

P. BOHWEIER

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

ter and Propr

VOL. LI.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1897.

Farm Notes.



CHAPTER XXIX. to do," secret said, quietly and drearily; Hester Stupleton is brilliant and radi-"for it could have done you no good be-ant, and all that is charming, as she al-youd a momentary revenge, and it has ways is out of the limits of the home cirhelped to separate me and my husband

cle. Captain Leverson is very quiet, not to say dull, and a little absent-minded, Late that nigh

company," Captain Leverson says, stilly enough, for the "bright particular star" he adores is apt to shed effulgent beams on her worshiper, and leave him in hope less gloom by turns in a most madden-ingly capricious manner, and the faithful adorer is beginning to resent it ever so little

Walking silently, Harry Leverson's heart is too full for speech, and he has stammered through a few fragmentary sentences of gratitude for "this happy opportunity," when, as they enter the flagged, grass-grown pathway by the ruin-ed church, where the thick ivy rustles drearily and mysteriously, though never a breeze is stirring, he starts back suddenly at the sight of a slender, blackrobed figure, with strips of snowy white at her throat and wrists; and covering her head, above the ivory-pale face, is a mass of soft, dazzling white, gleaming in evergreens, and the glow of flowers-midfume of azalens, violets, roses and came the moonlight.

"It is only Muriel; I told her to come lias are everywhere. with us," Edith says, caluly. "She looks like the ghost of a widow!"

he says, irritably, as he is both startled Cameron's engagement with Captain Lev- 10 visit them, an orderly soon followed and angry.

An indefinable thrill runs through Edith at his words, and to his dismay she withdraws her hand from his arm. "I do not know that she is much better

marriage preparations that ever so quiet off than a widow, poor child," she says; and if you can tell her anything that may comfort her, or give her a hope for brighter days, pray do." And with this enigmatical speech Miss Cameron turns

sharply round, and hurries back to the

of Cincinnati, has been investigating hese heaters and found them to be as interesting as they are beautiful. One

inted 2.000 years ago. W. T. Bonner,

Copper sulphate is made by adding six pounds of sulphate of copper and four pounds of time to 22 gallons of water. First, dissolve the sulphate of copper in of them consists of an outer shell and briskly while so doing. twelve inches in diameter and nearly seventeen inches high, surrounded by a somewhat hemispherical top, which

a somewhart hemispherical top, which is tea inches in diameter and twelve inches high. The two shells are com-nected at the bottom by a rim, like the mud rim of a locomotive firebox, and the space between them was filled with water. The grate was formed of seven tubes made from sheet bronze. Toiled and soldered or brazed. These tubes open at both ends into the bottom of the space between the shells, thus forming a water tube grate for the fuel. In is the objection to the exist ah bor and care which has pryven ed many inches high and 4 inches wide, closed by a beautifully decorated door. The sate from the free escaped into the outer shell about 5.6 inches above the sate tallow air to reach the fuel. In mother boiler of somewhat the same type the outer shell has the form from and a tarbes reaches the sate tallow air to reach the fuel. In mother boiler of somewhat the same type the outer shell has the form from and a tarbes reaches the sate tallow air to reach the fuel. In mother boller of somewhat the same type the outer shell has the form from sheet provention an urn, while the inner shell rises from the side. It is twelve inches in diam ter at the widest part, 17.6 inches high and the care table portion of the same and penny and an abrier would not be the a tall the form and the form from every. The water tube grate to an opening "It the side. It is twelve inches in diam" the side. It is twelve inches in diam" the rate water tube grate to an opening "It the side. It is twelve inches in diam" the side. It is twelve inches in diam" the side in a tube seed on in fids is undecomposed and the presed on is ten inches in diameter and twelve

cle. Captain Leverson is very quict, out to say dull, and a little absent minded even to the extent of neglecting the charming Hester. Edith Cameron does not seem to notice any one or anything is first that fulls through the freeless, gain from side pless, window panes, she kneels dokp by her is a loving and fervently first bedsite to pray long and fervently for her absent lover—for his safety and their speedy meeting—for wisdom from and their speedy meeting—for wisdom from and their speedy meeting—for her absent lover—for his safety and their speedy meeting—for wisdom from and their speedy meeting—for wisdom from and their speedy meeting—for wisdom from and their speedy meeting—for the safet lover—for his safety and their speedy meeting—for wisdom from and turiful wife—and for the blessing of heaven and trift are contradict her words.
"To her how and to see the ruins of the off the matter sole for the shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how are the moonlight? I do."
"To her how are the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how are the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of the lake by the pale moonlight? I do."
"To her how her to mee the moon to her shores of th

