AT VILLERS-LA-MONTAGNE IN '70.

PROLOGUE.

The rays of the setting sun fell redly on the Rhine, tinging its blue waters to a sanguinary hue; it glinted on the vines, it glowed on the quaint cottages and hoary old castles, and it threw a sort of halo around Gretchen Kappuch and her lover, Karl Krauf, and turned the threads of her flaxen hair to living gold, and tinged her pale cheeks with a rosy flush, and lingered lovingly in the soft depths of her big blue eyes, suspiciously bright with the smart of unshed tears, which she bravely kept back, lest their falling should pain her beloved; that dear one who was about to cross the frontier to join his regiment, which was one of those investing Metz under Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, to fight for the Fatherland, win honor and renown, or a bloody, nameless grave in alien soil.

A fine, strapping girl was Gretchen; broad, well-made and tall, nearly as tall as her lover—and he was by no means a short man—as she leant against his breast and twined her arms round his throat, as though she fain would keep him there for ever, in the safe haven of her fond embrace, nor let him go to the seat of war where all was carnage, death and desolation.

"I am loth to let thee go," she sighed gently.

"And I to go, my Gretchen," he replied, looking down tenderly at the fair face on his broad breast; "yet when honor calls I must obey."

"Yes, dearest, thou must go; but should'st thou come back, as poor Otto has, it will break my heart," and she shuddered, for seven days agone her well-loved brother and only relative in the whole wide world had returned to the little vine-wreathed cottage on the banks of the Rhine, grievously wounded in the lungs.

At Worth, when the French retreated, Otto Kappuch's regiment had been one of those sent after the flying fugitives, and a stray shot had pierced his breast and tumbled him off his horse in a heap. His comrades had borne him back to the Prussian lines, and after a while, it being seen that for some time he would be totally unfit for active service, he was allowed to return home to see if he could recruit his health in his native village.

"Ah, poor Otto!" ejaculated Krauf. "How is he this day, better?"

"I fear he will never be better," replied the girl sadly. "He has received his death wound."

"Say not so, my beloved," exclaimed the young man, whose grief at leaving the woman he loved was augmented at the thought that soon she might be without a protector, lose the sole relative she possessed, and at the knowledge that he too might soon be lying low, riddled by the bullets from a mitrailleuse, or hopelessly by a well-directed shot from the French artillery.

"It is the truth. He will not recover."

"And he knows it?"

"Yes, he knows it. He told me only yesterday that his days were numbered."

"He is ill and weak, and therefore takes a dismal view of his condition," urged Krauf.

"Nay, Karl, thou can'st not say Otto takes a dismal view of things. Merry he always was, and merry he always will be, till death stills his gay laughter, freezes the smile on his lips, dims the light in his eyes."

"Thou art right. He was ever a merry grig."

"And so he is now, though dying."

"Art sure?"

The girl nodded her head. Her heart was too full just then for words, and for a while the lovers stood silent, twined in each other's arms.

"If thou could'st only come with me," he said at last, with a deep sigh.

"If, Karl, why not?" she cried joyfully. "I am young, strong, so strong and active; other women have followed their lovers, why not I?"

"My dear one, there is Otto, helpless, dependent on thy care, and if there were not, think'st thou I would let thee come amongst scenes of horror and carnage, such as would turn thee faint and sick?"

"I have strong nerves, Karl, and were it not for Otto, I tell thee candidly that my mind would be to follow thee."

"Thou could'st not, love. Thou must wait patiently until I return to thee here."

"Thou may'st never return," she wailed, the long pent-up tears breaking forth, rolling down her cheeks and falling on their clasped hands.

"I will, I will, best beloved; thy love will keep me safe. 'Twill be a talisman to bear me through the fiercest battle unharmed," and he caressed her tenderly.

"If I could think that—" and throwing back her head she gazed at his well-loved face earnestly.

"Thou mayest. I shall think of thee when the fray is thickest, and pray to God to spare me to return to thee. All will be well, beloved Gretchen."

"But if thou should'st not," she murmured with bated breath, her eyes dilating with fear, her cheeks blanching. "If, instead of returning, thou should'st meet death, and find a nameless grave, the spot where thou liest even unknown to me, what then, my Karl, what then?" and her arms tightened convulsively round his throat, and the big eyes grew dim and misty once more.

