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NO. 52.



ing away to-morrow."
Then they said "good-by," and Jane was

soon on her homeward road, thinking

over all that had occurred. Some one overtook her as she walked

She gave her hand to him with a som

what nervous smile, relapsing at once

into unnatural gravity as he clasped it

"I am very glad we have met," he said, earnestly. "I began to think it must be decreed we should never meet again."

"That was hardly likely in a small place like Alipore," she answered, brusquely.

She felt it incumbent on her to avoid a silence, which might give him the oppor-

tunity of saying what she did not wish to

"It is in these small places where one

"I have not been out much lately. Just

now I have been saying good-by to Mrs

"She is leaving here?"
"Yes. She goes with her father to
Hattiabad to-morrow."

"What, Mr. Molnet? Is he here?"

He looked positively angry when Jane assented. He had not seen Nora Dene's

father for more than a year now, and

obliged to lister to plainer truths than he exactly relished; another such meeting

was therefore decidedly to be avoided.

Jane, stealing a furtive glance into his face, saw that something had disturbed

him, and was relieved that his thoughts

Just then he turned and caught her

"You have been playing cricket?" she

"No. tennis. I had the honor of play-

"What is she like?" asked Jane, eager-

Jane, indignantly.
"Is it not true—or is it because of its

"Then why? Don't all men marry those

who can offer the biggest settlements?" he persisted, looking keenly into her face

CHAPTER XVIII.

have been more so had her manner been

She was a little above the medium

ess in accordance with her appearance.

of a gray so dark as to be almost black, and all the color in her face seemed cen-tered in her small scarlet-lipped mouth. Her dark hair was gathered high upon

ion that added to her height, and gave a

She was just twenty-five, not too young.

she thought herself, and determined.

pleasant as was her present position, to

obtain as soon as possible a more assured

Before she came out from England she

and studied the army list to see what regiment was stationed at Alipore, and after consulting Burke as well, had come

to the conclusion that the Hon. Barry

Larron was the most eligible bachelor in the station; and that after him came Col-

a large income and a beautiful estate in Herefordshire. Either of these would be

She had been there nearly a week, when

she decided that to give eclat to her debut,

her father should give a dance to intro-duce her to his friends; and having set-

tled this in her own mind, she went at

Jane did not get an invitation. Indeed,

she never expected it, and would have re-fused it even had it come. But still she

felt the slight. She was so young, and her one short glimpse of gayety had been so sweet that she felt it hard to be left

out in the cold. And her mother was in-

Stephen Prinsep, on the contrary, was

idea was to put away the remembrance of

fused his love because she could not lov

him, he was too manly to have wasted

side while she nothing loath, only too

graciously accepted his attentions.

It pleased her that people should notice

that one sweet hope, which from its very brevity had seemed the dearer. Yet had it been her loss only which he had had to

once to consult him upon the subject.

her head in a somewhat uncomm

that grated on the ear.

"For neither of those reasons.

were evidently withdrawn from her.

criticising glance.

stammered, blushing

ing with Miss Knollys."

the last time they had met, he had been

is most likely to miss one's friends. I

closely in his own.

the last week."

CHAPTER XVII. The next day brought the news of Cap tain Dene's death, and as she wept in sorrow for her friend's sudden bereave ment, Jane could, without suspicion, in

dulge her own heart's grief. wish that had been generally express took place at Alipore; and Jane, standing at the window, watched the process pass, through a mist of sympatheti-

Jane had written a few lines to Mrs Dene, not attempting to condole with her, but only to tell her how she felt for her sorrow; and a few days after the funera she received a note begging her to go and The meeting was naturally a painful

one, both remembering how and where they had been last together, but the widow was the more composed of the two have been looking for you everywhere for and could but see that something else was grieving Jane beside simple grief for

"You have been in trouble yourself Jane; can't you tell me what it is?" And only too glad to pour out all her woes into such a sympathetic ear, Jane told the whole story. "But, Jenny," Mrs. Dene said, tenderly "you knew of this when we were a

grieve you then." I scarcely realized it," sobbed Jane. "And something since has opened your eyes to what it is you stand committe

Cawnpore together, yet it did not seem to

Jane bowed her head. "May I guess what it is?" whispere Mrs. Dene. "You love some one now and know what you are giving up-am right, Jenny?"

