Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1893

A table showing the monetary system of the world has been prepared by Director of the United States Mint Preston. The statistics show that the aggregate stock of gold is \$3,582,605,-000; ailver, \$4,042,700,000, and uncovered paper, \$2,635,873,000.

It is stated by the Chicago Herald that an American house has concluded acontract for 2,500,000 tons of Japanese coal, to be delivered at San Francisco in the course of the next ten years. Hitherto the coal imported at San Francisco has been principally Aus-

The American Farmer admits that "the New Zealanders are more progressive than we are. They have passed a law giving women, married or single, all the rights and privileges of citizenship. Every woman in New Zealand is now as good as any other man, and better if she behaves her-

Key-winding watches have been so thoroughly out of date for nearly ten years past that it is now difficult to sell them for a tenth of their original cost, no matter how well made they be. Watch dealers will allow for them in exchange a little more than the value of the gold or silver in the case, not with the idea of selling the works, but rather to keep them on hand for lending to customers while their own watches are mending.

In his annual report Brigadier-General Carlin, commanding the Department of the Columbia, says that the experiment of making the Indian a soldier is a decided failure so far as his experience goes, and he has recommended the discharge of the few Indian coldiers now in his department, less than a company. General Carlin reports that there has been a decided increase in desertions during the past year, due, in a great measure, to the unpopularity of the ten year service law, and he recommends the repeal of that law. He also recommends that the small posts in his department be abandoned and the troops concentrated at a general post at the principal railroad center.

The effect of a newspaper paragraph may be far-reaching in its legal consequences sometimes — especially in M. Cornet, overseer at the West of France Engine Works, was severely attacked in the columns of a railroad newspaper L'Echo des Chemist de Fer (Enlish, "The Railway Echo"). He took these criticisms so much to heart that he committed suicide, leaving a widow and child. The said widow brought suit for damages against L'Echo, holding that her husband's death was the direct result of the criticisms in that paper, and the court, concurring in that view, awarded the full amount claimed, ten thousand dollars, and condemned the news-paper in the entire costs of the action.

The varieties of sleigh bells this sea son will be larger than ever, announces the Chicago Herald, and manufacturers will cater more to luxurious tastes. As one can now pay \$50 or more for s whip, so can he give \$40 for a body strap of bells. For that he can get a strap covered with Alaska sealskin, with sixty silver, brass, gold or nickel bells, the metal not being, of course, so precious as the names indicate. Somewhat cheaper straps are made of beaver or mink, wool seal, kangaroo, ooze calf or Porsian lamb. Or if the pleasure-seeker wishes, he can imitate the tastes of the Russian, the Laplander or the Tartar. In foxtail plumes he can find the upfight, the drooping and the hanging plumes, or some elegant horse hair plumes, for \$30 per pair.

Manan Discouraged.

Manan Nov. 13.—The sheik in command of the besieging forces at Mellila was killed by a shell from the Spanish Conde de Venadito on Nov. 6. The Riffians are reported to be discouraged. Several thousand of them are thought to have withdrawn.

Chance for Women.

Lordon, Nov. 13. — Mr. Gladstone writes to the womap's emancipation union that a cause will be introduced in the parish council bill giving the right to women to vote for and be elected as parish councillors.

LITTLE HATE-A SONG. BY J. B. SALISBURY.

It was down by the hedge row that little Kate wandered. wandered. Little Kate, Little Kate, Full many strange things in her wise head she pondered.

pondered, Little Kate, Little Kate.
There was joy in her voice, there was mirth in

And his eye, sundry disnoss around her so shy
That he herds south her secret, and twittered
and herds south her secret, and twittered
"He is coming, dear Kato—why are your cheeks
mariled,
Little Kate, Pretty Kate?"

Her heart was as light as a bird when winging. winging,
Little Kate, Pretty Kate,
And she sang a sweet lay—twas restint
singing,
Little Kate, Pretty Kate,

singing, Little Kate, Pretty Kate.
"My Harry is conding, my sailor, to-day.
For his ship lies at anchor over there on the bay:
Soon his strong honest heart will best firmly For his ship nee as a second his atrong honest heart win to gainst nine—

He's my king, I'm his kingdom, and love is the wine—

I am Kate, Little Kate.

