

Intrusions were to us inexplicable, unless in the light of succeeding events, we were to regard the priest as a detective officer or spy. Our apartments communicated, both being reached through an entry, while my room, lying beyond Kate's, was only reached by passing also from the entry through her's.

On the fourth day of our sojourn in the hotel, about nine o'clock in the morning, Kate tapped on the door leading into my room, and at my cry of "Entrez," came in. She was in a dressing-gown, her long, curling brown hair hanging over her shoulders, and a very unusual expression on her face.

"More priests?" I asked, in explanation.

"Police!" she exclaimed. "If we ever get out of this town alive I shall be thankful! I had rung as usual for water, and just as I had finished my bath I heard a knock at the outside door and asking 'Wer ist da?' the chambermaid replied that she was. I then opened the door a bit, and saw looking over her shoulders two strange men. My first thought was that they were friends of yours wishing to give you a surprise, and I cried out, 'Oh, you can't come in, for we are not dressed.' Then one of the men said in broken English, 'We shall and we will come in; and they forced the door in upon me, while I hastened to close and fasten the other, but was too late, for they followed at my heels. 'You are Miss W—?' the one who had already spoken, said. 'No, I am not.' Then she is in the next room?"

"But you cannot go in, for she isn't dressed," I said. "You are her sister, and you come from the Grand Hotel," he continued, and you've no idea what a ferocious face! It was dreadful! Then he said something about the police—that we must go to the police-court; and finally said he would give you five minutes to dress in. Now, there they are, banging at the door. Oh, what have we done? Why did we ever come into this barbarous land?" and poor merry Kate was on the brink of hysterics.

"Oh, 'tis all a mistake," I replied, adjusting my necktie. "I will see the men, and the matter will be explained at once."

The noise from the street coming in from my open windows had prevented me from hearing the conversation in Kate's room, and I should have been inclined to regard her startling narrative as one of her jokes if it had not been for the loud banging on the door. I hastened to open it; the men came in, and, wishing to relieve Kate of their presence, I asking them to pass into my room. This they refused to do, but took a decided stand in Kate's. I was too curious to lose my presence of mind or show that I was annoyed, and with my blandest smile inquired why I was honored with so maternal a visit from two strangers, when the following dialogue ensued:

"We come from the police. You are Miss W—?"

"Yes."

"Englishwoman?"

"By no means."

"Yes you are; and this woman is your sister."

"No, she is not my sister."

"Yes, she is. You're English. No? What are you, then?"

"I'm American."

"Show your passport."

"Here it is; and I opened the document bearing the American eagle and the signature of Hamilton Fish.

The two men put their heads together, neither being able to tell what sort of a paper it was, which secretly amused me. The men were in civilian's dress. Turning to Kate, her passport was demanded. She had none.

"And of what nation are you?" asked the spokesman.

She refused to tell.

"And what is your name?"

She refused to answer that. The poor girl had become so nervous under the ordeal, which for her had been of a very violent character, that she imagined nothing could be more disgraceful and humiliating than to have her name mixed up with a police-affair.

Finding that she was inexorable, they returned to me with, "Well, miss, you must go with us to the police," and showed me a paper of arrest.

"And why must I go to the police?"

"Because you have been at the Grand Hotel."

"What Grand Hotel?"

"The Grand Hotel. You must go to the police."

I rang the bell, and asked that the proprietor of the house come at once to my room. He came, and I demanded an explanation of the mystery. Concluded next week.

"Mariar," remarked one of the horny-handed sons of toil to his wife, "pears to me it takes a sight o'calico to make you a dress these hard times.—Can't you economize with one of them pull-backs the city gals wear?" It was then that Mariar fired the bread-board at him and remarked that she wasn't "going to stop the circulation of blood in her legs for no bald-headed penny-pincher."

#### Fire in Old Times, and Matches Now.

OUR constant use of the indispensable match has made it so familiar that probably few have ever thought to ask how our ancestors did without it, and by what stages such a necessary article was brought to its present perfection. Yet matches did not come into common use until within the present century, and their history is marked by the same stages of progress and improvement as other inventions.

