A LONG SHOT.

New Orleans Times-Dem Professor Wild was delivering a course setures on science, to large audiences. He his lectures were invariably entertaining and in tructive. On the night of the 24th of April his subject was "Projectiles." began far back in ancient times, and described, with wonderful distinctness, the curious old machine which the Romans used maleges for throwing great stones against the walls and fortifications of beleaguered ties. The traced the many changes and improvements in the science of projectiles, un-

til the invention of gunpowder. Here he laid acy, the history of artillery and small arms then first began the series of improved in long-range guns, which culminated in the wondering rifles and rifled cannons of the

present day.

He illustrated the subject with diagrams on a very large blackboard, showing the piece, cannon or rifle, elevated for a long bot, and the trajectory or path of the elon gated, conical bal. For a great distance from the gun, the track of the projectile was apparently straight and ascending to a great might; then it began to curve downward, and the curve, slight at first, grew rapidly more and more decided, until at last it was ore downward than forward. Pictures of the projectile were drawn at several points along its path, and the professor called par-ticular attention to the fact that the axis of the ball, that is, the imaginary line passing lengthwise and centrally through it, pre-served its parallelism to the barrel of the run throu hout its entire course. In other ords, if the gun was pointed upward at an elevation of thirty degrees, the projectile would all the way point upward at the same angle, and finally strike its distant target, sidewise, point upward and base downward, and make a whole through it of an elongated shaps, more or less, according to the eleva-tion of the mussie of the gun above its

He was so clear in his explanation of pris les that the duliest listener could not fail anderstand him. There was one in the crowd, an ignorant man in book lore, but one of a remarkably clever perception, who was much interested in the lecture and thoroughly comprehended what he heard. This was Policeman Powers. It was ordered that an officer attend every lecture and Powers had been detailed for that night.

More than a week had elapsed, and two other lectures had been delivered. On the 3d day of May the professor had gone, soon after broakfast, to the lecture hall, to draw the diagrams necessary for elucidation of the subject to be treated on the ensuin was leaving when he met a policeman at the

but I have come to consult you, and, if you'll be so good, to ask your aid in a matter of business. My name is Powers, and I belong to the city force."

"To sak my aid. Mr. Powerst" said the proor, "why how is it possible for a man in siness to aid one in your f'

"I'll explain, sir, if you please," answer Powers. "You see, sir, there's been a shock in; murder, or at least a killing, for it may have been an accident, and we are at faul about it. It's very strange, as you'll admit when I tell you."

"Well, proceed, Mr. Powers, and tell me,"

"Yes, sir: I'll be short about it." and he rapidly gave the following particulars:
Henry Vandyke, a very wealthy man, 4) years of age and unmarried, owned vacant lots on the remote borders of the city. On some of them be had erected well-arranged ices, suitable for busines, men of mo erate incom s, and in one of these he bad live i for nearly twelve months. He slept in a room on the secon i fi or, and his bed stood mear a wind ow looking out across a wide waste of unimproved land. There was no builting within three-quarters of a mile in that direction, except an unfinished building about 300 yards distant, upon which work-men were then engaged. Mr. Vanlyke had bome in a cab at a late hour and gone to bed as usual the night before. On that morning be was found dead in his bed, shot through the heart. The ball had passed through the window-glass through the curtain, through the believer, through his boly, through the belial, glanced from the floor, and stuck in the orposite wall. It was a very large, elongated ball, and must have been fired from a gun with a heavy charge of powder, in order to go with so much force. The gun, too, must have made a tremendous report, and yet it was certain that no report of any gun had been heard on that night in any part of the city, nor in fact in any other part, as was known from particular inquiries at bead quarters. The hole torough the window has was much higher than the bed, show ing that the ball was descending, as if it ha on fired from the clouds. The thing was

entrely incomprehensible to the cor-oner and the coroner's jury. I man had been killed at a late hou of the night, when all was hushed in silence, by a gun whose report should have been heard all over the city, and no gun had been heard. It was a hideous mystery. But Powers had an idea. Having heard le ture he thought he understood how the ball, is fired from a long distance and at an angle of great elevation, would reach its ric im in a descending curve. Called in among the first, and being an officer, he or-dered that the bed should not be moved nor the body on the bed, and having summone the coroner with a jury, requesting that they should leave everything as they found it. He then went in search of Prof. Wild. "He's

the only man living," thought Powers, "who can tell me where this ball came from His quest resulted in the interview at the hall. Professor Wild was deeply interested and assented readily to the officer's request rab and drove rapidly to the scene of the

The coroner's jury had made the closest examination possible and rendered their ver-dict: "Death from a gunshot, fire! by some as no report of a gun had been heard, it was impo sible, as su gestel by one juror, tuat any one mounted on a ladder could have done it; nor could it have been fired from any near point outside upon the ground, since the perforation of the winlow proved the it was from an elevation. It ce me out is the investigation that Mr. Vandyke had no enemies that anyone knew of in the city; that about a month before, his serving man, Adolphe Wern r. a Swiss, had left him to get employment elsewhere, taking with him a certificate of good character, and that Pat Ryan, an Irishman, had been hired in his place. It was also shown that Mr. Vandyke was a little loose in his morals and quite a lady-killer; that he had once been sued for breach of promise by a gardener's daughter, and once been assaulted with a pistol by furious danssum, who e affections he had trified with. But these things had happened years ago. The professor learned these par

plars from the coroner, who had started They hurried to the room where the corpor lay, and where officer Jones was keeping guard until his colleague she if i return. The body had not been moved. The Professor looked at the wound and then at the bole through the glass. It was clean cut, but not round, as would be made by a ball striking cal in stape, and sharper at the top than at the base. He then examined the bail, which the coroner had left on a table, and which

was battered somewhat out of shape "Powers," said the professor, this shot was fired at a distance of not less than 1,000 fired at a distance of or more, yards; perhaps even 1,200 or more, to the window, he looked Then stepping to the window, he looked out in the direction from which it had come. he saw, 300 yards off, the unfinished build

ing mentioned above surrounded with scaf-folding, upon which workmen were busily What is beyond that house?" he asked "If you please," said Regan, the Irish

serving-man, "a week ago you could see a four-story building a long way off, beyond ow toey have run up the walls of that house so high that you can't see "Could you see it from the roof of this se questioned the professor. you could, sir," replied Regan;

y, it is easy to go up and look; y out to the top." us, my man, and we'll go," re-

They soon mounted to the roof, and beheld over the top of the unfinished building, a large four story structure, at least three quarters of a mile distant. Officer Jones said it had been erected for a manufactory

of some kind, but now was sort of stem-ment-house, in which a large number of poor people, mostly foreignes, lived.