But her Harry returned not—neath the gree, beas he's sleeping, Little Kate, Little Kate, While the elves and the fairfes above him ar weeping,

weeping, Little Kate, Pretty Kate.

Alone she still wanders by the hedge-row and thorn, And sighs: "He is coming, it may be at morn; He will ask the kind queen of the fairles to

bring, To bring him to Lathmoor to hear Kitty eing, Little Kate, Lonely Kate, BARKE CHAPPER, N. Y. The Piccadilly Puzzle.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

By F. W. HUME

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

A JUVENILE DETECTIVE.

Flip was a small, dried-up looking boy, born and brought up in a London slum. He had no parents—a tienst, none that he could remember—and had he been asked how he came into existence he would probably have answered, Topsy-like, that he "growed." His mother and father had both deserted him at an early seg, giving him nothing to remember them by, not even a name, so he was thrown on the world a squalling brat. Nevertheless, he managed to get along somehow to the sga of fifteen, at which period of his life Dowker chanced on him and his prospects began to improve.

Dowker chanced on him and his prospects began to improve.

Dowker underneath his drub exterior concealed a kind heart, and, having met Flip one night in the rain, had taken compassion on the miserable morsel of humanity and given him a cup of coffee to warm him and a roll of bread to satisfy his hunger. Flip was so touched at this disinterested kindness that he attached himself with doz-like fidelity to the detective and tried to serve him to the best of his small ability.

disinterested kindness that he attached himself with doz-like fidelity to the detective and tried to serve him to the best of his small ability.

Having had to fight his way in the world, Flip had developed a wonderful sharpness of intellect at a very early age, and Dowker turned this hunger-educated instinct to good account, for he often set the little trehin to follow cabs, run messages, and do other small matters which he required. Flip performed all these duties so well and promptly that Dowker began to take an interest in him, and set to work to cultivate this stunted flower which had sprung up amid the evil weeds of the slums. He had a meeting place appointed with Flip in Drury Lene, and whenever he wanted him went there to seek him out. Flip listened to his patron's instructions cirefully, and, having a wonderfully tenacious memory of an uncivilized kind, he never forgot what he was told. In return for services rendered, Dowker gave him a shilling a week, and on this small sum Hip managed to exist, with occasional help from casual passers-by. Every one in London knows Drury lane, that quaint, dirty narrow street leading to the Strand.

Flip was sitting considering at the edge of the parament, with his feet, for sake of cooness, in the gutter, and his eyes fixed on three dirty pennies lying in his own dirty drown palm.

"Wor's hup, guy'ner?" he saked, with Sleer. Flip's leer was not pleasant—thad such an unholy appearance. More larks—my h'eye, I thout I'd new twig you agin. 'Are you bin h'over the gardin-wall strea prig?"

"Hold your tongne," said Dowker, sharply. "I want you to do something for me—are you hungry?"

"Not much, "said Flip, coolly, "but I don't mind a 'am san'wich."

Dowker cast a sharp glance at the ragged little figure walking beside him: "Where have you been getting money!" he saked.

he asked.

"My h'eye, it's a rigler game." said
Flip, rubbing his grimy hands together,
as they turned into a ham and beef
shop, "I'll tell yer all—am I'll 'ave, an

"Yes, that east it so I goes the sufficient of the area as well cover comes in—lor, what a swell cover comes in—lor, what a will be gun when they first met.

The straid so, he replied Down in the swell store in the swell cover comes in—lor, what a dirty newspaper, out in drinking in every word the lovers ut drinking in every word the lovers ut the set word when they first met.

The straid so, he replied Down in the swell store in the swell store in the swell store in the swell store in the lovers ut when they first met.

"I'm straid so, he replied Down in the swell store in the swell cover comes in—lor, what a swell cover continuing a conversation begun when they first met.

