VOL. XXXVIII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA.. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1884.

LAGNIAPPE.

Distrust that man who tells you to dis-He takes the measure of his own small soul

of human nature's baseness and deceit or human manner of this heart and sees Looks in the mirror of his heart and sees His kind therein reflected. Or perchance honeved wine of life was turned to gail row's hand, which brimmed his cup

with tears And made all things seem bitter to his ctared love, or Friendship's strength-

Northink a potson underlies their sweets. Lock through true eyes, you will discover Suspect Suspicion, and doubt only Doubt.

A MYSTERY,

te is our last week together. No wonder that my arm is so closely wound round her waist, and that her head hes lovingly against my shoulder, is though half loath yet to lose its customary resting-place. For her the future appears all bright; she is marrying the man she has chosen, and a siser's affection no doubt seems tame in omparison with that world of love which is open now before her. Still there is something in her manner beraving a vague uneasiness, something

My seven years' seniority has estabshed a different relationship between s; it is more as a child I love her than s a sister, and she too has always sked upon me in the light of the nother we have lost. Our father also sdead. It is a wild eerie night withnot. The wind is blowing so boisterusly that every door in the house eems to be creaking on its hinges and very window shaking in its frame,

'Magdalen," she whispers timidly, do you ever feel, on a night like this, bough you were not alone, as though mething intangible were beside you, and you dared not turn your head to "I am not so stupid," is my prompt

ely, "I don't believe in shadowy orms and impalpable presences, nor deed in anything ghisstly at all.' "Ghosts are the bogies with which bev frighten children. I am not speakg of them, but of the spirits-

I interrupt her hastily. If you are going to talk nonsense May, I shall ring for lights. It is Russel who puts these ideas into your head, and it is very wrong of him."

Russel is the man she is going to marry; and at his name her eyes droop, and her flagers fidget nervously amongst te frages of my dress. Sometimes I am half afraid that there is more fear than love in her feelings for him. He very grave, even taciturn at times, and very much older than she. But, when I had at first set my face against be marriage, partly on these grounds, ecause he was a widower, or should have even a dead rival, she d legged me so hard to consent, and had seemed so distressed when I hesitated that I could not but believe that

first. I remember so well how gay she was when she set out, how full of fun and roguery, her eyes dancing and her ver been so light-hearted since. Even that same night, when I went into her oun to hear of all the events of the evening, I was struck by a change; she swered me only in monosyllables when questioned her. Not till the next ruing did I hear of the stranger who ad been there, who had danced with er nearly all night and evidently capwated her fancy. In the evening too had come out that he was somewhat a conjurer and ventriloquist; and afterwards, May told me, he had attempted to mesmerize her, but only par-tially succeeded. He had chosen her because he said she dad such dreamy piritualistic eyes, and would surely

rake a good medium. But in this he is mistaken: soft and inguid as my little sister seems, she his a very strong will, and does not so easily succumb. It is for this reason, recause she is usually so brave and selftained, that I am surprised she

should be nervous now. "What is it, dear?" I whisper auxasly, when she lapses ito a sacred sience, holding my hand so tightly the while that it is with some difficulty I

refrain from crying out." "Magdalen, what shall I do when I eave you?" she cries irrelevantly, as it

a trial at the last," I answer tenderly.

"It may be that; but do you know"

drawing her hand away to rest her

The night you met Russel?"

But she breaks in, almost sharply-

"No; I care for him too much.

everything that is good and and true."

same since that night?"

when a girl is in love----

She nods gravely.

I worth having !"

"I do not understand."

You will have your husband : you ill not miss me," I return moodily. "Magdalen, that is unfair. As if he uld ever be quite the same to me as

ou, quite so good, or quite so dear! 1 ve him-oh, yes, I love him-my whole soul is bound up in him, I think dare say." "But you are a little nervous to-night,

and unstrung. Leaving home is always meet mine scowlingly; and for the first time I feel as if I had a reason for my instinctive dislike."

ad upon it, and peering thoughtfully first rays pierce through the clouds and enter the large stained windows; but, ato the fire-"I have never been the when I turn round contentedly to admire the scattered colored lights, I see they have produced a weird effect.

"Of course," I commence rallyingly, "It is not love; or, if it is, love is he most selfish, all-engrossing sentiment under the sun. It is a pain, and pleasure. It is a morbid fascination that precimies all other ideas, all goodss. purity, and sweet home-affections. hight that for a moment I fancy it must Oh, Magdalen, if this is love, life is be blood, and that somehow she You mean you do not care for It larger splashes on her left shoulder and my own feelings I condemn. He is and, when the meal is over, the carriage

Nor do I. It seems of late as if I were living in a spirit world, as though I had no identity of my own at all," May, I believe it is that spiritualisrubbish which is doing you harm !" "Perhaps," she answers doubtfully; comes to take me to Esher, the neigh-I have heard that mesmerism has a boring tows, where my father's sister range effect on nervous people." has lived since we all left the home-"You don't mean to say that you

iffered yourself to be mesmerized after hat first time!" I exclaim, in horrified

"Only once, and that did me good, I know. I had one of my racking head- quietly spoken, I resent the air of auaches, and with just a few passes of his hand he sent me to sleep, and when I awoke I was quite free from pain, only eeling very weak, I remember. Why looking so grave, little

