

triumphantly, as if now he had mentioned something so crushingly conclusive that all further explanation was unnecessary. "I plays it, as you know, and I'll play it to-morrow, but not so hard as to hurt the young lady inside, sir."

"And in the big drum Dolores was actually concealed next morning when old Captain Cripps, as innocent as a lamb of what had occurred during his absence, conducted a strong party of priests and police officials over and into every nook and corner of the Valeria in search of the missing nun. We were all in fits of laughter while the old fellow did the honors of his vessel, and the Spaniards' faces grew longer as their search proved fruitless and unavailing. They left not a cranny unnoticed, while the band played gayly on deck, and the big drum appeared to do quite as much duty as usual, though the broad grins on the faces of some of the old bandmen and the preternatural solemnity of Mat's countenance might have led any one to suspect that something was up.

"Martin was of course introduced to the visitors as first officer of the ship, and one old priest asked him suspiciously if this were the usual state of things on board an English vessel, band playing and flags flying as if for a holiday?"

"Oh, no," Martin answered coolly; "we saw that the Captain was bringing off a boatload of distinguished visitors the first thing this morning, and I instantly set about having the ship dressed and the music playing to do honor to their arrival."

"The old chap couldn't but be pleased at this compliment, and at last they all cleared out, making a thousand apologies for having for an instant suspected any of our honorable number of complicity in the nun's escape. We heard them as they left deciding to make for the opposite side of the island, where dwelt a tribe of fisher people who might have given the girl shelter. How we laughed as they were rowed ashore! Although there was still old Cripps to tell, which to my mind was the worst part of all, our spirits began to rise with the success of our last move.

"The bondsmen cleared up their instruments and retired, and Dolores was huddled back into Martin's cabin, where breakfast was spread, and the key turned on her. I believe the captain was the only man on board his own ship who did not see the whole transaction; but he was tremendously taken up with our immediate seagoing orders, which had just arrived, and the anchors were to be weighed and the Valeria off to Lisbon without an hour's delay.

"We all had to look alive that morning, and it wasn't till we sat down to dinner in the afternoon, by which time we were almost out of sight of St. Michael's, that I had time to think of the little prisoner in Martin's cabin; though, to judge from the moony look, Martin had never thought of anything else. Naturally the conversation at the Captain's table, at which the senior officers likewise dined, turned upon the examination of the morning, and in answer to a mute appeal from Martin opposite, who was unable to say a word, I boldly asked old Cripps, point blank, what he would have done if the poor little girl had run for refuge to the Valeria from the tyranny of the priests.

"Done, sir!" thundered the old gentleman, spluttering over his grog in his excitement, "I'd have done what every other Christian officer and gentleman would have done—given the poor little creature shelter and protection from the rascals that were hunting her, and a chance of becoming a sensible British Protestant! Why, by jove, when those smooth-faced blackguards went sneaking over my ship this morning and I had to palaver and speak civilly to them I just wished the girl had been aboard, that I might have had a hand in saving her. I'll warrant we'd have managed to keep her out of sight!"

"Martin gave a gasp, like a whale coming up to blow, and jumping up from the table unceremoniously rushed out. In a moment he was back again holding the little nun by the hand.

"Of course old Cripps couldn't say anything, after the manner in which he had committed himself beforehand. And though he gave us a tremendous jawing about the serious risk, etc., we had run, I believe he enjoyed the lark as much as any one; especially as his part in it didn't begin until all danger was over. I'm not sure that he would have liked driving that jackass down the vineyards; but he was wonderfully polite to Dona Dolores, and made her as comfortable and welcome as possible, lent her some sermons to read, which she took very demurely, and evidently felt he had scored one to himself off the Pope by that move.

"We got into Lisbon the next day and the girl was handed over to the English chaplain's wife, who rigged her out for her wedding with Martin, which took place a few days afterwards.

"After that she was sent home to Martin's mother at Southampton, and I

believe she went to school for a bit; anyway, Martin got his promotion shortly and left the service to settle down in Hampshire with Madam. And a rare little handful he's found her, I believe, for she can't help flirting any more than she can help breathing, though I really think she likes old Harry Martin best in the main.

"Now you may argue," concluded the Lieutenant, putting his pipe back permanently into his mouth and speaking through one corner of it to signify that his tale was nearly finished; "you may argue that marriages are made in heaven, and I do devoutly hope Providence is settling a good match for me up aloft, but you'll allow, that I had a pretty good lot to do with getting Harry Martin his wife, after hearing this yarn."