The straid so, he replied Down in the swell store in th

ses I. 'Ungry?' 'Not much,' ses I.
'Ere's some tin for you, you pore little
devil,' an' im blessed if 'e didn't tip me a
sov, so I've been livin' like a dook on it
since I sawr you—nice game, sin't it,
During 'ble

guvnor?"
During this recital Dowker had not paid much attention till Flip spoke of the yacht, then he suddedly pricked up his ears, for it dawned on him that this unknown benefactor of Flip's might possibly be Lord Calliston.
"Monday night he was going eat of town." murmured Dowker, but he was

stopped for this man and rebers he met Laty Balscombe. Ah, well, it's nothing to do with the murder at all events; but I'd like to know if he really did leave town on the night."

Then he torned to Flip.

"Did the swell see Jem Mux?" he asked

"But he sweit see Starply.

"Rather," said Flip, an' Jem 'e called im my lord, so 'e must ave been a bloom-in' blindin' toff."

"My lord," repeated Dowker thoughtfully. "Oh! no doubt it was Lord Cally."

"Oh! no doubt it was Lord Cally."

"My lord," repeated nower trades and fully. "Oh! no doubt it was Lord Calliston. I wonder if he's had anything to do with the death of his mistress; it's curious if he stopped in town all n ght that he didn't go back to his chambers. About what time was this?" he asked,

ua. About nine," said Frip, promptly, "or

aloud.
"About aine," said Fiip, promptly, "or harf-near.
"And" ethoed Dowker; "then in that case he must have stayed in town all night, as the last train to Shoreham is about half-past. I'll look into this business, but meantime I want to find out Desmond's little game."
Flip had now finished his meal, and was waiting impatiently for instructions from his chief.
"Wot's h'up, guy'nor?" he asked, his black beady eyes fixed on the detective. Dowker glanced at his watch.
"It's about 2," he said, replacing it, and I want you to meet me at the Marbie Arch about a quarter to 3."
"Wot for?"
"To follow a lady and gentleman and overhear what they say, said Dowker; "I'll show you whom I mean. Don't lose a word of their conversation and then repeat it all to me."
"I'm fiv," said Flip, with a wink, and

a word of their conversation and then le-peat it all to me."
"I'm fly," said Flip, with a wink, and then this curiously sasorted pair depart-ed, Dowker to his office for a few min-ntes, and Flip to wend his way to the rendezvous at Marble Arch.

CHAPTER VIIL THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

CHAPTER VIII.

May Penfold was a very pretty girl, tall and fair-haired, with a pair of merry bine eyes, and a charming complexion. Her parents died when she was young, and left her to the care of Sir Rupert Balscombe, who certainly fulfilled his trust admirably. He had her well educated, both intellectually and physically, so when she made her debut in London society she was much admirable. An accomplished musician and linguist, a daring horse woman, and a kindly disposition, it was no wonder that she was much sought after, but when added to these gifts it was also discovered that she possessed twenty thousand a year in her own right, the became the catch of the season, and many were the attemps made by hard-up selons of noble houses to secure her hand in marriage.

But alas, for the contrary disposition of womankind, she would have none of the gilded youth, but fixed her affectious on Myles Desmond, a poor Irish gentleman, with nothing to recommend him but a handsome face, a clever brain, and a witry tongue. In vain Lord Calliston asked her to be nis wife; she coolly refused him, telling the astonished nobleman that neither his morals nor his manners were to ber liking, and informed Sir Rupert that she intended to marry Myles Desmond.

The baronet was furious at this declaration, and as May was under see and

ners were to her liking, and informed Sir Rupert th it she intended to marry Myles Desmond.

The baronet was furious at this declaration, and as May was under age and could not marry without her guardian's consent, he forbid Myles the house, and ordered his ward not to speak to him. But see how the duplicity of love can circumvent the watchfulness of guardians. May and Myles met secretly in the park, at garden parties, and at balls, whenever they chose, and so cleverly did they manage their meetings that Sir Rupert never for a moment suspected the truth. He wanted his ward to marry Calliston, but when that fickle young man ran off with Lady Balscombe he changed his tune altogether, and had May been eleverenough to have taken advaptage of his dismay, he would doubtless have consented to her union with Myles, despite the disadvantages of the match.