"Thou must not have these thoughts, my dear one," he chided gently. "Trust in the goodness of our Heavenly Father, who will protect me for thy sake. Think of the happy day of my return, and how soon then thou wilt be my bride, of our joy and content in all the years that lie before us. Be brave, love, as a soldier's bride should."

"I will, Karl," she said, dashing away the blinding tears with her strong, sun-browned hands, almost as strong and sinewy as her lover's. "I will be brave for thy sake, and think only of that future which lies before us."

"That is right, that is my brave girl," and soon after, seeing that her endurance was strained to the failing point, after a long, long embrace, when lips met lips, with all the clinging ardor such a parting as theirs called forth, he gently unclasped her twining hands, and putting her from him, turned and strode away in the ruddy glow of the setting sun.

Gretchen stood looking after him while she could catch a glimpse of his tall figure. When he disappeared from view she uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and flinging herself face downwards on the grass wept bitter tears of passionate sorrow and regret, writhing in her pain like one in mortal agony. But when the violence of her grief had spent itself, she rose, and drawing a bucketful of crystal clear water from the well, laved her flushed face and swollen eye-lids in it, and smoothing her hair and disarranged gown, went in to the little vine-clad cottage to minister to that twin brother who was so dear to her, next to Karl in her heart and love; and he claimed all her attention in the days that followed, and their few neighbors, knowing how serious were his wounds, marveled not a little one evening two or three weeks later to see the young Uhlan, dressed in his gay uniform, and accoutred as though bound for the seat of war, leave the little cottage, and disappear into the gloom of the autumn night.

When Otto Kappuch joined his regiment, one of those investing Metz, his comrades met him with a hearty welcome and expressed surprise at his speedy return; but as they were at Noiseville, and forts Les Bottes and St. Julien were pitching great shells from big guns into the place, and as the whole village was within range of the guns of the latter fort, the work was rather warm, and so little notice was taken of the returned Uhlan, though they were glad enough at that time to welcome to their ranks any returned comrade, even when he proved as changed and odd as Otto Kappuch did. His comrades swore his wounds had changed his whole temperament, and that he was no longer the merry grig who had yelled "Die Wacht am Rhein" in such lusty fashion; but a morose, sullen fellow, who shunned as much as he could the society of his brothers in arms, wrapping himself in a mantle of taciturnity not one could pierce. Still he was not wanting in bravery, never flinching when the bullets whistled and whizzed about his head, and always ready to go on any special dangerous mission. Let it be what it might, Otto Kappuch would always volunteer, and his big blue eyes would flash with a steely gleam as he got himself ready for the expedition, though he knew he might never see another sun rise, never go back to the little vine-clad cottage am Rhein, where he had first seen the light of day.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the autumn of fateful '70—fateful for the French—that I went out to Arlon in Belgium, burning to help the poor fellows wounded in the deadly struggle that was going on between the two mighty powers. My cousin was chief agent abroad for "The National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War," and was administering the fund, amounting to £400,000, which the British public, with its usual generosity, had subscribed for the purpose. The society's chief depot was then at Arlon, and very busy were all its members, getting off clothing, bedding of all kinds, provisions, medical stores, surgical instruments, brandy, wine and beer. I had my hands full, not an instant to spare, and I was not sorry when one day my cousin, Captain ——, came to me and asked me if I would go down with some fourgons toward Metz, as the army of 200,000 men, under Prince Frederick Charles then investing it, were in want of some medical comforts as well as their less fortunate foes.

Of course, I said "Yes," and early in the morning of the following day I climbed up and seated myself beside the driver of one of the fourgons, and off we started, leading the van. The wagons were strong, heavy affairs, each one drawn by a brace of sturdy horses, with a large red cross painted on the side, while we flew the Union Jack as an ensign.

We had no military escort, inasmuch as it was agreed by the governments that signed the German Convention that all persons and things engaged in the service of the sick and wounded should have the protection of neutrality during the time of war. I wore no uniform, only my ordinary clothes, with a brassard, having a red cross upon it round my arm. This badge also bore the stamp of the society and that of some German and French authority.

It was a lovely autumn day, and the gleams of the newly-risen sun fell on the still thick leafage of the trees, lighting up their glowing tints of russet, purple, crimson, orange and gold, with ruddy glow; glinting on the dewdrops that hung sparkling like diamonds on every blade of grass as the breeze swept by, stirring them with gentle touch, while overhead arched a deep azure sky, flecked here and there with light, fleecy, gossamer-like clouds—a sky that was almost Italian in its blueness.