Catching Sea Lions.

CAPTAIN MULLETT, the noted sea lion hunter, in a recent business chat with a St. Louis reporter, said:

"You see, I was formerly a sea captain and ran passenger vessels between England, Australia and California. I first began to study the habits of sea lions off the Chincha Islands of South America, the only place where they exist except off the coast of California. I became very much interested in them, and afterwards thought that I would like to hunt sea lions for a living. I have done so and have made money at it. About six years ago some showman persuaded me to go into the business, and I fitted out two small schooners, the H. C. Amy and the Phantom, with fifteen men on each. These vessels I am using now. I pay the men a small salary, just enough to live on, and then give them a percentage of what I get for the sea lions.

They are employed the whole year, and when they are not catching the animals alive, they shoot them for the skins and oil. You see, the lassosers have to be very expert, and there are very few lassosers in the world, and it is for my interest to keep these I have. Our field of operations is on the lower or Mexican coast of California, as we are not allowed to catch the lions in American waters. The Seal Rock, opposite San Francisco, is looked upon as a natural curiosity, and everybody who goes to California goes to see it—so the authorities want to preserve it. We are therefore compelled to operate off San Diego, which is the dividing line of California and Mexico. The first sea lion I caught after fitting out my vessels were for Barnum, six years ago, and that was the first one ever exhibited in this country.

Our method of catching the lions is this: They go in rookeries of 100 or more, and we watch the shore to see where they will go into camp. This we can determine from the fact they carry their young on shore, leave them and go back to the water, returning at break of day. When we find a camp we dig trenches in the sand to hide in, or if there are rocks convenient we hide behind them. The vessels are anchored some distance off the shore, and we bring from them, in small boats, cages made of six-inch fencing boards. When the herd comes ashore, the lassosers watch their opportunity and lasso one of the lions around the neck. Another lasso is then fastened to one of the hind flippers, and the lion is forced into one of the cages.

This must be done within a short time or the animal will not live. I give orders that if twenty minutes elapse from the time the animal is lassoed until he is in the cage the men must let him go. This is necessary from the fact that if kept longer they struggle and strain themselves so that they die within a few days afterwards. After the lion is captured, a shot, to which a long rope is attached, is fired from a bomb gun on the shore over the vessel; the other end of the rope is attached to one of the cages, and it is pushed into the breakers and hauled out to the vessel. On board the vessel the lions are not put in water, but are kept wet with a sprinkler. They are then taken to San Francisco, where they are placed in cars built for that purpose and transported across the continent, each car containing twelve lions.

"But do you find a market for all you catch?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, as the captain smiled, probably at the absurdity of the question. "I am the only man in the world engaged in the business, and I caught every sea lion ever exhibited in the world. On the 23d of December I took twelve to Europe, and on Saturday last, I met a carload of twelve at Omaha. Ten of them are sold to Sells Brothers, whose show is at Topeka, Kansas, and two have gone to Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s show. I caught the sea lions that have been exhibited at your fair grounds in this city.

"They were caught three years ago.—There were five of them at first, but there are only two left. I have not seen them since they were caught until to-

day, and I can assure you I was astonished. They have grown remarkably, and I think they are to-day the finest sea lions in the world. The females are very small, and there are few males who reach as fine condition as those at the fair grounds."

"What is the average price paid for a sea lion?"

"The regular price is \$1,000 for a single one, but where several are taken the price is lower. I have caught within past six years 164 sea lions, which have been sold in Europe, America, China and Australia. I am on my way to New York now, where I will meet twelve which I will take to Europe."

"Are these for traveling menageries there?"

"Oh, no; they are all for gardens.—The traveling companies there don't carry animals. In the way of railroads and circuses, England is about fifty years behind the times. The show people here are full of energy and enterprise.—They sometimes get crazy over specialties. The craze now is for elephants and sea lions. You can get almost any price for elephants now, and it is the same with sea lions; but the time will come when you can buy elephants and sea lions for ten cents a dozen, because they will cease to be curiosities."

"Then you will go out of the business, I suppose?" suggested the reporter.

"No. Then I will go into the Arctic regions and catch the walrus. Six months ago I sent a vessel there and captured five fine walrus, but both vessel and animals were lost. If I could have got them here I would have made \$50,000."

"Is there any visible decline in the sea lion market?"

"No. It is now on the boom. Sells Brothers have ten and W. C. Coup has ten; other shows will follow, I suppose. If I had one hundred now I could sell them at \$1,000 each, but it is too late in the season to catch them.—The season lasts from January to March. But as long as they'll buy I'll supply the market."