a rule to use only well-rotted manure he would find fewer weeds on his farm. It is claimed that the use of ensilage is usgested that these utensils may have served at some time to heat wine as well as water, which suggestion ap-pears rensonable, as many historians state that the Pompelians made great use of hot drinks. It may be that they

clude every chill breath; the glitter of

garrison gave me those hours and left us alone. I became so accustomed to this quiet life in the library with my husband that I rarely went out. If I did begin the rounds of our little circle with our girl-friend, whom every one besought to visit them, an orderly soon followed . life in the library with my husband of a wedding as well, for Miss Edith girl-friend, whom every one besought

to visit them, an orderly soon followed bred males aids materially in degenerat-ing the without the glint of a smile, and in exactly the same tone of a man giving the order for a battle he said the number of the side of the giving the order for a battle, he said: is little pleasure in raising mongrels. "The general presents his compliments,

In a dry season there is no fertilizer a wedding will occasion: for it is to be a very quiet wedding for one of the bean-ties of London society for the last four seasons. "I letter, miss, please," Hannah says, drill any of the old O'Hara servrats into correct forms of address. and would like to know when he shall very quiet wedding for one of the beau. send the trunks?" I recollect a mes-ties of London society for the last four sage of this sort being once brought to

. Household.

Lemon Butter,—One-half cupful of but-ter, one cupful of sugar, juice of two lemons. Cook in a brig,t saucepan unti it threads. Let stand until cool, then spread on and between the cake layers. Steam Roast.—Take five or six pounds of plate beef, instruct the butcher to re-move the bones and roll up, fastening with twing or chowers as for corneal band

HALMAGE,

<section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paraxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier to-day in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sym-pathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthy friend. You stand at the gates of iffe when we enter this world and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly exist-once, when the hand of the wile or mother or sister or daughter, shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying mo-ments if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the online of the site of the site of your fingers along the online of the site of your fingers along the online of the site of your fingers along the online of the site of your fingers along the online of the site of your fingers along the online of the site of your fingers along the online of the site of your fingers along the onl

notwithstanding all the prayers of this christ to m aution - Clean your streets and then ear directly, an on God for help." directly, and I find it all

The fly lays four times each summer and so eggs each time. The female fly is always larger and lighter in color than the male

A spider's eye is not in his head, but upper part of the thorax. army worm has cos

Edith sits down beside it, wrapped in her cloak, to wait a few minutes, and then she enters the drawing room demurely

"What have you done with Captain Leverson and Muriel?" Hettie asks, start-

ing. "Done? Nothing. Inasmuch as haven't drowned them," Edith says, air-ily. "They loitered, and I found it too subject of conversation and I had none, and I shivered and they delayed, and I fled home and they remained behind. There, you have the full, true and particufar account of the excursion, Hettie." But just as she hays her head back in

her cosy chair, a picture of graceful case and comfort, Edith catches the sound of light footsteps hurrying past the window, rushing across the hall; and in at the drawing room door comes Muriel, wild and hurried-looking, panting more with fierce emotion through pale-dry lips than with mere haste, and across the room she rushes and seizes Hester's arm with both

"Where is my husband's message to me that you stole?" she demands, in a shrill, clear voice that rings through the room. "Where is it? Tell me. You had better tell me this instant! You stole it! Eric's message to me with the jewels he gave Where is it, I say?" and her eyes are glittering and full of a blue, lurid light, like a tigress at bay, as she shakes Hettie like a reed, and her plump, pretty form fairly shrinks together before this tall, slender, vengeful woman, whose grip is like steel.

"You're mad! you're mad!" Hettie says with a suppressed scream of real fright. "Muriel! Let me go! You are bruising me black and blue! You horrid creature, you are bruising my arm dreadfully!"

will bruise you!" Muriel says through her clenched teeth, all the fury of her Celtic blood raging like liquid fire in her veins. "Tell me what you did with Eric's message to me I You wicked woman; if you had stolen the jewels I would have forgiven you easily! Tell me, Hester, or I will kill you!"

By this time, Edith and Captain Lev-erson, who have been at first too paralyzed with alarm and amazement to stir, rush between them, and by passionate entreaty induce Muriel to let go her frenzied hold

and give Hester time to explain. Which, however, Hester only does by the reiteration of scornful denials of hav ing ever seen or known anything of the written message which Muriel asserts was laid in the jewel case, which assertion Captain Leverson gravely and positively athrms

"For I can swear that from the me ment Eric showed me the emeralds, and was never opened, never touched again even by me, as Eric fastened it up in white wrapping paper before he left it and the other jewel case in my secretarie in my dressing room until the day he left London, when he told me to take or send to the house. I intrusted them to a commissionaire whom I have known for years as a strictly honest man, as I could not possibly come with them myself. I am sorry now I did not keep them until 1 brought them in person." "I am sorry, too," Hester says, haught

ily, biting her bloodless ins, "as then I at least might have escaped this suspicion this lady has thought well to barbor against me. Does any one else imagine I stole' Mrs. Eric Llewellyn's love letter? es tather a rara avis with ner, 1 pre-

ne, as she has made this disgraceful fuss over it." "I should not like to think that any one

belonging to me could do so cruel and foolish a deed," Edith says, but she does not look at Hester. "So the verdict of both of you is guilty,"

Hester says inwardly, as she bites and bites her lips, with the nervous, vindictive habit she has when angry and perplexed.