At this time of the year there were comparatively few poople in town who knew her, nevertheless, for the sake of safety, she dressed herself plainly in a dark dress and wore a thick veil which concealed her face. Thus disguised she had no fear of being recognized, and arrived at the reindezvous about five ninutes past three clock. There she found Myles waiting for her, and they walked together into the park, feeling perfectly secure from interruption or detection. But they did not know that they were being shadowed by a small ragged boy who was apparently playing idly about them.

them.

Dowker, recognizing Myles, pointed him out to Flip and departed at once, lest, he should be seen by Desmond; so when Flip saw May join the young Irishman, he knes it was the ecuple whose conver-ation he was there to overlear, and followed them promptly.

Myles and Miss Penfold walked a short distance into the nark and then seated

Being supplied with these luxuries at the expense of Dowker, Flip stuffed him Takes it was the expense of Dowker, Flip stuffed him Takes it was the ecople whose conversation mouth with a liberal portion, and then began to talk.

"Larst Monday," he began.
"Ha," said Dowker, suddenly recollecting the date of the murder, "yesterday?"
No, the Monday afore, "said Flip," it were at nite, h'awful foggy, my heye, a righer corker it were. I was as 'ungry as a bloomin' tike an' couldn't find you nohow, so h'up I goes to Soho to see h'old am Mux, you knows 'im ganner, the

how, so h'up I goes to Sobo to see h'old spicuous.

Jem Mux, you knows 'im guvon; the 'Flip sat down on the grass at the back cove as keeps the 'Pink 'Un."

"Yes, the sporting pub, "replied Dow-ker."

ker.

"Same game," said Flip, "e gives me 'Same game, gam

"In there any reason -strong reason?"

'is that reason—a woman?" Myles bowed his head.

"Yes."
"Is that reason—a woman?"
Myles bowed his head.
Mis Penfold grew a shade paler and laughed bitterly.
"A pleasant reason to give me," she said, with a sneer. "I have given up all clee for your sake, because I thought you loved me, and you—you—talk of another woman to me.
"This is nonsense," he answered, impatiently. "There is no love in the case; it simply involves the breaking of a promise given to a woman, and you would be the last to ask me to do that. Can you not believe in my honor?"
May looked at him doubtfully.
"Can I believe in any man's honor?" she replied, saily.
"That depends who the man is," answered Myles quietly. "It is simply a case of Lovelace over again:
Leved I not home more,
It is absurd—quivotie—ridiculous—to

Loved I not hoor more,

Loved I not hoor more,

It is absurd — quivotic — ridiculous — to
talk about honor in these days, I grant
you, but unfortunately I inherit loyal
blood, and—well, 2 must ask you to trust
me till I can speak."

"And you will speak?"

"Yes, if it comes to the worst," he replied, with a slight thiver.

The girl gave him her hand, which b
took and pressel slightly, so thus mutely

"Yes, if it comes to the worst," he replied, with a slight shiver.
The girl gave him her hand, which be took and pressel slightly, so thus mutely they made up their quarrel.
"All the fore olde conversation about honor was Greek to Flip, who, after some outgetation, came to the conclusion it was a scene out of the play. But now they began to tark on a subject more suited to his comprehension.

s comprehension.
"May," said Myles, "I want you to tell
e all that Lady Balscombe did on—on hat night."
"The night when she eloped?"

that night.

The night when she eloped?"

"Yes."

"Let me see," said May, knitting her pretty brows, "we went to a ball—to Lady Kerstoke s.

"At what time?"

"Between nine and ten."

"And what time did von leave?"

"Very early—about half past ten; in fact, we were there only a few moments. Lady Belscombe said she had u headache and went home. You know our house it only a few doors away. I expect she only went there to avert suspicion as to her elopement."

"What happened when she came home?"