Again Jane bowed her head-this time hide the vivid blushes which suffused her face. "And does he love you?"

She broke down in utter confusion. She could not explain what she thought ever to the friend she loved so well. Mrs. Dene remained for awhile in pur zled silence; she wanted to help the girl

"Perhaps; I thought so, and yet-

but could not tell how. she said at length; "but something was told me once, and I was wondering whether I ought to tell it to you."
"Not anything against Jacob Lynn?

"My dear, how should I know anything about him?" with a little gentle scorr that showed Jane perhaps more clearly than anything else could what a gul would divide her from all her new friends should she marry the man to whom she

was betrothed. "I beg your pardon," she said, humbly Mrs. Dene went on as though nothing

had occurred to interrupt. "I certainly should have let it reach sou through—through the proper channel only that now the knowledge of it might influence your decision, and otherwise i might come too late; I don't know if you are ambitious, Jane, but, if you liked you might some day be Lady Larron

"Lady Larronmore!" echoed the girl surprised, for the name conveyed noth ing to her mind.
"It is the title to which Major Larror will succeed; and he wishes-I know, for

he told me—to win you as his wife."
"Me!" said Jane, opened-eyed and brenthless.
"Yes, you," answered Mrs. Dene, with a faint smile that showed how sad the expression of her lips had been before You are quite a heroine of roman

Jenny: surely no woman had ever such a choice of positions. You might be queen of society, or—" She stopped a little awkwardly.
"Or a soldier's wife in barracks," con cluded Jane, quietly.
"I have no right to ask you if you care

for Major Larron," went on Mrs. Dena "I only thought you ought to know he cared for you. "It has made no difference," said Jane

"but I thank you all the same for the intended kindness. No, I don't even like Major Larron; and I dare say he has changed his mind, too, since he spoke to you, for he has never said a word I could construe into anything of the sort."

To Mrs. Dene it was evident that the girl had spoken the truth, yet who could be that she loved and was thinking about now, if her blushes were to be be lieved? Not Valentine Graeme surelyhe was too young, too frivolous to in spire such a tender passion; nor Colone Prinsep—why, how blind she had been it must be he! Lately her thoughts had been so much with herself gotten the fancy which Jane had always o artlessly shown for the eligible bachslor colonel. Now it returned to her ir dignant. fancy had become a love as ardent as it was ill-advised-what she had always feared for her protege had unhappily some to pass, for that Stephen Prinser returned the girl's affection she could no

deplore, there would have been nothing to rankle so in his mind. Had she re-"My poor child, it is all very hard on ou," she said, presently, thinking that ow she knew all, she could understand the struggle that was going on in Jane's his life in vain regrets; even had she died mind between a hopeless love and an en ragement that promised to be more hope he would not have sorrowed as one with

out hope. But to his short droam had rome such a bitter, humiliating awaking "It is very hard," sighed Jane. "My that no wonder he felt dissatisfied and and. He loved her so well, perhaps even she loved him; yet neither fact had the nother is, of course, against my marry ing back into the position which she thought we had left behind us forever she loved him; yet neither fact had the power to prevent her marriage with one immensely his inferior, who would, if there was raything in the theory pro-pounded by the author of "Locksley Hall," drag her down to his level.

He was not thinking of that then. He was watching the commissioner's daughand even my father, I think, is disap soluted, though he is so good he will not say so. Yet I know I am right. Yor think so, too don't you? ink so, too, don't you?" longing for some ane to uphold her in her resolution.

Mrs. Dene hesitated, afraid of giving Mrs. Dene negative. t, "I should counsel you to hold to you word at all hazards."
"I do not love him," replied Jane, in a

ter, and acknowledging her good looks— was wondering whether he could not by any means fall in love with her, and se "I do not love him," replied Jane, in a banish from his memory the unwise passow, ashamed voice, feeling that it was alon he had contracted for Jane Knox. For the better furtherance of this plan, for was he not the man that she wes he had attached himself to Miss Knollys pledged to marry? early in the evening, and scarcely left her

Then do not marry him, Jenny." though it must have been in momentary madness, I promised of my own free will.

