Juniata Sentinel La and Republican.



CHAPTER I. "The 8:45 for Chicago? Just gone. It's morning at 6:15, miss." 'Gone!" cried the girl in despair. She reached out her hand and caught one of the wooden pillars supporting the roof of

It was almost dark. Nine o'clock had atruck. The straight warm rain was falling through the dusky, windless air. It was an evening towards the end of June—the las' Wednesday of that month. There was not a sound but the dull mufa soul visible but the girl and station

She took her hand away from the wood en pillar, and gathered her cloak round her, in preparation for going.
"Can I do anything for you, miss? Have you far to walk?" asked the man.

She did not answer his question; she asked instead: "Do you think the rain He glanced at the thin line of dull, dark leaden sky. "No, miss, I don't think it will. It looks as if 'twould rain all

She sighed, moved her shoulders under the cloak to settle it, and saying "Thank you," in a listless way, moved with droop-ing head slowly out of the station, raised her umbrella and walked under the huge beeches of a broad, deserted road leading

she felt her breath come short. The mild, moist, scent-inden air seemed too rich for freshening life and cooling the blood. She was tired, and would have liked to sit down and rest, but neither time nor place allowed of pause. She must get on-she most get back as quickly as possible, or Eltham House and steal unperceived to her room there. To that hateful Elthan House, under which to night rested that dious Oscar Leigh. Oscar Leigh, the

grinning, bold, audacious man.
Owing to the loss of the little money left her by her father, Edith Grace had been obliged to try and get something to on the slender income of her grandmother, Mrs. Grace, the only relative she had with Mrs. Grace, she thought the thing to suit her best would be a companion-ship to an elderly or invalid lady. She advertised in the daily papers, and the most promising looking reply came from Mr. Oscar Leigh, of Eltham House, Millway, who wanted a companion for his in-firm mother. Mr. Leigh could not give situation, she would have a thoroughly comfortable and highly respectable home. Mr. Leigh could make an appointment for

s meeting in Chicago. The meeting took place at Mrs. Grace's lodgings, and although Miss Grace shrank

Leigh, she accepted the situation. Mr. Oscar Leigh was very short, and had shoulders of unequal height, and a slight hunch on his back. His face was long and hollow cheeked. The eyes small and black, and piercingly bright. His ex-His teeth were fang-like and yellow. His voice hollow when he spoke low, and harsh when he raised it. His breath came in short gasps now and then. He droope towards the right side, and carried short and unusually thick stick, with huge rugged and battered crook. Miss would have pitied him only for his impudent glances. She would have loath-ad him only she could not forget that his deformities were deserving of pity. The and it had been arranged that she should

This night that was now upon her and around her, this dull, dark, heavy-perfumed, rain-drowned midsummer night, was the night of that day week. Only one week lay between the visit of this hunch-back and this day. This morning she had left Chicago and seen Millway for the first time in her life. She had got there at noon and driven straight to Eltham House. The hire of the cab had made considerable inroad on the money in her pocket. The sum was now reduced to only a few cents more than her mere train fare to Chicago. When she got there she would have to walk home. Oh! walking home through the familiar streets thronged with everyday folk, would be so delightful compared with this bleak,

solitary Eltham House, this hideous, in solent, monstrous, deformed dwarf.

It was impossible for her to stay at Eltham House, utterly impossible. This man Leigh had told her he should see litthe or nothing of her at the place, and the first face and figure she laid eyes on. comed her to Eltham House, and on the Great heavens! it was incredibly who had ever dared to try to kiss her was this odious beast, this misshapen flend

his scented monster! And yet she was on her way back to Eltham House! There was no alterna-tive. She had nowhere else to go. For lack of courage and money she could not venture upon an hotel. She had never as if she were in a new planet. She was desperate, but she was awkward,

