

and the charming view the elevation commanded. On one of these occasions—it was the twenty-fifth and my birthday—I was more than usually absorbed in my thoughts when my attention was caught by a shadow passing over the delicately little removed from where I sat, and looking up I recognized the giver of alms. He lifted his hat, begged pardon and hoped it was not an indiscretion to ask if I had recovered my purse; which opened the way to further conversation. The sun was fast setting, and the scene on earth and sky was resplendent. Lending upon a rock, he contemplated the miracle in silent adoration.

"Ah, that is equal to what I have so often seen in America," I remarked.

After a moment he replied, "For many years no land has so much interested me as America, and upon no people do I look with so much interest. America gave me my supremest joy and profoundest sorrow. Perhaps this confession may, in a measure, excuse my impolite intrusion upon you, as I am so thoroughly a stranger."

"Yes, and a foreigner," I laughed. "I have a dear, beautiful aunt Edith at home who warned me against foreigners. This is my *fete*, and as her birthday is the same as mine, I am naturally thinking of her just now, and recall her sage advice. As the sun is down, I will follow it and bid you good-night."

As I rose to go he made no reply, as if he had been indifferent to what I had said. I glanced at his face; it was ashen white. He was opening a locket attached to his watch-guard, from which he lifted a ring of dark hair, and then drawing it nearer his eyes he spoke as if reading a date: "Le vingt cinq aout."

The pallor of his face, joined to its outline, which was in full profile, held me where I stood as if spell-bound. Somewhere, a long time ago, I had seen that face.

"Yes, it is an unusual coincidence," he remarked, as if just comprehending what had been said. "But your aunt Edith must be much older than you?"

"No; only ten years."

"Is she married?"

"No."

"And you?"

"Nor I, monsieur. We belong to the noble army of old maids, which on the other side is a more honorable and obstinate sisterhood than here."

He smiled faintly, and wiped his forehead with a large white handkerchief.

"If I should go to America," he observed, "I should greatly desire to visit the locality where women like you live and die unmarried."

"Oh, for that matter, you can't miss them," I replied laughingly; "they're common from Maine to California. Spinsterhood is an outgrowth of our Declaration of Independence—liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"But, really, I desire to know the name of the place where you live; I am sure it will interest me greatly. Will you not write it for me?" And he offered me a blank card.

"Oh, certainly, but I don't understand why."

"I may possibly go and see your aunt Edith and tell her I saw you on the top of a mountain. Perhaps you would like to send her a message?"

"Well, if you see her," I replied in the same tone, moving away, "tell her I haven't forgotten to beware of foreigners."

"Just one more word," he entreated, following me. "Is your aunt Edith, Edith Mack?"

"Yes, but how should you know?" and in that moment it flashed upon my mind like sudden daybreak. "And you are—" I stammered.

"A man who has loved her many a year. To-morrow I leave Vienna for England, to sail for New York. I cannot say more to you now than that I begin to see my way through a sad, sad mystery. Here is my card. Adieu!"

The bright glow left in the atmosphere by the brilliant sunset had quite died away, but it was light enough for me to read the superscription: LE CHEVALIER ACHILLE ROMA."

I walked back to my lodgings in a manner probably quite sane to other people, although the distance was compassed by myself in a condition of complete unconsciousness as to how. Like the phantasmagoria of fated events swept before my mind the train of complicated circumstances that had led to my finding Aunt Edith's lost lover. And the beautiful romance at the end had resulted from my having disregarded her warning to "beware of foreigners."

There is not much more to tell. I left Baden at the end of the month, and returned to Paris. Six weeks later I had a letter from Aunt Edith urging me to come home for her wedding, which would take place prior to the holidays. The Chevalier Roma had long since become convinced that his "friend," the consul at Rome, was the key to the whole mischief, but his suspicions in that direction came too late for him to regain a clue to Aunt Edith. Several

letters sent to her name at New York of course never reached her. The surest and quickest way to accomplish his desire, to prove to the heart he had through so many years cherished how true and loyal had been his allegiance, how deep and sincere his love, was the one he had chosen, and acted upon with such alacrity.

A few weeks after my aunt's marriage I received the wedding-cards of Herr Schwager and Miss Kate Barton. After all, merry Kate had accepted a "horrid German" for her husband, and thereby the truth suddenly dawned upon my mind that I had been the recipient of the Herr's exceeding kindness because I was "neighbor to the rose."

A Terrible Traffic.

IN THE search for the body of young Devins, which was taken from the grave just before that of John Scott Harrison was, Detective Snelbaker, of Cincinnati, visited the Miami Medical College of Cincinnati. He found in the cellar of that institution buried the body of a young woman.

The janitor told him that about a month previous a body-snatcher, who went by the name of Gabrielle, had come to him and said that Dr. Clendennin had given him permission to use the cellar of the college to store "stiffs" in and to prepare them for shipment to Ann Arbor, where they would be put into pickle for the use of students of the medical college there next winter.