If he had been sich or in a seed position.

If he had been sich or in a seed position.

to have such a man as Colonel Prinsep in her train, such a distinguished soldler, such a declaredly eligible parti. Her eyes grew bright with triumph, and she held her head very proudly, when, though the small hours were approaching, and many of the guests were gone, he still

ingered at her side.
Out beneath the quiet stars he could think and almost forget that he had a companion, but presently a well-known name falling upon his ear aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen, and he felt the necessity of returning something more than the mechanical assents which he had given to each of her

"It has been a success, has it not, Colonel Prinsep, in spite of the heat? And only yesterday I was gravely assured hat, if I did not ask the quartermaster's laughter, I must expect a failure. They told me she was quite the station belle, and a tremendous favorite in your regi-

"A favorite in the regiment-is she?" "You mean that she is not," she ob-"You mean that she is not, she ob-served, smiling. "Well, for my part, I think it is quite a mistake to notice peo-ple of that sort." It only makes them feel uncomfortable and out of place."

A vision rose before his mind's eye. As plainly as though she were in reality be-fore him, he saw Jane as he had seen her on the night of the ball at Cawnpore. He saw her gauzy garments, all of snowy white save for the fluttering straw-colored ribbons that seemed to have fluttered themselves into his brain and wrought there irremediable confusion. He could almost fancy that the scent of the tearoses she had worn then was wafted now humbia. When the Russians transferacross his face, but looking down at his red Alaska to the United States in companion, he saw that she, too, wore "Don't you think so?" she persisted, as

she met his glance. "I dare say; I am not very well up in these social questions. Have you ever met Miss Knox?

"I think you will like her when you ministration of Polk became so well do meet. She is very sweet, and graceful, and womanly—I don't suppose more than that is required in the very highest circles," said Stephen Prinsep, with the lightest suspicion of sarcasm.

Miss Knollys assented immediately; but to herself decided that Colonel Prinsep was neither so gentlemanly nor so nice as she had at first supposed. She con-cluded he was getting bored; and knowing that nothing was more fatal to her hances of success, proposed they should go back to the drawing-room. (To be continued.)

A Russian Story.

Mr. Barry, in his work on Russia in 1870, tells a story of the time when slavery was an institution in the country. A certain ironmaster caused a ty, for she, as well as every one in Alipore, was full of curiosity as to the aped in it for a length of time. At last, trolled the sealskin supply of the world pearance of the commissioner's daughter, while he was absent on a journey, the who had only arrived from England two case of his wretched prisoner came to "I scarcely noticed her; but I believe province. The governor caused the man, she is handsome. It is to be hoped so, cage and all, to be brought to the governor. the knowledge of the governor of the ernment town, and invited the tyranthe intention of being sold to the highest nical ironmaster to dinner. After the "How can you say such things?" cried dinner was over, the governor sent for a quail in a wooden cage, and offered to sell it to his guest for ten thousand truth you think it ought to be sup-pressed?" he questioned, cynically. roubles. The offer being treated as a joke, the governor said he had a more valuable bird to sell, and told his servants to bring it in. Folding doors flew open, and the iron cage with its miserable captive was set down before the astonished guest. "Now." said the In spite of the Hon. Barry Larron's somewhat deprecating description, Diana Knoylls was very handsome, and might governor, "what do you think of that for a quall? But this is a very expensive bird; I want 20,000 roubles for him." "All right," said the alarmed proprietor, "I will buy this one; send She was a little above the medium woman's height, and her figure, neither him down to my works without the very slim nor girlish, had the graceful languor which characterizes those of Southern birth. Her eyes were large, and thus pleasantly settled, and the company adjourned in undisturbed har-