"There was a woman waiting to see her

"There was a woman waiting to see her in her bouddir."
"A woman?" repeated Desmond; "who was she?"

was she?"
"I don't know; I didn't even see her.
She saw Lady Balscombe and then left
the house between eleven and twelve."
"How do you know?"
"My maid told me."
"And what time did Lady Balscombe

I don't know. I did not see her again t night. She went to led because of Then user. The that night. She went to led because of her headache, and, I suppose, departed early in the morning to eatch the train to Shoreham."

Shareham."
"Where was Sir Rupert all this time?"
"He had been down in Berkshire, but arrived some time before 12 he and Lady Balascombe had quarreled lately, and occupied different rooms. Besides, he went off to his club on arriving in town, so he could not know of her flight fill the morning."

till the morning."
"Did she leave a letter for him?"
"I suppose so; but why do you a
these questions?" "Did she leave a letter for him?"
I suppose so; but why do you ask all these questions?"
"Because I want to save my neck, if possible. The woman who was murdered is said to be Lene Sarschine, whom I saw during the day. I saw a woman in Calliston's rooms on the same night, whom the detective thinks was the same person. Now, between the time I left the chambers and the timeI met Spencer Ellersby I was wandering about the streets and, as I spoke to no one, I cannot prove an alibi. Ellersby met me coming up St. James street, and the scene of the crime was not far off, so, if I am arrested, circumstances will tell very hard against me. Nobodly will believe my assertion that I did not see the dead wom in that tight, and I cannot prove it, without breaking my promise."

and I cannot prove it without breaking my promise."

"I see what you mean, but what has Lady Balscombe to do with it?"

"Simply this: I am auxious to find out if Calliston really left nown on that night, because I want to know if he had anything to do with the death of his mistress. He left his chamber to eatch the ten-minutes-past-9 train from Loddon bridge; but did he catch it? I think not, because he would not have left town without Lady Balscombe, and, from your own showing, she did not leave her house till early on Tuesday morning. So I think Calliston must have remained in town at some hotel, where she joined him, and they went down to Shoreham by the first train in the morning."

this woman?"
"No. I don't think so," he answered, thoughtfully. "I really don't think so, but I would like to have all his movements on that night accounted for. As for myself, I am in a very awkward position, for, if arrested, I cannot extricate myself from it fill Calliston returns." turns."
"Why?"

turns."
"Why?"
"Because, till his yacht comes back, I cannot prove my innocence."
"But you are innocent?"
"How can you doubt me?"
"I was certain of it."
"I hope the first of weive good and lawful men will be 's certain," he replied, grimly, as he walked away.
Flip followed them at a distance, but only caught scraps of conversation which seemed to him to be about trivial matters. So, with all the conversation he had heard in the Park indelibly inscribed on his brain, Flip darted away to give his patron an accurate report, and thus add another link to the chain which was gradually excircing the murderer of Lena Sarschine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Famous Jesuit College Burned.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 9.—The famous Jesuit college in Mons was destroyed by fire yesterday, together with the splendid libraries and halls. The fire is known to have been incendiary.

Storm Damage at Norfolk,

Nonrolla Va., Nov. 0. A severe wind and rain sterm did considerable damage in this vicinity yesterday. No wrecks have been reported.

People Who Bus to Fi

A surprising fact was brought to light at a small East side fire's few rights ago. The flames broke out in a testor's abog and after a half hour's bettle they were extinguished. While the firemen were picking up the hose it was noticed the besides the usual number of interested neighbors, these was a good sized crowd of people present. The firemen were followed to the fire by the cravitis who rush after them for no other reason in the world than to satisfy their curiosity, and the usual gang of small boys.

Others who join in the run sometimes are the "tenement looters" or thieves, for whom a fire in a respectable house or a retail store offers the most excellent that he desan't know what he is about, so this class of thieves has very little trouble in rushing into the building and carrying off whatever seems the most valuable to them, under the pretense that they are helping the man to remove his goods. If the fire is dangerous, the reserves from the nearest police station are ordered at once to the acene.