"Because I have such a horror of anything os toe sort," I answer slowly. | "Something I saw when I was a child

think of it without a shudder." "Tell me about it, Magdalen," she

And so I commence my story, only omitting to say that the name of the me that perhaps they would like to be farm mentioned is Netherfield Hollow, alone; it is such a new idea that my because I do not wish that she should sister can prefer any other persons comhave any dreary associations with the pany to mine. I resent being dismissed village where we lived so many years, like this. and where, strange to say, Russel

"I was only ten years old when it happened," I begin; "you were a little the room. child, and our father was still alive. It was he that took me to the farm one while he went to speak with the man and detains her. who lived there-his tenant. He said he should be only a few moments; but he was away so long that I became rest- the door of the room where they are less, and wandered round the house, could find him. I was about to turn the terrace. back discouraged, when a wide-open window caught my eye, and I made towards it at once. The room belonging to it looked so dismal and dark that my first thought was that I would rather be outside than in there; then I saw a small fire burning in a low oldfashioned grate, and, although it was nearly out, I could not resist stepping that I was not alone. A woman was seated on a high-backed chair, between

to herself in a low mournful key.' half startled by the rapt attention May in black, waving her arms wildly in the

"Are you frightened? Shall I stop?" ask, a little anxiously. "No, no-go on," she answers impa-"I want to hear it all."

And half unwillingly I continue-'At first I thought she was asleep, but, after a few minutes' scrutiny, I saw she was in pain, such fearful contortions passed over her face, while her eyelids heavy damask curtains at the far end twitched continually. Presently I summoned up courage to pluck her by the sleeve, when suddenly she caught my arm and cried out-

"Child, have you come to save me He is mesmerising me to death, I tell you; he is mesmerising me to death! "Before I could answer, I heard another voice behind me which commanded silence; and, turning round, I saw glaring in at the door a dark wicked-looking face, close shaven and with short black hair. Only one word the man spoke, and that in low, almost soothing tones, but my arm was reback in mortal terror on her chair. As with a niercing shriek I dashed through the window, leaving the miserable woman alone with the man, I did not stop till I reached home, and there my story was received with a little laugh, ter and more discredit. They said I had been dreaming; but I knew I was awake, and felt sure the woman was in real need of help. I have never forgot-ten her face, and I think I should remember his.'

"All alone in the firelight?" It is Russel Browne who has entered, and now stands beside us, laughing at our fright. May is soonest reassured and hides an April face of smiles and

tears on his shoulder. Never before have I noticed he dark Russel is, and what a sinister look comes into his eyes at times; and now, taken in conjunction with the story I have told and the fact that he too is a mesmerist, I can only shudder and bury

my face in my hands. "Why, Magdalen, you are more frightened at your own story than I was!" laughs May lightly.

"Has Magdalen been teiling ghost stories?" asks Russel, twirling his long black whiskers and looking up with faintest interest.

' It was a true story I was telling." emark gravely. "And we have not heard the end yet.

Magdalen, did the woman really die?" "Yes, she died a fortnight later." "And you believe ---"

"I believe she was murdered, foully, cruelly murdered," I answer, with an impressiveness that surprises myself. 'And some day I feel sure that the man who did it will be found and brought to justice."

"Your sister is getting quite bloodthirsty," says Russel, with a sneer. turning his face from me and addressing May. "What is it all about?" "Do not tell him, May!" I implore

excitedly, somehow feeling a strange reluctance that he should hear the story. 'Do not tell him. It was all my fancy;

May smiles, and says no more on the subject; but Russel Browne's eyes him."

We are all in church together as the

On Russel Brown's face they lie like a pale-blue shadow, giving him so haggard and evil an appearance that i turn away in disgust, only to meet a still more uncanny sight. My sister's head is bent over her book as she is joining in the responses, serenely unconscious that she is bathed in such a sea of red away, leaving only a narrow streak she says something which makes my his death on the lonely Esher marshes. right arm. I shiver convulsively and close my eyes. When I open them again, the colors are not to be seen. May is looking at me wonderingly, and Russel leans over to ask me if I am ill. Forcing a smile, I assure them of my perfect health. We lunch together;

"Are you coming, May?" I ask, as she lingers behind a moment, "May will stay with me," says Russel Browne; and, though the words are

serve gravely. "We have never missed sel Browne. Why are you running away, child?"

"If Russel wishes me to stay, must," says May determinedly.

