

riding in front of the line, when Meggie exclaimed—

"What a horrible smell comes from that corpse."

"Don't smell anything, Meg."

"You've lived here so long, that you have no sense of smell left."

Of course, as Meggie was with us, Binkers was there too. Binkers advanced to the corpse—paused—and rushed underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

"There's something in there, Willie."

Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the depths, guided by the frantic bark of Binkers, and, after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the center of a trampled circle of jungle grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered; the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the fore-leg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days.

Assisted by some natives, the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and, after half an hour's labor, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind-leg, and handed to me.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet, the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing machine. Great was the rejoicing that night in the camp of the 40th. Blue fires were burnt, the band came and serenaded Meggie. The whole of the officers, including the old colonel, came as to a levee; but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No. 2 bullet get into the saddle?

At length I inquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked, did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No. 2, had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with rings, and considerably flattened. Now, there was nothing in the flesh, and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks, and they must therefore have been made before firing. I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles round; from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found of either man or the gun. We made the most careful search; presently I came to a stone on the road itself, marked in a most peculiar manner.

"What's the cause of these marks?" said I to the farrier of the troop, who had volunteered to help, and who said he never felt more grateful to any one in all his life, than he did to me for squeezing his wrist so hard that day.

"What's the cause? It's been used as a hammer for something—a nail in a shoe."

"Nail-heads are square."

"True for you—these are round."

"Do you think a ram-rod would make these marks?"

"It just would. Somebody's been driving down a hard bullet with it."

"So I think. Now take this stone and throw it straight over that gap into the middle of the corpse, and I'll mark where it seems to fall."

He threw it, and marking the spot, we found our way into the jungle; and there, within a few yards of the stone, under the long leaves, we found what we sought—the remains of a native, stripped entirely of flesh and skin except on the hands and feet, and with a great, gaping wound in the skull; and in the inside, which the ants had perfectly cleaned out, was a large piece of the breech of the burst gun that he had by his side.

The whole evidence was there; two empty cartridge cases; another No. 2 bullet; eight untouched cartridges. It was clear enough that the man, whoever he was, had taken the captain's gun and putting in two charges of powder; rammed down the too large bullet with the blows of the stone on the now bruised end of the ramrod; and the loud report that all the witnesses swore to was as loud as the simultaneous report of the discharge of three charges of powder could make it. While the want of force in the bullet was accounted for by the bursting of the gun.

We took home the skull, and the burst rifle, and the cartridge cases, together with some remnants of clothing; and we there found out the intended murderer to have been one of the sycos, or grooms of the captain, that he had horsewhipped a month before for ill-using a horse of which he had charge. Of course there was a new trial ordered; and, as the evidence was unquestionable, Gerald was discharged.

"Did he leave the regiment?"

"Not a bit—why should he?" The men worshipped him, and the officer

who was wounded was invalided; and he and his comrades managed matters among them so well, that at the first parade of the regiment in Calcutta, some six months afterwards, the old colonel presented to the men a new officer, Captain Ashton, adding, "If he makes half as good an officer as he did a soldier, there will not be a better in her Majesty's service."

"And your sister Margaret?"

"O, I've just sent a little case, lined with velvet, and something inside engraved 'William Gerald Ashton, from his affectionate uncle.'"

"Now, lads, there's the 'out lights,' so we'll turn in quietly, and make bull's eyes at every shot to-morrow."

MR. TUCKER'S STORY.

HE CAME into the editorial room of the Argus, and, sitting up to the reporter's table, he took a seat, nudged up close, and said:

"Just take it down now and I'll give you a good item. Ready?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Well, this morning Mrs. Tucker, my wife, you know, and her daughter, Bessie, were driving out with a bay mare named Kitty, along the river road to see her aunt."

"Whose aunt?"

"Mrs. Tucker's aunt. To see her aunt. Bessie was driving the mare, and a little after they passed Stapleton place, she threw one of her shoes."

"Bessie did?"

"No; Kitty, the mare. And Bessie said to her mother that she thought she was behaving queerly."

