Juniata Sentinel La and Republican.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA.. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1896.



Not until Jane stole over to her father's

side and drew his head on to her breast

did he venture to look up.

Then little by little the whole story was

drawn from his lips; how he had met Jacob Lynn that afternoon, intoxicated

and stayed to remonstrate with him.
"Give me your daughter and I will never drink again," had been the reply, with

a drunken laugh.
"I would sooner see her dead at my feet

than married to such a one as you," the Quartermaster had retorted, warmly.

the Colonel; in his drunken rage he railed

at her and called her names. At last as one foul epithet escaped his lips, the

Quartermaster could restrain himself no

longer. The fatal blow was given-only

one, yet so terrible in its results, and like ly to be the undoing of them all.

keep her father company, Jane closed the

door softly and stole away, and at once

wrote a note to Colonel Prinsep.
"Dear Colonel Prinsep"—she began,

morning as early as you can? Yours sin-

ears, and it would never do to risk the

danger of any one overhearing their con-versation. Tired and overwrought by the

excitement through which she had gone,

exclaimed. "Child, how tired you look!" He had made a movement to lead her

back to the house, but she drew back.

next bungalow, which they remembered

"This place is as well as another; what

does it matter?" she said, wearily.
"At least, come into the sun and sit
down," he said, authoritatively; and hav-

ing found her a seat that looked away

reason to remember, he waited patiently

for her to say more.
"Did you know," she began, abruptly,

that my father had applied for leave

"All such papers pass through my

"And can't-will you tell me why?"-

"I had a private letter this morning

celling me that all leave in the regiment

now she had clung to the hope that there

might have been some trivial cause for

omething to relinquish it.
"Is that all you wanted to know?" he

asked her presently, and for a few mo-

be less difficult to talk about. It is

he spoke as though the words were be

ing forced one by one from her lips-"it

is my father who is guilty of that murder;

and I want you to tell me how best to screen him?"

"I have guessed that it was so," he re

marked gravely; then as she turned sud-denly pale and started to her feet, ter-

rified by a new fear he added, quickly:

No, no; no one else suspects him that know of. It was something you said, which I misunderstood at the time that

blankly, wondering how she could have

Tes. One day at Mrs. Dene's, you

ild something about an inquiry that the

ne to go away. I knew nothing then of four suspicions of myself. The only rea-ion I could imagine for your warning was that your father was guilty, and you leared that my evidence might tell against

were, I was prepared to go, and

"I want you to tell me."
"Then let me hear the whole story, as

& occurred, or at least so much as you can bear to speak of."

She told him all she knew, with dry

first awakened my suspicions."

and whether to him only.

"Let me tell you quickly, then, it will

ments received no reply.

Yee, I knew it had been refused

"Yes. I knew it," he acknowledged.

"And that it had been refused?"

from the spot they had all such goo

it seemed an endless time before he came.

JANE KNOX."

Mrs. Dene said nothing to Jane of what had passed. She kissed her affect tionately on both cheeks, and repeated

"You may change your mind at the timoment. I shall hope you will," she

Then the train steamed out of the station, and Jane, as with tearful eyes she waved her hand in farewell, felt as though the last link to that brighter life were sundered. She turned away and walked quickly home.

Graeme sauntering along with Miss Knollys in the direction of the public gardens. His head was lowered, and he was talking with evident carnestness, while she listened with as evident atter tion. Presently they discovered Jane, and looking round waved their tennis bats in friendly invitation. But Janeshook her head in refusal. The realities of life were beginning, and she mus shirk her responsibilities no longer. How she envied Diana, with love and no care to spoil it. Her blushing face, so altered first it had been seen at Alipore, had told its own tale, and the Adjutant, for a rejected suitor, looked wonderfully she was actually on her way home she felt a strange longing to be there to help or comfort, at any rate to get over the dreadful meeting with her father. As she entered the house, she saw him

come out of the sitting-room, and go toward the dining-room. "Father," she cried, in a low, strained