I go back to my seat and bring out that I did not recognize him before. Open hatred. must," says May determinedly. my work. After all, it is nicer in the The engagement shall be broken off at house this afternoon. I can send a ser-

"Do not let me keep you from going,"

"You are quite right," I answer Browne contemplates taking another stiffly. "There is no reason at all why house when they are married." stiffly. "There is no reason at all why my actions should be influenced by not alone with him. I think of every yours;" and then I sweep angrily from "She is cross; let me go to her," I

hear May saying anxiously as I mount wintry afternoon, and left me outside the stairs; but her lover only laughs, On my way down I pass, in dignified silence, not meaning to say good-bye,

looking into the windows to see if I the carriage, I look up and see May on ishness, and feel inclined to tell the men "Don't be long, little mother!" she foot in the hall my agony of mind recries out gaily, nodding and smiling turns, for a chair is thrown down in until Russel interferes, drawing her the middle of the passage, and on the

back into the room, and closing the pale green dado which is painted by the window with what seems to me a very vicious snap. Then I am driven off. It is a six-mile drive to Esher, and get dull and frosted with my breath, in to warm my hands. Not till I had and presently I can see out no longer, crossed the threshold did I observe and soon grow so warm and drowsy that I fall fast asleep-and dream. My dream is a strange one, and evi-

that time too, I am not alone. A we- burst it open, and let me see the worst I stop a moment for breath, and am man is advancing towards me all drared at once. see that a tress of golden hair has eswhite hand appears from between some of the room, and draws her behind, while I can only stare stupidly after her and wonder whither she has gone. watching for her to re-emerge. My eyes are nearly starting out of my head, so earnestly do I gaze. I think

I cannot be quite sound asleep, my thoughts are so clear and collected. Then comes a low moaning cry, and instantly I recover myself and have power to move. With supernatural strength I tear down the curtains and penetrate into the space beyond. A man is standing with his back to me, bendleased at once, and the woman shrank ing over a prostrate form, a gleaming kulfe upraised telling of the crime that has been committed. The victim is the black - bu thrown back, and I can see-what? I stagger back and press my hands to my eyes to shut out the appalling sight. Everything seems growing dim, fading

> Thank Heaven, it was only dream!" I exclaim aloud, as I wake up and find myself safe in the carriage; and, though I cannot shake off an impression of ill, I am glad when the rattling of the wheels over the stones tells me that we are in Esher. Then at last we pull up, and the door is opened for

away in a crimson mist.

The question whether Miss Haseldine is at home is never asked. It is known to be a pointless one, as she never moves from her room; so I only inquire of the servant who stands in the hall

whether my aunt is better. "Miss Haseldine is about the same rambling a little the last few days, and

not gaining much strength," is the reply I receive; and then I am ushered into her presence. "How are you to-day, aunt Jane?" I

ask cheerfully, making my way to her to kiss, and whispers something about there not being much change. Then, looking round, she adds curiously-"There used to be two of you, I

ught. Where is the other? Is she Although I knew she is not responsible for what she says, I cannot refrain

from a startled cry.
"Heaven forbid!" I exclaim. "Why hould you think that?" "I didn't know, my dear. Don't be

dled and left me. You two are the last relatives I have in the world," she answers, with apologetic sadness.

I stoop down and arrange her cushagain, breaking into my train of

"At home. Her lover is spending the day with us, and she stayed with

She is to be married next month," "You never told me," is the queru-

"You forget," I repeat patiently.
"Russel Browne! Mr. Russel Browne! Doctor Russel Browne!"

tion with him. But presently she though my thoughts are often wandering, I fear, and my replies are not always applicable.

"And so little May is going to marry Doctor Browne of Netherfield Hollow!

she observes contemplatively. For a moment 1 am stunned. Has cause. she by a strange effort of memory recalled the real name of the man who an expression of earnest thankfulness was suspected of having killed his wife on her sweet face for her own recovery by mesmerism so many years ago, or is and mine, is a white-robed girl with she only rambling still?

Her next words tell me all, "A widower too! They say he murdered his wife; but I don't know. It was never proved, and he went away almost directly. Dear, dear, how strangely things come about !"

"Aunt, are you sure that the name of the man who lived at Netherfield Hollow was Russel Browne?

judices are all justified at last, my preonce. I would sooner see my darling

impressed me so much that I can never vant with a message, and go myself to- lying in her coffin than married to such

I order the carriage round again at says Russel politely.

I turn crimson. It has never struck once, and send the servant to my aunt. It seems ages before the horses are in, so impatient am I to be off; and, even when they are ready at last, the coach man informs me that one is going a little lame, and must be driven slowly What a miserable journey this is! We seem to be crawling along. I try to repossible misfortune before I reach my vished-for destination, my fears adding to themselves as I proceed When I am home at last, I jump out without waiting for the footman to descend, and run up the garden to the house, beckoning to him and the coachman to follow. As I approach, I can hear voices and laughter from the servants down-stairs, and sitting; but, just as I am getting into for a moment am ashamed of my fool-

to come no farther. But directly I set

side of the stairs there is a mark of five fingers in blood, scarcely yet dry. My feet seem to acquire wings, the carriage is a closed one. The glasses | takes me not more than twenty or thirty seconds to look into all the sittingrooms, and then I find myself before May's bed-room eoor. Here there is a small pool of blood on the white fur mat outside, and I see that the handle a door that stood ajar and the window.