"Yes, it was a cruel and vindictive thing

the missing ones arrives in Cape Town a week later, and among that of the cabin

passengers who are known to have gone

down with the burning wreck is the name

winter though it be-the bloom and per-

erson is more than three weeks old to

day, and the day after to-morrow, Christ-

mas Eve, is to be her wedding day; and

there exists a bustle and excitement of

For it is Christmas time, and the

-"Major Eric Llewellyn."

"I letter, miss, please," Hannan says, entering. Hester has not been able to drill any of the old C'Hars servrats into correct forms of address. "Thank you," Miss Stapleton says, for-mally. "I wish you would recollect, Han-nah, that 'miss' is an incorrect title for any young lady beyond childhood." She sees "Major Liewellyn" a few lines "Major Liewellyn" a few lines ily. "They loitered, and I found it too intre- still the first page, closely written cold to loiter, and they had an interesting subject of conversation and I had none. She sees "Major Liewellyn" a few lines curl scornfully. "Some news of Eric! He wants 'his

darling' to go out to him, and is sending directions through his solicitor," thinks

Hettie, with a fierce pang of jealous envy as she begins to read the letter. Begins and reads, and holds her breath, and stares, and looks back at the heading and the address; and then, panting and star-ing, reads every word hurriedly to the end, not comprehending it-not daring to comprehend it. And then again a second and a third attempt to read and understand the brief fatal news of the lawyer's letter, and Hettie staggers against the

window sill with a horrified sobbing cry. "Oh, Eric! Oh, Eric! Oh, heaven, forgive me, dear Eric! Oh, Eric! It cannot -cannot be true that you are dead-dead and drowned in the depths of the sea!" The letter is from Mr. Farren, and be-

gins with a brief but earnest apology for his being obliged to select Miss Stapleton as his medium of communicating the grievous news which he has every reason to fear is correct in all particulars, namely that Major Eric Llewellyn, having ex-

changed into an Indian regiment, sailed from Cape Town on the twenty-fifth of November in the steamer Cyprus, and one week later, according to advices received at Cape Town, the Cyprus took fire off the coast of Madagascar and was burned to the water's edge—eleven of the crew and nine passengers only having escaped. "And I deeply deplore having to tell

you that among those who are known to have gone down in the burning wreck is

Major Llewellyn," concludes Mr. Farren. "I have made inquiries at the War Office, but beyond ascertaining that Major Llew-ellyn was gazetted to a lieutenant-colonelcy of an Indian regiment, and had certainly sailed from Cape Town to join his regiment, I could obtain no further in

formation. Should any such occur I will communicate with you immediately, and please to accept the expression of my sin-cerest sympathy with you and the other ladies of Major Llewellyn's family under this heavy bereavement." "It can't be! It can't be!" Hettie says

hoatsely, gazing blindly at the awful words that seem to leap out of the page ment Eric showed me the emeralds, and alip of paper lying across them, with the words. 'For my darling Muriel, with Eric's love,' written on it, and then shut the case with his own hand, I can swear," repeats Captain Leverson, "that that case was never opened, never touched again tren by me, as Eric fastened it up in white girl of fifteen! "Eric-to meet with such a fate, in the prime of his days-in the glory and strength of his manhood! It is too horrible!" She goes up to bed early, and complains of having taken cold, and so has a fire in the recreation. 2 Austin Gollaher. Bid to be the last of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood friends, is dving at his home near Hodgenville, Ky. He lives about three miles from the farm where Lincoln was born and distinctly where Lincoln was born and distinctly

er room and warm soup and sherry and surses herself up most carefully. "For I must keep up until this is all

over," the young lady says, with the wis-iom of a serpent and presumably the

tarmlessness of a dove. And she does "keep up" admirably all brough the next day, and is bright, and dever, and amiable to everyone, save owards Muriel, to whom she never speaks nless absolutely obliged, at whom she iever looks.

(To be continued.)

HEATERS 2,000 YEARS AGO.