How changed he was so old and bowed, and with a dazed expression on his not do so then-"You said that when I dwell upon the nervousness of Presiface that Jane could compare to nothing wanted help I was to ask you for it. I but the look of a hunted animal whose need it now. Will you come to-morrow was disquiet, restless and he seemed last chance of escape had been cut off! She did not know how nearly she had cerely, guessed the truth. Turning, she entered the sitting-room. Mrs. Knox was sitting there with a handkerchief to her eyes, and a big blue envelope lying in her lap.
"Oh, that is you, child, is it?" she said,

I'm glad enough you've come. It was getting about as much as I could bear. Your father's that queer and put out about trifles that I begin to think he's after nine o'clock. After further considerable was walk-line o'clock. After further considera his wits altogether. He's ill. I know: but illness won't account for ev-

What is it, mother?" "Well, my dear, it's about our going home. He sent in an application for leave, as I told you, and this paper came when he was out. I opened it-perhaps you have no idea how he went on when I told him."

What was it, mother?" asked Jane, a little impatiently; she knew of old how difficult it was to compass a fact when her mother was excited.

r mother was excited.

Is no chance of our being overheard. It is something important I have to say. his application for the present. He'll get or I should not have asked you to come. it all right in the end, I've no doubt; but, He looked at her reproachfully, but said if not, why, it can't be helped. It's no nothing. She was tired—in trouble—and use making such a fuss. Though I must he had come to help her. say," warming up, and getting indignant | They turned into the compound of the as she talked, "I think they might have shown a little more consideration, es. was empty, yet for the moment, in their shown a little more consideration, ess was empty, the forgotten how it was pecially in a case of sickness. I can't abstraction, had forgotten how it was pecially in a case of sickness. I can't abstraction, had forgotten how it was pecially in a case of sickness. I can't abstraction, had forgotten how it was pecially in a case of sickness. guess what they mean by it, I'm sure."

But Jane could. She remembered how

But Jane could. She remembered how the Deputy Commissioner had assured her that he knew who the murderer of away, but she resisted. Jacob Lynn was; how he had told her too that every precaution would be taken that he should not leave the station. Now he had proved his words. She sunk into a chair, looking as dazed

and alarmed as the Quartermaster had looked a few moments before. The blow had fallen at last. Oh, heaven

CHAPTER XLIII. She was powerless. Mr. Knollys had never liked her, she knew, and was most unlikely to be turned from his purpose by any appeal that she might make. The only weapon she possessed was useless she might as well direct a sword-thrus against a rock as hope that her beauty or distress would touch his world-hard-ened heart. She felt that only one could help her—the Colonel. But would it be safe to trust him with such a secret1 Might it not be his duty to act contrary to their interests? She must do nothing without consulting her father, and to do this, she must confess the knowledge she had gained.

On her second meeting with her father, fater on the day of her return, when he had had time to recover a little from the shock of his refused leave, he had greeted her affectionately, if somewhat absently, and since then he had never seemed content when she was away. His querulous, even violent at times, to his daughter was always gentle. At an invitation from Jane he would, unwilling as he always appeared to leave the house, go out at once; his food, which otherwise would have remained neglected until cold. or perhaps altogether, at her request would be partaken of with pitiful docility. He was as unlike the bluff, handsome sergeant major of a year ago as it was possible to be, and in nothing more changed than in his demeanor to his wife. enly possible for a man to be of some pos-session that might be supposed to be be-yond his attainments or deserts. Now, he could not rationally are to be be-Then he had been as proud of her as is he could not patiently endure her pres-ence. So it happened that it was Jane who was generally alone with him, and therefore she had no difficulty in finding an opportunity to speak to him, as she had determined.

