Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

hrilling and Romantic Story Love and Adventure.

SAMES M. MERRILL AUTHOR OF "BOOK BILL" "FISHER JOE" AND

OTHER STORIES. [Copyright, 1859, by the A. N. Kellogg News-

CHAPTER XVIL-CONTINUED. "It was cruel in him to remain away suffering. It's always so, however, in love affairs. Of course Austin did not get the letter I undertook to convey that awful night on which I came near bidding a final adieu to this mundane world. Had be received that letter all would have been well between you. I can tell you for a certainty, however, that you have suffered a reply to his forgiving note, deemed you unvielding, and that a reconciliation was

now out of the question." "How could be think so when -" "Of course it was strange," interrupted Lura, with a covert smile, "but it will all come right in the end if you just refuse to countenance that villain, Clinton Starbright. I shall see Mr. Wentword and tell him all about it, and then the crooked paths will all be made straight."

" You are very kind." "No, I'm not. I am utterly selfish," asserted Lura; "I do all this to gratify my own heart. I've set my mind on outwitting a villain, and I mean to do it or die trying. I came near it, too, that night. I will tell you about it, for I know you are anxious to bear the wonderful story.

"I am deeply anxious," assured Grace. " You all thought me dead!"

"I had come to believe so. Romeo came home riderless, and a search failed to reveal any thing. Of course we were puzzled to know what had become of you if Romeo had dead you ought to have been found, that was the puzzing part of the whole affair." " Exactly, and Captain Starbright was as deepiy puzzled as the rest."

"Certainly." A low laugh fell from the lips of Lura. The red curis danced on her forehead, and a flerce light burned in her eyes. "The consummate hypocrite!" she cried, in a withering way that thrilled Grace to the quick. "But I won't indulge in invective against that creature now. I mean to hunt him to his hole and then see that he meets with

Lura then proceeded to relate how she had taken the path leading along the edge of Hangman's Gulels past the cabin of the witch, Mother Cabera, whose name she had since learned; how she had become bewildered and turned about to retrace her steps. and then of her meeting the two ruflians in the immediate vicinity of Mother Cabera's cabin; of her being jerked from the saddle and tifted high above the precipice.

"Did you ever go up high, way up to the tree tops in a swing, Grace! You know, if death! Would no one come to the rescue! over you; that was just how I felt when those ruffiaus lifted me over that abyss. I was too frightened to utter a word-it was the first instance in my life that I got so far used up as that. Presently I felt myself going down, down, shooting like a rocket through the air; then a bush switched against my face, a terrible scratching on hands and limbs, then a crash and utter

Lura paused in her narration. Grace Penroy was breathing deeply, her face pale, her great, honest gray eyes dilating with the intensity of feeling aroused r the words of her cousin.

"Go on, Lura, I am listening," aspirated the heiress after a brief moment of silence. "You wish to hear all about it now-you are not too tired?"

"No, no, go on; I am dying to hear the whole story of your adventures, dear

"It seems wonderful, something like a fairy story to me now," proceeded Lura, "but I have evidence of its utter truthfulness. I might have been dead, but was not. In descending the sixty feet to the hard ground below, I had passed through the bushy top of a tree which, it seems, had the effect to break my fall and land me stunned and bruised, yet alive, on the stones and leaves at the foot of the declivity.

"I must have lain there several hours ere a strange creature came by, saw me apparently dead on the ground, and in the kindness of his heart lifted and carried me nearly a mile in his strong arms. When I opened my eyes the glow of flame filled are! them and I was nearly blinded. I was very weak and could not sit up. Soon, as I spoke and called for water, for I was very thirsty, a face bent above me, a kindly old face, framed in with white hair and beard, the face it seemed to me of one of the an-