The detective visited Ann Arbor, and a special to the *Enquirer* says: "There, ranged along the side of the walls, were three monstrous vats containing a large number of dead bodies floating in brine. Piled high above these were a number of empty coffins, rudely broken open and riddled of their precious dead, while upon a rough table in the centre of the room was a mixture of red paint and nitrate of silver used for injecting the veins.—A paint-mill on a table at hand showed that large quantities of this mixture were prepared and used, and scattered around the room promiscuously were empty boxes and barrels, and trunks, and casks, in which the bodies had been shipped hither from Cincinnati and other points."

Search for the body of young Devins, whose grave at North Bend, Ohio, was robbed some time ago, was prosecuted vigorously with the aid of detectives, after the finding of the Hon. J. Scott Harrison's body in the medical college at Cincinnati. The body was traced to Ann Arbor, Michigan, and there discovered in the pickling vat of the medical college. It was taken back and reinterred at North Bend with impressive ceremonies.

In the meantime, the robbery of graves at North Bend was brought to the attention of the grand jury, at Cincinnati, and after a careful investigation they returned indictments against Dr. Morton, the resurrectionist, and J. Q. Marshall, janitor of the Ohio Medical College. Dr. Morton's whereabouts are not known, but Marshall will be held for trial.

The Russian Detective System.

During the Crimean war, again, when the British fleet was lying at Cronstadt and English manufacturer residing in St. Petersburg asked a number of his countrymen to supper, drank Sir Charles Napier's health, and sang a thoroughly "John Bull" song of his own composition, reflecting upon the efficiency of the Russian navy and the courage of its officers in terms that would have driven Admiral Popoff frantic. The next morning, his unbounded amazement—for not a single stranger had been present the night before—he received a summons from the Chief of Police, a personal friend of his own, who, eyeing him with a significant smile, said: "Mr. A—, I find that an English gentleman in this city, of whom you may perhaps know something, has written a song against our navy, and given several copies of it to his friends. Now, I need hardly tell you that this is a dangerous thing for any one to do just now; so, if you should happen to fall in with him, you might just give him a friendly hint to destroy those copies, and to be more careful in future." It is hardly necessary to add that the hint was taken at once. On one occasion, however, even these masters of cunning fairly met their match. At the same time when the famous Kolvkol, (Bell), the revolutionary organ of M. Alexander Herzen, was in the zenith of its formidable renown, the Russian Government, alarmed at the completeness of the information which laid bare the most secret windings of the imperial system, determined to silence this tell-tale voice by kidnapping the editor himself. An emissary of secret police presented himself at M. Herzen's house in London, under an assumed name, as a revolutionary propagandist acting against Russia. M. Herzen heard him to the end, and then quietly: "Use no concealment with me, pray, my dear Mr. S— (calling him by his real name), "I have been

expecting you for some time." The thunderstruck agent attempted to utter a denial. "Pooh, pooh!" quoth Herzen, producing his visitor's likeness from the desk before him, "do you think I don't recognize the original of this portrait?" The crestfallen emissary retired in disgust, and the wary editor was henceforth suffered to remain unmolested.

Travelling in Japan.

A LONG ride on a Japanese pack horse is an epoch in the life of any traveler. As the animals are shod with straw and as the roads are very rough, they never attempt anything beyond a walk even with the most violent inducement. The traveler is perched high up in a hard pillion, in a sort of a valley, the sides of which are composed of his luggage, spare hats, shoes, girths and straps rolled into bundles; his legs are doubled up so that his knees touch his chin and the sensation is like that of being on the back of a camel. Thus placed he must perform his journey, or as an alternative he may be driven to the Kago, or litter. This may either be a basket slung on a pole, or a regular box with doors and sliding shutters. The litters of men of rank, such as were frequent enough in the streets of Yeddo, but which have gone the way of so many remnants of old Japan, were often small rooms gorgeously decorated and painted, but the litters which the ordinary traveler must use are of the basket type, and as provocants of suffering and misery are second only to the pack horse. To the native, whose normal position when not standing or sleeping is squatting on the heels of his feet, a confinement of several hours in a Kago, with scarcely a change of position, is no hardship; but to the European the agony of sitting cramped up in the space of an arm-chair, with legs curled up, tucked in or huddled together, for an indefinite period, must be actually suffered to be appreciated.

Temporary relief may be obtained by sitting with the legs hanging over the sides; but in this case they either graze the ground or come in contact with the huge boulders which the road is littered; by stretching them out in front, when they kick against the coolie; or by stopping altogether and walking, which means loss of time, but which is the only efficacious method of escaping the pains of cramp. The Kago, however, is much more rapid than the pack horse and far more economical.

The coolies are well trained, sure footed, stalwart fellows—as a rule, four to a litter covering easily their five or six miles an hour and resting but rarely. The motion, however, is very unpleasant, and is apt, like that of a swing, to make the unaccustomed traveler feel sick.