Wet and lonely as the night was, the would have preferred walking about till morning rather than return to that house. All the time she was in the house Leigh apon her. He had lain in wait for her ith expostalations for her pruders is not showing him to welcome her in patriar-thal fashion to his house! Patriarchal fashion, indeed! He had himself said he was not a Methuselah either, and his sand years. But the principle will have soor, simple, paralyzed mother told hes Steel and brass and rubbas stell to the stel act take all the money in the world to stay in a house to which he was free. At sight o'clock that evening she had pleaded fatigue and retired to her own room good or bad, if it is true it will last," said the voice of the hunchback harshly. Then he went on in more gentle and even

tion, and in the end made up her mind

to escape and return to town at once. She

wrote a line to the effect that she was

going, and placed it on the dressing table y the window. Her room was on the ground floor, and the window wide open. She could crees in and change her wet boots and clothes and sit up in the easy chair till morning. Then she could steal away again, walk to he railway station and take the first

rain for the city. From the time the girl cleared the straggling outskirts of the town until of her destination she did not meet or overtake a soul. With serious trepidaion, she pushed the gate open and entered the grounds. She emerged from the cover of the trees and hastened across he open drive. Thank heaven, the winlow was open! After a severe struggle he found herself in the room.

With great caution she searched where

she knew Ler trunk lay open, found the garments she needed, and replaced her wet clothing with dry. She resolved to sit still. It was eleven o'clock. It would be bright daylight in a few hours. As soon as the sun rose she should, if the rain had ceased, leave the house and wander about in the bright open daylight until time to 'ake the first train for Chlengo. She sat with her back to the partition between her and the dining room. She had not dared to move the heavy chair for fear of making noise. "Have you done, Oscarf"

"Yes, mother. I have finished for the night. Edith Grace sat up in her chair and gasped with terror. The words seemed spoken at her ear. The voices were those

of Oscar Leigh, the hunchback dwarf, and his mother, Mrs. Leigh, the paralyzed "Yes," the voice of the man said, "I have made the drawings and calculations. griumphed. I generally am right, mother. I generally do triumph, mother." He

spoke in a tone of elation. "But you are tired. It has been a long day for you." "No, Oscar. I am feeling quite well and lively and strong to-night. For an old I keep very well. When you are with me,

I do not seem so old, my son."
"Old! Old!" he cried, with harsh, emphatic gayety. "You are not old, mother! You are a young woman. You are a girl, compared with the old women I know. Us to sixty-five a woman ages faster than s man, but once over sixty-five, women grow young again. Mother, I mean to as tonish you soon. I mean to marry a very handsome wife. I have one in my eye mind to do anything that in the end does not come off. But before I marry I must finish my great work. When I have put the last touches to it I shall sell it for a large sum, and retire from business, and live here with you, mother, at my ease."
"And when, my dear, do you think the great clock will be finished? It is the

only thing in the world I am jealous of. Have you added any new wonders to it?"

The fright had by this time died out of Edith's heart. She now understood whe the owners of the voices were, why the speakers seemed so near. Oscar Leigh was talking to his mother in the dining room. They both believed she was in deep sleep and could not hear, or they forgot the thinness of the substance separating them. Between the dining room and where she sat was only the slight panel of a folding door.

CHAPTER II. "Soon, soon, mother. It shall be finished soon. I cannot tell exactly when, but not very far off. I see the end of my la-

bors, the reward of all my study, the fruit of all my life," said the voice of the unchbacked dwarf.
"About the clock," said Mrs. Leigh. "You were going to tell me what new ing at wonders you have added to it, and when am I."

the crowning wonder of all was to be "Oh, ay, the clock. Of course. Moth-

er, when I sell my unrivaled clock, I'I give up living in the city and come down

"But why can't you come down and stop here always, my Oscar? Surely your clock could be brought to Millway." "Dear, dear mother, I cannot move the clock. You forget how large it is. I have told you over and over again it would half fill this room. Besides, I have other business in the city I cannot leave just now. I will come as soon as ever I can you may take my word for that. I was going to explain to you about my marvel waitin' for this coal."

ous clock. Let me see. What have ! already told you?" "Oh, it was too wonderful to remember. Tell me over again."
"Very well. To begin with, it will, or

course, measure time first of all. That s the principal and easiest thing to con rive. It will show the year, the month the day of the month, the day of the week, the hour of the day, the minute of the hour, the second of the minute the tenth of the second. All these will be hown on one dial."