cient patriarchs. "Rest quietly, pretty deve, he said. "I will bring you water and food, but you must Joyce, who still lay insensible on the not stir for the present. You are one of the ground. victims of the Doge, and I will save you." I thought the man's language was strange in the extreme. He was kind and attentive, however, ministering to my every want, but I had been so rudely shaken up, it was more than a week before I was able to be on my feet and move about. Then I made an examination of my quarters, to find quite an extensive cave. To me it seemed to have been fashioned by the hand er, Oscar Fagan. of man, aquiring of the old man, he assured me that his name was Don Benito, once a subject of the Doge of Venice, but now an exile, and that the cave had been exeavated by men many years before for a hiding place from the wrath of the Doge. Of course, I knew that this was but the him !" wild talk of a maiman, in whose power I had fallen after escaping from death at the

hands of tramps, as I then supposed my late assailants to be "Of course I felt uneasy, and was anxious to make my escape, but this I could not do, since Don Benito kept a close watch upon my movements. In my opinion the cave was xcavated by horse-thieves or counterfeiters; and I am of the opinion that | for the secundrels in the morning " the present dweller may have been at one time a member of the band. I made no such suggestion to him, however. He was constantly harping about his wrongs, and assuring me that the Doge had attempted to murder him with his own hand. To prove his assertion he showed me a scar over his right ear, where the assassin's blow had been delivered.

ence of the widow Penroy. "Of course I humored his hallucination, and so we got on swimmingly together. Of course he left the cave occasionally, and a ghost, Captain." went in quest of provisions for his larder. On these occasions he locked me in a room opening from the main cave, the door of | that quivered with anger. hich was made of heavy oak. I presume a had been used as the prison-room of the outlaws who once inhabited the place.

"It was not until very recently that I of it," be declared, fiercely. persuaded my keeper to permit me to accompany him on a visit to Stonefield, made in the night and on foot. It was then that calmness only served to enrage him the I gave him the slip and managed to keep | more. safely out of his clutches. I have met He paced the floor and cursed in a way Austin Wentword since, and learned from that was terrible to hear. him that Don Benito has been known to "Captain Starbright, I will not have this little child to be reprimated at will. him for a long time. He considers the old in my house," said Mrs. Penroy, with an Grace was like her father, honest and genhim for a long time. He considers the old fellow harmless, but decidedly a lunatic."

It was a strange story indeed that Lura Joycetold Grace Penroy, under the glow of the swinging lamp in the privacy of her own room. It did seem much like a fairy tale, and yet the presence of Lura was cided to assert my authority. I know well is embedded a piece of the true cross.

ibt for one moment "It is a strange story," breathed Grace at length. "It seems like a dream to me and I can not be too thankful to have you

back, alive and well." "To you I am alive and well, to others must yet be as one dead," said Lura, in a low, guarded tone, as though she feared the walls might have suddenly acquired the "Why is that?"

"That I may the better frustrate &

wicked achemes."

"To whom do you refer!"

"Surely you can guess."

Lura regarded her friend in apparent as "Is it possible that you do not yet under stand the true character of Clinton Star bright!"

"I understand him perfectly," answered Grace. "He has been very kind to me since grandpa died, and has taken all the responsibility off my hands of looking after affairs about Lone Hollow." "And he will gladly assume control of

when he must have known that you were the million or more your poor grandfather left," returned Lura, grimly. "That is what he is after. Don't trust him, Grace. He is a serpent, two-sided and treacherous. I beg you to beware of that man, who is evil from the sole of his foot to | your marriage with my daughter." the crown of his head. You will beware of him, tell me you will?"

For once Lura Joyce seemed in deadly carnest, and there was an intense pleading even less than Austin, who, not receiving in voice and mien as she bent toward her

"I do not fear him, but regard the Captain as a friend," returned Grace. "Yet, to please you, I will be ever on my guard.' "Thanks. Do not mention the fact of your seeing me to a living soul. Keep my secret until I bid you speak, and you will never regret it. Promise me this, Grace."