As we jogged along through the golden dawn, my companion, the driver, a Belgian and a merry grig, amused himself by singing snatches of national songs, in a curious, somewhat guttural patosi, while I pulled steadily at a rather disreputable-looking meerschaum, and gazed persistently ahead to catch a glimpse of any fray that might be going on around Metz.

After driving steadily for about three hours we stopped by the roadside to rest and feed the horses, and also to recruit the inner man with a little light refreshment which we had brought with us. Rather more than an hour passed, then off we started again, and four hours later we arrived at the village of Villers-la-Montagne, where we were to pass the night. I put up at a quaint old-world little hostelry, the Croix d'Or, in the principal street, where I had some excellent potage, an omelet done as only a French cook can do them, and a bottle of good wine, old I knew from the cobwebs with which the glass was thickly encrusted. More than that I could not get. Provisions were scarce in the villages anywhere near Metz or in the vicinity of the investing army, for the Prussians made forced requisitions on the towns and villages within reach of their army, and left the unfortunate peaceably disposed French folk and the peasantry with woefully little to eat.

Still I was content, quite so, when I had my old friend the meerschaum once more between my lips and lounged in the low, dark doorway of mine inn, watching the westering sun tinge all the heavens with his ruddy glow, and listening to the boom of the heavy guns that came across the valley, and told that the forts around Metz were throwing big shells at the enemy's lines, and it seemed strange to see young girls driving home the cows, old women spinning quietly at their doors, little children playing in the streets, and well-grown lads and men lounging idly about, when the enemy, the hated Prussian was so near at hand. As I looked at the stalwart young Frenchmen, I could not but wonder why they were not in the army, helping to drive the invaders out of their country.

My reflections, however, were dispersed rather suddenly and rudely, by shouts, exclamations, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, and looking up in the direction from whence the noise came, I saw a German officer and some thirty or forty Uhlans riding down the uneven, stony street at full tilt.

I guessed their errand at once. They had come on a forced requisition.

The troops pulled up a few yards from me, and the officer asked in tolerable French who was the chief man in the village? Half-a-dozen eager yet angry voices answered, and mine host of the Croix d'Or was fetched out, for it seemed that he was the most important personage then in Villers-la-Montagne.

As he went forward to his interview with the Germans, I saw his buxom wife, who was a Pole, and therefore of course hated the Prussians with a deadly hate, beckon to Jules, the cadaverous and ill-favored garcon of the inn, to come to her.

"How many horses have these miscreants left us?" she demanded in French, in low tones, meant only for her servant's ears.

"There are three in the stable at the present time, madam," he replied in the same tongue.

"Which are they?"

"Cerise, Loeson d'or, and Falette."

"Which is the swiftest of the three?" she queried.

"Falette, madam, is the youngest."

"How long would it take thee to reach Longwy on her?"

"Not long," he replied, a sudden light leaping in his dark eyes and burning there luridly, as he cast a murderous glance at the officer and his Uhlans outside, conversing with his master. "She is fresh. She will go swiftly."

"Saddle her then," ordered the woman. "Steal out quietly. Thou knowest the shortest way to the fort. Do not spare Falette. They have plenty there for them," she concluded grimly, with a scarcely perceptible gesture toward the German soldiers.

"I understand," he replied with a sardonic grin, "our friends the Prussians want supplies. Well, we will supply them liberally from—Longwy," and turning, he went out to the back of the premises, and presently I heard the stealthy tread of a man, and the louder ring of a horse's hoofs on the stones, a noise drowned by the hubbub without, and which did not reach the Uhlans' ears.

I was just a little mystified at this conversation between my hostess and the garcon, for I knew Longwy was a fort still in the possession of the French, and I wondered at the man's suggestion to supply their enemies from there. But, supposing that they wished to keep some food and forage in the village for themselves and were going to try and induce the soldiers at Longwy to let them have something they might give the requisitioning party, I did not give it another thought, but went out to see and hear what was going on between mine host of the Croix d'Or and the Prussian officer.

CHAPTER II.

He was a good-looking young fellow, sat his horse as though he was part of him, and his blue uniform, with its gay yellow facings, became him well, set off his broad shoulders and deep chest, and his peaked cap shaded a pair of frank blue eyes, keen as an eagle's. His men were a soldierly, likely-looking troop. Big, brawny fellows, with sunbrowned, determined faces, and that smart, capable look all the Prussian regiments have.