"That much alone pussles and astontshes me. It will be the most useful clock in the world."
"So far that is all easy, and would not

make it even a very remarkable clock, mother. It will take account of lead years, and be constructed to run till the year ten thousand of the Christian era."
"When once wound up?"
"Oh, no, you simple mother. It will have to be wound up every week."

"But will not the machinery wear out?"
"Yes, the metal and the stones will wear out and rust out before eight thou-

"And a good principle," interrupted the voice of the old woman plously.
"Good or bad, if it is true it will last,"

"On another tace it will ten the of high water in fifty great mar! time cities. There will be four thousand figures of time, figures of all the great men of the past, each bearing a symbol of his greatest work, or thought, or achievement, and each appearing on the annifrom eight to twenty figures visible eaca day, and that day will be the anniversary of the one on which each of the men died rears ago." "Four thousand figures! Why, it will

"Four thousand historic figures each presented on the anniversary of death! am at work on the figures of those who lied on the 22d of August just now. They are very interesting to me, and one of them is the most interesting of all the four thousand figures. Richard Plantagenet, of Gloucester, commonly called Richard the Third of England, and nick-

named the Hunchback Tyrant," mali-

ciously.
"Oscar!" in a tone of protest and mis-"Yes. Hump and all, I am now making the figure of the most famous hunchback in history. I take delight in modeling the figure of my Hunchback Tyrant. In body and soul I can sympathize with-him." He spoke furiously, and there was

sound in the room as if he rose.
"Oh, you break my heart, my boy, my boy, my son! Don't, don't. You cut me to the soul! You frighten me when you ook in that way." She spoke in terror

"Break your heart, mother!" went on eigh, in a tone of excitement. "What hurt can words do? Look at me! Me If I were to say my heart was broken, no one would wonder. I am not reproaching you. Heaven knows, if I turned upon ou, I should have no friend left in all the world. Not one who would care for e-care whether I lived or died, whether I prospered or was hanged by the common anguian on a gibbet!

"Oh. Oscar! What has soured you so? You never talked in this way until now. What has changed you?" The woman was weeping through her words. "A girl's face. A girl's face has changed me. I, who had a heart to the core of adamant belitting the crooked carcass in which it is penned and warped. But there! I have been vaporing, mother. Let my words pass. I am myself again. I know your advice is good. I mean to follow it.

will marry a wife. I will marry a pretty, shapely wife. You shall have grandchildren at your knee, mother, beore long, before you go. I know even her name?"
"All that is my secret, mother. I will

not say any more of her but that I am accustomed to succeed, and I will succeed here. I will keep the secret of her name in my heart to goad me on. I am accus tomed to succeed. Rest assured I will succeed in this. We will say no more of it. Let it be a forbidden subject between us until I speak of it again; until, perhaps, I bring her to you. Ah! that storm has cleared the air. I was excited, I have reason to be excited to-day. At this moment-it is now just twelve o'clock-at It has taken me time—a great deal of this moment I am either succeeding or time, mother. But I am right. I have falling in one of my most important

"Just now, Oscar. Do you mean here?" "No, not here. In Chicago. You de not believe in magic, mother?" "Surely not. What do you mean?"
"Or in clairvoyance or specters?" No. my child. Nor you, I hope

"And yet not everything-not half ev-

erything-is understood even now." Will you not tell me of this, either?" "Not to-night, mother. You know ! had a week ago no intention of coming here to-day. I did not come to welcome Miss Grace. I had another reason for coming. I am trying an experiment to-night. At this moment I am putting the result of many anxious hours to the touch. If my experiment turns out well I shall come into a strange power. And now, mother, it is very late for you. We must

ables you to do without aid in dressing. (To be continued.)