The Dead Sea.

IT IS not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, and scattered over with black stones and ragged drift-wood, form a fitting frame for the dark, sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow, heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach.

It seems as if yet the smoke of the wicked cities was ascending to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave the God-smitten valley.

It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun, as other waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is, no doubt, owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well-known, and which we amply verified in the usual way, for on attempting to swim, we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than its results, which were a very unctuous skin and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouths a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of apothecaries. That fish cannot live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt, is too obvious to need proof; but to say that birds cannot fly over it and live, is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who, perhaps, were not like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks reposing on the water in apparently good health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one seething cauldron, under more than a tropical sun.

How Turks Live.

It is certainly a mystery that the inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire did not all perish years ago from the pulmonary diseases. Their feet are first swathed in a coarse rag, which is then wound round the lower part of the leg and bounded tightly with twine; on the rag is tied a piece of sole leather, hammered into a rudely shaped sandal, with sides rising one inch up the sides of the foot; holes are cut in the upper edge of

the sandal and strings fastened over the top of the foot. It is evident that their feet are wet the moment they step into mud or water over an inch in depth.—This they are doing constantly in bad weather; consequently, their feet are soaking wet for a week at a stretch, and yet they live and multiply.

They violate every known law of hygiene in the ventilation and often the cleanliness of their dwellings, and yet their children are generally sturdy looking, and the adults show fair average physique. They sleep in rows on a mat laid upon the floor of their underground huts. Sometimes the floor is covered with them, and yet they do not appear to suffer for want of oxygen.

A Freak of Bees.

Some curious facts from the world of nature crop up occasionally, which are well worthy of consideration. For instance, it has been proved that the bee may, under certain circumstances, turn out to be anything but the pattern of industry it is proverbially supposed to furnish. Australian colonists have from time to time taken out swarms of bees to their adopted land, in the hope of deriving practical benefit from the profusion of flowers with which the whole country abounds.

For some little time the newly imported bees maintained their reputation for industry, storing up food in the comfortable hive provided for them, and supplying the colonists with far superior honey to that collected by the indigenous honey-producers, the "melliphons." Presently, however, the hives discovered unstocked at the end of the autumn, notwithstanding the long summers of the northern parts of Australia, and it was found that the bees entirely neglected to lay by a stock of food, as was their wont. Though the bees increased and the hives were always regularly tenanted, no honey was brought home. It soon became evident that, finding the perennial summer of the tropical parts of Australia afforded them abundance of food, without the intervention of long winters, the bees forsook their old habits, gave themselves up to a life of happy indolence, and no longer took the trouble to convey their superabundant supplies to the hives prepared for them. It short, there being no winters to provide for, the bees gave up the practice of storing honey.

A Half Finished Wedding.

The young people of Cincinnati are excited over a promised wedding that didn't take place. The young man and young woman had known each other from childhood, and were prominent in society circles. The wedding guests were assembled and the loving couple were on the floor. The minister propounded the usual question to the bride as to whether she would take the man for her husband, etc., when, much to the surprise of all present, she answered "No." Thinking he misunderstood her, the minister asked the question again, and again she answered "No." This stopped the ceremony, and the story came out.

The young man, addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, had promised reform if the young lady would consent to marry him, and had signed the pledge. He had been on trial for months, but as the bride had turned to him as they stood side by side before the minister, she caught the odor of whiskey on his breath, and detected signs of incipient intoxication. She closed the extraordinary scene by stating that she couldn't trust her future to a man who had broken a promise so solemnly made. Expostulations and entreaties were in vain. The wedding did not take place.

If there were more such girls, there would be less drunken men.

A case of a sensational character has, says the Calcutta "Times," lately formed the subject of a judicial investigation. Some natives were bathing at a ghat on the Hooghly, when a body was seen floating down the river and tossing its arms. A cry immediately arose that the body was possessed by a ghost. A native doctor who was present appealed in vain to the bystanders to render assistance, but even the watermen refused the use of their boats. With great courage he plunged into the current, and with much difficulty brought the body to land. It was found to be a woman about 24 years of age. After restoratives had been applied, she stated that she had been for some time an invalid; that her relatives had brought her, stupefied, but sensible, to a burning ghat; that fire had been applied to her mouth as to that of a corpse; and that she had then been thrust into the river as if dead. The woman was taken to the hospital, where, after lingering fifteen days, she died.—Her relatives were prosecuted, but have been acquitted.

Afflictions, like God's angels, will move away when they have done their errand.

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 a man could and live. 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 15 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 I have cured an aunt of my wife's of Neuralgia, who had suffered for more than 20 years. She says she has not had any neuralgia 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, for 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, so 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 VAN BOEDER.

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 entirely 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 when the doctors failed to do so.
Yours truly,
ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Race St., Place of business, 673 Cent. Ave.

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