He was interrogating Jules Deriveau, as I learned the landlord of the Croix d'Or was called, as to the different people likely to provide the food and forage he required.

"Corn?" he queried briefly.

"Simon le Cœur."

"Who else?"

"Paul Febre."

"Who else? Come, my man, out with it. Forage I have come for and forage I will have, so it is no use trying to conceal the names of those who have it to sell. Remember, we buy, we do not take your things without payment. You will receive the value of your grain when the war is over."

"Humph!" growled Deriveau, with a scowl at his interlocutor, looking as though he would like to fly at his throat. Nevertheless he rapped out a string of names, men likely to have what was wanted, for every man of the troop held his lance in hand ready to use it if necessary.

"Now bread?"

"Victor Stile, Jacques Rouvre."

"Hay?" And so on went the officer, and when he had a list of names, he reigned back his horse a little and shouted out: "Simon le Cœur."

The person to whom that name belonged, shuffled out from the crowd of angry, gaping Frenchmen, and being questioned, owned to possessing some corn, which he was briefly ordered to bring in bags at once. When he went off, Paul Febre was summoned, the Uhlan going through the list until, when he got to the last name, there was Simon le Cœur back once more before the Uhlan, with a big sack-like bag of corn in either hand.

"What do you value it at?" asked the officer. Simon named so many francs, the Prussian turned it into thalers, wrote it down in his notebook, tore out the leaf and gave it to Simon. This performance he repeated with each one who brought food or forage, until there was quite a goodly heap of bags and bundles lying in the road near them, as much as he and his Uhlans could carry off, and they began fastening the bags to their saddles, for the requisition had occupied a considerable time. While they were thus occupied a trooper who had been stationed to keep a look out at that end of the village furthest away from Metz came galloping furiously along crying:

"The French are coming with field guns. Away! away!"

In the twinkling of an eye every Uhlan was in his saddle, the reins gathered up, going as hard as he could, one or two of the more daring snatching up a bag as they mounted; but the greater part of the requisitioned things were left in a heap by the roadside.

Away they tore, riding like fury, their horses' hoofs raising a perfect cloud of white dust, toward Metz, the young officer leading, urging his men on to ride as fast as they could. They were clear of Villers-la-Montagne, a turn of the road hid them from sight, when down the road from Longwy, two field-pieces thundered, each drawn by six horses, and manned by the full complement of men, while several officers and more artillerymen rode alongside and behind, their blue uniforms looking indistinct and blurry in the waning light of the autumn day. They passed through the village like a flash of lightning; maddened with defeat, full of hatred and bitterness, they lusted for the blood of the invaders.

"The work will be warm," remarked Earle, a man who had come down from Arlon with the fourgons.

"Yes, we may be wanted," I suggested.

"True, Lancross (the doctor with us) had better bring some lint and splints," and giving some directions to one of the members of the society, he called out, "Come along, Vere," and began running like mad along the road leading to Metz, while I, seized with a sudden desire to see some of the horrors of war, began running, too.

When we got round the curve we could see the Uhlans in the distance going as hard as they could, for the road ran perfectly straight for a couple of miles, and the moon was riding up on the crest of a star-gemmed purple cloud, making it light as day, and nearer the French artillerymen, who had stopped and were hastily unharnessing the horses from the nine-pounders. They unlimbered the guns, swung them round, an officer calculated the distance, a gunner cut the fuse. There was a puff of white smoke, a boom. A shrapnel shell went hurtling through the air after the flying Prussians, burst, scattered. Four saddles were emptied, then one horse fell, while the other riderless steeds went galloping after their companions. The French, not to be cheated of a full revenge on their hated enemies, loaded and fired again. But we could not see if much mischief was done, the Uhlans had gone on too far.

Then arose a lively discussion amongst the Frenchmen. Some were for going on, and doing further damage, others recommended caution, saying the Prussians had now obtained too long a start to be hurt much, while to go on further would be unwise, as they might at any minute fall in with some of the Red Prince's army, who would avenge their comrades' fate terribly. So they remained there while the landlord of the Croix d'Or, the garcon, Lancross, myself and some others went on to where the Uhlans had fallen. Three lay still, one just near his horse, the fourth I saw move his hand as we came up. In a moment I was at his side. He was a mere youth, with a smooth comely face, comely, even though the shadow of death was stealing across it, and close-cropped flaxen hair. I lifted him very gently, and pillowed the heavy head on my shoulder, though the blood was gushing in streams from a terrible wound the shrapnel had torn in his back.