"Tell me of your visit, Jenny. You have aever told me about it. Did you have a pleasant time?" he said to her.
"Very pleasant, father.
"Your mother told me that there was

some talk of your marrying the Hom Barry Larron, but, perhaps"—it was of the tip of his tongue to add, she lied to me; but consideration for his daughter (not his wife) prompted him to substitute

"There was some talk of it, father," confessed Jane, quietly; "but it will never

fips and a faltering voice.
"Why, it is not murder at all—scarcely "I am sorry for that. I had hopedhoped—I should like to see you settled manslaughter!" he exclaimed, at its com-"I know what you would cay, fathen

"Blame him? Why, what else could ho have done? Any one would have struck the miscreant who dare to malign you— some would have done more."

"I don't see how they could do more than kill him," said Jane, with a little matter-of-fact air, becoming more like herself now that she saw how lightly the which to her had been terrible beyond

He even gave a half smile, which was reflected in her face. Light seemed to be coming at last, and a sense of safety now that he knew all, overcame her for-"You say," continued Colonel Prinsep,

thoughtfully, after awhile, "that Mr. Knollys thinks that it was I who caused Lynn's death?"
"He did think so once; but whether

he does so now I am not sure. This re-fusing to grant my father's leave—"
"All leave in the regiment is stopped,

with dilated eyes, afraid of mistaking her meaning, through his guilty conscience always dwelling on the one dreadful subject, yet her awe-struck tones might have if he looked upon his application for leave as an attempt to escape," suggested Jane, removed all doubt.

"About Jacob Lynn," she went on, in a shrewdly.

whisper, and would have continued, but his head dropped upon his hands, and he groaned so deeply that she knew he had upon his to overween understood.

"I think our friend has too overween and the other parameters to he are a like of his own parameters to he

ng an idea of his own perspicacity to be easily turned from his first opinion. How-Yet he dare not raise his eyes toward the daughter whose life, by his mad, impulsive act, he had ruined.

I am goling now to find out how the land lies, and ing now to find out how the land lies, and think what is best to be done. You shall

hear from me again to-day. Good-by, Jenny-keep up a good heart." He clasped her hand firmly and smiled encouragingly into her eyes. Then, as she took the path leading to her own combound, he went in the opposite dire not toward the Cutchery—as Jane, look-ing over her shoulder, could not fail to see -but toward the officers' mess. (To be continued.)

STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

Then in his fury, scarcely knowing, Incident Illustrating the Sympascarcely responsible for what he said, the trooper had poured out such a torrent of abuse that it was with difficulty the other refrained from a reply. He accused thetic Nature of the Man. An incident in the life of President Andrew Jackson is recalled by the re-

Jane of having schemed his removal from cent death in Jackson, O., of his private Alipore that she might in the end marry secretary. Samuel Baker, at the ripe secretary, Samuel Baker, at the ripe age of 95. Mr. Baker was very enthuslastic in sounding the praises of President Jackson and continually insisted that he had one of the most sympathetic natures that ever graced the White House chair. As a case in point he tells When her mother entered the room to the following incident during the first term of Mr. Jackson: A young man in the army had been

sentenced to be shot for desertion, and though she thought with a faint smile of his wife had prayed for a hearing with his suggestion, that as a penance she the President before the execution and should use his Christian name, she did had been granted it. Baker used to was disquiet, restless and he seemed overcome with dread. At the appoint-She dispatched it at once, and an hour ed hour the woman was ushered into their tower of observation. They talk all the ladies of the German court. fater received the reply:
"Dear Jenny: I shall be with you to-small children. These three had scarce-greatest ease. his presence. With her were her two German with their fraulein with the morrow morning at ten o'clock, without ly entered the room when the woman fail. Be very sure that I will do for you fell upon her knees at the feet of the resenting her cheek for a caress. "Well, all that is in my power. Always your me glad enough you've come. It was friend, STEPHEN PRINSEP." President, and the children knelt at James H. Brown, of Idaho, Is the

for Colonel Prinsep inside. Walls have appointed hour.
"You have been waiting for me?" he had finished; and with the children clinging to him on either side the President arose. With a voice full of tenderness and pity he told the woman that what she asked could not be grant-

"Not there. Some place where there ed. He told her the safety of the army demanded that there should be no interference with justice in such cases. and then, his courage forsaking him, he fled into an inner office. "There it was," said Baker, "that I found him on a lounge, completely pros-

trated. He did not arouse for some time, and when he did it was with the cebleness of a man who had just recovered from a long illness. Slowly he ose, and, with a look of despair that I can never forget, he turned to me and uttered these words: 'I would to God that I was not President."

