Andover News.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1891.

A BOSTON man who has just failed in business, with liabilities of $200,000, evidently wants to give his creditors a chance, though it is a small one. He offers to settle with them for a mill on the dollar, which he declares is as much as his assets can pay. The Boston papers believe that this is the smallest offer ever made in the case of a failure, and they are probably right.

The Lustrous Pearl.

Pearls, as most readers know, are small bodies found either in the mother of pearl shells or in those with an acreous lining, says the Tacoma (Washington) Ledger. They are formed either by a disease, by the presence of a parasite, or by an effort on the part of the mollusk to rid itself of some foreign instance which has found its way into the shell.

Pearls are composed of many layers of carbonate of lime, with organic matter between are not always entirely pearly throughout, and invariably have some small central core or nucleus. Round pearls of fine luster and color are very valuable, and their value increases rapidly with their size.

The finest white pearls are from India, the Persian Gulf and Panama; the finest black and gray pearls from the coast of Lower California. Beautiful pink tinted pearls are often secreted by the common brook mussels.

One valued at over $2000 was found near Paterson, N. J., in 1856, and quite a number have been met with in Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas, and also in England, Scotland and Germany.

A Snake Swallows Five Turkeys.

The two Shafer brothers, who live on the east side of the Osage river, and some distance below Castle Rock, has an adventure with a blacksnake the other day. A dog had chased a rabbit in a hollow log, and one of the brothers reached in the hole a little ways when he was instantly bitten on the hand. Fearing that a snake had inflicted the wound, the other brother hastened to the house and returned with a bucket of fresh milk and an axe, the former to be used to counteract the poison and the latter as a means of investigating the interior of the log. After some work the log was split open and a huge blacksnake measuring over nine feet emerged. The serpent was soon killed, and afterward cut open. His stomach contained five young turkeys and seven turkey eggs. The brother who was bitten experienced no serious results from the wound.—[Jefferson City (Mo.) Tribune.

Bogus Almonds.

The wooden nutmeg of fraud fame has been eclipsed by Dutch ingenuity. According to word sent from Utrecht to the wholesale grocers here, the Hollanders are making artificial almonds in large quantities from paste composed of glucose. They are shaped and colored to nature and steeped in nitro-benzole to give the necessary odor. Hundreds of bushels have been sold here to unscrupulous dealers, who mix them with the genuine article. The same people are at work on a varnished coffee bean.—[Philadelphia Record.

Stimulating Muscles by Light.

M. D'Arsonval has recently succeeded in stimulating muscles by means of light. A freshly prepared frog's muscle was suddenly illuminated by the light of an arc lamp deprived of its heat rays by traversing a lens of a solution of alum. The muscle showed a slight tremor, and when the investigator further mounted it on a skin diaphragm stretched over a funnel, the tremors accompanying each impingement of light emitted a sound which could be heard in the funnel.

Stopping a Proposal.

Edwin (as they reach the summit of the mountain after a long climb)—Ah, here we are at last! What a magnificent view! At such a time and place I feel strange sensations—an undefinable longing, a soul craving as it were, which—

Angelina—My dear Edwin, you must want a ham sandwich!—Boston Globe.

LOLA PULASKI;

—OR—

The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

A Story of Nihilistic Plottings and Crimes.

BY LEON EDWARDS

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNDER A CLOUD.

General Paul would have been a hero and a gentleman if he had been the son of a peasant, instead of being a descendant of a long line of nobles.

He loved Lola Pulaski better than he loved his life, for on a score of battlefields he had shown his indifference to the latter; but even this great love he stood ready to sacrifice to his high sense of honor.

After Ivan Berger had gone, the General again began to pace the room, but after a few seconds he suddenly stopped before Lola, and said:

"Will you be as frank with me now as in the past?"

"I will," she replied, with a look of wonder in her beautiful eyes.

"Lola, do you know why I have persisted in telling you of my love?"

He sat down facing her, but he did not seem to look at her.

"Because you love to tell the truth," she said, at a venture.

"Because," he went on, "I hoped that you might believe me, trust me, and return my love. But I see now that there is a rival in the field, and let me say that if I guess aright in this, I will do anything in my power to get Ivan Berger to a place of safety—there is no security for him in Russia—and when you are free, as I hope you will soon be, you can join him, and all my last prayers shall be for your happiness and his."

"I have believed you," she replied, quietly, "and I have trusted you; I may add to this that, beyond the feeling of admiration and regard a sister might have for a brother, I do not love Ivan Berger——"

"But he loves you," broke in the General.