After a brief inspection they descended and, at the request of the processor, officer Jones was dispatched to an instrumentmaker's for an engineer's transit compass and a large spy glass. While Jones was absent on this errand the rofessor stretched a siender twine from the

built hale in the window, out perpendicuwas made, for the purpose of defining the exact dair of the projectile. This done, he took out his memorandum book and pencil, and at once plunged into the labyrinthine magnet the sufculus. Forgetful of all else. he was computing the approximate distance at which the shot had been fired. He became satisfied that the path of the ball was tween 1/2.0 and 1,225 pards in length. Jones now arrived with the transit and, spy-glass. Having carefully located the

per in a direct line with the twine, the

professor leveled it and then noted the course of the needle. It proved to be 1214 de grees east of north. The instrument was now moved to the top of the house, and by means of measurements from the chimney, both be low and above, was located on its tripod directly over the spot where it had stood the room beneath. Having leveled it in this of 12% degrees east of north, and then ap plied his eye to the revolving telescope. swept the east end of the distant tenemen building, the cross of the spider lines pass in succession over the four end window placed one over another in four differe stories. From this direction undoubtedly came the shot. The telescope was permitted to rest on the fourth story window, for that one differed in appearance from all others. Next, taking up the spy-glass, the professor four windows. He saw that the first, second and third story rooms were all occupied. The windows were open and there was light nough to see objects inside. In the first a old woman sat sewing by a table, in the second a child was playing, and in the third a dog had his paws on the window sill looking out. But the room in the fourth story was impenetrable; the window was dark and vidently curtained heavily inside, while at the same time there was a small square opening through one of the panes, and

through the curtain into the darkened room. "Mr. Powers," said the man of scie dropping his glass, "the shot was fired from of that building. It surely must have been an accident, for the walls of that interven ing house, which they are building out there struct the view between that window ar the one below us, so that it was impossible even if any one desired to kill Mr. Vandyke for him to take aim, and that in the night, reach this distance, the gun must have been pointed up a' an angle that would carry the shot itself far above the top of that new house. It was surely a random shot fired through that square cut in the-but stopwhy that cut through the window! They say a week ago those walls had not gone up igh enough to close the view. Could it be

na!-incredible, vet po-sible," talking to him elf, and not to the ignorant men who stool beside him on the roof. He silently reflected for a minute before ad ressing them again.

"Mr. Powers," said he at last, "we had better go at once to that room; I am inclined to think we may get the truth there." In thirty minutes they were all three a the main entrance of the building. The found sitting in the door, a man with a wooden leg who acted as door keeper. To their inquiries be promptly respon the fourth story-room, in the east end, was rented by Adolphe We ner, a Swiss.

This announcement brought simultaneous exclamations from all. He was the servant who had left Vandyke a morth before, and in whose place Regan now was.

Asking if Werner was at home they learned that he had gone away early in the morning. carrying a valise in his hand. His rent wa paid for a month in advance, and he had left his key with the janitor, saying that he might come back in a day or two, or that he sail the agent should, at the end of the unlock and take possession of his room.

fourth story and travers d a long, dark pas-sage to the east end. They stood before the most the red coverlet would replace the or of that mysterious chamber, whose im-Vandyse's murder. They opened and entered. A dim light from the corridor followed them into the apartment enabling them to see that there were three heavily curtained win lows two looking east and one south, toward Vandyke's residence. Office Powers tore the curtain from one of the east windows and let in a full flood of daylight. There were two chairs, and in one corner small cot with scant cover. By one window was a long, narrow table or bench, upon which were lying a number of workman's tools, files, hammers, pliers, bits of iron and fragments of wire, with a small vice screwed to one end. Near the middle of the root was a strong wooden frame firmly fastene to the floor with screws; it was about the height of a table. Across it lay a large bale of old heavy carpeting, not round, but flat-tened on the sides. It was about six feet long and two feet in depth and width. It was act lying level, but had its south end tilted considerably above its north end. Con-spicuously upon this bale lay a large white paper envelope. It was addressed to the Chief of Police."

The professor saw it first, and, grasping it,

"Ah! here is something that will reveal Seating himself, he tore out the contents a number of closely written sheets of paper, and Powers and Jones stood by him, while he read the following confession of Adolph

Monsieur, I write this to save any innocent persons who may be charged with the death of Henry Vandyke. I killed him. Ten minutes ago the fatal messenger spec from me to him—pel in three seconds.

Ah, Monsieur! he did to me a horrible crime. Mon Dieu! he killed my Marie, my wife, my angel! Not the drug which gave her killed. No, but the shame-horri-My Marie, my lost, lost Marie! sieur, do you see this paper stained! I have not wept till now. My nerves have been steel and my beart a lamant. But he is

dead, and now I weep for Marie. Behold the story. I was the most skilled workman employed in a manufactory of firearms in my native country. I became profoundly acquainted with the rifle in the itmost capabilities. I even made some important improvements in long range guns. Misfortune befell us there. Not my not hers, though her beauty, yes, her beauty, was the innocent cau e. We sarrifleed on property, parted with the little cottage where we lived in the loveliest valley of the Aips, and came bitaer. We struggled for two years in great poverty, until he, Henry and vice found us among the poorest of his oor tenents. He employed me as a so vant. was glad to serve for wages, and was once more happy. I did not lodge in his house, but in a hired apartment with Marie. I went to my service early and came late. One day he enticed Marie from her house by

an unh ard-of deception.

It was an unspeakable crime. In two weeks my angel-. She is with the good saints above.

My resolution was at once taken and I began to devi e the plan. But, monsieur, one thing trouble! me Every night Marie came to me and stood by my bed. very sad and I thought, I teared she disarproved, though she did not speak. troubled me, I say, and in the night I faltered; but when the day came my purpose

I had often observed, from the window of his sleeping-room, this tail building, nearly a mile distant. I rente i this apartment. I next went to an importer of firearms and country, I found one of the largest size that had t name o my old employer on it. I have no doubt-I am certain my own hands have we meht on it: it has my mark. I bought a suitable telescrope, and having fitted it wit a cross of spider-lines Lattached it to the rifle, as the surest means of taking far and securate aim. I made twenty-five cart ridges with the greatest care. I made the leaden tuilets very long and compressed them in a meely finished molt, so as to give them an increased and uniform de The powder in every one was gauged to a

looking out of Henry Vandyke's window perfect equality of weight. after his death, would not be able to see this building. The detectives will not It was necessary, next, to find the exact distance from this room to his room. Bedream that the shot which caused his death fore undertaking it I procured a quiet dispassed over the top of the edifice, but will take it for granted that it was aimed by charge from his service. There was no quired, he amor, or either part. Then at night, with a red light, red, so that I might dislinguish it from others placed in the window of this coom to guide me, I carefully waked at a natural pace from the wall under this window. I repeated this for some one from its walls or from the gro in frost. Thus the dee will be involved in mystery, until this statement is read, and that will be at the end of the month, when the agent enters to take possession. At that time I shall be far away. During this in-terval I had the casket, holding the body of several nights. My paces from one wall the other, with little variation in the results my Marie, placed near the shipping in averaged 1514. By walking 100 measure convenient warehouse, ready to be carried yards, and counting the steps, which