Joke on the Bishop. Bishop Paret, of Baltimore, tells : good story at his own expense. He was the wilds of Idaho. It is known recently on a train, and near him sat two drunken men. Presently one of the men, with a forcible expletive, remarked to the other that some one had robbed him of a \$20 bill. His friend remarked: "Oh, I guess not; you must have it about you somewhere." But the other insisted he hadn't, and that he had the bill when he came aboard the train. Some one had robbed him, and he proposed to find it if he had to would be refused until the inquiry into search the whole crowd. "As it happened," says Bishop Paret, "I had a \$20 bill, and that was all, and as I was the nearest man to them, and the first nearest man to them, and the first likely to be approached, I felt a little uncomfortable. Then it occurred to me to pretend to be asleep. Sure enough, in a minute more I was accosted with, 'I say, neighbor!' but I made no answer. Then the men grabbed my arm and shook me, but to no use, as I didn't wake up. He kept on shaking, however, and always a little more forcible, until at last his friend interposed with: 'I say, Bill, let him alone, will you; he's drunker'n you are!"

Every marriage is a failure accord-

Women will do much to please the nen but more from fear of what other women will say about them.

Spending 5 cents foolishly leads to pending \$5 the same way. Some men reach a turning point in life every time a pretty Woman

DARSES. The bottle slays infinitely more people than the battle. Believe only half that you he r.

and tell ouls half that you believe. Even the invention of the looking glass has not erradicated human van him. To allay your fears, unfounded as ity. Sometimes it is the upper dog that

ind made all the arrangements to do so, in the pour explained to me what you had really thought. Then of course it was pnnecessary I should leave. Now tell me how I can help you best."

No man is strictly statements to the sometimes mistaken for the sometimes mist In the banquet of life the senm sometimes mistaken for the cream. No man is strictly sober who has

taken intoxicating liquors. If there were no wise men there There is an old saw to cover every

species of deviltry. A woman with a new dress that is oming isn't satisfied until the man ples gone that were in the storeroom?

likes best and the woman she in es Willie—They are with the gingerbread she likes best and the woman she likes

THE FIRST LADY.

Popular as Ever. Mrs. Cleveland's frequent social ap searances lately have shown very clear y that the strong fascination which her his wife, who is a princess of Prusresence always exerted among wom- sia and a sister to the German Em en has not lessened the veriest jot. She press, would have had him arraigned s the most interesting women in the in a police court for beating her. The Sountry to-day, particularly in the fact fact is that he was arraigned by Emthat people never tire of looking at her. No one was ever yet heard to say that had been able to watch her quite as ong as he would have liked. A great nany people now know her intimately and are able to see her frequently; but, or the great majority to whom this intimacy is denied, the only opportunides come with the important functions

at the White House. At one of Mrs. Cleveland's teas reently perhaps 1,000 women had the pleasure of shaking hands with her, and at the same time enjoyed a little that. It would have been hard to find any woman in all this number who, after this enjoyment, did not find some point from which she could stand and east her eyes again on her hostess. Every detail of her appearance, every ornament she wore, and every word the said was discussed and admired. In evening dress Mrs. Cleveland is the handsomest woman in Washington today. She has a beautiful neck and wellcounded shoulders, and, with the sparkle of her jewels, making a picture of a White House mistress which is simply regal. Her smile is contagious, for her manners are always agreeably gra-

Ruth and Esther and baby Marian are miniatures of their mother. The two elder girls love to get a glimpse of the grand daylight doings in their home,



MRS. CLEVELAND. From a late photograph.

balusters of the big stairway, which is

A NINE-FOOT MUSTACHE,

ham County, Idaho, has the longe Jackson sat through it all with tears mustache of any man living. It measstreaming down his face, and his entire ures nine feet from tip to tip, four and body convulsed with sobs; it seemed as a half feet each way from the center of If his very determination had forsaken the lip. This mustache is Mr. Brown's him, and he seemed incapable of moving greatest joy and pride. It is most careing or uttering a sound. The woman fully kept, and would attract marked attention anywhere. The Indians look upon this enormously long mustache with awe and reverence, believing Mr. Brown to have been exceptionally blessed by God.