Her eyes were closed, and the hair was morning. I am all alone in a large I trp in vain to turn it. As I struggle blown back from her thin white face room, the duluess and dreariness of with it breathlessly, the men come up by the draught, while now and then which remind me of the room I entered to me, and I call out to them, in the her lips moved, and she began talking lifteen years ago at Netherfield. As at clearest voice that I can command, to

But, in spite of all that I have feared, is giving to my story. Her eyes are air, as if she were under the influence I am not prepared for what meets my fixed on my mouth, as though she of some strong dram or opiate. By- sight now. There on the floor is would hear the words before they are and by she half turns away, and then I the lifeless form of my sister, in a long black dress, as I had seen her in my caped from its confinement, and is ly- dream; her hair has fallen too, but its ing lightly on her sable germents. In- gold is dimmed and soiled with blood, sensibly attracted, I draw near and Strangest of all, and what impresses touch it softly; in color and texture it | me most even in this awful moment, is is very like my little sister's. The next | the fact that there are wounds on her moment she glides away from me, and right arm and left shoulder correspond-I have no strength to follow. A large | mg exactly with the red light that had

ing.
With one long wild shriek I throw myself upon the ground beside her; and then, in very mercy, consciousness A whole hour, it seems, do I spend leaves me, and for a time I know no more. When I recover, I find myself in my

own room; the blinds are drawn down. and my maid is moving about on tiptoe. She comes up to the bedside when I open my eyes. "Have they found him?" I ask fe

verishly, as in an instant all that has happened flashes across my mind. About my darling there is no need to ask; the lowered blinds tell their own story; besides, have I not seen her ly-

ing dead?
"Whom do you mean, ma'am?" 'The murderer—Russel Browne. "Hush, ma'am! You must not talk of that just yet," she answers uncom-

fortably, making a movement to go; out I catch hold of her dress, "Do you think any truth can be

worse than this uncertainty? Tell me all at once." "He was found dead on the marsher esterday. They say he must have fallen into a dike when it was dark. But indeed, ma'am, this is not fit for

you: the doctor said---' "How can be have been found dead esterday, when it was only to-day it all happened ?" I interrupt impatiently; en, glancing round the room, and seeing the long array of medicine-bottles and glasses, the truth strikes me at

"Have I been ill, Martha?" "Indeed, yes, ma'am-worse nor

Miss May herself's been." But, even while I am puzzling my poor weak brain in trying to take in this new idea, the doctor comes, and wisely deems it more expedient to tell me all himself then than let me be worried by a half-knowledge of what has

occurred. May is not dead; and in my gratitude for that everything else sinks into insignificance. Her wounds had been severe, that on her shoulder causing great anxiety; but now she is out of danger, cured as well of her ill-fated love for the man who would have murdered

It had all happened so strangely; and I think the story I told on Christmas Eve played its part in the denouement. If so, I do not regret it, for the short cross; I didn't know. So many have pain my darling suffers now is far better than the life-long misery to which she would have been subjected had she become the wife of Russel Browne.

Almost directly after I had left they ions, feeling sorry for the poor old wo- had gone into the garden, and, once man who has nothing left but life. there, he has commenced by upbraiding "Where is May?" says my aunt her for loving me best, and then had spoken wildly about a love which only death could keep true. By his stronger will he had fascinated her into a spurious passion for himself; and, now that he fancied he saw his influence abating, he tried vainly to persuade her to let "You forget, aunt; she was engaged him regain it by submitting to his mesto Mr. Russel Browne six months ago. meric powers. She fought against it so strongly that his suspicions were aroused, and he interrogated her angrily for reasons. Then, in explaining, all the truth came out; and she ended by

telling him the story that I had told to What he must have felt at hearing She is muttering one name after another, in low excited tones, as though the secret of his own life thus ruthlessly trying to recollect something in connec- exposed who can tell? Suffice it to say that the latent madness of the man changes the subject, and begins telling broke out, and, drawing a knite from me about herself. I listen politely, his pocket, he stabbed her several times with demoniacal fury, Then, when she escaped into the house, he leaped the garden wall and fled away from the At last she lapses into silence, which scene of his intended crime, wandering is not broken for several minutes. Then on aimlessly, until at last he met with

> abruptly, I raise my eyes to see the There, coming across the room, with bandages still bound about her shoulder and on her arm. In another moment, with a low cry of joy, she has sprung on to the bed beside me; and, holding my pretty May in my arms safe from all the dangers that have surrounded her, I can afford to forgive the dead man for the misery he has nearly caused

Pardon others often, thyself sel-Passion should be cured by prudence. Open rebuke is better than secret One eye witness is better than ten Running a Locomotive.

"To a man who knows as little about mind and body of the engineer must be exerted to meet them, there is nothing as ever were. about running an engine that looks difficult, but there are those who have been in the business for years, and who are still not the right men for the position. It not only requires a man of peculiar ability, but one also must be of a grown stronger with me of late."