"Mrs. Tucker was?"

"The mare; and she felt so weary that she had half a notion to turn back."

"Are you speaking of the mare or of Bessie?"

"I mean Bessie of course. But she kept on limping and going kinder on-even, until they were down yer by the gas works, when she laid back her ears and—"

"You don't mean Bessie's ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Go on, then. Mrs. Tucker laid back her ears—"

"The mare's ears. And, just as they got on the bridge over the creek, the mare gave a tilt to one side, and Mrs. Tucker screamed; she let drive with both her hind legs against the carriage."

"Are you referring to Mrs. Tucker or to the—"

"Kitty, the mare; and snapped both shafts off short. The next moment, before Mrs. Tucker or Bessie could save themselves, she went over the side turning a complete somerset."

"You are now speaking of the mare?"

"Yes, the mare turned a complete somerset into the water. One of the traces remained unbroken and, of course, as Kitty went over she dragged the carriage after her, and Mrs. Tucker and Bessie went floundering in the creek.—The mare at once struck for shore, and Bessie fortunately had presence of mind enough to grasp her by the tail. She had blind staggers; but it had passed off—"

"Not Bessie?"

"No, the mare; and as she was being towed past Mrs. Tucker caught hold of her dress—"

"The mare's dress?"

"Bessie's dress, of course; and it seemed for a minute that the mare would bring them safely to land. But Mrs. Tucker's hold on the mare's tail loosened somehow, and—"

"You said Bessie had hold of the mare's tail."

"Did I? Well, so it was; and Mrs. Tucker had hold of her dress."

"Whose dress?"

"Didn't I say Bessie's dress? Well, then, somehow Mrs. Tucker's hold loosened, and—"

"Her hold of what?"

"Her hold of the mare's—no, I must be mistaken. Bessie had hold of the mare's tail, while the mare was swimming, and the mare had—that is, Mrs. Tucker had hold of—well, anyhow, she let go—"

"Mrs. Tucker let go?"

"Oh, I dunno; whoever had hold of the mare let go, and she went to the bottom like a stone."

"If I follow your meaning, it was the mare that went to the bottom."

"My goodness, man, can't you understand? It wasn't the mare. The mare swam ashore."

"What did you say she went to the bottom for, then?"

"It didn't; it was Bessie."

"Bessie never said a word about it."

"You know what I mean; Bessie went to the bottom."

"And Mrs. Tucker swam ashore?"

"No, she didn't, either."

"Mrs. Tucker flew up in the air then?"

"You think you are smart, don't you?"

"Well, go on and tell your story; we will discuss that afterwards. What did Bessie say when she got to the bottom?"

"I've got a good mind to wallop you."

"What did she say that for?"

"You mud-headed blot," said Mr. Tucker, rising, "give me any more of your insolence and I'll flay you alive.—I was going to give you a good item about that mare and about what Mrs. Tucker said about her turning somersets all the way home, but now I'll see you hanged first."

The reporter got behind the desk, lifted up a chair to ward off a missile, and then he said calmly:

"What was Mrs. Tucker's object in turning somersets all the way home?"

Those who saw Tucker emerge from the Argus office said he looked as if he had seen a ghost, he was so white. And the Argus lost a subscriber.

Origin of Familiar Words.

THE FATHER of the great orator and statesman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, when lessee of the old Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, was the "manager" alluded to in the origin of the word "quiz."

While at a drinking party with his friends on a Saturday night, the conversation turned upon the subject of words, he offered to bet the wine that he could then and there coin a word which would be in the mouth of all Dublin next day. The bet being taken and the party dispersed, the manager called up his call-boys and runners, ordered them to run all over the city, chalking the word "quiz" on every door, shutter and fence they came to. This was done, and as a matter of course this new word was in everybody's mouth the next day.—The manager won his bet, and the word is now in all respectable dictionaries.

The slang expression for death, "kicking the bucket," had its origin from one Bolsover, who, in England a great while ago committed suicide by stranding on a bucket till he kicked the bucket from under him.