"Perhaps," she continued, with a sad smile. "I cannot censure his taste in that matter, but we cannot will that people shall love or hate us; that is a matter of feeling with the people themselves. I am satisfied that much of Ivan Berger's regard for me arises from that sympathy which a strong, ardent nature ever has for one that has suffered like itself. A common sorrow unites us more than a common joy."

"That is true," said the General, "and I sometimes feel that sorrow is the final lot of all the children of Russia whom she should most cherish. At times I feel my own heart in revolt and my own manhood assailed; but what can I do? what can I do?" As he asked the question he rose, raised his arms, and looked pleadingly up, as if he had expected an answer to this question from above.

"You can be true to yourself, uncaring, unthinking of the consequences," she said.

"And that with God's help I shall be——"

He was about to continue, but the clatter of scabbards in the outer halls, and the jingling of sleigh bells before the door, caused him to stop with his head bent in an attentive attitude in the direction of the sound.

A tap at the door leading to his offices, and in response to Lola's "enter," the handsome head of Count Orloff appeared.

"Pardon me," said the young soldier, bowing to Lola and looking at the General, "but his Majesty, the Czar, is about to visit General Paul, and already the advance of his body guard is at the entrance to the hotel."

"His Majesty pays me an honor which I hope is not undeserved, and like a good soldier I am ever ready to receive my superiors. Wait, and I shall accompany you to the headquarters room," said General Paul, as he bent respectfully, kissed Lola's hand, and went out through the door which his gallant young friend held open for him.

"A visit of condolence from his Majesty is something to be proud of, though I might have received it more gratefully had it been made before my restoration to health was assured," said the General to his comrade, as they were on the way to the apartment in which the Czar would be received.

"My dear friend," replied the Count, "do not be quite sure that his Majesty intends this for a visit of condolence."

"Why, Orloff, what do you mean?"

"I mean more than I have time to explain."

"But you have heard some rumor to my disadvantage?"

"Aye, faith, and many to your credit but if the last rumor be true, your fidelity to General Pulaski and his daughter may lead to your being deposed from your position on the staff of the Czar."

"There are worse things than that. The office is not to my liking."

"The anger of the Czar may not end there."

"I do not understand you, Orloff," said the General, coming to a halt.

"I cannot explain now. The Czar has written 'Siberia' after names as noble and famous as yours. Hark! the imperial party has arrived. We must be in waiting."

Count Orloff and General Paul's arm and hurried him into the large room used as an office.

They had not been here a minute, when a tall officer, in the resplendent uniform of the Imperial Guards, strode in, and saluting with military stiffness he said, in a clear, sharp voice:

"His Majesty the Czar approaches!"

Instantly the General and Count Orloff assumed the rigid attitude known to soldiers as "Attention!"

A clatter of scabbards, and a jingling of spurs along the marble floor outside, then the wide door was thrown open by two guardsmen, and "the White Czar of all the Russias" advanced, clad in sable furs from head to foot, and without any weapon or insignia of office visible.

Every man stood like a draped statue, till the Czar, with a quick, haughty move of his right arm, said:

"We would see General Paul alone."

In an instant the great room was vacated, except by the Emperor and General Paul, who stood face to face, each with something like defiance in his haughty glance.

The Czar removed his fur cap, and, as he sat down, he waved General Paul to a seat.

"We have deferred our business," he began, with icy sternness, "until the physicians assured us you were out of danger."

"Your Majesty's will in the matter must be my law," replied the General, with a deference that had in it not a spark of fear or humility. "But had you come when it was thought I was in danger, I should have esteemed the honor none the less."

Without seeming to heed the delicate sarcasm conveyed in these words, the Czar continued with the same manner.

"When we honored you it was with no intention that you should use the imperial prerogative to release prisoners and make them your companions."

"Your Majesty cannot mean that I have in any way exceeded my duties as a true soldier and a faithful subject? No prisoner has been released by me without the royal sanction, and as to my associates, as a man of honor, I could not ask the royal consent as to the company I should keep," said the General, with dignity.

"The order for the release of this man Pulaski and his daughter was given by us to humor the whim of a man we believed to be dying; but since your restoration to health is assured, we expected the rest of our order to be carried out implicitly——"

"The rest of your Majesty's order is unknown to me."

"It is that Pulaski and this woman shall leave our dominions at once by way of the west, or east, to Siberia."

