "trustworthy," "repudate" for "reject," "role" for "part," 'roughs," "rowdies," "standpoint" for point of view," and "start" for "set

Grant's Precedent. "Taboo," "talent," "talented" are ow accepted. General Grant, the first to use the United States as a singular noun in 1869, has set a valuable precedent, which expresses grammatcally, and in harmony with the usage of collective nouns, a profound conception of the singularity and unity of the Union, one from many, and is good or bad usage today just as you happen to live in Pennsylvania or Georgia. 'Via" is a convenient term, perhaps not wholly suitable for dignified diction, yet unobjectionable in its place. 'Vicinity" has altogether displaced 'vicinage" and its use instead of 'neighborhood" is as defensible as any ther good Latinism. In the matter of 'wharves" Mr. Bryant was doubly wrong. Anglo-Saxon analogies, older usage and euphony demand "wharves,"

'wharfs" being the real novelty. The poet's objection to Wall street slang has no more standing than ob"Standard of Highest Merit."

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business, calling and profession. Some figurative use, and so they come into the general body of the language, and it be used as befits its special synony- with reason. Some of the Bryant words such as "deceased," "progress" for "advance." "raid" for "attack." "realize" for "obtain," "juvenile" for "boy," "donate" for "give" are not accepted unanimously even today, but this leaves but a mere handful in which present usage supports the index. Admiral Dewey will certainly receive an 'ovation," and the British would say he was "quite" worthy of it. All of which goes to prove that fortunately for the elasticity of the language the catalogues use "graduate" as an active | dead hand cannot make for rigidity. Words are as plastic as language, and language as plastic as words, and the dictum of no age, or no master, is final,

IN BED WITH RATTLESNAKES. A Belgian Naturalist's Night in the

Toltec Ruins of Quemada. rom the San Francisco Call.

"When I was collecting specimens of plants and animals in Zacatecas." said the noted Dr. Maximilian Schumann, had an experience with rattlesnakes which came near being the death of

The doctor is the Belgian explorer and naturalist who went through Africa, and in telling of his adventures

"I had gone a day's journey on horse back from the city of Zacatecas to the southeast to examine some old Toltec ruins there. These are known as the Quemada ruins. They are very extensive. I got there late at night. I had shot a couple of doe on the way and had thrown them across my pack animal.

'On my arrival within the ruins I lit a fire to get my supper, after which I spread my blanket and lay down. In the morning when I woke up I threw my hand outside of the blanket and it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake. I escaped by the merest chance. Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see rattlesnakes all over the blankets. There were no less than six of them besides the one that missed my hand.

"The reptiles were not the crotalus horridus, or diamond crotalus, known in California, but the crotalus milarius, found in the hot regions. They are very poisonous. When I had lit my fire in the evening I could not see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls.

"The altitude of Zacatecas and the old ruins is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, and it gets quite cold at night. My fire was what undoubtedly attracted them. When they got out toward it they found my bed, and, discerning the faction to technical words of any trade, warm blankets, crawled up on them

times such words never get outside the narrow circle in which they originate and circulate. On other occasions their picturesqueness and expressiveness lead to their general metaphorical and figurative use, and so they come into

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and went to sleep. I have always thought it was almost miraculous that I escaped being bitten. As I did no want the snakes, having already all I wanted, I killed them and nailed them all to the adobe wall, with my card on

"The lizards and other reptiles which got there I salted away in casks and forwarded to Europe. It is a general belief among the Indians, notably among the Creeks. Cherokees and Choctaws in Indian ferritory, where I was for a time, that if one is bitten by a rattlesnake all he has to do to prevent fatality is to eat the snake. But I never discovered any virtue in this. The best remedy is to immediately bind a thong above the wound, so that the poison cannot circulate higher. Then cut an incision below the wound and squeeze out as much blood as possible. Then, if to the wound is made an application of potash or any alkali, there is almost

no danger. "I got the best collection of reptiles from Mexico and forwarded them to Europe that has ever been seen here The rattlesnakes were so plentiful that they could be seen by thousands and thousands."

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