bered 125 and one-third over, I learne

that the exact distance from his window to

mine is 1,208 yards. And three yards from

my window to the centre of my room, and

his bed and the whole is 1,213 yards. A very

long shot, but all the better for that, since

knew the gun could be relied on to make it

Next, taking rifle and cartridges, I went

into the country. Finding a sui able locality, I boarded with farmer. I constructed a target, and with

might suppose that I could have dispen

tape line measured off 1,213 yards? One

with the tape-line and have depended for

getting the distance on stepping it as before. But this would not have been satisfactory,

for in walking a given distance at his natural pace one does not make the same number of

steps in the night as in the day. I was care

ful even to take the 100 yards above men tioned at night, and exactly along the line

After experimenting for several days and

firing twenty rounds, I got my telescopic sights so perfectly adjusted that the last five

of the bulls-eye of the target. This bulls-eye

was invisible at the distance, except through the telescope. It was sufficient, and I cam-

back to the city having been absent a little

I was surprised on my return to see a new

than mine, and I saw at once that if i

was to have as many as three stories, if would, when completed, obstruct the view from my window to his, and prevent me

from taking aim at his bed. On inquiry learned that it was to be three stories, and

that it was going up rapidly. It became necessary to act with dispatch or my plans would be frustrated. I therefore at once set

about constructing a strong frame of wood, firmly fastened to the floor, as you see it.

Two days were consumed in this work, while

in the meantime the walls of the new struct-ure were rapidly rising. I watched their progress with eager anxiety. On the third

arranged to be tightened securely. It now

remained only to give it the right aim and secure it. Looking through the telescope, I may that the curtain of the bedroom window

had not yet been drawn. He had not waked

At about 10 o'clock the curtain was raised

and the sash thrown up. The master had gone, and Agnes, the chambermaid, had

come to make up the bed and arrange the

room. I could see her distinctly, with her bare arms and her frowzy hair. She made

up the bel, and, to my regret, placed upor it a white coverlet. I had hoped she would

place on it the red coverlet which, during

my service, had often been used. I saw at a

iance that the white coverlet was a seriou

straining of my eyes it was impossible to fix the aim with that certainty which was abso-lutely necessary for a fatal shot. With any

his bed, aye, even to strike nim without killing, would be to place him forever on his

guard and lead him to su-pect me, since

he, though he only of all living persons

knew what cause I had to hate.

building, those interventing walls, were run

ning up so fast that they would in twenty-four hours hide his window from my sight. But for that there had been no difficulty, be-

nergetic and fast in their work.

gone up as much as two feet sir

things. She passes the window with a broom in her hand; but she doesn't sweep.

she comes back to the window, looks ou

and goes away. Soon returning, she goe

to work on the bed. This operation I watch

almost in an agony. Will she-will sh

spread the red coverlet! But she stops.

think she goes out of the room, leaving the bed only half made up. Several minute

elapse and I grow impatient. At last she returns. Now she takes up the bolster

oreathless; it is the supreme moment! Alas,

Toere is no use: all is over. It must be

nother morning the win low will be hidden

by the wall. I rose and paced my room, bu

could not think what to do. At any rate

frame torn up. Finally I turned to do it.

But, before doing it, I stooped to take one last look. I applied my eye to the telescope, Agnes was standing at the window, gazing

ut this way. She was apparently regard

ing the workmen on the new building. Sa

and a book in her hand: she is a constan

reader of trashy novels. As I looked, she turned, got upon the bed, her master's bed, arranged the pillow and lay down to read.

Mon Dieu! I was startled with a thought

Her form, dressed in black, upon the whit

ed, offered the desired contrast and mad

the best target I could ask for. Just as she

was lying, would her master lay at night In a moment, but gasping with excitement,

I adjusted the rifle in its clamps, until the cross of the spider lines in the telescope

and fastened it securely, immovably. If th

rifle had been charged and fired then, the

ball would have pierced the heart of Agnes.

I rose in my excitement and walked the floor. I came back, shook or tried to shake

toe frame, and looked again. There was no

I went out to cool my fevered pulse ar

walked aimlessly for hours. When Its

turned the bed and the greater part of the

window were hidden by the wall. No mat-ter now. All the better, in fact, since this wall would not interfere with the passage of

a rifle ball, because by reason of elevation of

the rifle for long range it would pass above

I now carefully loaded the rifle. I then pro

ceeded to inclose it all arount with boards, forming a box. There is a hole in the up-

per end of this box, as you may see, for the free passage of the ball. You see also an

opening in the window, exactly in line through which the ball could make its exi

from the house. From the lower end of the

box issues a cord, which is attached to the trigger of the rifle, the hammer of which

was drawn back in readiness for firing. Next

I proceeded to cushion the box and envelop it all around with many folds of old sail

cloth and carpeting. You see that it re-sembles a bale of old carpeting. The object

of all this was to deaden the sound that the report of the rifle might not be heard out-side of this room. Finally I curtained the

Everything was now ready, but I pur posely waited till that wall should read

on: ter I knew then the observer

windows, as you see.

difference; the aim was perfect.

that building.

rested directly upon the region of her bree

the rifle was to be removed, and the usels

d-this magnificent plan! Before

las! She takes up the same white coverle

with a jerk, and spreads it over all!

rtainty of the result I would not risk it. For, to shoot through the window, to hit

ote struck within half an inch of the cente

between the two rooms

vards from his window to the centre of

Monsieur, it is nearly told. On yesterda I found a vessel making ready to sail early this coming morning. I took passage, and had the casket stowed aboard.

aboard ship at any moment.