"Count Linwold has not reported your wish in this matter to me, and had he done so I should at once have begged your Majesty to relieve me of duties which are not congenial, and of an office which only a soldier's obedience led me to accept."

"Accept, sir!" thundered the Czar; "you dared do nothing but obey where I commanded——"

"I have ever obeyed your Majesty."

"And as to the office—we have relieved you of that——"

"For which I heartily thank you, sir."

"And," continued the Czar, "we have deemed it prudent to depose you from all command——"

"And so to disgrace me?" cried the General.

"Disgrace you? You have done that for yourself. By St. Grace! we had better leave our prerogative to the highest bidder than have it usurped by the recipient of our favors."

"Your Majesty——"

"Nay, do not interrupt. Agree to obey me by banishing these Pulaskis from St. Petersburg, and forthwith marry the Countess Linwold, or take the consequences of our anger."

"And what more disgrace can you subject me to?" asked the General.

"It is not our purpose to disgrace, but to punish men who would disgrace us. We give you five days to consider your acts, and if you do not yield, then——"

"Then what, your Majesty?"

"Then, Siberia!" shouted the Czar, with a wave of his arm to the east.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN DISGRACE.

There is a worse disgrace, your Majesty, than Siberia," said General Paul, with a ring of defiance in his voice.

The Czar looked at him with an expression of questioning wonder.

"It is," he continued, "to lose my own self-respect. So far, that has not forsaken me."

"There is no standard for self-respect. It depends on the moral nature of the man."

The Czar again waved his hand, rose, and strode out of the room with an angry glitter in his bluish-gray eyes, and General Paul was so astounded at the abruptness of his master's manner that he didn't even rise from his chair.

The Czar passed through the ranks of the guards formed about the sleigh, every man standing at a "salute," and staring straight before him, as if his fate depended on his not moving an eye-lid.

"To the palace!"

This command the Czar gave as he entered the sleigh and drew the soft fur robes about him.

At the approach of the outriders all people on foot came to a standstill, and, on hearing the clatter of the spurs and scabbards, all the vehicles in front sped into the side streets, to make way for the imperial cortege, though it looked like the flight of doves to their cotes at the cry of the swooping hawk.

Here and there along the route, there were groups of men in the alleyways, or drawn back from the crowd in doorways, who gazed sullenly after the imperial guards, and shook their heads and spoke in eager tones, like men who have desperate work on hand.

On reaching his apartments, the Czar at once ordered the attendance of Count Linwold.

That obsequious and crafty courtier at once obeyed the summons, and strode with bowed head and abject mien, into the presence of his master.

"We have just returned from the hotel of General Paul," began the Czar, "and we fear that rumor has not slandered him."

"Would that I might be able to say that rumor has slandered him," said the Count, bowing, and speaking in the tones of a man whose heart is deeply pained at the perfidy of the man he was discussing.

"He has permitted his unreasoning love for this adventuress to blind him to the duty he owes us, and to make him indifferent to his standing among the first nobles of our empire. We have deposed him from command, and nominated to the office of the Chief of the Secret Service our trusty friend Count George Orloff."

"Your Majesty could not have made a better selection," said Count Linwold, who, in his heart, hated Count Orloff nearly as much as he did General Paul.

"We have given General Paul five days, in which to decide whether he shall follow his own lawless desires or obey the imperial mandate."

Here the Czar took a paper from the table, on which his right hand had been resting, and, unfolding it, as if to assist his memory, he continued:

"Within forty-eight hours, the man Pulaski and his daughter must leave Russia. This day they shall learn of our purpose, and should they refuse to obey, then let him back to the mines of Siberia."

"And the lady?" suggested Count Linwold.

"She goes away with him. As to General Paul, we have here ordered the forfeiture of his estates and his exile. All that is necessary to carry this into effect is our royal signature, which in mercy we shall withhold for the time named."

"If your Majesty's empire is weak in any spot," whined Count Linwold, "it has been made so by your Majesty's excess of mercy. I am well assured that General Paul will not keep his marriage contract with my daughter, whose fair young life must be henceforth clouded. But that apart, I fear that association with these outcast Poles has polluted the young man's mind with the vile theories of the Socialists, who aim at the disruption of the empire and the destruction of the imperial house. Pardon me, pardon me! your Majesty!" cried the Count, as he saw a black cloud gathering on the brow of the Czar. "It is my devotion to your Majesty that forces me into this frankness."