Mr. Brown is by birth a Virginian. He was born in Loudoun County, eleven miles west of Leesburg, near what is known now as Round Hill. His father moved from Loudoun County to Barbour County, then in Virginia, but now in West Virginia, in October, 1857. Mr. Brown's occupation has always peen that of a farmer, with the exception of a period of eighteen years, which he devoted to the lumber business, and the time he has been giving to Uncle Sam. Fourteen months ago Mr. Brown was appointed issue clerk at the Fort Hall Indian agency, which position he still filling.

The fame of Mr. Brown's elongated mustache is by no means confined to



throughout the Virginias and the South generally. The newspapers of the places of the towns visited by Mr. Brown have loudly extelled the wenderful length of his mustache, but this is the first time that a picture of the proud owner of the longest mustache n the world has ever been printed .-New York Journal.

Vonthful Curlouity. A case has been brought to the attenflon of the Dover (Me.) Observer in which the parents of a small boy were talking about hanging, and in the course of the conversation the method was described minutely. A little later the child went out, got a rope, and tying it to a beam, proceeded to experiment. He was so successful in his in vestigation that when he was found he was black in the face, and would have tled soon.

The Effect Was Ricctrical. Manager-How did the thunder act affect the audience? Critic-It took the house by storm .-Syracuse Post.

A New York electrician has succeed ed in sending messages over a telegraph wire at the rate of 1,714 words a

A PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA

She Was Recently Thrashed by Hes If Prince Frederick Leopold were ust a common man instead of a prince



peror William, who tried him, sentenced him to imprisonment in his room and placed guards at the door to see that his brother-in-law served out the term. The Prince is a cavalry colonel and not long ago told his wife to stay in her room all day. The wife didn't like that sort of thing, or, at all events, did like skating, and with a young woman of her household left the room for an hour's whirl on the ice. The ice broke, the Princess got wet and was rubbed down and put to bed. When the Prince returned and heard the tale he sought out his lady and gave her a thorough drubbing, like a plain, blunt man, with his riding whip. Then he went to his study, fell in a fit and ground his teeth and groaned. But his servants refused to give him smelling salts or to throw cold water on him until the doctor arrived. The Kaiser and his wife were furious when they heard the story, and the Emperor decided to teach his high-handed relative a lesson. The severe punishment meted out to Prince Frederick mightily pleased

TEN-YEAR-OLD KING.

Maharajah Krismarajah Is the Ruling Sovereign of Mysore. Maharatah Krismaratah Wasavar Badadur are the official titles of a Hindu boy not yet 10 years of age, who

chief native princes of India, and his



TEN-YEAR-OLD KING OF MYSORE.

late father, whom he has succeeded to the throne, was known as the "mode prince of India." The young Rajah is seing prepared for the lofty position he will occupy with great solicitude. He has English and native tutors, who will turn out a prince and a pundit at the same time. During his minority the affairs of the province are conducted by his mother and his late father's minister, Sir K. Sheshadri Iyer, as coregents. The youthful maharajah was recently visited by Lord Eigin, viceroy of India, and the occasion was cele-brated with much celat. The little felbrated with much eclat. The little fellow is an adept scholar and speaks English as fluently as any boy of his age.
In his studies he is as far advanced as boys four or five years his senior would be in this country. He is modest, but realizes well that he is a trifle more into it fully have found in it illimitable received by have flue or harp or plane or organ. As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys teach it how to pick out the melody. Let all our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable received.