"I promise, certainly." Then Lura sprang up, embraced and kissed her cousin, and turned toward the

"I must go now, dearest, but we sha meet again ere long. Good-night." Quickly turning the key Lura opened the foor and glided from the room. Swiftly she passed down the stairs and thence out

into the night. Barely had she gained the gate on the road when she felt a touch on her shoulder The moon just then disclosed its face. "Ha! I thought so, Lura Joyce! Not

dead, but you shall die in an other minute. A pair of digits, cruel as death, closed about the throat of Lura, and she felt her flung you from his back. Eather living or self sinking, fainting, dying, to the ground

> CHAPTER XVIIL FRIENDS AT WAR.

In vain Lura Joyce tried to cry out. The terrible fingers about her throat shut off all

articulation. "Yes, you shall die!" hissed the voice of Clinton Starbright, as he crushed her to the ground, and clung to her throat with the fury of a madman.

He did not know how she came to escape from the doom of the gulch, he only knew that she was alive and ready to do him the utmost harm. He saw her enter the house, he guessed the truth, although he had not seen her face, and had lain in wait until she

He had come too near the goal of his ambitious desires to falter at trifles, or at the sacrifice of human lives. There was no mercy in his heart as he pressed the slender girl under his hands to the earth.

Poor Lura! She grew faint, and myriads of strange lights flitted before her vision. Was this These thoughts flitted through the b numbed brain of the dying girl, and then the darkness of insensibility crept over all. "Scoundrel, I have you at last!"

A hand clutched the arm of the wicked assassin, and the next instant he was hurled rudely from his victim.

Captain Starbright uttered a low, alarmed ry. It was no ordinary affair to be caught n such a position, and he realized his danger

Drawing his hat low, he attempted to escape, but a stern voice held his steps, and sent a chill of alarm to his craven heart. "Run, or offer to, and I fire!"

Then the Captain saw that he was covered by a gleaming revolver. His own hand fell to his hip. To his chagrin, however, he discovered that he was unarmed. "I know you, Clint Starbright," hissed the stranger. "The gold hills of California have waited for your return in vain. There's halter there which Judge Lynch has knotted for the murderer. Your mask deceived no one, and even the wide expanse of a continent between you and your crime will not save you. Murder! That seems to be your calling, and it is one befitting

your character-" At this moment the moon illuminated the scene, and the stranger's face was fully re

Captain Starbright interrupted him with

"My God ! it is Kar! Vandible?" "Aye! and the avenger of the wronged I've trailed you to your lair, imposter,

thief, assassin! Now die, coward that you A sharp report followed.

Captain Starbright sank to the ground, and for some moments the avenger bent over his victim "Dead !" he finally articulated. Then,

hearing steps and voices approaching, at tracted doubtless by the report of the revolver, the man turned and glared at Lura "The lady is dead. I have a claim on her

a claim that is greater than these people

with their millions." He bent quickly, lifted the girl m his arms, and with a defiant cry, rushed away with Lura into the shadows of the hollow. Immediately after two men came to the gate with a lantern. One was Sam, the black stable boy, and the other the garden-

"Hello! what's this!" cried the gardener, as he flung the rays of his lantern over the prostrate man in the road.

"It's the Cap'n, marse Oscar." "Captain Starbright, for a truth," exclaimed Fagan. "Wonder what's come over

" Some uns shot the marse." Just then, however, the Captain moved and sat up. It proved that he had not been touched by the bullet, but had fainted from the astoundment caused at seeing and recognizing his assailant.

"No harm done," said Captain Starbright, only I was assaulted by tramps. Keep a sharp lookout, Fagan. I'll make a search Then Captain Starbright hastened to the

house and was not long in gaining the presence of Mrs. Penroy. The Captain was more deeply troubled tonight than he had been in years. A ter-rible danger menaced, and before his mental vision dangled a hangman's rope. He was in a tremer of excitement, and his face | questions. was very pale when he entered the pres-

"What is the trouble! You are as pale as Mrs. Penroy, you are playing false with me," cried the Captain, in a sharp tone,

"I do not understand you, sir." "An attempt has just been made upon

my life, and I believe you are at the bottom "You surprise me." The widow was calm as an icicle, and this

enough that I am the only rightful heir to never thought to my father's property, and I shall at once asnert my claim. Here was rebellion indeed.