"Ah, Count Linwold," said the Czar, as he folded up the paper and laid it down with a sigh, "I often wonder if the crown, for which I never cease to battle, and to protect which I hourly risk my life, is worth all the trouble. Go! I would that all in our empire were like you, then our days would have less anguish and our nights fewer dreams of torture."

The Czar waved his hand in token of dismissal, and Count Linwold, bowing at every step, backed out of the presence of his imperial master.

Among the many discontented little groups that watched the Czar returning to the palace there was one composed of three men, whose dress and general appearance showed they were in the service of the government. These were Colonel Orloff—the lover of the Countess Elvira Linwold—Dr. Mulek and Peter the student.

The Colonel had just whispered: "The time is ripe for our work. His Majesty will soon take his last drive through the Neva Prospekt," when George Nevski, the old theatrical costumer, appeared.

The old man greeted the three like old friends, and in reply to their question, "How prospers the cause?" he answered:

"Slow, slow; all too slow, but my hands are full."

"How so?" asked Colonel Orloff.

"My little house is full of friends in hiding," said George Nevski.

"Who are they?" was Peter the student's eager inquiry.

"That I cannot tell."

"What, not to friends?"

"No, Colonel, there is only one place to tell secrets, a knowledge of which is not immediately necessary to the safety of a brother. I shall be at the rendezvous to-night, and I promise all who attend a great surprise. The imperial ukase is very strong, but it is weak compared with the will and patience of a people resolved to be free."

Having said this, the old man grasped his stick more firmly, and hobbled out of sight.

The three nihilists adjourned to a wine cellar near by. All were educated men and they spoke in French, so as not to be understood by the rabble coming in and going out.

They paid no heed to a one-armed soldier, who occupied a table near them, while he smoked a black pipe and sipped a mug of smoking-hot rum.

"It is rumored," said Peter the student, addressing the Colonel, "that your cousin, Count Orloff, is to have General Paul's place. If that be so, we could get him out of the way, then all the fair estates of which he has despoiled you—by order of the Czar—would be yours, and with so much wealth the cause of liberty would flourish."

"Wait, Peter; wait. Should that rumor be true, before the week goes by there will be a dead Czar in the Winter Palace, and a vacancy in the office of the Chief of the Secret Force," whispered Colonel Orloff.

"Hist!" interrupted Dr. Mulek, "this is not the time nor place for that subject; let us change it. Who has heard of Ivan Berger?"

"Not I," said the Colonel, "though I am sure he is still in St. Petersburg."

The one-armed soldier took a sip of punch and refilled his black pipe.

"He is a devil if ever there was one, and his sister is an angel—even though she prefers the smiles and rubles of the handsome Count Orloff to the manly beauty and constant love of the accomplished Dr. Mulek," chuckled the owner of that name.

"I would wager a million rubles—if I had them," said Peter the student, "that a close watch kept on General Paul's hotel would result in the discovery of Ivan Berger. Wherever Lola Pulaski is, there Ivan Berger, if living, can be found."

"Yes, by those who have supernatural powers," said the Colonel. "I think George Nevski knows something of him. We shall see to-night. In the meantime, let us not lose sight of the fact that while Ivan Berger lives not one of our heads is safe."

Colonel Orloff settled the score for the wine they had been drinking, and the three men went out, leaving the crippled soldier still smoking his pipe.

"Ah," whispered Ivan to himself in French, as he saw the conspirators vanishing, "never were truer words than Madame Roland's spoken: 'Oh, Liberty, Liberty!' How many crimes are committed in thy name.'"

He paid his reckoning and went out, still smoking his pipe.

He plodded along the crowded streets, meeting many whom he knew, without being known to them; and in the security of his disguise he felt that he possessed something like a supernatural power.

He was now virtually in the employ of General Paul and Count Linwold, his identity known to the former; yet the police were searching for him, there was a price on his head, and he did not even dare to visit the mother and sister for a sight of whom his generous heart so much yearned.

He was not for an instant indifferent to the dangers of his anomalous position. He knew that it was not prudent to go near the house where his mother and sister lived, but prudence never was the companion of desire, so he went on.

He reached the vicinity of the cheerless old tenement, and he was not surprised to see a number of armed police pacing back and forth before it.

They were watching for him.

As he stood looking up at the house a policeman pushed him rudely, calling out:

"Move from the path, old fellow, and make room for the ladies."

Ivan moved to one side, then turned to find himself face to face with his mother and Elizabeth.