be India, and the occasion was celebrated with much celar. The little fel, low is an adopt achoiar and speeks its glish as shoustly as any boy of his age. In his studies he is as far advanced as boys four or five years his senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is modest, harrowing the senior would be in this country. He is a senior would be in this country in the senior would be in the senior would be in this country in the senior would be in the senior would be in this country in the senior would be in the senior would be in this country in the present in the country would be in the senior would be interesting the senior would be interested be senior would be interested by the senior would be interested

a little longer in the world and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?" I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken," and before I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships and self denials, while those who come in have the joys and satisfactions.

In the name of the King of heaven and earth I serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim in behalf of the good and the poor and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them. Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, elerical and lay, have busled themselves chiefly in denouncing a said recreations, but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desirt for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God heiping me and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonising, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innecent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

In the first place I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which have some of its test as subject of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the server and such as the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which has some the limit of which had been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in hemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in stronemy, John B. Gough in moral reform and some that and genius and ingeniusly through that particular channel upon the leaves and conscious and imaginations of nary setting the industry. Boynton in geology, Mitche and into hardship. Why did they not tarry a little longer in the world and have some of

In the first place I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolshed amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start, there shall be music at the close, While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amid the sound of cultured voices and amid the neledy of musical instruments.

There is in this art an indescribable asscination for the household. Let all those the sum of the strengthening of the body, for the learning of the intellect, for the illumination.

REV. DR. TALLIAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Our Social Recreations."

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The Ser

eations that have not on them the taint of niquity, recreation in which we may engage or the strengthening of the body, for the learing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

di "If you go in tuera, you will never come out. We never allow any one to come our, for he would bring the contagion," Then they made their wills and went in first to help the sick and then to die. Which was the happier—Colonel Gardiner or the Mora-vian missionaries dying for others? Was it all sacrifice when the missionaries wanted to all sacrifice when the missionaries wanted to bring the gospel to the negroes at the Bar-bados, and, being denied the privilege, sold themselves into slavery, standing side by side and lying side by side down in the very ditch of suffering, in order that they might bring those men up to life and God and heaven? Oh, there is a thrill in the joy of dalay weal! It is the most magnificent re-

or his head or his heart.

But before closing I want to impress upon you that mere secular entertainments are not a fit foundation for your soul to build on. I was reading of a woman who had gone all the rounds of sinful amusement, and she same to die. She said, "I will die to-night at 6 o'clock," "Oh," they said, "I guess not; you don't seem to be sick." "I shall die at 6 o'clock, and my soul will be lost. I know it will be lost. I have staned away my day of grace." The noon came. They desired her to seek religious counsel. "Oh," she said, "It is of no use. My day is gone. I have been all the rounds of worldly pleasure, and it is too late. I shall die to-night at 6 o'clock." The day wore away, and it came to 4 o'clock and to 5 o'clock, and she cried out at 5 o'clock: "Destroying spirits, ye shall not have me yet; it is not 6, it is not 6;" The moments went by, and the shadows began to gather, and the clock struck 6, and while it was striking her soul went. What hour God will call for us I do not know—whether 6 o'clock to-night, or 3 o'clock this afternoon, or at 1 o'clock, or at this moment. Sitting where you are, falling forward, or drooping down, where will you go to?

The last hour of our life will soon be here, and from that hour we will review this day's proceedings. It will be a solemn hour. If

and from that hour or our me will soon be here, and from that hour we will review this day's proceedings. It will be a solemn hour. If from our death pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macheth. The injusties and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilles. Death, the old skylote, will demand and take the second skylock, will demand and take the remain-ing pound of flesh and the remaining drop of plood, and upon our last opportunity for re-pentance and our last chance for heaven the urtain will forever drop.

MUTILATED COIN AND ITS VALUE.

What It Has Cost the Treasury to Have I All the old and worn subsidiary silver

oin of the United States will soon be re-placed by the new design adopted in 1892. The progress being made in that direction by the United States mints is most encouriging to the Treasury officials.