The Captain was quite astounded, since peretofore the widow had been a meek puppet in his bands. "Your claim, madem?" affecting a smile "The will of Morgan Vandible left all his property to Grace." "I have seen no will."

"It is in the hands of the proper person and will be produced in good time." "That is what you say," retorted the widow, with a show of unusual spirit, "but I will not accept your assertion. I believe there was no will, and that I am the proper one to take charge of Lone Hollow and the other property. I shall visit Stone-field to-morrow and lay the case before a lawyer. I will no longer be duped by you and your minions, Captain Starbright. I fell in with your plans on a former occasion because I thought my father meant to disinherit me, and that the course prescribed by you was the only one whereby I could retain a home. One word from me at that time would have caused father to will every thing away from his relatives. Since I am convinced that he made no will I am determined to assest my rights, and I now inform you, Captain Starbright, that your services are no longer required at Lone Hollow. Purther, I refuse to consent to

The madam took a pinch of snuff from a gold-covered box at her side, and regarded her visiter with the coolest disdain. At once the Captain thought of his encounter in the road, and jumped to a sudden conclusion with regard to Mrs. Penroy's sudden change of front,

"Madam, you will rue this-" "No threats, Captain. I know what I am

"I suppose so," angrily. "I understand who has put you up to defying me." "I have consulted only my own wishes." "I do not believe it."

"Have a care, or your insolence may be re-"The villain I encountered in the road just now has been here and set you in open rebellion against me, and against your

daughter. You have doubtless agreed to

divide the spoils with him." The surprised look on her face was evidence that Mrs. Penroy did not fully comprehend the man's meaning. He, however, less shrewd than usual, so blinded by indignation was he, failed to comprehend, and proceeded, with flerce wrath:

"It is Karl Vandible, the runaway vagabond and social outcast, who has come here and set you up to defy the expressed wishes of your father. But let me tell you that your scheme will fail. It shall be my work to expose his villainy and yours, and to secure to that kind old man's granddaughter the property that he in his dying moments said she should have."

For a full minute Mrs. Penroy could not speak from astonishment. "Karl Vandible is dead. You told me so "So I thought, but he has returned, and

to-night made an attempt to murder me, I believe, at your suggestion. "Are you mad, Captain?" "Very near it, I believe, on account of

your ingratitude, after I have done so much for you.' "So much, indeed!" sneered the woman. "I' believe nothing you say. Even if Karl

should live he has no claim on my father's property." "No, but he will assist you to win against the wishes of the dead, and in opposition to the interests of Grace. It is a nice

plot, but it will not work, rest assured of 'If there is no will I shall win. "But there is a will." "Then I call on you to produce it."

"It will be forthcoming in cood time " "Very good, I will see about that. Again I say that you are no longer wanted at Lone Hollow, Captain Starbright."

"I may not choose to go at your bidding. You, like myself, are only a guest | celebration uprooted the pillars of Herhere," said the Captain, with a smile that had in it more of venom than pleasantry. "I will show you."

Mrs. Penroy sprang up and seized a bellpull. She was not quick enough, however. "I will retire, but not from Lone Hollow." said the Captain, bowing and striding from the room.

CHAPTER XIX. THE WIDOW HEARS A REVELATION. Mrs. Penroy hesitated a moment about ringing, until the Captain had made good

his escape from the house, then she rang. and to the servant who answered she called The latter was in her room preparing to retire. For some reason she had not heard the pistol shot, and was utterly oblivious of

the dangers that had menaced Lura Joyce after her departure from Lone Hollow. Grace at once went to her mother.