These remarks were made by a local motive engineer to a reporter recently, side of his iron steed, which was breathing so loudly that the voice of its mas-

"A nervous man should never be intrusted with the care of an engine and with the lives of human beings and property under his keeping," continued the driver, "and a man who is liable to "fly off the handle' at any moment, or is careless or neglectful of the machinery, could not be placed in a situation more dangerous to the lives of travelers, unless he might be a professional train-wrecker or a drunken switchman. Half of the care and responsibility of an engineer is in the engine itselflooking after it and closely examining weak points at every opportunity. Strong as it may seem, there are portions of the mechanicism of a locomotive that are as delicate and frail and easy of disarrangement as those of many finely constructed stationary machines. In this class of engine it is necessary to compress all the machinery into the closest bulk, and the result is not advantageous to one who has charge of

quently?" always be watchful of these things if he smash on short notice. Another thing, when there is a starting of flues, a leakage of pipes, loose packing, or a heated final, one has to make haste to stop the mischlef, or time will probably be lost, and the fear of a loss of time is a and mouth half open, he looked quite perpetual source of worriment to the

Referring to other matters that relriver of the iron horse, the speaker said: "On freight trains a skillful hand is often required in switching cars and similar work, and, although the life of a freight engineer is a slow and easy one beside that of a man in the cab of an express-engine, still there is a grave responsibility attached to the former. How often is the killing of a brakeman, une spected starting up of the train or oth a similar accident, laid at the door

of pure carelessness?" The difference between engines, even of the same pattern and maker, was spoken of, and the kind of locomotive most in favor with engineers was described. To be strictly first-class and satisfactory, an engine must be capable of "picking up" a train in good stylethat is, getting under full headway in a short distance. A rather slow and smooth-going engine is of course, preferable to an unsteady and jerky one, which can not be depended on for

great number of miles. The promptitude of an engineer in observing signals of different kinds is considered a valuable quality, and these with the many other duties of everyday life, must be attended to without any show of negligence, if a driver is lesirous of insuring his reputation. Train orders must be read with great care and their instructions carefully followed, and it is here, more than at any other point that the drunken engineer is liable to commit an error, which though small in itself, may lead to most disastrous results. Bad spots on the road must be looked out for, time cards must be rigidly followed, steam must be kept up, crossings and whistle-posts must be noticed, and above all, the track ahead requires close attention, as the eyes must not leave it more than a

few seconds at a time. "A competent fireman," said the driver, is a great blessing to an engineer, and may relieve him of consider able of that continual strain on the nervous system which most of us are obliged to undergo, but a lazy fellow, a careless man, or a green hand must be placed in the category of the ills of the

life, and a big item it is, too," "How long do engines generally run before being discarded as useless?" "Well, their average life may be placed at about 25 years, counting big accidents and all. On the plains, where alkali water is used, repairs of tubes and other portions of the mechanism are more frequently required than in California, though, as an offset to this, may be placed the dangers to the fine machinery encountered in the snow on the Sierra. As a general thing, repairs are needed on an engine once in about botlers last about seven years without repair, the axles and cranks six years, and the boiler-tubes five.

German Court Circles

The approaching Autumn season on

the Rhine promises to be of exceptional brillancy, German Court circles are looking forward with lively interest to the celebration of the golden wedding of the Prince and Princess of Hohen zollern, Prince Carl Anton abdicated the crown of the principality of Hohencover my face and weep silently as I zollern Tigmaringen, in 1849, in favor listen: but, when the doctor ceases of Prussia, and has since been on the best terms with the reigning house. Emperior William will be a guest at this festival, which will be attended also by the Crown Prince, the King of Roumania, who is the Prince of Hohenzollern's son, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, the King and Queen of Saxony and many other German Princes. The Autumn manœavers of the German Army will take place also on the borders of the Rhine Valley between Mayence and Dusse'dorf. The Emperor, as usual, if his health meanwhile should not be unfavorably affected will conduct these evolutions in person. They invariably of themselves excite great popular interest, which is always magified by the appearance among the participants of most of the prominent erman rulers, the military attaches of the Berlin Embassies, and the distinguished representatives of foreign Governments who are specially charged to report upon the year's performances.

The adventure of which I am going locomotive as the ordinary run of to tell you, happened to me a good many people, and who understands few of its years ago says a correspondent. It was needs and requirements, and how the my first serious interview with a lion.

> vant; secondly, there was my horse, Marengo, and a better never looked Cognac, the faithfulest the most honest, the oddest and the wickedest little dog head.

open space about a dozen yards across. paste. of his feet and lifting of his quarters, der ignited-now, Vesuvius! which I knew meant mischief. The through the grove out on the plain, and and follow Marengo, when he sat up on vacant and idiotic. Suddenly his head | ravine. Only one thing was to be done, and I did it. The outermost tree was

perched in a fork about fifteen feet the bottom. My carbine was slung at my saddle. My only weapon beside, my hanger, was pocket pistol, double barelled, and what in those days we called a breechlowler that is the barrels unscrewed of the locomotive engineer-often, I to load, and then screwed up aguin. may say, with good cause,—though such accidents are generally the result against a man at close quarters for it against a man at close quarters for it threw a good ball; but for a lion! Be-

side, the beast was too far off. Then the thought flashed into my mind, where was Cognac? I supposed he had run away and hidden somewhere. If the lion got sight of him, it would, I

little fellow. All at once there arose close at hand, an awful and familiar yell. It had a strange, muffled tone, but there was no being twenty years older than his colomistaking Cognae's voice. Again it nel. The oldest lieutenant of artitlery chral. It seemed to come from inside the tree. Where the dence was he?