For some years efforts have been made by For some years efforts have been made by he Treasury Department to keep the subsi-liary sliver coin in good condition. With his view, appropriations have been ob-ained from time to time, to reimburse the freesurer of the United States for the dif-jerence between the face value of worn sub-dury sliver coin and what they would pro-luce when transferred to the mins for uce when transferred to the mints for toinage. Since 1930 the amount of such worn and uncurrent subsidiary coin trans-erred by the Treasury to the inints for re-plange has been \$29,612,344. The value of 03,638, which was reimbursed to the Treas-rer of the United States from appropria-ions male by Congress for that purpose. The amount transferred from the Treasary to the mists from July I, 1893, to De-tember 31, 1895, was larger than for any other rected, amounting in the agreements of \$21,984,982, face value, and producing in new coin, \$20,115,820, showing a loss on retoinage of \$848,843.

FATAL SPANISH MISTAKE.

Again the Government Troops Fire Upor Their Own Men. Another accidental encounter between two Another accidental encounter between two spanish forces, near Esperanza, Santa Chara province, Cuba, has occurred, with discovering results similar to those at El Cano assently. Colonel Holguin had prepared an imbush for the enemy, when the column of leneral Godoy approached.

[Mistaking it for a rebel force Holguin's marilles comed flowers.]

ruerillas opened fire, and a spirited combat msued, during which the troops lost 109 tille i and wounde !. Seventeen were killed outright.
Among the dead is Lieutenant Colonel Fuenmayor. Five other officers were wounded, Two wounded privates died the aext day. The encounter occurred on the santa Rosa estate. The firing lasted only en minutes. The guerilla forces were backed by infantry.

When the mistake was discovered parties ogan to bury the dead. One of Holguin's nen so engaged found among the dead of Godoy's column the body of his own brother with two bullets through his head.

ORCAN WOLLDN'T PLAY No Wonder, Either, for a Cat and For

Mrs. Clarence Brewster, of Wolcott, N. Y., and a number of guests at her home a few nights ago, and at their request startist to play for them on her parior organ, when she was nearly startled out of her wits by the queer antics of the instrument. It squeaked, groaned, wheezed and piped, but absolutely refused to play a single note.

As the organ had been in perfect order the night before, she was dumbfounded, and sailed her husband. With the avestruck ruests grouped about him he took a screwiriver and began taking the frestrument spart. When he reached the bellows the outerly was discovered to come from them, so they were out open, when out popped his lather's tabby eat, whose home was an eighth of a mile distant, on East Main street, and behind her were seen four tiny kittens. Mrs. Clarence Brewster, of Wolcott, N. Y.

bit a mile distant, on East Main street, and behind her were seen four tiny kittens.

The cat had been last seen in the harness shop where the father and son work. She had crawled into the bellows back of the pedals and had then been unable to get out. Dat and kittens were uninjured, but not so the organ. organ.

The bicycle boom is increasing in volume ially in England. The leading British firms ess in London with large stocks of wheels, and they are reaping a harvest.

Retiring the Paper Currency At Winterville, Pean., while Frank Selbert was feeding his cowa, he dropped his pocket-book containing \$47 in bl is. Upon massing the wallet he returned to the stable to flui one of the cows just fluishing its meal of greenbacks. The money had disappeare L

Man is like fire and woman like straw; the devil blows in between. Whenever a man does anything especially mean he is prope to lay the blame on poor, weak human nature. A good heart is atways a soft mark

Why is it that we always believe we can save a little money next month? Nobody c n help not eing the short omings of the man who is always ben hand time.

It should never be forgot en that each one of us is a part of the very society which we so freely criticise, A man in love deem't need eyeglasses-for he is blind.

Some people spend enough time crying over spilled milk to buy a whole cow. Most men look on death as a happy reliet.

He laughs bert who laughs at the

Arguing wi L a fool shows that there

right time. It is easy to make a failure of