The languid eyes opened and gazed up at me for a moment. Such a look! Full of the most awful anguish and despair! Then a shiver ran through his whole frame, his eyes strained outwards as though they would burst from their sockets, a bloody foam rose to the lips that were vainly trying to shape some word, his form seemed to stretch out, he groaned terribly and then collapsed.

"Lancross," I cried quickly. "Come here. Can you do anything for this poor boy?"

The doctor came at once, and with one glance at the young ghastly face, exclaimed with professional brevity: "Nothing. He is dead." Nevertheless he unbuttoned the gaily-faced tunic and threw it open and the ensanguined shirt, crying as he did so: "My God! A woman!"

It was but too true.

One glance at the snowy throat and breast was enough to show me that the poor creature who had died in my arms a couple of minutes before was a woman.

I could not stay to see the body stripped and buried in the shallow hole, which the French peasants had dug by the wayside, where her companions were already lying, and, as I walked slowly back to Villers-la-Montagne, I speculated endlessly as to what queer freak of fortune could have brought that poor girl into such a position, to meet such a fate.

Many were the curious and dreadful sights I saw while with the Aid Society in '70, but never one that impressed me so painfully as the death of that German maiden at Villers-la-Montagne.

The Prussians were not slow in profiting by the lesson taught them by the loss of their men, for on the next occasion that they made a forced requisition on a village in the neighborhood of Longwy, they compelled the whole of the inhabitants to come out and bivouac with them in a large open field until daybreak, so as to prevent anyone again stealing away to that fort and getting them treated to another taste of the qualities of their nine-pounders.—*Josephine Errol in Belgravia.*

SETTING THE STYLES.

Some of the Latest Creations of the Artistic Dressers.

TOILETTES FOR EVENING WEAR.

Gowns, Bodices, Belts and Hats That Are New and Becoming.

GARMENTS FOR THE WINTER WEATHER

A very elegant hat is in coral velvet and black passementerie. Small theater hats are made up of bright, sparkling material. All capotes have strings rather broad and long. In one instance instead of the bow tied in the middle there is a bunch of ribbon on one side, and from it there hang two long ribbons quite to the knee. Round hats are certainly smaller. One of the most stylish and striking shapes is the marquis. It is in black velvet, has a fine feather border and is set off by a tall tuft of feathers, and at the back there are two bunches of bright colored satin ribbon standing out in bold relief.

Perhaps Bernhardt set the fashion and perhaps it was only the advancing good taste of women, but the belt or girdle is now one of the important features of the gown. It may be made of anything, from rich jewels to a simple ribbon, and is a good object to exercise ingenuity and originality upon. A woman wore in New York the other day a lovely one, composed of linked cameos. A rich looking girdle belt at little cost may be made by sewing imitation gems, which are sold by the string, onto a dark, brocaded ribbon. Buckles can be bought of oxydized silver set with imitation gems, of French gilt and of jet. These are in unique forms, large and often in two

parts that clasp, or lace together, like the Helyett belt. One of the most beautiful clasps carries the line of the girdle down to a point in the front. The same pointed ornament is at the back. This clasp should be on a flexible belt. Exquisite girdles are of gold and of silver wire, braided or linked. Gold collars and belts are much used to enliven black dresses. A pretty ribbon girdle is made of two bands of twisted ribbon, each of which is tied in a small bow at the left side, and one caught up by the bow some distance higher than the other. An elegant model, with such a belt, is a silk dress of black, with pin head dots of pink. A six-inch ruffle of the silk, lined with pink, passes round the neck, and one side is fastened under the left bust, being caught there by the upper bow of the belt. The belt is of pink, and pink fills the V above the ruffle. The collar is of the black.

The bodice most popular is only a wide belt which is fitted and comes up well under the arms. It should be of heavier or richer material than the gown, and its lines, if it have any, should run round. On some dressy gowns this bodice extends only to the side seams, and its ends are covered by jacket fronts. A handsome model has jacket fronts of plain, dull blue cloth over a straight bodice of Oriental brocade in colors. The jacket is lined with the brocade, and down each edge is set a row of crocheted button-like ornaments of a dull yellow.

Don't put a yoke and a bodice on the same waist.

Don't make the straight bodice to appear a continuation of the skirt, because as it is not attached to the shoulders both will seem to be slipping off; rather give it the effect of a wide belt.