"So you can answer when I call," uttered the woman, in a tone most unpleasant. "I always do, mother." "Do you!" with a sneer. "Real dutiful

all at once, aren't you! Have you seen Captain Starbright this evening!" "I have not." "Did you hear that his life had been

assailed." "I did not." "I heard some commotion outside, but do not believe it was any thing serious. The Captain has been carrying affairs with a

high hand here of late, and I am determined to put a stop to it." Grace regarded her mother in surprise. It was through Mrs. Penroy that Captain Starbright gained a footing at Lone Hollow, and Grace had seen the two much together and believed them the best of friends.

There is little wonder, then, that she regarded the present outbreak with wonder. "I supposed Captain Starbright was a welcome guest here, mother." "Nevertheless he is not," retorted the faded widow, taking a pinch from her gold snuff-box. "I wish you would turn him the

cold shoulder hereafter. He is simply a fortune-hunter of the worst type. It is my wish that you do not countenance him "It has been to please you that I have countenanced him at ail," declared Grace. "Oh, it is! You have been very dutiful. Let us see if you can be as much so in the

future. I have ordered the Captain to remain away from Lone Hollow in the future. He certainly will not return if he does not have encouragement from you." "Has he gone away voluntarily?" "No. I ordered him to leave, I tell you." "But I thought-"

"No matter what you thought, it's settled that the Captain is hereafter a stranger here. I will call in advisers and settle your grandfather's estate to suit myself as his only heir." Grace was silent

She was puzzied to know what had come ever her usually decile mother, but she refosed to gratify her curiosity by asking "You may go now, but remember that I ferbid you having aught to do with Captain

Warbright." Grace rose to leave the room. She had reached the door when Mrs. Penroy said: "One word further. It is possible that you have some sneaking regard for Austin

Wentword. may be mistaken in this, since I have not seen him about in some time; but let me warn you that he must remain away as well. I'll have no speaking beaux about they're all fortune hunters to

Grace's checks reddened with indignation. Her mother had always treated her harshly, and now she felt that it was wholly

The second second

OUR GLORICUS COUNTRY.

Not long age I reed in that hypercritical English journal, the Spectator, that America had added the potato, a gift, as the writer said, of doubtful value, and maize to the food of man. but the Spectator doubted whether the course of European history had in reality been much improved by the happy stumbling, as he called it, of the fifteenth century navigators upon two great continents. That is thoroughly English, you know. These two vast continents, with their

boundless prairies and pampas, with

their extended lakes, their navigable

mountains filled with iron, coal, silver, begins to grow light the roosters begold and marble; lying undisturbed in gin to challenge each other and their primeval quiet and unproductiveness, music scares all the crows away. furnishing a hunting ground for the roving and untutored aborigines, have gested by Dr. R. W. St. Clair, of Lonbeen subdued by man and dedicated to don: Let the patient provide himself industry, to agriculture, commerce, with a good, strong cord and keep it manufacturing, mining, arts, science, always by him. When the spasm comes free institutions and Christian civiliza- on let him wind this cord around the tion, and are turning out millions and affected part, take an end in each hand millions for the benefit of the world. and give them a good sharp pull. It But that is a mere material and physi- will hurt you a little—it is useless if it cal contribution. In the Oid World men | does not-but the cramp will vanish at were fettered and oppressed by human once. ambitions, dynastic superstitions, ineffable disdain of human rights, degrading invented which represents a man standand blasphemous assumption that whoever governs you his religion shall be yours, while padlocks were placed on mmortal minds and aspirations were cruelly repressed. In America our forefathers had a tabula rasa on which to write laws and institutions more in accordance with the teachings of the New Testament and with the inalienable rights of man. This country in large degree has been rid of the exhausting machinery of military conquest, of oligarchy, aristocracy, priestcraft and privilege. We have liberty of press, liberty of speech, liberation of marriage from the exclusive control of the priesthood, and liberty of education. American ideas are pervading. uplifting and regenerating the effete institutions of the Old World. Principles dimly discerned by seers have been practically applied. Much of the

progress in civil and political affairs in Europe during the last one hundred years has had its genesis and inspiration in the great ideas embodied in American institutions. The overthrow of the crushing and dehumanizing despotism of class distinction has come from the stimulus of American example, and old abuses and tyrannies have succumbed before our successful experiments of popular government.