He bit his lip to restrain his impulse, as he saw his loved ones entering the house, escorted by two armed men, like common prisoners.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER ORDER FROM THE CZAR.

But a few short weeks before this there was no man whose position was more to be envied than General Paul's.

He was a prince of the empire. He was young, handsome and wealthy. His name, as a conspicuous hero in the late war with Turkey, was on every lip, and he was an especial favorite of his Majesty the Czar. But there is—there can be—no permanency to honor under the rule of a tyrant.

The General did not care for the loss of his unengaging office; if he had had a choice in the matter he would not have accepted it, but he was profoundly troubled by the almost violent anger of the Czar.

He well knew why he had been subjected to the last humility, and that his only hope for a return of the imperial favor lay in his complete surrender and obedience to the will of his master.

He must wed the Countess Linwold or lose his vast estates; and he must help to hound from the empire the woman he so profoundly loved, and her father, whose life had been blasted through the brutal authority of his (General Paul's) father.

A less noble and a less resolute man would have debated long before deciding to brave the wrath of the Czar by being true to himself; but the General's decision was that of a man who has only one course before him.

After the Czar's departure General Paul left the great office, telling his subordinates that his authority was at an end, and then he went to his own private reception-room and threw himself into a chair, with a compression of the lips and brow that denoted unshakable resolve.

He remained absorbed in his thoughts for more than an hour, and he might have remained longer indifferent to his surroundings, had he not been aroused by a knock at the door.

It was opened, and a tall young man, dressed in the picturesque costume of a courier of the Czar, entered and saluted.

"Excellency," said the courier, as he drew a sealed letter from his pouch, "I bear you a communication from my imperial master."

Having delivered the paper, the courier turned like a machine, and strode out of the room.

General Paul opened the letter and read as follows:

To his excellency General Paul, Prince of Moskeva: Your Excellency—It having come to the knowledge of his Imperial Majesty that you are now harboring in your hotel one Count John Pulaski, a recently returned convict, and a woman calling herself "Lola Pulaski," who claims to be his daughter, you are hereby ordered to send them from under your roof, and to see that they at once take their departure from the empire. If within forty-eight hours said John and Lola Pulaski are found within the limits of the empire, they shall be arrested and at once sent, without further trial or hearing, to Eastern Siberia. By order of the Czar.

The General rubbed his eyes and read this paper over a second time, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses.

Then he sprang to his feet, dashed the paper on the floor and crushed it under his heel as if it had been the head of a venomous serpent.

"Oh, God!" he cried, in a paroxysm of anger and grief. "Can this cruel order come from the head of the empire, for which I risked my life on a score of battle-fields?

"Must I, to prove my loyalty to such a monster as this, and to hold the estates—which I value as nothing compared with my own manhood—must I become a blood-hound, to hunt down the brave man whom my father so cruelly wronged and outraged? Aye, more than that; must I take the alternative of showing my loyalty to one who has proved himself a tyrant, by driving into exile the only being I ever have, ever can love?"

The General might have continued his soliloquy had not the door opened and Count Linwold stood before him.

"Pardon me, your excellency," said the Count, "but I knocked, and imagining I heard a reply, I entered."

"I have just received this communication from the Czar," said the General, picking the paper from the floor and handing it to his visitor. "You already know the contents and no doubt have come for my answer."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—Wilfred Laurier, leader of the Opposition in the Canadian Parliament, will arrive in Boston tomorrow, bringing with him 150 Montreal men of prominence.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Advices are received from Chili that the Junta, in an address, has restored command of affairs to Congress, specially urging upon that body the necessity of promptly organizing the army and navy.

BATAVIA, O., Nov. 16.—Black diphtheria is creating awful havoc in many parts of this and Warren Counties. The people are terror-stricken, and many are leaving their homes. At some points whole families have been wiped out.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The President has settled upon two new Interstate Commissioners. The two men who are supposed to be the lucky ones for the vacancies are Judge Dill of Iowa and ex-Assistant Secretary of State Potter of Tennessee.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16.—John P. Paul, who jumped his bail in Chicago, was arrested here last night. He acted in a peculiar manner and a committee of police surgeons who examined him, pronounced him insane. He was committed to the county hospital.

WOODBURY, N. J., Nov. 12.—The wife of Frank Van Horn, of this place, has eloped with a former lover, Frank Howard of Philadelphia, who is a married man. She left her husband, telling him that she would never return. She is 23 years old and very pretty, and has been stage struck for a long time.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 12.—The annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce was held last evening. A large number of distinguished gentlemen were present, among them being Senators Platt and Hawley, Lieut.-Commander Soley, U. S. N., Lieut. Farnsworth, U. S. N., and ex-Gov. Waller.