Don't cut the edges of your bodice into a fanciful outline; keep it straight.

A well-appointed wardrobe is not complete without an elegant coat bodice that will assort with many skirts. An elegant Louis coat is here shown that admirably

fills this place. It is of black velvet, so fashionable this season, and the waistcoat, which shows in the lower part, is heavily embroidered. It may be made of a color to match the skirt, if preferred.

This coat is intended to take the place, when extra warmth is needed, of the cloth or silk waist which belongs to the skirt. On the cold day, or when one is a bit under the weather—influenza is coming, they say—such a garment may mean all the difference between sickness and health. Think of the draughty halls you will visit, to patronize church fairs, and all the other half-heated places you will go into before the season is over, in spite of weather and health, and you will be persuaded that you can't get on without a velvet Louis coat.

Again the little mink and sable and Persian lambs are shown just as they are when alive, and to be put right about one's neck. They are fashionable, not so very expensive and with a muff to match make a very pretty finish to a plain coat. Apropos to these cravattes it must be remembered that they may be certainly appreciated as a delightful Christmas gift. Muffs are made of the skins of all animals, though I can't quite make up my mind whether the seal is an animal or a fish. They are much larger than before, and consequently give a more dignified air to the woman who carries one. The fluffy furs, such as the black martin, black fox and their imitations, though they may be the same size, really look much larger than do those with the close hair. After all, in buying a muff, it is just as well to get a big one, for it can always be cut down small, while a little one can't be cut up large.

In the accompanying illustration is shown a gown of ivory Duchess satin, trimmed with garlands of orange blossom. Bodice and under sleeves with crepe de chine, and trimmed with real Brussels lace to match the veil.

White tulle, picked out in heliotrope jewels, of black, with silver gems, would be particularly effective without being in the least tawdry. The jeweled gauzes are even richer. One of the loveliest is white, upon which is scattered a shower of silver spangles, and amethysts are dotted here and there. The striped silk gauzes in every shade are particularly ladylike. Girls with not much money to spend would like the new chenille spotted nets, either with or

Setting the Styles.

without the addition of spangles upon the chenille. These nets are an improvement on the Russian nets of two winters ago, and are not extremely durable. Perhaps many ladies will prefer to any of the foregoing the tinsel gauzes which are striped with graduated lines of pink, green, black, amber, etc., and are threaded betwixt the stripes with lines of silver or gold. These are most charming. Brocades are really good in quality, and the prices are very reasonable, so that women who prefer to see themselves in rich stuffs might, without heeding the cost, purchase a ball dress in some delicate shade of silk, and trim it with the chiffon.

THE COURT CLOSES THEM UP.

The Judges Have No Mercy, in Spite of an Ardent Appeal of Two Noted Lawyers.

When men of honor appeal to the highest tribunal of the land to extend time of action, it signifies that the intentions are pure and actuated by a noble motive, and above all, worthy of due consideration, especially when the case is argued in language of eloquence by the brightest and most spotless attorneys of the Manhattan Island bar. The time being at an end Saturday night, ends all further argument.

To be perfectly brief on the subject, the greatest of all sacrifice sales on record, the bankrupt tailor-made clothing sale, on Liberty street, corner of Sixth avenue, will be at an end Saturday at 10 P. M., and all the remaining overcoats, suits and pantaloons for men, youths, boys and children will be closed out if they only bring 20 cents on the dollar. This is the final notice of the greatest sacrifice sale on record.

HERMAN HELM,

Pittsburg's Well-Known Landscape Gardener.

What is nicer than a handsomely laid-out lawn around one's house? Pittsburg has many attractive lawns, and their fine appearance in many cases is due to the skillful efforts of the well-known landscape gardener, Herman Helm, of Ellsworth avenue. Mr. Helm, who is an expert in his line, personally superintends the laying out of lawns, planting and pruning trees, also draining. Mr. Helm has superintended work for the following people, to whom he respectfully refers: Mr. Griffith, Rippey street; Mr. Patterson, Rippey street; Mr. Jacob Wainwright, Highland and Rippey; Dr. Heffman, Highland avenue; Thomas Gillespie, Westminster street; Joseph Wainwright, Highland avenue; Brilliant Water Works, also Kenmawr Hotel. FSU

Americans in the Riviera.