nony to their papirosses and coffee A Book Warning. Be careful what you write in your t was her haughty demeanor that robbed her beauty of half its charm. She was cold as an icicle, and her voice, though home from Chicago, relates an inusical and clear, had a metallic ring in stance in which trouble was created by a man who thoughtlessly marked his collection of books in a peculiar manner. He owned a large library, and, as he had probably suffered from borrowers and purloiners, he stamped with indelible ink on the one hundredth page of every volume on his shelves: "Stolen from George E. Hord." In due time death and the mutations of fortune brought this library to the hammer and the second-hand shops; but, owing to onel Prinsep, who, though he had no title, the accusatory phrase on the one hun-nor any very probable claim to one, had dredth page of each book, they were the accusatory phrase on the one hunsold with difficulty, and brought almost no price whatever.-Louisville

Language of Insects. Another learned man has been studying the "language" of insects. He says he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among them. Telepathy is described as a sixth sense, by which the insects are able to communicate ideas to one another at a great distance.

The Baptists had their name from John the Baptist, they claiming to perform the rite of baptism in the manner

that he did. Names, says an old maxim, are things. They certainly are influences. He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not. A beggar's rags may cover as much pr de as an Alderman's gown.

The quarter of an hour before dinner is the worst suitors can choose. Without the evidence of drawn blood it is easy to ignore the possibility of Men are never so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive

others. Doing is the proof of hving. If hours did not hang leavy what would become of scandal? When fame wires to posterity

Human science is an uncertain

heart. Deliver me, Oh Lord, from that evil man, myself.

most frequently uses sympathetic.

In solitude, where we are least How fast we learn in a day

The mind is susceptible to a higher cultivation than the heart.

married him—and she would not if a ALASKAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE, body of Alaska to Portland Channel.

What England really wants is a see



south, the line which later in the adknown in the popular expression: "Fifty-four forty, or fight." From Port land Channel, which indents the coast at this point, the line extending north always ten marine leagues from the cean. The western boundary of the nain body of Alaska was fixed at the 41st degree of west longitude, placing forever beyond dispute. Since that treaty the question of

boundary has not been raised until within the last few years. When Sec. retary Seward paid Rusia \$7,200,000 it gold for what was then popularly supposed to be an arctic wilderness few people thought that the vast area of land would ever be of sufficient im portance to even lend dignity to an inman who had offended him to be locked | ternational dispute. But since two of and its salmon fisheries have supplied the market and gold mines have been discovered in Alaska, the people of the United States have been slowly forced light of Lincoln's Secretary of State It equiring this valuable possession Not so slow has England been in real zing the situation and the possibility of her gaining control of the interlor gold fields.

The United States asserts that the joundary line runs parallel to the wind ing of the bays and inlets indenting the coast, always ten marine leagues from salt water. The two construe tions held to by England are: 1. Tha: ten marine leagues from the ocean neans that distance from the outer coast line of the many islands along the coast. In this case the line would n many places not even reach the mainand. Another English construction of the treaty is that the boundary should be measured from the general coast ine of the capes and points of land of he mainland. The claim of the United States is simply for a strip of land thiry miles wide extending from the main

by simply bruising the fruit without breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground show red or rusty spots underneath the bruised rind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the ducts or interstices among the tissues of the fruit, and it becomes active through the breaking of the cells that inclose the oxidizing ferment. If an apple is cooked before the skin is broken its tissues do not oxidize when exposed to the air. This is explained on the supposition that the exidizing properties of the ferment are destroyed by heat. But let the apple rust if it likes; the uncounted thousands who look upon it as the king of fruits will never regard this favorite the less fondly for that. And who knows how much of its deliciousness in the mouth may be due to the very element that causes it to oxidize when left wasting in the air?

Fresnening Sea-Water. "Water, water, everywhere, nor and phrasing of a cry that has come from the lips of the victims of shipwreck ever since the first navigation of the sea. If the water of the ocean were drinkable, not only would an enormous outlay be spared to ship owners, but one of the greatest horrors of shipwreck would be abolished. Recently a new method has been discovered in Austria by which sea water can be made fit to drink. The water is forced under pressure through a filter consist. ing of the trunk of a tree about fifteen feet long. The water is driven lengthwise through the pores of the wood, and in three minutes, at the longest issues from the end of the trunk in this streams, and is found to be free from salt and suitable for drinking.