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 12.—Joseph Hook, 72 years old, who, when a boarder in the house of David Riddle, a little over a month ago, broke in the bedroom of Maggie Riddle and Lizzie Ryder and attempted to assault them, but was frightened away by their screams, has been declared insane.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—Captain Cooke has received the following telegram from Pugilist Jackson, who is in San Francisco: "I accept the offer of a $10,000 purse for a meeting at the National Club, London, with Frank Slavin, if I am allowed expenses, and I will fight about April."

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 16.—While Jack Glasscock, the shortstop of last season's New York team, was excavating for the foundation of a new residence at North Front and Maryland streets, he unearthed an old oyster can containing $2,000 in gold and silver coin and moldy greenbacks.

Conductor Sold for $40,000.

FRANKLIN, Pa., Nov. 16.—Miller & Sibley, proprietors of Prospect Hill Stock Farm, sold to Charles and Franklin Ridgely of Springfield, Ill., their great Electioneer colt Conductor for $35,000 cash and ten reserved services. As the horse will command a stud fee of $500, the price paid for him is equivalent to $40,000.

Paying the Sugar Bounty Slowly.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 16.—The work of paying the sugar bounty on sugar produced in Louisiana is going on slowly, only $183,550 having been provided for thus far. Of this $32,723 goes to one planter, Leon Godchaux. Some of the sugar manufactured by the old fashioned open kettle system is found to fall below the 80 per cent. limit, and will, therefore, receive no bounty.

The Coal Famine Spreading.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 16.—A Chicago dispatch says the coal famine caused by the strikes in the coal fields is assuming a serious aspect for lake steamers. There is not a pound of coal to be had at Michigan City or Chicago, and the supply here is so limited that steamers have been held twenty-four hours waiting for fuel. The famine is spreading among the railroads.

DR. M'GLYNN'S REPLY.

He Refers to the Pope's Letter and Creates a Sensation.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Dr. Edward McGlynn addressed a large audience at Cooper Union last night on the admissions made by the Pope in his recent letter on the condition of labor, and in conclusion, made the following remarks, which created a sensation among his hearers:

"I intended on next Sunday to talk about the remedies proposed by the Pope. But something serious has happened during the week. The newspapers, by aid of the press associations and on the authority of the Archbishop of the Diocese of New York and what he has alleged to have received in a letter from the Propaganda, have made me the subject of a great deal of attention. I am not sorry, however, that the matter has again been precipitated. I shall come prepared on Sunday next to say what I have to say.

"I am the 'unfrocked priest' and on certain conditions can get my frock back. I still have my frock, so that is not true. I use it as a dressing gown at home. It is my own and I paid for it, and if an attempt was made to take it away from me I could say, I defy you under the American flag.

"It if bad theology to call me an ex-priest. According to strict theology I am to be a priest for all eternity, whether in heaven or in hell. If I were called to Rome I could wear my old frock or buy a new one and no one could say me nay. But I will not anticipate. I will come next week with the retraction I am prepared to make."

With these defiant words the excommunicated priest bade his hearers good night amid deafening applause.

THE EPISCOPAL CONGRESS.

To Open To-Morrow in Washington—Senator Edmunds to Preside.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Another religious convention similar in its purposes to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference held in Washington last month, is to meet here this week. It is the fourteenth Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and it will bring together churchmen from all over the country to discuss the live topics of the day. The first of these Congresses was held fifteen years ago.

While the Congress has no legislative power its discussions will be interesting as showing the trend of thought in the Episcopal Church on several secular and religious subjects. No delegates are elected to the Congress, all churchmen who desire to attend being welcome. The management of the Church Congress has been in the hands of an executive committee whose members fill all vacancies occurring in their ranks. This committee, which is thus a close corporation, makes all the selections of essayists and speakers at the sessions of the Congress.

The Congress will be in session four days, beginning to-morrow. Senator George F. Edmunds will preside, assisted by Bishop T. U. Dudley of Kentucky and Gen. J. R. Anderson. The first service is to be at 10:30 o'clock at the Church of the Epiphany, when holy communion is to be administered by Bishop Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts. The first session will be at three o'clock. The first session will be opened immediately after the service by Senator Edmunds, the President. The regular sessions are to be held in "National Rifles" Hall.