The British Medical Journal of December 5, 1891, says: The New York Medical Record, with characteristic enterprise, has commissioned a member of its staff, Dr. Wendt, to visit the Riviera and the health resorts of the south of France in order to study and to report on the healthy conditions and the sanitary (or insanitary) arrangements, municipal and domestic, of the towns and hotel at such places as Cannes, Nice, Pau, Hyeres, Mentone, Monaco, San Remo, Alassio, Bordighera, Florence and Naples. He will find much to exercise his industry and acumen—much to blame, something to encourage, and many causes for warning to his countrymen. American visitors to the Continent are particularly liable to typhoid—of which the frequently recurring and sad examples are probably the main cause of this journalistic tour of inspection. Part of this special liability probably arises from their habit of drinking iced water. So long as, following the advice of Dr. Herman Weber, they confine themselves to natural mineral waters of recognized purity, they are safe. But these are not always at hand, and all do not yet understand that icing or aerating polluted water detracts nothing from its risks, and that even ice itself made from impure water is a source of danger. Where only "local drinking water" is to be had in the Riviera or anywhere on the Continent of Europe, it should always be first boiled and then filtered, as Dr. Gowers advises.

To the Saloon and Private Trade.

As the season is now at hand for ale and porter, the Straub Brewing Company take pleasure in announcing to the saloon and private trade that they are prepared to fill all orders promptly. We also claim that our celebrated brands of "Pilsener" and "Munich" lager beer cannot be excelled by any brewers of the States. We guarantee our beer to be four and one-half months old and all our goods are made of the very best quality of hops and malt. Ask the saloon trade for it or telephone No. 5038.

THE STRAUB BREWING CO.
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SCIENTIFIC STRIDES.

Incandescent Electric Lamps Meet With a Formidable Rival.

WRINKLES OF THE INVENTORS.

They Find New Combinations of the Metals and Chemicals.

THE OLD METHODS GREATLY IMPROVED

The incandescent electric light which is now becoming so common in our public buildings, has a formidable rival in the improved Welsbach incandescent gas light. This new method of burning gas was introduced from Germany about ten years ago; but, owing to certain defects, it did not meet with popular approval. All difficulties have now been surmounted, and the system is being introduced by the Incandescent Gas Light Company, of Westminster. The lamp comprises a special form of Bunsen burner—which can be readily attached to any existing gas fitting—in the blue flame from which is supported a mantle of zirconia, one of the most refractory oxides known to chemistry. This mantle, which looks like a delicate finger-stall made of woven material, is brought under the intense heat of the flame into an incandescent state, and gives out a powerful and perfectly steady light of the same quality as that afforded by its electric rival. The gas consumed is considerably less than that used by the common bat's-wing burner, while the light is increased three or four fold. The lamp is also available with cheap gas made from benzoline and other hydrocarbons in the portable machines which are now in use in isolated districts where public gas works are unknown.

An Improvement in Lubricants.

An improvement in the preparation of lubricants is described by Krause, a German chemist. The soap formed by treating wool grease with alkaline lye is dissolved in water and filtered, and to this a solution of alum or other alumina salt is added, the result being the formation of a brown precipitate, and this is called aluminum-lanolate. With this substance, when dried, lubricating oils of any degree of viscosity desired may be produced by dissolving it in any fluid mineral oil. It is also found that, if dissolved in a small quantity of mineral oil, a gelatinous substance is obtained which may with considerable advantage be mixed, in suitable proportions, with India rubber or gutta-percha. Solvents for India rubber are said to be also solvents for aluminum-lanolate. In textile industries this substance may be used as a scouring agent.

To Detect Alkali in Water.

One of the few names in practical engineering chemistry is that of paranitrophenol, and it may yet play an important part in a certain specialty. As is well known, water containing magnesium chloride is injurious to boilers, as the salt dissociates with the production of hydrochloric acid which attacks the plates and though, in large installations, where systematic purification of the feed water can be adopted, this evil is preventable, in most cases the treatment in vogue consists in adding caustic soda to keep the contents of the boiler alkaline; an excess of the soda, however, is wasteful, as well as otherwise objectionable, and it becomes desirable to ascertain readily when the water in the boiler ceases to contain alkali and needs a further supply. Dr. Goldberg has found that the sodium salt of paranitrophenol is entirely unaffected by the salts commonly present in feed waters—the claim being that it is possible, by introducing a sufficient quantity into the boiler, to judge of the alkalinity or acidity of its contents at any given moment by merely blowing the water out of the gauge glass and allowing it to refill. To give a distinct yellow color—the evidence of alkalinity—to the water, so that it may be seen in the small quantity of water in the gauge glass, about thirty to fifty grammes per cubic meter are requisite. It is remarked that, though the high price of the article is a bar to its general use at present, still, as its successful application is not dependent on its purity, a crude variety could doubtless be produced much more cheaply.