By "perfect confidence" a man means that his wife should not believe any thing about him that is not creditable.

FIGHT IN THE ITALIAN SENATE OVER THE TAX ON BEARDS.



The Italian Government is in sore thing to do, considering the circum-financial straits and bankruptcy seems stances. He had scarcely finished when financial straits and bankruptcy seems inevitable unless substantial help comes from some quarter, it matters little where, so it comes soon. There is nothing in the treasury to meet the enormous deficit of last year's budget, and where this year's expenses are to be derived from is a matter too remote even for conjecture. Italy wants money and wants it badly. The financiers of the country have done everything in their power to float a loan, but without success. Crispi finally appealed to the Chamber of Depunaily appeared to the Chamber of Depar-ties. Everything that could possibly be taxed has been made to pay tribute, and to find something new on which to levy was by no means an easy matter.

There were many schemes proposed, but all were found to have some serious drawback for practical application. After several days of spicy debate on this topic M. Casale, Deputy from Spiro, proposed

His idea was that all men who had a beard of any kind were inordinately vain of this adornment. Rather than to sacri-fice it to the cruel razor they would pre-fer to pay a moderate tax for its protec-tion. Besides, this would be a patriotic

there was an uproar from every side of the Senate chamber. All were talking at once, and Crispl, who was in the chair, found it extremely difficult to restore or der. The proposed measure was merci-lessly ridiculed and its originator came in for some exceedingly cutting remarks, Finally Count Laurensano in the heat of the debate became too personal to suit M. Casale. The Count, he said, ought M. Casale. The Count, he said, ought not to be so touchy on this subject, seeing that it would not deprive him of any revenue. This created a great deal of laughter at the expense of the Count, whose ancestors are said to have wielded the razor for a living. The Count retorted upon Casale by insinuating that he had never had the price of a shave anyway. This was the last straw. The Count and his disputant rushed at each other and M. Casale banged the noble Duke in the nose. This was a signal for Duke in the nose. This was a signal for a general fight among the Italian states-men, and Crispi sat powerless while the excitement lasted. The sergeant-at-arms finally restored peace. There is no tax on beards and the finances of the coun-try are in the same deplorable condition

Horses of fire harnessed to charlots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was collipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and charlots of fire round about Elisha." I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side as a Nation. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and charlots of divine rescue.

Thave not in my mind a shadow of distance of the divine equipage is always represented as a charlot of fire, Ezekiel and Isalah and John, when they come to describe the divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a charlot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, teliverance through burning escapes, All our National disenthraliments have been through scorehing agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation Nations rise, Charlots of rescue, but charlots of fire. But how do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last 119 years. The American Bevolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence Hall in 776. The Colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without

forces, the upper armies. The Green and White Mountains of New England, the Highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of re-enforcements, which the young man Washington saw by faith, and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and charlots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshus was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will see hundled think he would stand dazed, his hand on his prokenbook, and dare not go out nights. What will the nundreds of thousands of force igners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption. The only good thing the first adoption.

position. He was from God direct.

I do not know how many can read the history of those times without admitting the contest was decided by the upper forces. Then in 1861, when our Civil War opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it National suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many general against small States. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one-half of the Nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the Nation in armed indignation. What could come but externation?

Sheridan and Stoneyal Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderboits of bettle, clashed Yet, we are a Nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not deedde the conflict. The upper forces of the text—they at the south of the conflict. The upper force of the text—they at the conflict, and the state of the second of the seco

ALABRAN BOUNDARY DIFFACE IN THE PRINT THE PRINT THE STORY COLOR TO A STATE OF THE S

sloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this Nation as never before and takes a part in our political contests. The question of Na-ional sobriety is going so be respectfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every Legisature, and every House of Representatives, and every State Senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this and and back again, saying to these rising ildes of drunkeness which threaten to whelm home and church and Nation, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid."