Five hours ago-it was 10 o'clock and it i now 3-I took my position in the dark out on the ground in front of Henry Vandyke's house, and awaited his coming. He was late but he came, a little before 12. A cab brought him. He alighted, paid and dismissed the driver, and entered. Soon light shone through his curtain and I saw h shadow pass several times. In five minute the light was extinguished. It was enough I knew that he was lying in his bed, jus where Agnes lay when I drew aim upon her. Calmiy I walked hither to my room. I lit my lamp, and, taking a chair, sat down within reach of the little cord that come out from the box. I took it in my hand which did not tremble. I thought Marie and the wrong he did her, andpulled. There was a slight tremor in the box, and there was a dull report, and I list ened. It may be fancy, but I think I heard he bullet hissing through the air as it spec in three seconds to its fatal aim. And it fancy again, but I think I heard it may be fancy again, but I think I think I though the window and strike it

There followed soon, however a sound that was not fanciful. Monsieur, do vou believe in the supernatural? A few seconds, ten or fif-teen, after I pulled the cord, and after Henry building in process of erection exactly on the line between my room and Henry Van-dyke's room. Its location is much nearer Vandyke was, as I knew, dead, there rose upon the stillness of my room a prolonged, unearthly moan, a despairing wall, as of some being who suffered preternatural agony. It was a little like the mournful howling of a dog. But it could not be a dog for there is no dog in this building. The man who rooms below me is a night watch man for some warehouse, and once kept dog, but lost him, and if he had recovere him I shouldn't have known it. No; it wa not a dog; it comes from some being not o earth; and it is something in this building While I pondered what it was, it cam again, and so it has continued to repeat itself, at regular intervals, all through this night. It came a few seconds ago makes me shiver, but I have no fear. day the frame was ready early in the morning and my rifle was placed upon it, pointing toward the window of Henry Vandyke. It rested between clamps provided for it, and it be the soul of Henry Vandyke, wailing in orment? Can it be an utterance from the realm of eternal woe! May it be his spirit come back to haunt me ir so, I refuse to be haunted. If he comes, in his unutterable woe, to visit me with re-morse, then I decline to feel remorse. Yes, I shiver, but I do not fear. Why, Monsieur, have you not felt, has not the conviction grown upon you, while reading this, that as I shall have placed my Marie beneath .h sod of the Alpine valley which she loved, shall die upon her grave. Why therefor

should I fear a ghostly visitor?
There! I bear it again. It causes me! shiver, but I do not fear. Be quiet, tho miserable thing! If thou dost suffer torments of the damned it is thy due! I do difficulty, because the plastering of the wall, seen beyond the bed, was also white, and at so great a distance might make the outlines of the bed very indistinct. Had the red coverlet been on, the contrast in color would

Monsieur, you know all. I ask of you one favor. Anteine, the one-legged janitor, is poor but he is good. I bequeath to him all I have in this room; let him have it. have rendered it easy for me to fix the aim of the rifle on any part of the bed. I found my fears verified With long effort and And now my Marie, it is almost day, and we shall go. Farewell, accursed scenes all my won Monsieur, adien.

ADOLPHE WERNER The professor lad down the manuscript and looked at his companions. They had listened with intense interest. deed I ever heard of. It makes me nervous

Little was said among them, for they did not feel like talking, but they tore away the covering and broke up the box and found he rifle clamped as described. Inquiry was made, and it was found that

provocation to kill him. No; better give up this plan and try some other than try and fail. I was in despair. That new Adolphe Werner had shipped a box and aken passage on a vessel that sailed early n the morning, cleared for a portein t Mediterranean. But it was too late to think of overhauling him, and, as there was the o ocean cable, no a fort was made to arrest

THE TEXAS RIFLEMEN.

Texas Siftings. wall. I tore my hair. I cursed the work-men. It seemed that they were madly en-During the war for Texas independence there was no battle or fight in which the Mexicans did not suffer losses in killed and I spent the remain ler of the day in watch wounded out of all proportion to those which they inflicted. Some writers have ing the window and the rising wall, hoping against hope. At night I could not rest. I intimated that the Texans exaggerated the losses of the Mexicans, but in this they are walked many miles, and came back to my mistaken. The great losses sustained by the Mexicans are capable of a very simple explanation. The Texans were men, for the most part, from the southern and western hours of troubled sleep. It was half-past is when Lawoke. Ah, that wall! I look through the telescope and see that it has They were unerring ma kamer They were accustomed to handling the rifle ing, and its line shows against the window-sill of Vandyke's room. In an hour it would from boyhood up. Men who rarely missed shooting off the head of a squirrel, or a wild hide the bed. But see! While I look the turkey, were not apt to miss when they fired curtain is drawn and the sash raised. It is Agnes: she wears a dark gown. She turns away and I can see that she is arranging at Mexicans.

On the other hand, the Mexicans knew nothing about the rifle. They were armed with bell-mouthed blunderbusses, called with bell-mouthed blunderbusses, called escopetas, which bore wide of the mark, into conflict with the Americans they did not fare any better than did the British at New Orleans, or more recently in the Transvaal. This explains why some of the Mexicans ran, and also why some of them

When Gen. Cos, who was captured at San shakes it, beats it and smoothes it. Then she lays it on the bed. She spreads two sheets, then two white blankets. I am Jacinto, was asked, when a prisoner, at Galveston, how he came to surrender a fortress with 2,500 regular troops at San Antonio to less than 300 American ci without discipline, and almost without officers, he replied:

"Why, sir, what could I do? We not even show a finger but it was shot off. men could not stand it any longer. They would have as soon fought the devil himself. I had to surrender." Some of the old inhabitants of San An-

Mexican campo santo, west of the San Pedro soldiers who feli in the fight on the Salad with Capt. Caldwell's men. Almost every skull was perforated with a rifle ball. The following graphic description of of the many battles that were fought aroun San Antonio, will convey an idea of what a terrible weapon the rifle was in the hands of

the men who made the names of San Jacinto and the Alamo immortal "But of all the fights that ever I was give me the battle on Conception, or, as it was better known at the time, 'the battle of forgotten at home, and was never known of abroad. The capture of the Alamo made at much noise as to completely swamp the

glory of my pet scrimmage.
"The truth about the battle is this: Burlison, with 800 men, had taken post on the San Antone river, some distance below the town, and there belay waiting for reinforments before he should attack a place that defended by as many Americans as it had Mexicans, would have been impregnable.

"I was deemed advisable nearer upon the town, and accordingly vol unteers were called for to reconnoitre country about the enemy's position, and to search for a safe and convenient spot for the army to advance and encamp upon.
"Ninety-two men stepped forward, and I among them. We were ordered to proceed

up the river until within six or seven mile of San Antone, and after selecting a proper spot, to return before night. The army to march and take up their new position or the next day. So off we started, every man upon his own book, for although we had those among us who afterwards distinguis themselves as officers, yet with the exception of an old Indian fighting general, no one as-sumed any particular command. W had special orders to avoid any collision with the enemy, and to retreat upon the least symptom of danger. As the men, however, were fairly 'froze for a fight,' there was little chance of their orders being obeyed, it fortune should send the Mexicans our way. "Not finding any within the prescribed distance, we determined to advance neares upon the town, and pushed on until w found, near the old Mission Conception, and iles from Bexar, as lovely a camp

diers. A berd in the river, known as the 'Horse-shoe,' had upon its shore a piece of bottom land, above which the prairie rose like a line of wall, so as to form a perfe breastwork, and although the latter was no more than four feet higher than the 'bo tom,' yet, as it curved around on either side until it met the river, a better position could hardly be conceived of. Wood and water on the spot, the river for our rear de fense, and the prairie wall for our front, n wonder that we gave a cheer when w found it, and no wonder, either, that we de termined not to return to the main body ourselves, to camp for the night and awai