trees there popped a small head with service ever since that time. Brevet ong ears. 'Down, down, Cognae!' I cried in ny agony. 'Go back, sir!' as whine, was his reply, as he spied

charged fiercely at my poor ognac. quick as a rabbit, and stormed at him ceas eless fire of snapping and snarlin'

hole was deep enough for his safety. stand. Cocking my pistol, I shouted, and as he looked up I fired at his bloodshot eyes. He shook his head and I enzie's age, "outside of royal blood," scream of rage, he bounded back. Cegnac immediately shot forth his head. and insulted him with jeering barks. after a bit he lay down further off, and 1888. pretended to go to sleep. Cognac barked at him till he was tired, and then retired into his castle. Reloading then retired into his castle. Reloading I found I had only three bullets left, who is forty-two. The youngest lieu- the fresh outbreak was caused by the

for the lion's which I had determined my bottle I took a drink, and should United have liked to give some to Cognac. major in the army is William H. Smith, The lion began to pant, with his red, thorny tongue hanging a foot out of disreputable-looking a brute as ever I Point in 1875, is a few months older. saw. By and by he got up and sniffed Otho W. Budd, who graduated from out as much as looking at me, walked captain of cavalry, and F. V. Greene off and went deliberately down the and Carl F. Palfrey are the youngest

Slipping to the ground, I caught up clump in a hollow about two hundred brute sniffed it out? Anyhow, it was a relief to stretch

over the plain, but could see nothing of milk and a few bits of bread-cake, for which he was very grateful. Of man in the army. course it was no use beginning a race against a lion with only two hundred yards start in any number of miles. Turpentine appli yards start in any number of miles.

The tree was better than that. Bahthere came his ugly head round the corner again, making straight for us, When he was pretty near I kissed Cognac, and threw a bit of cake into the Then I climbed again to my perch. Cognac retired growling into

his fortress, and the beast of a lion First, there was your humble sermounted guard over us as before. He since the cholera, looked quite cool and comfortable, and had evidently had a good drink. Anthrough a bridle. Thirdly, there was other hour, and he was still there. While I was wondering how long he really meant to stay, and if I was descertain temperament. I didn't use to the world ever saw. It was about eight think so years ago, but the idea has o'clock one morning, when I had been a monkey, and on very short commons, some two hours in the saddle, that I he got up, and walking quietly to the came out from a narrow valley, or ra- foot of the tree, without uttering a vine, through which the road ran, on sound, sprang up at me with all his as the former leaned up against the to a sandy plain, dotted with bushes might. He was quite a yard short, and scrub. I had just laid the reins on | but I was so startled that I nearly lost Marengo's neck, when suddenly he my balance. His coup having failed, ter had to be raised considerably to be gave a tremendous shy that pitched me he laid down right under the branch pleinly heard.

By loadly that the voice of its may gave a tremendous shy that pitched me he laid down right under the branch pleinly heard. terrible roar, a lion sprang right at his as if to hide his mortification.

Suddenly, the thought came into my I made sure he was on the top of mind: Why not make a devil, and him, and so he would have been, but, drop it on his back? I dismissed it as as Marengo wheeled short around like ridiculous, but it came again. As we lightning on his hind legs, the stream- have all been boys, you know what I ing reins caught the brute's forepaw, mean-not a fallen angel, but a gunand as it were, tripped him, so that he powder devil. Good! Well, it seemed fell sideways on the road. The heavy feasible, I would try it. I had plenty jerk nearly brought the horse down, of powder in my little flask, so, pouring but the throat-lash broke, the bridle it into my hand, I moistened it well was pulled over his ears, and, recover- with spittle, and kneaded away until it ing himself, he darted away into an came out a tiny Vesuvius of black In the centre of this Marengo took his which I filled with a few grains of dry stand, with his tail toward the lion and powder, and set it carefully on the his head turned sharply back over his branch. My hands shook so with excishoulder, watching him. He stood tement I could hardly hold the flint and quite still, except for the slight shifting | steel; but I struck and struck—the tin-

