A Boil on the Back of the Neck.

Each heart has its moments of pleasure and pain
That follow the ebb and the flow;
Each soul has its portion of sunshine and rain,
Hope dawnings and sunsets of woe.
But there're few other evils to which flesh is heir
That with sorrow our joy can so fleck,
And fill our whole being with so much despair,
As a boil on the back of the neck.

A man's wife may tell him in tones low and sweet
Her mother is coming to stay,
He may tread a banana peel down in the street
And swear in a dignified way.
Somebody may walk on his favorite corn,
He may foolishly cash a snide check,
But the one thing that makes him regret he was born
Is a boil on the back of the neck.

The brooklet e'en sings in a sad undertone,
The skies are all clouded with care,
And nature's voice echoes a saddening moan,
The breezes come freighted with care.
The future is naught but a desert of night,
The present a miserable wreck,
Without even just one faint spark of delight,
For the man with a boil on his neck.

Cupid's Commercial Failure.

Negotiations now have ceased, the game is called a draw,
Miss Caldwell with her millions failed to capture Prince Murat.

He brought to her a title of distinction to be sold,
She was to buy the bauble and to pay for it in gold.

While there would be no limit to the title he would bring,
He soon discovered all her gold was anchored to a string.

The title of "The Princess," which nobility holds dear,
She wished him to bestow for just a paltry sum per year.

While she would bear the name which his nobility confers,
The bank account, as heretofore, would still be kept in hers.

An heiress who will titles estimate so very low
Deserves to finally become plain Mrs. So-and-so.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

One morning in the following week, Mrs. Burnham attired herself in her second-best black silk, and, leaving the Misses Burnham practising diligently, turned her steps toward Oldclough Hall. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing-room by Dobson, in his character of footman, and in a few minutes Lucia appeared.

When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she assumed a slight air of surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said, as she shook hands, "I should scarcely have known you.'

And though this was something of an exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be noted in her attire and appearance. The ugly twist had disappeared from her delicate head, and in its place were soft, loose waves and light puffs; she had even ventured on allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to her forehead; her white morning-dress no longer wore the trade-mark of Miss Chickie, but had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

"What a pretty gown, my dear!" said Mrs. Burnham, glancing at it curiously. "A Watteau plait down the back—isn't it a Watteau plait?—and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite like some of Miss Octavia Basstt's dresses, only not so over-trimmed."

"I did not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia bravley. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and dress so little in Slowbridge, that they seem so."

"And your hair!" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from some style of hers, I suppose. Very becoming indeed. Well, well! And how does Lady Theobald like all this, my dear?"

"I am not sure that——" Lucia was beginning, when her ladyship interrupted her by entering.

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her visitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I have just been complimenting Lucia upon her pretty dress and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has been giving her the benefit of her experience, it appears. We have not been doing her justice. Who would have believed that she had come from Nevada to improve us?"

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, sonorously, "has come from Nevada to teach our young people a great many things—new fashions in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefited."

"If you will excuse me, grandmamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, "I will go and write the letters you wished written."

"Go," said my lady, with majesty, and having bidden Mrs. Burnham good morning, Lucia went.

If Mrs, Burnham had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident displeasure, she was doomed to disappointment. That excellent and rigiorous gentlewoman had a stern sense of dignity, which forbade her condescending to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached a more commonplace topic.

"I hope your rheumatism does not threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she remarked.

"I am very well, thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "so well, that I am thinking quite seriously of taking the dear girls to the garden-party, when it comes off."

"To the garden-party!" repeated her ladyship. "May I ask who thinks of giving a garden-party in Slowbridge?"

"It is no one in Slowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives a little out of Slowbridge—Mr. Burmistone, my dear, Lady Theobald, at his new place."

"Mr. Burmistone!"

"Yes, my dear, and a most charming affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we hear. Surely you have heard something of it from Mr. Barold?"

"Mr. Barold has not been to Oldclough for several days."

"Then he will tell you when he comes, for I suppose he has as much to do with it as Mr. Burmistone."

"I have heard before," announced my lady, "of men of Mr. Burmistone's class securing the services of persons of established position in society when they wished to spend their money upon entertainments, but I should scarcely have imagined that Francis Barold would have allowed himself to be made a party to such a transaction."

"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmistone is not such an obscure person, after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with honors; he is quite a well-born man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation, Lord Lansdowne.'

"Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her ladyship, sternly.

"Son of the Marquis of Lauderdale, whose wife was Lady Honoro Erroll."

"Did Mr. Burmistone give you this information?" asked Lady Theobald, with ironic calmness.

Mrs. Burnham colored ever so faintly.