The word "bumper," meaning a full drink when friends are drinking, is a corruption of the toast offered in French to the Pope when the Catholic religion was in the ascendant in England, "au bon pere."

To "Dun," to press for money due, comes from one Joe Dunn, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, in England, during the reign of Henry VII. He was so uncommonly successful in collecting money, that when a man refused to pay, the creditor was asked why he didn't Dunn him.

"Humbog" is a corruption of the Irish words "um bog," pronounced oombog, signifying soft copper, or pewter, or brass, such as was made by James II. at the Dublin mint, twenty shillings of which was worth only two pence sterling. At first applied to worthless coin the word became the general title of anything false or counterfeit.

The sign "viz," signifying to wit, or namely, is an abbreviation of 'videlicet,' but the third letter was not originally z; it was the mark used in medicine for Drachm, which in writing much resembles z, and in viz, was simply used as a mark or sign of abbreviation.

Four Hundred Dollars for a Kiss.

Margaret L. Mead against James V. Whitbeck was the title of a rather interesting case which occupied the attention of the county court to-day. The plaintiff in the case is the wife of Dr. Jasper Mead, of Bethlehem, and she seeks at the hands of the law damages in the sum of \$1,000, for an assault inflicted upon her April 19th, 1877, when Whitbeck attempted, without success, to kiss her. The lady, who was well dressed and of a prepossessing appearance, told the story of the assault in a self-possessed manner. It appeared, according to her evidence, that about twilight on the evening of the date above given, her husband was absent from home, and she was sitting on her front doorstep alone, when Whitbeck came along. He stopped, spoke and finally sat down on the stoop beside her. There he remained about half an hour talking on various subjects, until finally he spoke of a strange dream he had had a short time previously, and asked if she believed in them. On her replying in the negative, Whitbeck went on to relate his dream. It was about a dog that had got into her cellar, and which he dislodged. Then, as a reward, he had demanded a kiss. According to his dream, when he took the kiss her cheek turned black. On completing his relation of the dream, Mrs. Mead became frightened, and rose with the intention of retiring into the house. Whitbeck, who is old enough to be her father, seized her by the shoulder, and with the remark, "Maggie, may I have that kiss?" attempted to take it. Mrs. Mead, by an effort, thrust him off, and escaping into the house, locked the doors and windows, and drawing the curtains waited for the return of her husband, to whom she related the facts on his arrival. The defendant, on his examination denied the facts as related above, but it was brought out on cross-examination that he had told his dream to other

ladies, and that on another occasion he had been compelled to disburse \$5 to a wrathful husband whose wife he had kissed, besides \$10 to another woman's father. The jury returned a verdict for \$400 in favor of the plaintiff.—Albany Journal.

Schrobiker's Mistake.

Schrobiker was going along Fourth street the other morning, when he saw a lady just in front of him, with a braid hanging down her back.

"Umph! Well, if that ain't Kate," he mused, "Wonder where she's bound for?" and reaching forward he slyly grabbed hold of the braid and gave it a quick, hard pull, thinking of course to first alarm his sister and then surprise her with his presence.

There was a surprise, but it was different from the one he had planned for.

A woman with black eyes, snapping like a bonfire, threw up her hands to catch her falling switch and then turned round and gave him a look that made his bones ache. And when he saw that it was not his sister, but a strange, frantic-looking woman that he had never seen before, he felt that he would willingly swap himself for a canceled postage stamp, and consider it a tip-top bargain. He blushed and mumbled, and bowed and stared, and chattered out an incoherent apology that he had made a mistake, and that he thought she was his sister, and all that; but no words could appease the wrath of the woman who had been snatched bald-headed in that shameless and public manner, and the shreds of vitriol she dashed upon him, as he beat a retreat around the corner, are burning in his ears yet.

It is safe to predict that Mr. Schrobiker will never mistake another woman for his sister without first assuring himself that she is not armed with black eyes like daggers and a tongue like a razor.

The Age of Wonders.