Whiff, whizz! The lion looked up lion probably thought so too for he kept | directly, but I dropped it plump on the dodging to try and take his opponent back of his neck. For an instant he by a flank movement. Soon, with a did not seem know what had happened; roar, the lion made his spring, but then with an angry growl up he jumped Marengo lashed out both heels together, and tore savagely at the fiery flea on with such excellent judgement of time his back, which sent a shower of sparks "Many of them do, and others will and distance that, catching him full in into his mouth and nose. Again and run a long time without repairs. A the chest he knocked him, all of a heap skilled engineer knows by the 'feel' of to the ground, where he lay motionless. about, using the most horrible leonine an engine whether there is anything the matter with it or not, and a man must flourish of his heels away he galloped had worked well down among his greasy hair, and must have stung him does not want the locomotive to go to was safe. The lion lay so still that I like a hundred hornets. His back hair thought he was dead, or nearly so, and and mane burst into a flame, and he was just running to pick up the bridle shrieked with rage and terror then he went stark staring mad, clapped his his haunches. As he sat there with his tail between his legs, laid back his ears, head loosely wagging from side to side, and rushed out of the grove at twenty miles an hour, and disappeared up the

stopped wagging, he pricked up his Almost as mad as the lion with joy, ears, and by the flash of his eye and and feeling sure that he was gone for quire the vigilance and care of the changed expression, I knew he had seen good, I tumbled down the tree and ran off along the road as hard as I could with Cognae barking at my heels. By large and low-branched. To it I ran, and by I had to pull up, for the sun and up it I scrambled, and had just was still very hot; but I walked as fast as I could, looking out all the time for above the ground as the lion arrived at | Marengo, who would not, I knew go very far from his master. Presently 1 spied him in a hollow. A whistle, and, French railway in thirty days. whinnying with delight, he trotted up my hurry I had forgotten the bridle, but with my belt and handkerchief l extemporized a halter, tied, one end round his nose, and catching up Cognac, mounted and galloped off, defying all the lions in Africa to catch me.

Age in the Army.

The oldest captain on the active list of the army is Captain Pollock, of the fatal. knew, be soon all over with the poor | Twenty-first infantry; he will be sixtyfive years old during the month. The oldest heutenant is P. P. Bernard, of the Fifth cavalry, who is sixty-four, came, resonant, long-drawn and sepul- is F. C. Nichols, of the First, who is sixty-one years of age. The senior major on the active list in point of years The lion appeared utterly astonished is Edward Collins, of the First Infantry. and turned his ears so far back to listen who is sixty years; he entered the serthat they were almost inside out, when vice in 1846 as a private in the Battafrom some hole among the roots of the | lion of Engineers, and has been in the |\$5,400 a day. Brigadier General Joseph N. G. Whistler, of the Fifth infantry, is the oldest lieutenant colonel in the line of the A cry of delight cut short by a pite- army; he is sixty-two; and Lieutenant Colonel John Hamilton, of the Fifth, me; and then, dashing fully a yard to- who is sixty-one, is the oldest of his ward the lion, he barked loudly and grade in the artillery. General H. J. defiantly. With a low growl and a Hunt, the senior colonel of artillery. ruffling mane, the ferocious beast now retired, will be sixty-five years of little age during this month. General Gilbert. Colonel of the Seventeenth infan-Back went Cognac into the cave as try, is the oldest colonel of his arm of the service, being sixty-two, and John from the inside. Thrusting his great | P. Hatch, of the Second cavalry, is the paw right down the hole, the lion tried senior in years in the cavalry. The to claw him out. Oh, how I trembled youngest Major General is Schotleld, for Cognac! But he kept up such a and the eldest is Pope, who issixty-two. Hancock is sixty; he retires in 1888. that it was plain he was Mackenzie is the youngest brigadier either well round a corner, or that the general in the army; he is now fortythree and retired, and Miles, the next, All the same to see the great coward- is forty-five. While promotion is slower beast digging away at my poor little in some respects in our army than in dog like that was more than I could any military service in Europe, yet there is neither in England "nor on the Continent" an officer of General Mackgave him the other barrel. With a who has attained his rank, Angier is the oldest brigadier general, and is sixtythree. A brigadier general will be appointed next year; a major general But he was not to be drawn again, and and a brigadier in 1886, and likewise in so that a thousand are sold for thirty

and concluded to reserve them for a tenant colonel on the staff of the army, is J. M. Whittemore, of the ordnance, It was now past noon. To beguile and Morrow, of the Sixth cavalry, is the great north door of Westminister the time I smoked a pipe or two, sang a the youngest heutenant colonel in the Abbey, is said to have cost \$50,000 song and cut my name, Cognac's and line. S. E. Tillman, Professor of Marengo's on the tree, leaving a space Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology at West Point, has the correlative rank of should be Wellington. I wished he should be Wellington. I wished he lieutenant colonel; he is thirty-six years would go away. Having some milk in old, the youngest of the grade in the lieutenant colonel; he is thirty-six years Rhode Island a woman 85 years of age States army. The youngest of the pay department, who is thirty; George R. Smith, late of the Twelfth his mouth. He was as mangy and infantry, who graduated from West the air all around him, and then, with- West Point in 1868, is the youngest in the Corps of Engineers. The average age of captains of artillery is forty-Cognac, who had crept out directly, and in cavalry and infantry about and looking carefully around for the forty-one. In the general staff of the lion, was smothering me with caresses. army the youngest general officer is making a fine road to it.