"teresting Discovery Made by a Cincinnati Man in Roman Antiquities. In two of the museums of old Ro-

man antiquities at Naples there are several water heaters, which indicates that the principle of the water tube, the crowning feature of modern boil-ers, was fully understood and approx ers, was fully understood and appre-

task for making us face the solution of flowers tends to bring butters. Make derly, he only replied by asking if we is best and finest in our natures. Make had intended to stay forever, pointing to his open watch, and speaking of the to his open watch, and speaking of the for house decoration in the winter. On a scale of 100 points the prize but To Drive Away Mosquitces. While the British steamer Bellucia was in the harbor of Buenos Ayres on her last voyage to South America Capt. Nerison taught the people of that city a lesson which may be of value to peo-ple in many sections of this country. The residents of the city and the other To Drive Away Mosquitoes. While the British steamer Bellucia ple in many sections of this country. captains in the estuary of the River

captains in the estuary of the River Plata wondered why the English ves-sel's fog horn was tooted every even-ing. The echoes of the harsh, braying of the horn waked up the harbor and caused a great deal of comment. When the mystery was solved the horns on other craft were blown too. The ex-term of the plant is not difficult to grow, and it is one of those vegetables not often seen on farmers' tables, but which, if provided, would help make an agreeable variety. The purple egg plant is most productive and best. The plant belongs to the same botanical family as the po-tato, and must be protected from attacks of the polato larva. The best way is to mather the plant closely so long as the other craft were blown too. The explanation was very simple. Capt. Nerison, of the Bellucia, was unable to smoke his evening pipe on account of the millions of South American mos-

quitoes that made life on deck after sundown unbearable. He happened to remember that mosquitoes cannot stand the pulsations in the air caused by sound waves. So on every dog watch he detailed a sailor to blow a horn back of his chair on the quarter deck and thereafter smoked his pipe undisturbed.

He Was About Right. The little King of Spain had for his

lesson the other day the mottoes of the lifferent European countries. He got as far as England and promptly recited, "Dieu et mon Droit," and then abruptly asked, "What is the motto of America?" Count Z-, who happened to be in the room at the time, answered.

Personal Notes.

"Dieu et Mon roe."

Henry C. Work, the author of "March-

ing Through Georgia," and a host on negro dialect songs, was the only North

emembers the youthful Abe, whom he nee pulled out of a creek into which he

fell. Independently of the sculptured monument which will be erected over the grave of Coventry Patmore, the poet, in

grave of Coventry Patmore, the poet, in the cemetery at Lymington, Eng., a numb ber of the deceased poet's friends have proposed to plant with appropriate trees the neighboring portion of that place. William H Aikey, of Boston, who was in the regiment commanded by the gal-lant Colonel Robert G. Shaw, at the bat-tle of Fort Wagner, said in talking of the memoryable which on which Shaw was

memorable night on which Shaw was shot: "We could not see the rebels all the time, but fought in the direction where we knew them to be." 3

William C. Whitrey says that th

Minnesota has 2600 barbers. There are 804,687 Bell telephones. Africa's peant area is increasing. Alaska gold miners get \$15 a day. Agriculture employs 250,000,000 men. Ceylon has 40,000 acres of cinnamon. There are rubber tired patrol wagons. World's railroads stretch 427, 215 mile Louisiana levee repairing employs 12,

00 men. Germany makes 2,000,000 false eyes annually. United States contains 150,000 seam-

of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose a sermon of helpfulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so to-day you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a distification of the source of the base of the a tonic, a sedative, a distification of the source of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor He has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours.

except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmologist, and under His mighty power optic and au-ditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the clubfoot was straightened, and anchylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an ex-temporized hospital crowded with con-valescent victims of casualty and invalid-ism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow. Homer said: A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal.

stresses. Birmingham, Eng., makes 37,000,000 pins daily. United States have 1300 fruit and veg.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

nee 1860 the value of grain crops has

Since 1860 the value of grain crops has steadily diminished, while that of pastor-al products has increased. A St. Louis woman had a guardian ap-pointed for her husband on proving that he spent all his pension money -\$30-every month for patient modicines.

every month fon-patient medicines. A young man who washed tranceled postage stamps and used them again has been sent to jail in Maine for 11 days-the minimum penalty being inflicted be-cause he was poor and ignorant. Baltimore has more churches, in pro-ortion to population, than any city in the world-and, judging from the reports of new edifices, she intends to keen up

of new edifices, she intends to keep up her record at the head of the procession. A St. Louis man who died recently left a will in which there was a bequest of

\$1000 to a young woman on the "score of gratitude," the document read, "because she declined to marry me and thereby enabled me to spend my last years hap-

enabled me to spend by fast years hap-pier. The art of printing, according to Da-Halde and the missionaries, was prac-ticed in China nearly 50 years before the Christian era. In the time of Confucius, B. C. 500, books were made of hamboo, and about 150 years after Christ paper was first made.

NO. 27