A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis for drying eggs, and is operated by hundreds of thousands of dozens. The eggs, after being carefully inspected by light, are thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken and by centrifugal operation the white and yolk are separated from the shells, very much as liquid honey is taken from the comb. The liquid is then dried by heat by a patent process, and the dried article, which resembles brown sugar, is put in barrels, and is ready for transportation. The dried article has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelet, and compared with omelet made from fresh eggs in the same manner, and the best judges could not detect the difference between them.

Is not this an age of wonders? Milk made solid; cider made solid; apple-butter made into bricks, next?

A certain Bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes and when it had finished looked toward the clock and said, "Hang you! why couldn't you give us all that at once?" There was an end of the Bishop's story.

Anson Rye, of Vermont, is out with a challenge to wrestle any man in the State. We have been on the most intimate terms with old Rye for the past thirty years and therefore know him well. He is an oily, pleasant sort of a cuss, but will surely get the inside track of you if you don't look out. Keep away from him. You may manage to put him down at first, but after ten or twelve rounds, he will throw you sure, unless you have a constitution like a mowing machine.—Danbury News.

An Old Apple Tree.

In the town of Wethersfield, Connecticut, stands an English Pearmain apple tree, nearly eleven feet in circumference one foot from the ground. It yielded fruit nearly a century before the Revolution, and is still in good bearing condition.

An Irishman who had been sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh, no, your reverence! It was the meeting of the other party that I was afeared uv!" replied Pat.

There is one single fact, which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity—namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death bed.

VEGETINE FOR DROPSY.

Central Falls, R. I., Oct. 19, 1877. Dr. H. R. Stevens: It is a pleasure to give my testimony for your valuable medicine. I was sick a long time with Dropsy, under the doctors care. He said it was Water between the heart and liver. I received no benefit until I commenced taking Vegetine. In fact, I was growing worse. I have tried many remedies; they did not help me. Vegetine is the medicine for Dropsy. I began to feel better after taking a few bottles. I have taken thirty bottles in all. I am perfectly well, never felt better. No one can feel more thankful than I do. I am, dear sir, gratefully yours. A. D. WHEELER.

VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry on the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE.

For Kidney Complaint and Nervous Debility.

Isleboro, Me., Dec. 28, 1877. Mr. Stevens:—I had had a cough, for eighteen years, when I commenced taking the Vegetine. I was very low; my system was debilitated by disease. I had the Kidney Complaint, and was very nervous—could not sleep. When I had taken one bottle I found it was helping me; it was helping me; it has helped my cough, and it strengthens me. I am now able to do my work.—Never have found anything like the Vegetine. I know it is everything it is recommended to be. MRS. A. J. FENDELTON.

VEGETINE is nourishing and strengthening; purifies the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system; acts directly upon the secretions; and arouses the whole system to action.

VEGETINE.

FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Evansville, Ind., Jan. 1, 1878.

Mr. Stevens:—I have used your Vegetine for Sick Headache, and have been benefited thereby. I have every reason to believe it to be a good medicine. Yours very respectfully, MRS. JAMES CONNER, 411 Third St.

HEADACHE.—There are various causes for headache, as derangement of the circulating system, of the digestive organs, of the nervous system, &c. Vegetine can be said to be a sure remedy for the many kinds of headache, as it acts directly upon the various causes of this complaint. Nervousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Biliousness, &c. Try the Vegetine. You will never regret it.

VEGETINE.

DOCTOR'S REPORT.

Dr. Chas. M. Duddenhausen, Apothecary, Evansville, Ind. The doctor writes: I have a large number of good customers who take Vegetine. They all speak well of it. I know it is a good medicine for the complaints for which it is recommended. Dec. 27, 1877.

VEGETINE is a good panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

VEGETINE.

DOCTOR'S REPORT.

H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir,—We have been selling your valuable Vegetine for 3 years, and we find that it gives perfect satisfaction. We believe it to be the best blood purifier now sold. Very respectfully, Dr. J. E. BROWN & CO., Druggists, Uniontown, Ky.

Vegetine has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease. May

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Prepared H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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