Among rude nations fire was obtained by rubbing together two pieces of wood, and the first improvement upon this troublesome plan was the use of the flint and steel, one of the earliest devices of civilization. Out of this grew the old tinder-box, an ingenious but intricate arrangement familiar to the past generation, but now relegated to a place among the antiquities. As such it is deserving of a short description. The tinder consisted of carbon in a filmy form, usually procured by burning an old rag. The steel was a strip of hard iron, curved round at the top and bottom so as to form a handle. This was held in the left hand, and in the right a flint wedge, the sharp edge of which being struck against the steel, chipped off minute fragments. The heat developed by the percussion was sufficient to ignite and even fuse these metallic fragments, which, falling down into the easily combustible carbon, ignited it without difficulty. The operator then, blowing upon the tinder to keep up combustion, applied a small piece of wood, previously dipped in sulphur, to the glowing carbon, and with some little contrivance managed to ignite the sulphur, which in its turn ignited the wood. The operation was not, however, always successful.—The tinder or the matches might be damp, the flint blunt, and the steel worn, or on a dark morning the operator would not unfrequently strike his or her knuckles instead of the steel. That this occurred so frequently as to cause common complaint is shown by the following advertisement, which circulated extensively not so many years ago:

"Save your knuckles, time, and trouble: use HEHTNER'S Eupyrion; price one shilling."

In the Eupyrion flame was produced by bringing sulphuric acid into contact with an inflammable substance mixed with chlorate of potash. This device proved, however, to be scarcely less expensive and troublesome than the tinder box.

The discovery of phosphorus in 1673 disclosed an entirely new method of obtaining fire. In 1680 Godfrey Hanckwitz, at his laboratory near the Strand, London, manufactured and sold large quantities of phosphorus for this purpose, and so great was the fame of the new method that he undertook a traveling tour in order to exhibit and sell the article. The costliness of phosphorus probably prevented its general introduction, and it is remarkable that a century and a half should have elapsed before this substance was commonly used in the manufacture of matches. At first the phosphorus was ignited by rubbing it between folds of brown paper and applying the match dipped in sulphur.—Later it was customary to partially burn a small piece of phosphorus in the confined air of a small vial, the effect of which was to line it with oxide of phosphorus. The vial was then corked, and when required for use, a sulphur match was dipped into it. The match was either ignited by the chemical action produced, or by afterward rubbing it upon a cork.

In 1829 the lucifer-match was invented by Mr. John Walker, an English chemist. This match is in reality a lineal descendant of those already alluded to under the title Eupyrion, the same chemicals being used, but the awkward method done away with.

The original lucifer match was tipped with a paste consisting of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony mixed with starch, and its great value consisted in the fact that it would ignite upon being drawn across sand-paper.—There were, however, objections to these early matches. They required so much pressure to produce the necessary friction that the top was often pulled off without igniting, or else it burst into a violent flame, while burning particles flew in every direction. Again, the sulphurous antimonial vapor was highly offensive to people with weak lungs, and manufacturers often met with severe accidents from the contact of chlorate of potash and sulphur. Finally, it was decided to make use of phosphorus in place of the sulphuret of antimony, and from this proceeded a series of improvements in the manufacture of matches.—Saltpetre was substituted wholly or partially for chlorate of potash, thus producing quiet ignition instead of the noise formerly heard, and the disagreeable odor was done away with by omitting much if not all of the sulphur and substituting stearine. Machinery was used for cutting the splints to a uniform size; and thus by a series of improvements our present matches were finally perfected.

#### Cregol's Cave.

ABOUT fifty years ago, a great portion of the South and West was but a wilderness. Even in those States that were more or less populated, there were sections of the country where there could not be seen any signs of habitation.

Away down in Mississippi there was a scope of country, about one hundred miles across, consisting of a swampy, wild and desolate country, then known as the Tuckapaw country, in which there was no settlement, and across which there was a regular road of travel.

Now, in these old times, there was a great amount of traffic and trade between New Orleans and the lower Mississippi and all the upper country mule traders from Kentucky and Illinois would drive mules and horses and return by land.

Flatboats by the hundred, from the upper country from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains, could be seen descending the Mississippi, laden with the most valuable produce the country could afford.—The merry boatman made the forest resound with his song and revelry. When they landed at New Orleans, and disposed of their valuable cargo, they would buy a plug, or a mule, or a "mustang," on which they would take their homeward course, sometimes in squads of two to six.

About half-way across the wilderness road, a man by the name of Cregol had located, and built a house for the purpose of a stopping-place for travelers.—This place was known to every Southern trader, and with Cregol they had to stop, and were glad to share his hospitality.