The discovery of America has given to us the mastery of the ocean. The tragically ended the careers of a numvictory has been accomplished slowly. ber of white men within the past year. Step by step, timidly hugging the shore, venturing fearfully across chan- that Mr. Armstrong, an Englishman, nels and narrow seas, navigation has was recently lured to one of the coast advanced. The obstacles have been islands, where he was decapitated and numerous, and efforts were often baffled. his head sent to the coast chiefs as In olden times ne plus ultra was inscribed on the pillars of Hercules by fear or avarice or superstition. Samson, in blind strength, seized the pillars of the temple, and he and the temple were crushed. The daring navi- her relatives were of the opinion that gator whom we commemorate by this cules, with sublime faith bore them across the untraveled Atlantic, planted them on these western shores; and Spain, catching the inspiration of the rand deed, inscribed on her banner in the spirit of our American Excelsior. the nobler device, plus ultra-beyond and still beyond. -Hon. J. L. M. Curry, ex-Minister to Spain, in an address at the banquet of the Board of Promotion for the Celebration of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America, held in Washington, D. C.

INVENTOR AND THIEF.

flow the Latter Waxed Rich, Thanks to the Other's Carelesaness, As is the case with the vast majority of inventors, it seems that the man who originated the idea of hobbles for the threshing machine engine never received a cent from the patent. Those who don't know what hobbles are used for may be told that they are two parallel bars of iron, which can be fastened by means of taps and bolts, and are attached on each side of the engine from the top of the forewheels to the goods, and the rival head-hunters lower felloes of the hind wheels, for the purpose of preventing the engine from shaking while it is running at a high rate of speed. Their invention came about in this way: In a country village, a few miles west of Indianapolis, Ind., lived a man named Harrison Swindler, who, besides being a local Methodist minister, a temperance lecturer and a farmer, also run a saw mill and a flouring mill, and in the harvest season ran three or four threshing fifth century, laws being passed to ing machines in the neighborhood: in fact, he seemed to be a "general utility" man in the full sense of the term, who not only saved souls, but simoleans as well. As usual, necessity was the mother of invention in this instance. It was several years ago that the idea Five years later, at Paris, chains were struck him that by placing a brace or support of some kind on the wheels of the thresher engine to prevent its rocking, it would run easier and smoother. He took two heavy pieces of scantling and fastened them on the wheels by means of bolts and taps, and found that they answered the desired object exactly. This was considered only a simple contrivance, and he used them for a long time without thinking of the value of the idea it incorporated in a patent right. There was no name for the new invention until one day a countryman amusingly referred to the

engine as being "hobbled down." like

a horse is hobbled sometimes by hav-

ing its feet tied with ropes so it can

walk, but not run away, while grazing.

From that time the contrivance was

alluded to as a pair of hobbies. One

Globe-Democrat.

octogenarian.

day an Eastern machine agent happened through the neighborhood and for light saw the engine hobbles. He saw their There were a few years after the commercial value in a minute and straightway had a patent issued in his Ocean, and oil from that source high own name and made a fortune of the invention, while the original inventor has never received a dollar. -St. Louis -At Carrollton, Kan., a woman late- profits from the business that was ly embraced matrimony for the first forced to rely on them, very little progtime, though nearing seventy. Her ress was made either in improving the

SCELLANEOUS. -In 1880 the ladies of the country were \$2,464,000 worth of wire in their