go to bed. That patent couch still en-

An amusing little story is told of the summary way in which President Hopkins of Williamstown once disposed of the case of a student at the college. The young man had been married a short time previous to entering the college, and was led to fear that this fact might debar him from enjoying some of the privileges of the institution. Accordingly, in a great state of perturbation he called to see President Hopkins, who received him with much cor-

diality. After some conversation, during which the young man suffered agonies of suspense, knowing what he must say, he at last managed to stammer, with a crimson face, apropos of some

thing entirely irrelevant: "I-I am a married man!" "Ah," said President Hopkins, smiling at him with great benignity, "se

And there the student's trouble and perplexity ended. Save that the presi dent sometimes inquired for his wife his much dreaded statement had no consequences whatever.

All that Restrained Him. "De you know that you're hindering fifty people that want to get down town to their business?" yelled the motor-men of a Wentworth avenue car the other morning to the driver of a coal wagen just aboad.

"That's all right," cheerfully respond-"You'll get there just as quick if you

"I can't turn out."

"That's a Hel" "You wouldn't tell me that if I was where I could reach you." "You can reach me my time want to, and you know it, you dirtyfaced Algerine! You're a monopolist and a heg, and I can smash the mouth of you the best day you ever saw!"

"If it wasn't for leaving my horses "Ne, you wouldn't, you smutty-faced whelp!" shouted the motorman. "Year'se a mean, low, gum-dasted meak! You haven't got the decency of a sewer rat! You're a gol-dinged, insigafficiat, puallianimous, ragged, dirty, cheap skate of a tenth assistant barn-

yard Corporal-"
"Say," interposed a passenger on the "thet's horrible language you're thing. For the cake of ordinary pro-

priety let up, will you?" At this memort the driver of the coal wagen turned leisurely down a side street, and the angry motorman said, as the car shot sheed again:

"I'd have talked a durned sight worse

thus that to him if it bedn't been that he's my hutber? Chicago Tribune.

CLEVER CATS.

they Play on the Plane and Perform Their names are Chuffy and Svengall. They are members of the cat family, they are two of the prettlest and best educated cats that ever aspired to his trionic fame. With this brief introfuction as to their names and character, it is not meet that the tale should end. The marked ability displayed by these feline gentlemen is such that none can fall to be interested. "Chuff" and "Sven," as they are familiarly called, are the pride and especial pets of Mrs. L. D. Adam, wife of a San Francisco editor. Though Mrs. Adam is not desirous of posing as an animal trainer, she has succeeded in teaching her two beautiful black cats to do a few tricks that are perfectly wonderful.

To begin with, Chuffy, the larger, his mistress will call him to her and say: "Now, Chuff, I epare for your dinner." Chuffy will immediately rear upon his haunches, lick his paws clean and smooth down his glossy fur. A chair is then placed with its back to the table and a plate of meat cut in small pieces placed near it. After tying a napkin around his neck. Chuffy is ordered to take his place at the table and eat his meal. Standing upon his haunches in the chair, the intelligent animal will lean over the back of the chair, take s piece of meat in his paw and convey it to his mouth. This is continued until the meat has disappeared.

Next, Svengali is given a chance to



CATS WHO PLAY THE PIANO. feet in length is held vertically, with one end resting on the floor. At the command to show his claws "Sven" will stand on his kind feet, and, distending his claws as far as he can, reach up and get a firm clutch on the stick. Then he will slowly lift his hind feet off the floor and hang at arm's length from the stick.

When it comes to an instrumental solo Chuffy is an expert. He will climb upon the stool and hammer the keys of the plane until the whole room resounds with the strains of what, from its lack of melody, approaches very nearly to some conception of opera. "Sven" cannot be induced to play the plano alone, but after a deal of coaxing stool beside Chuffy and assist in a

GEN PALMER'S BIRTHPLACE.