Next comes the newspaper reporters and the insurance adjusters. If there are any peculiar ciocumstances connected with the origin of the blaze the fire marshal is sent for. Then there are the junkmen who hurry to the scene as soon as they think it safe. They awoop down upon the smouldering ruins with their crooked iron hooks and rake over the debris again and again in search of spoil. If a policeman sees them at work he chases them away.

bris again and again in search of spoil.

If a policeman sees them at work he

bris again and again in search or spoil, if a policeman sees them at work he chases them away.

The last man who runs to a fire is the chap who deals in old brick and mortar, He comes at his leisure and looks over the remains of the building, then sees the owner and bids for the ruins as they stand.—[New York Mail and Express.

Genius and Training.

The training of men for work which requires the highest possible nicety of hand is not really training. It is far more the selection, by experiment, of men born with the true touch. For example, we doubt whether the very greatest surgeons—the men whose success depends upon their ability to make sharp steel as sensitive as a finger-tip-perform their hundredth operation better than their fist. They have more confidence, no doubt, but the sleight-of-hand is unborn. Nobody can train a medical student into a great oculist. It is only the ordinary man of whom it can be said that practice makes perfect. The man with the special gift is born perfect. But genius is only the mental side of this gift, apart, and if the people whose business is with mind were as honest and as unsophisticated as those who deal with horseracing or brick-laying, we should not hear anything more about genius being merely the capacity for hard work. To say that the bricklayer with the "kanek" is only a bricklayer who takes pains, would be a patent absurdity. It is not less an absurdity, though a less obseins one, to say that a man with a genius for style and literary form is only a man who knows how to take pains, but no amount of taking pains will give him the genius of verse.—London Speak. The training of men for work which

Last week Miss Nellie Bullard, of Waycross, Ga., was dumb. To-day she talks fluently. The cause of her being speechless was cleft palaie, a misfortune from birth. Her voice is clear and her words are uttered distinctly. This change has been wrought by means of an artificial palate obturator made of vulcanite and rubber. It was made by a dentist of that city. Formerly Miss Bullard experienced great difficulty in swallowing. The dentist learned of her misfortune, and after making an examination decided to try an experiment. ation decided to try an experiment. For several weeks he has worked on the For several weeks he has worked on the artificial palate obturator. Last week it was completed. Miss Bullard came on a visit to her relative, Colonel R. C. Cannon, and she was presented with the palate obturator as a free gift. It was adjusted in her mouth, and for the first time in her life she uttered a word. Like a little child, she began to talk from the simplest words in common use until to-day she converses freely with her friends. Miss Bullard is seventeen years of age, and is pretty.

Queer Lakes In Oklahoma.

One of the curious features of the late unprecedented rise in the South Canadian River in Oklahoma is the formation of numerous lakes along the bettoms of that stream. The sand has blown out of the hed of the river in times past until a high embankment is formed along the shores of the river, and behind this bank are left the lakes upon the subsidence of the stream. They give every indication of permanency, and some of them are many square miles in extent. The loss of valuable farm lands is very great.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One of the curious features of the late farm lands is v Globe Democrat.

Supernatural Antidotes

Most ancient kings and noblemen relied—to some extent, at least—on supernatural and magical means to protect
themselves against poison. One kept a
poscock always near him, because thatbird ruffled up its feathers when any
kind of poison was brought near; another had a cup and plate set with
opals, because this gem was supposed to
turn pale when touched with poison; another a rhinocerous horn, which caused
poisonous liquors to effervesco. Osewore a ring as a charm, another a braces wore a ring as a charm, unother a brace-let, a third an amulet.—[San Francisco. let, a third a

"I gave Robbins a cigar out of this bex a few days ago."
"Has he got even with you yet!"

"Chilvion and Ital

"Obliviou and Its Defeats" is a co-day. There is an old monster own down everything. It orm dushe families, communities, et one, continents, hemispheres, while is made up of years, of exces, of cycles, of millenniums. That monster is called by Noah will the other dictionarians oblivious treen down which everything rolls conflagration in which everything the dictionarians oblivious tremed. It is a direct in which all

emoilsh it.