Nickel and Carbon Will Combine.

A short time ago Messrs. Mondand Frinckkee discovered that nickel combines with carbon monoxide to form a nickel-carbon oxide, which promises to be useful in connection with the development of nickel plating. At that time, however, the investigators failed to obtain any similar compound of carbon monoxide with another metal, and, considering it remarkable that nickel should be the only metal capable of entering into combination with this particular gas, they persisted in their experiments, more especially with iron, under very varied conditions; they succeeded at last in demonstrating the fact that iron is volatilizable, although apparently in very small quantities, in a current of carbonic oxide. This result was communicated to the Chemical Society, and published in its official proceedings, the facts being, in brief, that some finely divided iron was volatilized in a current of carbonic oxide at ordinary temperatures, and that the deposits from this process give all the known reactions of iron in remarkably brilliant colors. Further researches are expected to establish the conditions under which such action can take place.

Details of Australia's Great Dam.

Official details of the great dam at Beetaloo, Australia, correct some of the previously published statements and figures, and the immensity of such a piece of engineering work may well challenge comparison with anything of the kind in that part of the world. The structure is of concrete, 110 feet high from the bed of the creek to the top of the dam, and 580 feet long, being curved in plan to a radius of about 1,400 feet; the width of the top is 14 feet, the profile of the section being designed in accordance with Rankine's rules, and the width of the section at the foundation is 110 feet; the crest of the by-wash, which is 200 feet wide, is 5 feet below the crest of the dam; and the reservoir behind the dam at its full 1¼ miles long, with an average width of 8 chains The capacity, under these conditions, is 800,000,000 gallons, for the supply of a district covering an area of 1,700 square miles, including eight separate townships, etc. The quantity of concrete used was 60,000 cubic yards, the net time occupied in construction being about 2½ years. Special machinery was used for mixing the concrete and depositing it in place, and the whole work is regarded as a most creditable achievement.

Copper's Strength Decreases With Heat.

The fact is well known to engineers and metallurgists that the tensile strength of copper decreases to a very considerable extent with a rise in the temperature, and, on this account, copper steam tubes are liable to cause accidents of a serious character. In view of this the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, of Govan, England, recently undertook a series of practical experiments with the object of strengthening copper steam tubes by having wire coiled around them. As Delta metal is known to lose comparatively little in strength with increasing temperatures, as shown by Prof. Unwin's interesting experiments and tests in this line, the above named company tested Delta wire against copper, both cold and at the temperature of melting tin, namely, 442°. The result in these various trials confirmed in an unquestionable manner the greater strength so long claimed for the Delta metal, it proving in every instance superior to copper.

New Plans for Steamer Building.

The model of the new steamer building at Glasgow will, it is claimed, insure the quickest possible transit of the Atlantic Ocean attainable by steam craft. With a length of 630 feet and 70 feet beam, very fine lines are obtained, and the twin screws are of some 23 feet diameter, well supported. There are four funnels, and about 200 feet of the length of the ship is devoted to the boilers and bunkers. The engines, triple compound, with four cylinders working four cranks, are figured at 33,000 horse power. Accommodation is provided for some 700 first and 300 second-class passengers and about 400 emigrants, and all the arrangements worked out in the plans for carrying out this important feature are far ahead, it is claimed, of anything yet produced in nautical construction. The plating of the ship is carried up to the promenade deck, which runs from end to end, and about 20 feet on each side is left for walking.

Remarkable Precision in Photography.

In a lecture delivered at the College de France, M. Marey exhibited to his audience specimens of the remarkable precision attained by some of his latest inventions in the region of scientific photography. Hitherto it has been known to be possible to produce a series of negatives showing the movements of a bird on the wing, but for more rapid motions the existing apparatus has proved too slow, producing only blurred impressions. As an example, in order to photograph clearly an insect flying, it is essential that the exposure should last only the 1-25,000th part of a second, and this M. Marey accomplished with a new instrument of which he is the inventor. M. Marey concluded his demonstration by still further reducing the period of exposure, and photographing successfully the blood globules circulating in a vein.

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