It Is a Log Cabin Still Standing in Old Kentucky. The old log cabin in which John M. Palmer was born is still standing. It is situated twelve miles north Georgetown, Ky., about 400 yards to the right of the Lexington and Covington pike. The original house was a story and a half high, and was a square log pen. Many years ago the



structure, was added, and an "L" extends back about thirty feet. The house was built more than 100 years ago by a man named Slaughter, who sold it about the beginning of this century to William Palmer, father of the Presidential candidate. On Sept. 13, 1817, John M. Palmer first saw the light of day in this store-and-a-half log house. He lived here until about 14 years old.

CORSETS IN STYLE FOR MEN.

His Portliness the Prince of Water Said to Have Set the Fashion. Late news from London indicates that men of the smart set there are going in for corsets on a scale not even approached by the dandles of 1835. The haberdashers patronized by the swells carry an extensive stock of men's corsets, and, while the sale of them is limited to a comparatively small number the demand is steadily increasing, and the indications are that a large proportion of the men in swelldom will soon be wearing them. People who make a business of study ing the motives of change in the fashions say that the wearing of corsets by men is the natural consequence of the edict which went forth a couple of months ago, to the effect that women's waists were to be larger by several inches. A sudden jump from twenty-three inches walst measurement to the more mellow figure of twentyeight inches on the feminine side of fashion required a complete change in the apparel of the other sex.

It only requires a glance at old fashion plates to note the fact that the styles of men and of women have always gone in opposite directions. Thirty-five years ago, when women wore immensely large hoop skirts and an endless variety of bulging frills and furbelows, the attire of men was sleek and close-fitting. At an earlier pe riod, when masculine fashion required very wide trousers, gaudy waistcoat and loose coats, the mode for women was excessively plain. So, if women are to glory in the freedom and healthfulness of large and ample waists the curious laws of fashion demand that

were constrained for bettine, and the Armshops the were constrained for bettine, and the Armshops the were constrained for the were constrained fo

Discourse.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday

come into the Armageddon on the wrong side.

Other regiments on that wrong side will be made up of offenders of all sorts—the defrauders, the libert nes, the dynamiters, the Anarchists, the oppressors and the foes of society, the criminals of all Nations, by whatever name they are now called, or shall then be called. They may not before that have openly taken sides, but then they will be compelled to take sides. With what vecom, with what violence, with what desperation they will fall into line at the great Armageddon! Is it not appalling, these uncounted regiments of the earth, to be joined by the uncounted regiments from per-lition? Can any power cope with them? Especially when I tell you who their commander is, for so much in all wars deponds upon the chieftain. Their leader will not be a political accident or a military "happen so." By talent, and adroitness and courage, and unceasing industry he has come to the bad eminence. He disputed the throne of heaven with the Almighty, but no one has ever disputed the throne of eternal night with this monarch who will in the last battle take the field in person. Milton calls him Lucifer, Goethe calls him Mephistopheles, the Hebrew call; him Abaddon, the Greek calls him Apollyon. He is the impersonation of all malevolence, of all oppression, of all druelty. The summing up of all falsehood. In his makeun nothing bad was left out and nothing good was put in, and he is to be the General, the Commander-in-Chief of all the forces on the wrong side of the great Armageddon. He has been in more battles than you have ever read about, and he has gained more victories than have ever been celebrated in this world. But I guess this old warrior of Pandemonium will not have an undisputed field. I guess there will be an army to dispute with his forces. I have mentioned the supremacy of this world. I guess our troops will not have to run when, on the day mentioned in my text all the internal hutteries shall be Subject: "Armageddon." TEXT: "And he gathered them together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue, Arma-ge !don."—Rev. xvi., 16. Megido is the name of a mountain tha looks down upon Esdrælou, the greatest battlefield that the world has ever seen. There Barak fought the Canantites; there Gideon fought the Midianites; there Josiah fought the invading Egyptians. The whole region stands for battle, and the Armaged-don of my text borrows its name from it, and is here used, not geographically, but figuratively, while setting forth the ide-that there is to be a world's closing battle,

ble to hide her dielike.