BARD'S BODY FOUND.

Reading's Missing Lawyer Drowned Himself in the Schuylkill River.

READING, Pa., Nov. 16.—The remains of William P. Bard, the well-known lawyer who disappeared from his home ten days ago, were found drowned in the Schuylkill river in the lower part of the city yesterday. It was generally supposed that he had gone west, as he had not been seen since the evening of Nov. 1. On that morning he left home as usual and went to market. Then he disappeared, and no trace of him was discovered until yesterday.

It is now ascertained that Mr. Bard was deeply involved in financial complications and was short of cash belonging to others to the amount of from $30,000 to $40,000. Many of his friends believe that his business troubles unsettled his mind. Mr. Bard and his family stood socially very high. He was 52 years of age.

He was manager of the American Plumbago Works at Byers Station, collecting agent of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, and collector of rents for several large estates here. The plumbago works have suspended operations.

MURDERER ALMY'S TRIAL.

He Will Probably be Taken to Plymouth, N. H., This Evening.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 16.—The counsel of Murderer Almy, Hon. A. Burleigh, says he does not know when Almy will be brought here, as the matter rested entirely with High Sheriff Brigham. He added that the defense would produce several witnesses at the trial, but refused to say how many.

Deputy Sheriff McCoy is of the opinion that Almy will arrive here shortly after five this afternoon and be taken to the court house, where he will remain during the trial. Everything is practically in readiness for the trial.

Accidentally Shot His Mother.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—Thomas Reeves, an Englishman who recently arrived at Liverpool from New Orleans, brought home with him a revolver. When his mother and other relatives called to see him, Reeves displayed the revolver as an American curiosity. The mother unfortunately inspected the weapon too closely, and it exploded, injuring her fatally. Reeves is wild with grief.

Dom Pedro Ready to Return.

PARIS, Nov. 16.—The newspapers here say that Brazil has been officially notified that the Ex-emperor Dom Pedro has made a statement that he is ready to return to Brazil, having seen with profound grief the tendencies of the country to dismemberment, if the nation wishes him to return, and desires his presence among them.

CLOUDS IN THE WAY

Scientists Had Hard Work on the Lunar Eclipse.

NEW YORKERS DISAPPOINTED.

Observations Made With Satisfactory Results at Amherst College.

Curious and Unexplained Phenomena Seen at Princeton—Occultations of Ten Small Stars Secured at Allegheny—Rochester Caught Only a Glimpse—Eclipse Parties Along the Hudson River Disappointed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Great disappointment was expressed in this part of the country last night at the almost total failure of the elaborate arrangements made to observe the total lunar eclipse. The clouds stretching over portions of the section were impenetrable. Prof. Boss only caught a few glimpses of the first contact at Albany. But, as our despatches show, the conditions were much more favorable in New England. Professor Todd made observations with very satisfactory results at Amherst College, where the sky was cloudless until the moon began to emerge from the shadow.

PROF. YOUNG'S WORK.

Curious and Unexplained Phenomena Seen at Princeton.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 16.—During the total eclipse of the moon, Prof. Young, the well-known Princeton astronomer, had planned to make a series of careful observations of the occultations of the smaller stars by the moon. These occultations, or, as they might be called, eclipses of the stars by the moon, furnish the most accurate data obtainable for calculating the position and diameter of the moon, and the sets of observations taken simultaneously in widely different sections, as in Europe and America, give the best means of accurately determining the earth's distance from the moon.

These occulations are rarely visible even with a telescope except in the time of an eclipse, and last evening, if the air had been clear, thirty-four would have been observable in the great twenty-three-inch refractor of Princeton, owing to the numerous light clouds, none of them could be observed, and so this part of the work could not be done, but during the periods when the moon's face was visible through the clouds a very curious and as yet unexplained phenomenon was observed, namely, that the Eastern part of the great satellite's face was exceedingly darker than the

gatherings, termed "eclipse parties," were held in Rockland county last night to witness the eclipse of the moon. All had astronomical instruments and charts, and some were stationed on the high mountains. The spectacle proved a failure on account of the heavy clouds and hundreds of people along the Hudson River were disappointed.

Only a Glimpse at Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 16.—The sky was densely clouded during the entire evening, with rain at a quarter past eight o'clock. Not a single phase of the total lunar eclipse was visible from the Warren Observatory save a momentary glimpse after the fourth contact.