In the course of time this country became settled. Old Cregol had become immensely rich; he was growing old, but he was hale and stout.

Not far from the house was a cave in the hillside, which had never been explored. In fact, no one had ever entered its mouth, as far as was known.

Now this cave became an item of interest. The dogs for miles around collect at its entrance and created the most hideous sound by their unearthly howling. Night and day would these poor creatures keep up this mournful song.—Every man, woman and child for miles around would come to see this sad, sad sight. But it was noticed that old Cregol did not go to see the thing.

And why did not Cregol go? His neighbors insisted that he should go.—No sooner did he come in sight than the dogs, at one accord, which had hitherto been perfectly submissive, molesting no one, and any one could go among them, and they would only howl with teeth grinning and bristles up, rushed at him as if they would tear him to shreds, and would not let him come near.

At length it was resolved to explore the cave, and upon a set day the neighbors met for that purpose. With torches in hand, they groped their way a short distance on their hands and knees, until they entered what appeared to be a large chamber. They rose to their feet, and, with torches lifted high, began to peer through the darkness.

The first object they saw was a long blue coat hanging against the wall of the cave. The coat was of the old French style, made of blue cloth, with brass buttons. Upon passing further on, scores and scores of skeletons were seen, scattered in every direction. Human skeletons, with clothing of every description hanging to them, which the wolves had torn to pieces.

Among the party of explorers was a young doctor, who lived in the neighborhood. As soon as the party emerged from the cave, the dogs, apparently satisfied, ceased their howling and dispersed. That night a negro came for the young doctor. The dogs had collected at old Cregol's and commenced their howls. Cregol was seized with spasms, and the negro rushed for the doctor.

The next morning, while the doctor was sitting by Cregol's bed, who was in a deep stupor, the door suddenly flew open, and a tall man, with dark complexion, wearing the identical coat which the doctor had seen in the cave the day before, entered and passed noiselessly through the room. Poor Cregol, when the man entered, rose up quickly in bed and gazed with a wild and maniacal stare at him until he passed out of sight, and then fell back—dead. He had murdered these men for their money—that is how he got his wealth.

#### A Novel Fishing Scene.

A NEW YORK paper says: If there is any doubt where the occasional fish scales come from, which Croton water drinkers sometimes discover, it was set at rest yesterday. The Department of Public Works has uniformly refused permits to fish in the new reservoir in the Park on account of the mess which a general fishing license would be apt to create. Every effort has been made by the Department of Public Works to keep the fish in the far side of the aqueduct. In addition to a wire net which covers the Croton end, another

with a quarter-inch mesh guards the entrance to the branches at High Bridge. Despite these precautions, little shiners have managed to wriggle through, and have developed into huge fish who wait at the gate-houses, ready to gobble up other shiners whose recent birth renders them tender and toothsome.

Capt. Fitzgibbon, the superintendent of the reservoirs, under sanction of the department head, began a raid yesterday upon the fish, large and small. A year ago he hired professional fishermen, who brought their nets, seines and boats, and after two or three days of unsuccessful work at \$10 a day, acknowledged themselves outwitted. Capt. Fitzgibbon got a seine made for the purpose. It is 110 feet long and thirty feet deep. The water in the reservoir is now thirty feet deep, so that the seine reached to the bottom.

The upper end of the new reservoir contains bays at the northeastern and northwestern corners deep enough to make a *cul-de-sac*, into which the fish are driven and impressed by the seine until the lead line can be drawn the steep side and the prey transferred to the boat. Besides these two bays, the stone bank which divides the reservoir makes two other bays right and the upper gate house, which have been found the favorite resort of hungry fish awaiting invoices of live food.

Capt. Fitzgibbon's net-drawers are ten stalwart men temporarily detailed from the reservoir laborers. The seine is drawn so as to cover as wide an area of water as possible and drive the fish into the corner. The first haul made resulted in 2,700 fish. There were a seven-pound pickerel and a four-pound black bass, besides many smaller specimens of the same varieties. Besides these there were uncounted rock bass, sunfish, suckers and some eels, a few of which were three-pounders.