urlison's arrival.
"All notion of fighting passed away, and we foolishly imagined that our present sit uation was unknown to the enemy. We were about as wise as the silly bird that hides her head in the bush, and thinks her self perfectly safe until a fire in the rear con vinces her too late of her error. We had not been in our new camp more than an hour before Mexican women began to come in with 'polonces' and 'tortillas' for sale. We bought of their wares, and they imme diately after leaving camp, went up t Bexar and reported our exact number found aftewards that they had stated or fource at ninety-two, which it was at the time, although two men were subsequently sent back to Burlison.
"Night drew on. We made our fire, cooked our suppers, eat, drank, smoked, and

were merry. A guard was set, and one the rest departed for the land of Nod.
Although camped on a bottom, I slept like a top. Towards morning my neighbor—I nimest said bed-fellow, for our blankets touched-grasped my leg gently, and woke

"'Hist!' he said in a low voice "What is it? inquired I, in a half-asleep

and theroughly cross tone.
"'Hush, for your life!' he replied in whisper; 'listen, do you hear anything?'
"Like Bottoms, I was all ears in a moment. Above the noise made by the rushing waters at our feet, I heard a mournful nd dismal sound, as like the low moan of a dog as anything that I could compare it to. 'Pshaw!' said I 'it's nothing but a wolf " 'Yes,' replied my companion, who was no other than the noted Col. Bowie. 'Yes, you are right; there are wolves about, but the

sound you hear is the creak of artillery "'Let us alarm our men instantly.' said L "'No such thing,' he answered: 'keep still; those rascals are upon the opposite side of he river and they expect to Let them think so, if possible, until they make the attack. That wheel has saved us. You do not hear it again, and you will not, for if they have no means of quieting it, th-y'll send back for grease. I'll bet now that those wheels are bound round with straw or rags, and that the horses' feet are covered with cleth or buckskin, to prevent any sound from reaching us. Unless someing goes wrong with them when they ford the stream, you will hear nothing further

"It was a fortunate thing for us that they were obliged to cross not more than 200 yards below the camp, for had they come down on the prairies side, we would probably not have heard them, as we would have een to the windward. "Bowie went cautiously about the camp.

ntil the artillery speaks.'

and arousing a few old scouts to help him, soon had every man in camp awake and pre-pared, without the least noise being made in he premature reveille. "We spread ourselves entirely around our

small piece of bottom land, facing the the river. Had our senses not been sharp one do the utnost by a knowledge of the impending and imminent danger, we probably could not have distinguished the slight noise attending their cro-sing, from the rushing sweep of the river; but so prenaturally acute did our hearing become, that the low-ned words of command could be distinctly separated from the other surrounding sounds. There was just air enough to convey the slightest noise to a leaf.

"At last they were all over, and then slowly and carefully did they march round to take post on our front, preparatory to their attended attack. We could hear them range themselves, but a thick mist was rising from the river, and everything was by the time concealed from our eyes. We could avery success the special from the outcome of it mainly because, in the heat of passion, the facts were obscured and it over the passion, and the next the passion, the facts were obscured and it over a pear ago I received from you a small box of your valuable medicines, Palmenic Spreas.

[Middletown Transcript.]

"My dear," said the wife of the editor of a weekly newspaper, "shall I give away those old trousers that you haven't worn for two years to some poor, deserving tramp?" which had been very sick for many years with female box of your valuable medicines, Palmenic Spreas.

"My dear," said the wife of the editor of a weekly newspaper, "shall I give away those old trousers that you haven't worn for two years to some poor, deserving tramp?" "so," answered the editor; "let those trousers han you haven't worn for two years to some poor, deserving tramp?" "so," answered the editor; "let those trousers han you haven't worn for two years to some poor, deserving tramp?" "so," answered the editor; "let those trousers han you haven't worn for two years to some poor, deserving tramp?" "so," answered the editor; "let those trousers han you haven't worn for two years to some poor, deserving tramp?" "So," and then yield the proposed and then involved them the proposed and then involved them the knowing that thence must come the

even hear them unlimber the cannon and our rifles. What weary moments were those as we lay, silent as the grave, expecting every instant to hear the roar and feel the fog had disconcerted them, and althou h i was but little past 3 when we were firs alarmed, the ruddy tint imparted to the dense mass of vapor, now told us plainly

that the sun was rising.
"Never can I forget that weary watching, but its prolonged anxiety was as nothing to the dreadful feeling of suspense we to peri-enced when the fog commenced lifting, and we could see the feet of the horses and the lower part of the wheels of the artillery. A through the ranks for each man to pick on through the ranks for each man to pick out his mark, and to fire from a rest, at the word of command. Higher and higher the fog drew up. It was evident that the decisive moment was at hand. Officers passed in front of the line of horse, issuing orders. "Take a tree," whispered Bowie to me; 'take a tree, the nearest one to our breast-work that you can."

work that you can.'
"A cool breeze fans our fevered cheeks; dense mass of vapor rolls up as a curtain; there stands the horse fully revealed, there are the cannon, there the gunners whirling their matches, there the trumpeter with his instrument aiready at his lips to sound the charge. All this we saw, but only saw it, for at this very instant the matches were extended towards the cannon, the horsemen drove their long rowels deep into the horses' vide. sides, but ere the iron storm burst forth, ere the horses had made the first leap, or the trumpeter blown his first note, a stentorian voice from our ranks shouted 'Fire?'
"Down went horse and rider, down gun-

"Down went horse and rider, down gunner and trumpter, and rifle ball and graps shot met careering in mid-air. The confusion in their ranks was indescribable. Checked in full career, the horses wheeled and ran; every man at the gur was shot down, and for a moment we thought that the contest was over. But no; they knew our numerical weakness too well, and having again formed, here they came dashing up in splendid style. The strife was now to obtain the mastery of the artillery. We dared not take them, and determined that they should not.
"Fire it to them in the face and eyes, boys," shouted Bowie," 'never mind their backs."
"Up they came, and just as the leading squadron reached the guns, down went every man of the front rank and away.

squadron reached the guns, down went every man of the front rank, and away

went the rest.

"Another charge, and the same result; then came a bold attempt to withdraw the cannon without our line of fire, and here more courage was exhibited than I have ever seen in Mexicans since. They sur-rounded the guns, dismounted some men, and absolutely gave us a harmless salute; but again every artillery-man bit the dust. "The enemy, forced to abandon their field." pieces, once more retreated, and their offi-cers evidently held a long and warm con-sultation, in full sight, but out of our line of fire. Some of our men wished to make a rush for the cannon, but to have been caught upon the prairie would have been destruction and the proposition was decid

destruction and the proposition was decay-edly overruled.