"Nearly all the showmen prefer the female sea lions do they not?"

"Yes; they are smaller and easier handled; they eat less than the males, and have the most beautiful eyes of any animal in the world. They are valuable show animals because they attract attention. Showmen will give you from \$10,000 to \$12,000 for a hippopotamus, and yet Mr. Forepaugh, who is the best showman in the country, says that a sea lion will attract larger crowds than a hippopotamus."

A Mother's Love.

An exchange tells the following: Last Spring a little babe was left at the residence of Uriah B. Garman, in Harrisburg. They accepted the little stranger and did for it all that kindness could do, and it thrived until a few weeks ago, when it had an attack of cholera infantum, and last week it died. The night after its death, about eleven o'clock a man and woman came to Garman's door and asked to see the babe. After entering the house they introduced themselves as the father and mother of the child. The couple were richly dressed and gave every evidence of belonging to upper classes of society. The woman cried over the corpse and called it "her baby," and the man appeared almost equally moved. They ordered a nice coffin, and all arrangements to be made first-class. The woman explained that she wanted to keep the child but her mother would not have the scandal, and insisted on its being put in other hands. It is supposed the couple are either married or will be and that the child was born out of wedlock, though belonging to such a class of "blue-blooded" society that the parents of the girl could not bear the idea of having their circle known of the daughter's misfortune.—They departed as they came and are unknown.

About Postage Stamps.

IN printing steel plates are used, on which 200 stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with the colored inks and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, for instance gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on little racks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour they are put in between sheets of pasteboard and pressed

by hydraulic pressure capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in halves; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to two other squads, who in as many operations, perforates the sheets between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away in another room preparatory to being put in mail bags for despatching to fill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week, from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the process of manufacturing the sheets are counted eleven times.

THE INGENIOUS PAPER MAKERS.

TO WHAT novel uses paper may be put in the every-day business of life is still absorbing the attention of numerous ingenious manufacturers of paper in this country and Great Britain.—From time to time the *Circular* has presented its readers with the unique achievements of the skilled and enterprising workers in paper. The present World's Fair at Sydney, Australia, of which too little information reaches the United States, presents in one exhibit many of the novelties—not to say wonders—that have been wrought out of paper. The exhibit in question is a house built exclusively of paper; the gas fixtures, chandeliers, kitchen range, and parlor stove are of paper. Paper carpets cover the paper floors; paper window-shutters are supplemented with daintily-worked lace paper curtains. Not only is there a large bedstead of paper, but the blankets, sheets, quilts, are all of paper; and in a paper wardrobe are undergarments, outer shirts, and bonnets of paper. In the dining-room is a paper table, set with plates, dishes, napkins, drinking utensils, all of paper. At latest accounts from Sydney, it was proposed to give a banquet in this building; the eatables, were, however, not to be of paper.

This novel paper display in Australia, though an extreme example of the uses to which paper may be put, also answers the question, frequently put by apprehensive men, as to what mankind is to do when the supply of wood for furniture and building material shall have been exhausted. A woodless world seemed like the beginning of chaos come again. Now we know that paper can readily be substituted for wood in all the necessities and even luxuries for the household. The raw material for the paper so employed is, in most instances, coarse fibrous grasses that grow wild, and can be had for the gathering. We do not forget that in many points in the United States wood itself is transformed into paper: but that is only where wood is still of such superabundant growth as to be in the way of the farmer. In England, where timber is scarcer and far more valuable than in this country, paper is made from grasses and the variety known as "esparto" has already become famous in commerce. This and other fibrous grasses can be had for the cutting and gathering and grow spontaneously over vast areas. So, however zealously the destroyers of forests may labor, the paper makers are safe, and so too, is the human family, from any inconvenience on account of the exhaustion of the wood supply.—Paper will take the place of wood just as readily as the locomotive supplanted the stage coach.

Good Effects of Shot.

Seventeen years ago a farmer near Long Branch heard a noise among his chickens one night, and fired a shotgun in the direction of the hen-house. Recently he received \$500 in an anonymous letter, saying that the writer had been made an honest man by being shot in the leg while trying to rob the farmer's hen-house; had prospered since then; was now about to die happy, and wanted to reward the shooter.

Mrs. Thomas Jennings, of Battle Creek, tried to get over a fence, and James Boughton tried to help her.—They both fell; James was knocked senseless and had a shoulder dislocated, and Mrs. Jennings had a wrist dislocated.

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