All excepting the choice fish of the first haul were buried, as it was the desire of the department not to give too great publicity to the fact that the reservoirs need fishing. That effort, however, was needless. The news that fish-meat was being buried spread among the shanty-dwellers with telegraphic rapidity, and hordes of Yorkville and Manhattanville gamins crowded the reservoir bank from that time until the net was drawn for the last time. As the fishermen threw the fish out over the banks the boys scrambled for them with great good humor. Then the girls came with baskets and satchels, not unfrequently returning for new loads, as the scales remaining therein plainly showed. Altogether, 9,000 fish have been taken out, and as the work is to go at least two days longer there will probably not be so many fish visible from the reservoir bank for a year or two to come.

#### The Dog Law.

The dog law passed at the last session of the Pennsylvania legislature makes all dogs personal property; for whatever damage they do their owners shall be liable, even for the costs and the attorney's fees, if the suits be taken to court.

An annual tax of fifty cents on male and one dollar on female dogs will be levied, which will be kept in a separate account by the county treasurer, from which owners of sheep shall be compensated when dogs deplete their droves, provided that the owners of the dogs cannot be ascertained. If discovered, the latter must make good the loss.—Assessors are required to take an account of all dogs in their districts, with the names of the owners. If at the end of the year the amount of money in the hands of the county treasurer from this source exceeds a given sum, the surplus is to be divided among the schools districts. The adoption of this law is made optional in counties. A ballot shall be taken not oftener than once in two years, upon its acceptance or rejection, and it will remain with the voters to pronounce upon the merits of the measure.

#### A Curious Wager.

A curious affair recently occurred in Franklin, Mass. At an evening party a gentleman met a young widow with whom he became much impressed. A number of games were played during the evening, when the lady suggested that they should play for a wager. The gentlemen assented, and after some discussion as to what the stake should be, he said:

"My hand for yours, if I win; or at your disposal for any young lady of respectability (her consent being first obtained) if I lose."

The lady assented, and the game—a sort of bagatelle—began. The gentleman had never played it before, but was cool and skillful, and so was a match for his fair opponent. The lady led at the start, but at the close scored only 188 points to the gentleman's 385. A decorous applause followed the announcement; and the hostess now advanced, took the feebly resisting hand of the fair widow and placed it in the hand of the winning gentleman. It is said that a later ceremony is to be repeated with more solemnity some few months hence, due notice of which will be published.

## VEGETINE FOR DROPSY.

I NEVER SHALL Forget the First Dose.

Providence, June 27th, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir,—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of the time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two men help me in and out of bed. I was swollen 19 inches larger than my natural size around my waist. I suffered all kinds of ailments. I tried all remedies for Dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die; many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent me by a friend. I never shall forget the first dose. I could realize its good effects from day to day; I was getting better. After I had taken some 5 or 6 bottles I could sleep quite well nights. I began to gain now quite fast. After taking some 16 bottles, I could walk from one part of the room to the other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I regained my usual health. I heard of a great many cures by using Vegetine after I got out and was able to attend to my work. I am a carpenter and builder. I will also say it has cured an aunt of my wife's of Neuralgia, who had suffered for more than 30 years. She says she has not had an ailment for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for Canker Humor. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give a child. I will recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old, and he says there is nothing like it to give strength and life to an aged person. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am,

Very gratefully yours,  
JOHN S. NOTTAGE.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restore the patient to health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

## VEGETINE

I OWE MY HEALTH

To Your Valuable

VEGETINE.

Newport, Ky., April 29, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir,—Having suffered from a breaking out of Cankerous Sores for more than five years, caused by an accident of a fractured bone, which fracture ran into a running sore, and having used every thing I could think of and nothing helped me, until I had taken six bottles of your valuable medicine which Mr. Miller the apothecary recommended very highly. The sixth bottle cured me, and all I can say is that I owe my health to your valuable Vegetine.

Your most obedient servant,  
ALBERT VON ROEDER.

"It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the Vegetine should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. Almost innumerable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be edictly expelled from the system by the use of the Vegetine. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all pains cease; healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured."

## VEGETINE.

Cured me when the

DOCTORS FAILED.

Cincinnati, O., April 10, 1877.

DR. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir,—I was seriously troubled with Kidney Complaint for a long time. I have consulted the best doctors in this city. I have used your Vegetine for this disease, and it has cured me, and all I can say is so.

Yours truly,  
ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Race St.,  
Place of business, 573 Cent. Av.

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H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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