"The enemy were in trouble; the men had apparently had quite enough of it, and we could see the officers whipping them into rank with their swords.

On they come again, and as they draw
near. Bowie's voice is heard once more:—

near. Bowie's voice is heard once more:
"Steady, boys, steady! wait your time!"
"We did; and I firmly believe that three "We did; and I firmly believe that three out of four of our shot told. The destruction was awful; no Mexican could stand it. As they broke in confusion a man—the Sergest major—dropped from his horse, hammer in hand, and endeavored to spike one of the guns. He fell, shot through the head. Our men, no longer to be restrained, now dashed out upon the prairie, seized the guns, and the fight was over. "Had they done this before the enemy

were thoroughly disheartened and cut up, not one of us would have lived to have told the tale, but all the fight was fairly taken out of our foes.
"The field was won, with no greater los "The neid was won, with no greater to so upon our si than two men alightiy wounded. Be vie approached me:

"Colonel, said he; I believe this to your first fight. What tree did you take?

"I could not tell for the life of me,' said!.

"'I could not tell for the life of me, said.
"Well come with me, and I'll show it to
you,' he answered, and taking me a few
steps pointed out a sapling about six inches
through. 'A pretty shield for a full-grown steps pointed out a sapling about six inches through. 'A pretty shield for a full-grown man, said he, and I thought so, too. "We did not wait for another visit from our Mexican friends, but, having spiked th cannon, we threw them in the river, off the ammunition, and made the our way back to Burlison's camp."

POTTER AND PRYOR

NEW ACCOUNT OF A NOTED "AF-FAIR OF HONOR"

A Duel of Twenty-Five Years Ago, Which Did Not Take Place - Bowle-Knives at Four Foot-A Plucky Wife.

[Croffut in New York World.]

A Chicago newspaper the other day pub-lished a letter from Wisconsin speaking of the town where John F. Potter lives and the farm which he works, and then it gave an editorial version of the duel which was barely prevented at the beginning of the war between him and Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia—the popular and false version, of course. So on Monday I called on Mr. Pryor, at his office on Wall street, to get his version of the story. He has been an active lawyer in this city for some fifteen years now, and has risen to a large practice, his black eyes, tawny complexion and long black shaggy mane being conspicuous in all our courts. I found him in, but when I broached the matter he said, "I must decline to reopen the matter of that quarrel. For a quarter of a century the people of the north have preferred a lie to the truth, and I do not Fortunately I can get along without Mr.

Fyor's testimony. I was in Washington during the three years subsequent to the affair, and I know the facts from Mr. Potter himself and from other participants. It was the beginning of Buchanan's last year. For a year or two northern congressmen had been intimidated by those from the south, the latter being generally expert swordsmen or pistol-shots, and the former unfamiliar with either weapon and brought up to regard dueling with abhorrence. Two or three northerners had been insulted, "pested" and bullied, replying simply that they would fight if attacked. There was a growing feeling among Mr. Lincoln's friends that it was necessary for some "Yankee"

Mr. Pryor rose to a question of privilege one morning, saying that at The Congressional Globe office he had found that Mr. Potter had inserted at the end of his, Pot-ter's, speech the words: "The Republicans will be heard, let the consequences be what they may." No such words, Mr. Pryor sail, s be what had been uttered in debate.

Mr. Potter replied that he had used the

words referred to, and that Pryor had cras-l them from the record, and added: "He ba no right to do it. It was none of the gentie man's business. I stand by what I said." I doubt if these words are properly chalengeable, but those were hot times, -Pryor sent a challenge and escaped to Virginia to avoid arrest. Potter answered through his friend, Col. F. W. Lauter that he would fight with bowie-knives, in the presence of four friends of the parties, who should be armed with navy reolvers to see fair play. "Distance fou at commencement of engagement. Knives of equal weight and length of blade. Fight to commence at the word three." It was added, "These terms are such as will alone enable my principal, who is unacquainted with the usual weapons of duellists, your friend on equal terms." Mr. Chisma whom Pryor had left to represent him, took

the strange acceptance to several of his prin-cipal's friends, Keitt Hindman and others. They all agreed that the weapon was inadfought, should be denounced as a barbarian. So Mr. Chisman answered that, "not recog-

of it mainly because, in the heat of passion, the facts were obscured, and it was gener-ally believed that he had refused to fight with bowie knives, and had rather ignomin ously backed out. If the fight had taken place one or both would have been killed, and it might have done something to abolish the savage and preposterous custom of dueling. I remember a talk I had with Potter about the affair in 1861. "I always confide wholly in my wife," he said, "and even in this strange dilemma I went to her the first thing. I showed her how we stood; that I hal done no wrong; that the north needed a champion and that our cause was depressed because no man would fight, and then I asked her what the women call it, but she said duty was clear-I must fight him. by me pluckily straight through. I got such instructions in the use of the bowie knife as I could and practiced for an home every day. I am very strong and quick

If we had fought I should certainly have slain Mr. Pryor. at is better as it is." For months afterwards Potter's friends, somewhat against his will, hedged him about with their vigilance, accompanying him in his walks to and fro. One of these who was as quick as a cat and strong as a tiger. Whenever Potter started from his seat to leave the house King rose at his side like an apparition.

Thirty Barrels of New England Rum Swallowed and \$40,000 Lost-Everything for the Crew and Noth-

ing for the Owners. In the spring of 1881 H. O. Roberts, a wealthy shipowner of Boston, Mass., having before his eyes the vision of the profits to be

gained in the whaling fields of the North Pacific, outfitted the stanch A 1 bark E.nma G. Harriman, and placed her under the command of Capt. Martin. The Harriman's tonnage was 305 tons, and she carried a crew all told of thirty-six hands. Previous to her new departure she had been in the sugar trade, and carried the usual cargo of sugar and rum. Had the owner been as careful as our mining operators in a stock deal, and cleaned her up closely, the future of the Harriman might have been as respect-able as even a Boston Puritan could desire; but—there always is a but—part of her for-mer cargo was left on board, and this was thirty barrels of fine New England rum. It will be well to bear this in mind, as all the disasters arose from this fact. Well, the Harriman left Boston in good shape; the went home to dream of end sperm whales, with occasionally a ton or two of ambergris thrown in, all of which were to be the prize of the Harriman. Days rolled into months and months into years, but nothing was heard of the vessel:

the owner was seriously considering the ex-pediency of calling on the underwriters for his insurance, when rumors began to reach Boston that a vessel resembling his was hav-ing a grand picnic up and down the Pacific ocean; she was like the flying Dutchman, always spoken of, but never spoken to; she was described as entering a port and leaving between two days. This was not what the owner sent her out for; her object was whaling, and while she in some part ful filled her mission by causing Mr. Roberts much wailing, still such cruises did not pay, and Cant. Holmes was dispatched with full powers to hunt her up and get an explana-nation from Capt. Martin. Capt Holmes went to every port frequented by whater. and discovered that the Harriman was still affoat and could always be relied on being exactly where Capt. Holmes was not Capt. Martin, on overhauling his stores, discovered the New England rum bonanza

and sampling it found it to be of A I quality. Turning the matter over in his mind, he consulted his officers, and found them also alive to the good qualities of the liquor, and his proposal that they should leave the sor-did hunt after whales as wealth for the owners alone and turn the business into a plea ure trip, met with the approval of all hands. A grand, high old time was determined en, and another nip of rum served out. Ever port of any pleasure note was visited, an could be easily caught took place. Success seemed to smile on their pleasure

trip; whales would come alongmone and beg to be harponned—a request hy the captain. After each whale caught, a move would be made to some congenial port, the oil sold, a pro rata distribution on the principle of every thing for the crew and nothing for the owners would take place, and some South American seaport would be painted red by the whole outlin This grand pleasure trip lasted for three years, Capt. Holmes fellow-ing on the trail like "Old Sleuth, the Whaling Detective," only to find that she had left the day previous But he kept up the chase, and at last ran her to ground or to bay in the bay of St. Thomas early in the present ear. Capt. Martin had nothing to show for his cruise but the thirty empty barrels o

rum blossoms as ever were seen in an orchid Capt. Holmes dispossessed Capt. Martin of his command and discharged the crew. Considering it cheaper not to prosecute Capt. Martin, he left him at St. Thomas to ruminate on the evil influence of New England rum In justice to Capt. Martin it must be aid that he laid all the blame on the rum being left on board, and offered, if pardoned. to sign the pledge and wear a blue ribbon the rest of his life. Mr. Roberts, the original owner, places his loss for the three years' pleasure trip of the Harriman at \$40,000.

New England rum and as fine a collection of

The Antiquary's Discovery.

[Chambers' Journal.] A German antiquary once made the delightful discovery that a stone placed over a stable door bore the inscription of 1081. "I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may," thought the savant. Calling a tenant farmer, who was the proprietor, the professor said to him, eagerly: "Did you not obtain this stone from the castle ruin on the hill you ler?" "It may be that my grandfather fetched it thence when he built the stable," was the reply. The antiquary then asked what he would take for the stone Since you appear to have a fancy for it," said the farmer, "give me 40 gilden and I will bring it to your house" "Rather a large sum," said the professor, "but bring it to my residence a d you shall have the money." When in 'ue course the farmer brought the stone upon a truck, the realous antiquary turned it over to refresh his eves with a sight of the venerable chronological inscripion, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal. "Why!" he exclaimed "what is this! This is not the right stone. On the stone I bought from you was he date 1081 while this bears the very modern date 1801, which proves that the other was exactly 720 years older than this." "Do not trouble about that," said the peasant; the masons, you see, sir, turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way You can turn is which ever way you like but of course I must have the money agreed upon." The professor, it is said, at once paid the whole sum, and gave the man a presents besides to take away the stone and my no more about the matter.

[Harper's Bazar.] Tom Jones, a noted fiddler, had been engaged to play at a ball in a certain town in Maine. The day before the affair was to come off, his wife died, and the manager took the liberty to secure the services o another; but Jones was one hand at the time appointed, and when they expressed surpris at seeing him there under the circumstance he excused himself by saying: "Wa'al, conclusion that seein' as how Sally was no blood relation of mine, I might just as well cum and fiddle for ve."

amples of it, but they are only one feature. What strikes me as being the most curious element of it is the way the crashas slipped into trade. Every tailor of any consequence in New York seems to think it necessary to get the word English on his sign in one way or a nother, and the shops that succeed in establishing a reputa-tion for following the English fashions moscarefully have apparently the most trade carefully have apparently the most trade. The juxtaposition of words is often odd over the tailors' shops; for instance, 'O'Shaughnessy, English Tailor.' One never sees a sign which announces that the owner of the shop is an Irish tailor. Besides this, there are thousands of men in New York who boast that their clothes come from England. It is enough to say that they are the worst dressed men in New York, as English tailors do not

compare in fitting with the tailors here. "That reminds me, by the way, that I am continually startled at the appearance men, who profess to be professional, present in the streets of New York. They are apparently, in fact palpably, endeavoring to look Eng-lish, and yet I asure you that nowhere in England will you find men who at all reble the society and club men of New York in the way of attire. The other day was on Fifth avenue and three member the Knickerbocker club, confessedly the most fashionable one in New York, swung out of the club-house and started up Fifth avenue. They were almost precisely similar in the matter of dress; each wore mixed trousers with big squares dimly outlined in texture; their coats were long-tailed and spade shaped, which was the fashion among cockneys in England several years ago; they walked with the curious and affected gait which is characteristic of a dude, and to the practiced eye they were a very meagre and unsatisfactory imitation of the genuine ar-

"Many of the tailors in London have agencies here, and it is a saying among them across the water that anything will do for New York. That is one reason why men who pay heavy prices for their clothes are sel·lom fashionably dressed according to the English standard. By the way, the climax has been reached in the sign of a tailor in upper Broadway, who announces that he has 'distinguished honor of being patronized by his royal highness the prince.' Outside of the tailoring business I find that trades Outside men are using the royal arms of the ruling house in England on their bills with quite a much unction as their English brethren. The other day I came across a dancing master' bill which was headed by the coat of arms of Queen Victoria. It was a note explaining that the dancing master had once taught under the patronage of the Princess Louise, when her husband, the marquis of Lorne was the governor general of Canada and he thus considered himself patronized by the queen-if not personally, at least by proxy-and held that he was entitled to place er arms at the head of his circular. I wonder, by the way, if he succeeded in get ting any pupils by this little device! Prob ably, for Anglomania in New York is very widesprend.

"Only a few days ago I amused myself by reading the signs on the windows of a wine seller's place in Fifth avenue, near the Brunswick hotel. One of them was emblatoned 'Purveyor to her Majesty the Queen, On all the windows were set forth the fact that the wine-seller's goods were purchased by Englishmen of title. The names of nearly all the members of Queen Victoria immediate family, and even the remote pranches of her family, appeared in big cilt letters. This is a nice state of Mairs for a Democratic city and a Demoeratic country, isn't it! There is a grocery shop on the avenue a little further up which has its own crest over the door, under which hangs a tiny gilt sign bearing the words, Patronized by Royalty,' It is worth noting hat on none of these signs is it stated that t is the queen of England or the prince of Wales; it is assumed at once that queen and prince that one knows of are thos f England.