I have not in my mind a shadow of dis-

eigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption. The only good thing about it is many of them cannot understand about it is many of them cannot understand the Engish language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French supers translate it all and peddle out the in-fernal stuff to the subscribers. Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after awhile. The bil-engsgate and low scandal through which we

ingsgate and low scandal through which we wale every year or every four years must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains—from the one mountain intoning the comman!. "Thou so that not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a National religion. There are two kinds of National religion. There are two kinds of National religion. The one is supported by the State, and is a matter of human politics, and it has great paironage, and under it men what could come but externation?

At the opening of the war the commander in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come, with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battle field in a carriage, asking the driver not to join it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest on the Southern side, was a man in midlife, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Churubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepea. As the years passed on and the scroll of carnage unrolled there came tout from both sides a heroism, and a strength, and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philips Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Mathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed! Yet, we are a Nation, and vet we are at the scroll of the scroll of the people converted and evangelized—and then religious and Stonewall Jackson met, and Mathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed! Yet, we are a Nation, and vet we are at the size of size of the contest on the southern struggle for prominence without reference of the qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of \$75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and connection of the people, or twenty people, or ten or two. We want no such religion, but we want this kind of National religion. The one is supported by the State, and is a matter of human politics, and it it has great patronage, and under it men with the or to qualifications, and

ests of centuries—all other names shall be obliterated the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has edeemed it by His grace from all its sor-tows and from all its crimes. Have you faith in such a thing as that?

After all the chariots have been in wheeled, and after all the war charlots have been rippled, the charlots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in trie amph, followed by all the armies of heaven

of the last 119 years. The American Revolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence Hall in '776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest Nation of the earth, the largest armiles, the grandest navies and the most distinguished commanders, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all Nations ready to back them up in the fight Nothing, as against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the started at zero, dropped still lower through the dependence of the ment. Elishs surrounded by the whole Syrian army did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies encompassed and not expensed the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and White Mountains of New England, the Highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges of the source of John Manch and the set of the same time of the sasent at the cause of sebriety is marked the sasent arried. The way is all clear for the assent set of your supplications heavenwand in behalf of your supplications heavenwand in behalf of your supplications heavenwand in behalf of the sacent marked. The wast armies arried. The wast armies for your supplications heavenwand in behalf of the sacent marked arried. The wast armies arried. The wast armies arried. The wast armies for your supplications heavenwand in behalf of the sacent arried. The wast armies arried. The wast armies arried. The wast armies for your supplications heavenwand in behalf of the sacent arried. The wast armies arried. The wast armies for your supplieda

BELIEVES HE IS A VAMPIRE. Mallucinations of a South Dakota Man

Who Kills Cattle for Their Blood. The cattle men on the ranges west of Pierre, South Dakota, tell a ghastly story of a madman who for some time has been roaming over the reservation, killing cattle with his naked hands to suck their blood, with his naked hands to suck their blood, and in some cases even attracking men. No one seems to know who the man is nor exactly how long he has been wandering about the ranges. He was first seen some four or five weeks ago, and repeated attempts have been made to capture him, but thus far without success. He is said to labor under the hallucination that he is a vampire, and his actions certainly bear out this hypothesis. and his actions certainly bear out this hypothesis. How he manages, without a weapon of any kind, to kill the cattle on which
he lives is a mystery. When found after he
has left them the animals appear to have
been seized by the heads, borne to the ground
by main strength and torn to pieces by the
teeth and nails of the lunatic.

A HERO BROUGHT HOME.

His Reward for Saving the Lives of Others

The east-bound passenger train on the The east-bound passenger train on the Pennsylvania Railroad made an unusual stop two miles west of Delphos, Ohio. Just a year ago a young farmer named Edward Carnahan was going home from Delphos. It was a dark night and Carnahan stumbled and fell over a broken rail. He secured a lantern and watched until the next train was due and succeeded in flagging it. The company was grateful to the young man and offered him a position. He thought he would like to become an engineer and with this in view the company made him a fireman.

At Monroeville, Ind., he was thrown beneath the wheels and killed, and the stop just west of Delphos was to put off the lifeliess remains of the young man, who a short year ago had saved a number of lives at the same spot.

Japanese manufacturers are reaching after the markets of the Unite | States.