Why, just look at the way the sarth disappear. For awhile he sarth disappear. For awhile teacher, inseparable and to each bensable, and then they part, so frige, solns to each list of the soln bensable and to each list of the soln bensable and a cantage amough to plant a family, develop it and obliterate it. So the genei ish.

h. Walk up Broadway, New York ; aston : Chestnut street, Philado Walk up Broadway, to. "Philad Boston; Chestnut street." Philad Strand, London, Princees street, Champs Elysees, Paris; Ulater di Berlin, and you will meet in the ot one person who walked it in engulfment! All the ordinary epetuation are dead failures. We "Old Mortality" may go rou chisel to receut the faded epitap stones, but Old Oblivion has a quit with which he can cut out at taphs while "Old Mortality" is epitaph. Whole libraries of bio youred of bookworms or unread generations

generations
All the signs of the stores and of great firms have changed, grandsons think that it is an a keep the old sign up, because the proper comments of the store of the keep the old sign up, because t the annestor was more commen the name of the descendant. Rome stands to-day, but dig enough and you come to an buried, and go down still farth will find a third Rome. Jerusal day, but dig down deep enough find a Jerusalem underneath, a deeper down a third Jerusalem, on the top of an Alexandria, au on the top of the third. Many of the ancient cities are feet deep, or fifty deep, or flows the matter? Any special or The winds and waves and sand dust are all undertakers and g and the third stands and was the matter? Any special cut in the world stands long present Brooklyn and New Yor will have on top of them of the more stands of the more described to the more descri

dust are all undertakers and sand if the world stands long present Brooklyn and New Yor will have on top of them oth and New Yorks and Londons, ad digging and boring and blest ar-beologist of far distant od wow as far as the bighest spir and turrets of our present A European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of or of Charles Martel, or of Mo of Mithridates, or of Prince F. Cortes, and not one answer w Stand them in line and call the 900 men in the army of The inswer. Stand them in line and call the 900 men in the army of The inswer. Stand them in line and call the 100 men answer. Stand in lin men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 eaval syrian army under Ninus, and Nict one answer. At the opening of our civil w the Northern and Southern archat if they fell in battle their lever be forgotten by their cohe million men who fell in bamilitary hospitals, you cannot of 1000, nor the names of fifther health of the cars that heard the cert Hill all deaf? All deaf. At saw the coronation of George All closed. Oblivion! A 1 rom now there will not be a

aw the coronation of George
All closed. Oblivion! A George
All closed. Oblivion! As some how there will not be
sarth that knew we over the day one old family of the day one old family and the day of us than we know about the cyses born last night in a zonia. Tell me something abrandtahen. What were his lid he do? What year was lyear did he die? And yo mother. Will you describe hat she wore, and how digreat-grandfather get on it companionship? Was it is myselessed.

fune?
Oblivion! That mountain
everything. Even the pyran
Not a day passes but there is
only of that granite. The se
over the land, and what is go

over the land, and what is 80 sland is soing on sil arounthe continents are crimbling and while this is transpiring of the world the hot chilselo is digging under the found and outting its way out tow It surprises me to hear pec think the world will flup, when all scientists will has for ages been on fire. We arrust between us and the raging to get out.

Oblivion! The world itse it as easily as a schoolboy's Oblivion! The world use it as easily as a schoolboy's rolls down a hill, and when it is so interlooked by the lawith other worlds that they so far from having our met by a monument of Aberdee world there is no world, strongest telescope that wil ment for any slab of comme fact that we over lived or earth is struck with death the constellations will breathe population of other lunar, solar mortality. Cavallow and will swallow world as easily as a croc a frog.

worlds as easily as a croos a frog.
Yet oblivion does not as anything that had better in wallowed. The old mon-his meal. This world world world world the meading removal of Matt. What is all the had mercital removal of Matt. What is all the however over written had a lished? The libraries wo mountry have oppressed.