The lion was turning toward a bushy General Benet, Chief of Ordinance. —Last year the women who is fifty-seven, and the senior in yards off. That light green foliage- date of commission. Adjutant Genwillows, water! Had the cunning eral Drum and Surgeon General Crone are fifty-nine years old, and Paymaster General Rochester and Commissary one's legs after sitting six mortal hours | General MacFeeley are fifty-eight. The on a branch. The lion disappeared oldest retired officer of the army is era Methodist women over \$25,000. round the bushes. I strained my eyes General W. S. Harney, who was born in the last century, and who entered moving. Then I gave Cognac a drink the service in 1818. He lives at St. Louis and is accounted the wealthiest

TURPENTINE applied to a cut is a pre-

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-There are 300,000 dogs in Ten-

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-19,000 men are employed on the Panama canal. -There is less drunkenness in Paris

-The dogs of the Greely party were left at Fort Conger.

-Colored stone is worn now in preference to diamonds. -Luling, Tex., saloonists have been

having a "rate war." -Unaccountable sinking of the ground occurs out West.

-Chinese fishermen use giant powder to kill fish in the Sacramento river.

-Out of 125 miles of railroad in Japan 117 belongs to the government. -The births in Spain during 1883 numbered 453,000, and the deaths 418,-

-The value of minerals exported from Australia last year was \$11,194,-

140. -Mackerel, it is reported, swarm in the surf at points on the California

rolled in the public schools, with 530 teachers. -Philadelphia has 120 Presbyterian 80 Baptist and 112 Methodist Episcopal

-In Pittsburg 25,000 pupils are en-

churches. -The introduction of cable cars is now proposed by a Pittsburg railway

-The annual loss by fire in the United States is estimated at about \$100,000,000. -The wool clip of this year is esti-

mated at 300,000,000 pounds, worth \$85,000,000. -There is not a single lawyer among the 1,000 convicts in the Virginia penitentiary.

-Over 35,000 patens for agricultural eventions have already been granted in this country. -Santa Barbara, Cal., has forced the Chinese wash houses outside of the

business streets. - Water is twenty-five cents per barrel and milk fifty cents per gallon in Lordsburg, New Mexico. -Twenty million dollars worth of

precious metal, it is estimated, will be

nined this year in Montana, —The colored race is counted at 7,-00,000 strong, and their propertyholdings exceed \$100,000,000. -The lead pencil for which we pay

at retail 10 cents costs the manufacturer a little over a quarter of a cent. -A trade paper is anthority for the statement that 8,920,384,000 pins are annually made in this country.

-An Italian nobleman on a wager recently traveled 31,040 miles on a

-Sandwiches are a great staple in .ondon. Forty thousand men ares. to be daily engaged vending them. -In the city of Canton, China, which has a population of 1,500,000,

there is not a newspaper of any kind. -The number of locomotives in the United States is set down at 38,000, and their total value at \$400,000,000. -Greenwich, Conn., has had seven cases of accidental (careless) shooting

within a few months past, four of them -There were 432 suicides reported this country during the three spring nonths of the current year, against 311

-Germany is the largest sugar pro ucing country in Europe. It produces annually over 800,000 tons, and has 357

-The cost of the sanitary cordon on the Adie, the Lake of Garda, and along the Tyrolese frontier, is estimated a -A codfish 22 years old recently died Maryland. It is said that during its

aptivity no appreciable change in it ze took place. -The present strength, numerically, of freemasonry throughout the world is placed at 138,005 lodges, with 14,166,

543 members. -Jackson claims to have a horridoking wild man, seven and a half feet high, hairy, and a frequenter of the lakes near the Capitol. -A church at Toronto is in need of

vacancles caused by an elopement of the last incumbents. -Paris expects this season to hear Boito's "Mefistofele" and Penchielli's 'Gioconda," Neither opera has yet been produced there.

-The Chinese at Eureka, Col., are

divided into two factions which hate

an organist and baritone, to fill two

each other so cordially that an outbreak, it is feared, will result. -A spring of water where there had previously been no sign of water was opened in a garden near the town by a recent earthquake at Lower Lake, Cal. -Hand-made envelopes cost origin-

ally five cents each. The envelopemaking machine now turns them out -Diphtheria has again broken out on the Comstock, and there are many cases in Virginia City. It is supposed

late wet weather. -The restoration, now advancing, of S. E. Tillman, Professor of This gives a notion of the cost at present of such a tabric.

> -At a crowded seaside resort in astonished the guests by coming to breakfast one morning last week in a white Mother Hubbard dress. -H. A. Crafts has sold an interes

> in the Fort Collins (Col.) Express to H. P. Crafts, and the latter gentleman has discontinued the publication of his paper, the Loveland (Col.) Leader. -Notwithstanding he has been so hard up of late, that extraordinary potentate, the King of Bavaria, has lately bought Falkenstein Castle, a ruin on a high bluff near to the Tyrolese

frontier. Hundreds of men are at work -Last year the women of the United States gave \$600,000 toward Christianizing the heathen. Of this large sum Presbyterian women gave nearly \$200. 000 Baptist women , \$156,000; Congregational women, \$130,000; Northern Methodist women, \$108,000, and south-

-The new priest peer, in England, calls himself Monsignor Lord Petre, being a domestic prelate to the Pope as well as an English peer. In commemoration of his elevation to the priesthood he has built at the Benedictine establishment of Downside a