"I have been living at a hotel since my re turn, and have had nothing to do but to wander around the streets, so I am tolerably amiliar with the spread of Anglomania and I see it creeping in everywhere, from the shops which advertise that they are English Haberdashers to Gentleman the way up or down to 'Her Majesty's



THE FOLLOWING LETTERS are selected from a large number that have been received by Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, in regard to his Remedies for the

Cura of Consumption. Those who are afflicted or threatened with any Disease of the Lungs will be well repaid by giving them a

careful reading. They are all plain statements of fact, without one word of misrepresentation. This can be proved by any one who will take the trouble to call on or write to the people who sign them.

FROM SPRINGFIELD, MASS

DR. J. H. SCHENCK.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

Dear Sir:—About sixteen years ago, while living in Canada, my health became very poor. My disease came on gradually, beginning with a loss of appetite and afterwards great weakness, which brought on night-sweats and a dry, hacking cough. My chest and back were very weak, and so sore that I could not bear my weight against the back of a chair. At different times I raised considerable blood, which my physician said came from the lungs. I employed several doctors, but they all told me the same thing—that my lungs were badly affected; and the last one that I had also said that I could live but a short time, and that I had better go to my mother's home in Winstead, Ct., as soon as I could, that with careful nursing I might live for some time. When I got to my mother's I was very low indeed, so that my mother sent Dear Sir :- About sixteen years ago, while was very low indeed, so that my mother sent for her doctor. He pronounced me beyond all help. He, however, left me some medicine which he said would relieve my worst sympwhich he said would relieve my works ymp-toms. After this my mother employed an-other doctor, who said that one of my lungs was nearly gone. I ate scarcely anything for several months, and never expected to get well. One day a friend, who lives in Collinsville, Ct., gave my father one of your pam-phlets on Consumption. He brought it home and told me to look it over and see if any of and told me to look it over and see if any of the cases described in it were like mine. I read the book through, and found so many cases described there that seemed as bad as mine, that were cured, that I began to hope that I too might recover by using the medi-cines. My father finding that they were not kept in Winstead, sent to New York and got a supply. In one week after I began their use my night-sweats ceased, and my appetite began to improve. In two weeks after this I was much better in every way. I commenced to use the medicines in March; in July I felt quite strong; in two months more I was well. quite strong; in two months more I was well, and I have had good health ever since. I be-lieve that I would not be alive to-day but for the use of your medicines, as all the doctors had said my disease was Consumption, an that I was incurable. Yours truly,

MRS. CHAS. W. PLUMMER. 274 Main St., Springfield, Mass

From the REV. STEPHEN ROESE. MAIDEN ROCK, PIERCE Co., Win., June 15, 1879

April 29, 1881.

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK, Philadelphia. Worthy Gentleman —It is with a feeling of gra-titude I seat myself to write you this letter. A little over a year ago I received from you a small box of your valuable medicines, Pulmenic Syrus.

The Rev. Mr. Rosse again writes, under date of April 7, 1882: April 7, 1882:

My wife's health remains good, showing that your medicines have made a perfect and permanent cure. I think your Pulmonic Symur the best cough remedy in the world. I am advertising you have been compared to the property of the perfect of the property of the perfect of the per cough remedy in the world, wherever I go in my travels

HEREDITARY CONSUMPTION CURED.

DR. SCHENCK. DR. SCHENCE.

Dear Sir:—In the autumn of 1877 I had a severe cough, with terrible pain in my sides and between my shoulders. I had very little appetite, and what little I could eat only distressed me. I consulted physicians, who said my condition was a very bad one, and gave me five different cough syrups and tonies, from which I received no benefit, but seemed to grow worse, and kept losing flesh and strength. I had night-sweats, and sweat most of the time during the day. I coughed and raised blood and a salt, foamy phlegm; my throat was filled with ulcers, I could hardly swallow; sometimes I could not speak a loud word for weeks; my lungs grew more painful every day, with difficult breathing, while pleurisy pains would almost stop my breath. I had colic pains, sour stomach, and vomiting up everything I ate. My whole body was filled with pain. I could not lie down, but had to recline in a sitting posture to breathe. I gave up, and did not think of ever getting up again, as it was hard moving myself; my fect and ankles began to swell badly, and my hips had given out long before. In this sinking condition I thought I would try your remedy for Consumption; it might do me some good; it could do me no harm, for I was certain I could not live a month longer the way I was. At that time, May, 1878, I procured your Pulmonic Syrup, Seawed Tonio and Mandrake Pills, and took them as directed. In a week I was better, and began to throw off from the lungs a greenish-yellow matter streaked with blood. I could eat a Dear Sir :- In the autumn of 1877 I had a

rected. In a week I was better, and began to throw off from the lungs a greenish-yellow matter streaked with blood. I could eat a little without throwing it up, the pains in my sides were not so severe; I could sleep an hour very soundly, and that was what I had not done for three months.

I took your medicines steadily six months; my cough got better, I did not sweat so bad nights, kept gaining slowly, and in a year after I began your medicines I could say I felt well. I began to gain flesh, and last September weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds—fifteen pounds more than I ever

pounds—fifteen pounds more than I ever weighed before in my life.
Your medicines, I know, saved my life; and I would say, from my own experience, to all Consumptives, take Dr. Schenck's medi-cines, for they will certainly cure you. I had Consumption, it is hearding win one family Consumption; it is hereditary in our family, my father and two brothers having died of it. I have had better health the past winter than

for ten years previous. Yours respectfully, MRS. SARAH A. CARTER.

CARLISLE, MASS., April 5, 1880. DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES: MANDRAKE PILLS, SEAWEED TONIC #PULMONIC SYRUP Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package. His Book on Consumption, Liver Com-plaint and Dyspesia, is sent free to all, post-paid, Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

Good Meat, and Fat. [The Current.] The National Live Stock Journal declares, as a scientific fact, that good meat must, as first requisite, be very fat-"excessively fat," as the people would say. Nearly every experienced householder has privately come to this same opinion. The meat may be beautifully mottled, and yet be very tough; it was old and was suddenly fattened. 'herefore, while all fat meat is not sweet and tender, yet there is no sweet and tender eat to be found on the butcher's block hich is not very fat. Pay a little extra for this fat; it is a good investment. A "flank steak," properly dressed and scarified with the butcher's knife, makes a fine broil, and, though of inferior flavor, will, nine times out of ten, prove a great card on a

family dinner-table. Stirring Nature with a Spoon

[San Francisco Call.] The old cynic sat on the back seat of the dummy watching a young couple behind him who were very tender and devoted. His hand was holding hers, and she was as happy as a turkey that finds itself alive when the market closes for Thanksgiving. "Happy, aren't they?" said his friend. "Happy, yes. Stirring nature with a spoon."