A Good View in Boston.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—The sky here, last evening was cloudless and thousands of persons had a good view of the eclipse of the moon.

Big Railroad Strike Threatened.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 16.—A strike is threatened on the entire South Pacific system, from New Orleans to San Francisco. The trainmen are still making efforts to have the engineers and firemen join in some demand, so that should a strike be ordered, the entire system would be tied up. The men demand a material increase in pay. First their petitions were presented to the division superintendents, who refused to accede to their demands. They appealed to General Superintendent Van Vleek and he declined to accede. This afternoon the committee will have a conference with General Manager Kruttschnitt. If he refuses their demands they will either appeal to C. P. Huntingdon or order a general strike.

The Drexel—Irick Wedding.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 16.—All the invitations to attend the wedding of George W. Childs Drexel and Miss Mary Irick have been recalled. The wedding will take place in Vincentown this week, but instead of being an elaborate and brilliant affair will be witnessed only by relatives of the couple. The ceremony was to have occurred last Thursday, but the illness of Miss Irick caused it to be postponed.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16—The annual report of Internal Revenue Commissioner Mason for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891, has been made public. The report shows that the actual receipts of the Bureau for the year were $146,035,413. The Commissioner estimates the receipts for the current fiscal year at $150,000,000.

Wonderful Gold Mine.

One of the wonders of Australia, and one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, is the Mount Morgan gold mine in Queensland. The precious metal contained in this mine, which has paid a dividend of not less than $6,000,000 in a year, was deposited by a hot spring.

Mount Morgan is a hill about 500 feet high, containing at its top a cup-shaped deposit made by the hot spring which once gushed out there, and in this deposit the gold exists. Truly a cup of Crosus! Through untold ages the waters dropped their glittering burden, and now man comes and extracts the hoarded metal to add to the wealth of the world.

Specimens of the ore from this strange mine have recently been sent to the United States, than they might be compared with the deposits of the great hot springs in our own Yellowstone Park. It was but natural to suppose that the Yellowstone springs had also a golden treasure in their cups, but the most careful search by geologists has thus far failed to detect any trace of it.

Beaten Only by Methuselah.

Henry Jenkins, of Bolton, Lancashire, England, lived to be 169 years old. Mrs. Anna Saville, a writer of Jenkins' time, has the following in her account of him: "I questioned him about his age. He said he was 162 or 163. I asked him what public event he could longest remember. He said the battle of Flodden Field, when Henry VIII. was King. He said he was then between 10 and 12 years of age, and was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but that a bigger boy was sent to the army with him." All this agrees with the history of that time, bows and arrows being then in use. The battle of Flodden Field was fought Sept. 9, 1513, and Henry Jenkins was then a boy between 10 and 12 years of age, died Dec. 9, 1669, so that he must have lived at least 169 years, sixteen year longer than old Parr, who was born in Shropshire in 1483, and died in 1635. If this account of the age of Jenkins is reliable, he lived longer than any other man in the known world, except Methuselah, concerning whose age there has been much dispute.

Lightning Calculator.

The earth is gradually growing larger from the fall of meteoric matter. An astronomer estimates that the globe is annually being pelted with 143,000,000 projectiles.

Catarrh

Hood's Sarsaparilla, Being a Constitutional Remedy, Readily Reaches and Cures it.

"A sense of gratitude and a desire to benefit those afflicted, prompts me to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have catarrh. For many years I was troubled with catarrh and indigestion and general debility. I got so low I could not get around the house. I tried about everything I saw recommended for catarrh, but failing in every instance of being relieved, I became

Very Much Discouraged.

At last I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and began to get relief. I have now used, within two years, ten or twelve bottles and I feel better than I have for years. I attribute my improvement wholly to the use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

MRS. CHAS. RHINE, Corner York and Pleasant Streets, Hanover, Penn."

Hood's Pills—For the liver and bowels, set easily yet promptly and efficiently. Price 25c.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIANS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY!

COMFORT. ELASTIC TRUSS. Holds the worst rupture with ease under all circumstances. Perfect COMFORT, CURE. Now Patented improvements. Illustrated Catalogue and rules for self-measurement sent free on request. W. D. ROSS, M.D., 744 Broadway, N.Y. City. Pat. July 8, 1890.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY!

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, save your dollars by wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. They meet the wants of all classes, and are the most economical footwear ever offered for the money. Beware of dealers who offer other makes, as being just as good, and be sure you have W. L. Douglas Shoes, with name and price stamped on bottom. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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