There was one young girl whose eyes often rested thoughtfully on her face. Jane resented her "curiosity," as she called it, and one day left her unserved. When she was mildly reproved, she answered insoiently, and left the room trembling with rage.

"I will have her discharged," said the young girl's father, angrily.

"No, father, no. Leave her to me, his daughter entreated.

The next morning Jane was standing by her chair when Miss B. appeared. She was very pale, but her voice was steady. "I wish to beg your pardon before these ladies. I insulted you before these ladies. I insulted you before them yesterday. You might have reported me, but you did not. I will leave the hotel. I am not fit to be here."

"Go on with your work, Jane," said Miss B., gently, "and favor me by coming to my room fills afternoon."

When she saw her alone, she said.

"There is good stuff in you, or you could not have conquered yourself as you did to-day. You are fit for higher wot than that you are doing. I have watched you for some time. You are watched on the process of the said many more are enterprises of abomins with an incomplete of the process of abomination and meant and the said on the process of the said of the contract of the process of the said of the contract of the process of the said of the process of the said in the process of the said many of them once lived in heaven, but hundred and they are now among the worst that have not a said statement! In the Arrangedion they will, I doubt not, be present in full array. They will have no reserve her there will be undered and forty thousand Eucheans, and six hundred and forty thousand they are not any process of the process of the said is with the promise that they be undered and forty thousand they are not any process of the said with the sects will have more streamy the process of the said is promised with the

When she saw her alone, the said.

"There is good strift in your open place." Open search and special place." Open search and special place. The place of the pla

carcasses of Mohammedanism, and Papan-ism, and Atheism, and Infideity, and Dis-sipation, and Fraud, and multitudinous Wrong, s'rewing the plain, and I hear the angel that standoth in the sun crying in the

angel that standeth in the sun crying is the words of Revelation, to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven—the carles, and the vultures, and the hawks, and the abatrosses—"Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God, that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them."

The prophesied Armageddon of the text has been fought, and Christ and His followers have won the day. The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ. All the Christian workers of our time, you, my hearers, and

workers of our time, you, my hearers, and you, my readers, and all the Christian workers of all the ages, have helped on the magnificent result, and the victory is ours as much as theirs. This moment inviting service with prayer, as we usually do, but immediately give out the Moravisa Hyma, by James Montgomery, appropriate when written in 1819, but more appropriate in 1896, and ask you, with full voices, as wel' as with grateful hearts, to chant it.

See Jehovah's banner furl'd, Sheathed Hissword, He speaks—'tisdone And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son.

HUNTING GIANT FOSSILS.

Remains of Prehistoric Quadrupeds Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the

American Museum of Natural History, contributes a paper on "Prehistoric Unadrupeds of the Rockles" to the Century. The article is illustrated by drawings by Charles Knight, giving careful reconstructions of these strange beasts. Prof. Osborn says: Before describing the animals themselves, we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these akeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Wortman, Hatcher, Peterson and others sent out by the American Museum, by Princeton, or by found the Titanothere in a broiling alkali canyon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs and trunk were chiseled out by the men under a rude shelter which lowered the noon temperature to 106 degrees. They vere encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally, but suddenly they came across a fault; it appeared that the hin ! limbs had been swept away; and it required two years' more searching before bones of an animal of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment and sur-

The old take basing, once on sea level. and enriched by the moist, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from four to five thousand feet. The only pect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying grounds bare. Fosall bones and skeletons are not plentiful -far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliffs and canyons, and your daily scramble of fifteen to twenty miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in the morning. stiffened by a frosty night. You know by sad experience that the ice in the pasinjs does not promise a cool day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun begins to broil and blister your skin, and you are the dving embodiment of the famous dessert served by the Japanese-a hot crust without, an ice within. Your trail begins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake bottom; and as if walking through a graveyard, you never

away by erosion.

come topic transfer the