-A silver pipe, on which is the inscription: "Presented by Major General Harrison, U. S. A., on behalf of the United States, to the Shawaonese tribe of Indians, 1814," has been presented to President Harrison by a gentleman who secured the relic in the Indian Territory. -A farmer in East Corinth, Maine,

wouldn't give a copper for a bounty on crows. He is able to take care of his own property. When he gets his corn planted he carries out two coops, each holding a rooster, and sets them on the and hemisphere-embracing rivers, two ends of his field. As soon as it -Here is a remedy for cramp, sug-

> -A mechanical scarecrow has been ing with gun in hand, ready to fire at the first intruder. The arm that is holding the gun is made to move by clockwork, which is inclosed in a strong fron box at his feet, and at a proper elevation it fires a shot louder than an ordinary gun. After the report the arm lowers. The mechanism can be regulated at the owner's pleasure by a regulator like a clock, and only requires

to be wound up once a day. -A man at Allegheny recently sawed a slit two inches wide and five feet long in his parlor floor, rigged an iron grating so that it would shoot up through the slit on a spring being touched, and then invited Alice Bliss, a medium from Boston, to give a seance at his house. When he supposed the spirit of "Little Daisy" had crossed the line, he touched the spring. But it turned out that the spirit was only half way across and she received a tremendous thump.

HUNTING FOR HEADS.

A Victors Habit Prevailing Among New Guinea Savages.

The bad habit some savages have of cutting off the heads of any strangers who fall in their way simply because heads are required to adorn their sacred houses or to serve in the dedicatory exercises of their war canoes, has The latest news from New Guinea is proofs that the islanders were attending to business. About a year ago a brave in one of the wild tribes on the Indian frontier was not permitted to wed the maiden of his choice, because he had not acquired a sufficient number of heads to demonstrate his prowess. It was agreed that when he could show two more heads he might have the girl, and so he sallied forth to win reputation and a bride. It happened that the first strangers the brave and his party encountered were Lleutenant Stewart of the British army and his small escort, who were led into an ambush and slaughtered, and their heads taken back in triumph to the village. This was the cap sheaf of a series of head-hunting outrages, and the brave had not long enjoyed his honey-moon before an Indian expedition fell upon the tribe and gave it some new views on the ethics of head-hunting. This fasorite pastime has flourished greatly at Borneo, but it is now in a bad way in the British part of that island, where the penalty of death is visited upon every head-hunter who is unlucky enough to be caught. A while ago the British authorities, in settling a dispute between two tribes, found that one village persisted in head-hunting because the other fellows had three heads the advantage of them. The accounts were balanced by a small supply of trade promised thereafter to live in amity .-Boston Herald.

PUBLIC LIGHTING.

Growth of the Business of Illumination Streets and Squares. The growth of the business of lighting public streets and squares may properly be classed as one of the wonders of modern times. The first feeble attempts to light the highways were made at Eddessa and Antioch in the oblige persons to place lights in their windows. Similar laws were not passed in England until the sixteenth century. In 1662 a body of torch boys was organized in London, who for a small fee accompanied pedestrians. hung across the streets and lanterns suspended from them. Early in the present century the streets of London rere lighted by insignificant oil lamps, but they were still so dark that thieves flourished and robberies were common The great advance in the matter of

at night lighting public streets has been made within the last half century. Of the three substances almost exclusively used at present, viz: petroleum, gas and electricity, in point of absolute sconomy, the first named outranks the other two. Refined petroleum, at present low prices, and burned in vastly improved lamps, has added much to the social and intellectual enjoyment of mankind. It has found its way around the world, so that in the selitudes of Eastern deserts or among the jungles of Africa the traveler discovers its use

in consequence, and prior to the advent of refined kerosene, that the gas companies had the lighting field largely to themselves. Content with the large h busband lacked five years of being as | manufacture or chespening the price to consumers. - Detroit Free Press.

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