"I—that is to say—there is a sort of acquaintance between one of my maids and the butler at the Burmistone place, and when the girl was doing Lydia's hair, she told her the story. Lord Lansdowne and his father are quite fond of Mr. Burmistone, it is said.'

"It seems rather singular to my mind that we should not have known of this before."

"But how should we learn? We none of us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the marquis. I think he is only a second or third cousin. We are little—just a little—*set* in Slowbridge, you know, my dear—at least I have thought so, sometimes lately,"

"I must confess," remarked my lady, "that I have not regarded the matter in that light."

"That is because you have a better right to—to be a little set than the rest of us," was the amiable response.

Lady Theobald did not disclaim the privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the call, and, incongruous as such a statement may appear, it must be confessed that she felt that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden-parties, and all such swervings from established Slowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lansdowne and the Marquis of Lauderdale were to be referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that, but for Octavia Bassett, Mr. Burmistone would not have been educated at Oxford and have come off with honors, and have turned out to be related to respectable people, but would have remained in appropriate obscurity.

"I suppose," she said, afterwards, to Lucia, "that your friend Miss Octavia Bassett is in Mr. Burmistone's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt *she* has known of this approaching entertainment for some weeks."

"I do not know, grandmamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and gaining color as she bent over them. She was wondering, with inward trepidation, what her ladyship would say if she knew the whole truth—if she knew that it was her grand-daughter, not Octavia Bassett, who enjoyed Mr. Burmistone's confidence.

"Ah," she thought, "how could I ever dare to tell her?"

The same day Francis Barold sauntered up to pay them a visit, and then, as Mrs. Burnham had prophesied, Lady Theobald heard all she wished to hear, and, indeed, a great deal more.

"What is this I am told of Mr. Burmistone, Francis?" she inquired. "That he intends to give a garden-party, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be one of the guests, and that he has caused it to be circulated that they are cousins."

"That Lansdowne has cause it to be circulated—or Burmistone?"

"It is scarcely likely that Lord Lansdowne——"

"Beg pardon," he interrupted, fixing his single glass dexterously in his right eye, and gazing at her ladyship through it. "Can't see why Lansdowne should object. Fact is, he is a great deal fonder of Burmistone than relations usually are of each other. Now I often find that kind of thing a bore, but Lansdowne doesn't seem so. They were at school together, it seems, and at Oxford, too, and Burmistone is supposed to have behaved pretty well towards Lansdowne at one time, when he was rather a wild fellow—so the father and mother say. As to Burmistone 'causing it to circulated,' that sort of thing is rather absurd. The man isn't a cad, you know."

"Pray don't say 'you know,' Francis," said her ladyship. "I know very little but what I have chanced to see, and I must confess I have not been prepossessed in Mr. Burmistone's favor. Why did he not choose to inform us——."

"That he was Lord Lansdowne's second cousin, and knew the Marquis of Lauderdale, grandmamma?" broke in Lucia, with very pretty spirit. "Would that have prepossessed you in his favor? Would you have forgiven him for building the mills, on Lord Lansdowne's account? I—I wish I was related to a marquis," which was very bold indeed.

"May I ask," said her ladyship, in her most monumental manner, "when *you* became Mr. Burmistone's champion?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU HAVE MADE IT LIVELIER."

When she had become Mr. Burmistone's champion indeed! She could scarcely have told when, unless, perhaps, she had fixed the date at the first time she heard his name introduced at a high tea, with every politely opprobrious ephitet affixed. She had defended him in her own mind then, and felt sure that he deserved very little that was said against him, and very likely nothing at all. And the first time she had seen and spoken to him, she had been convinced that she had not made a mistake, and that he had been treated with cruel injustice. How kind he was, how manly, how clever, and how well he bore himself under the popular adverse criticism! She only wondered that anybody could be so blind, and stupid, and wilful as to assail him.

And if this had been the case in those early days, imagine what she felt now, when—ah, well!—when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed that she had seen Mr. Burmistone even oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course it had all been quite accidental; but it had happened that now and then, when she had been taking a quiet walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had encountered a gentleman, who had dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as he sauntered by her side. She had always been very timid at such times and had felt rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmistone had not been timid at all, and would, indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as not, for which courage his companion admired him more than ever. It was not very long before to be with this hero re-assured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to open her soft little heart to him, and show him innocently all its goodness and igorance of worldliness. She warmed and brightened under his kindly influence, and was often surprised in secret at her own simples readiness of wit and speech.

"It is odd that I am such a different girl when—when I am with you," she said to him, one day. "I even make little jokes. I should never think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she never seems quite to understand jokes. She never laughs at them. You always laugh, and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must nor encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did, she would choke over her soup."

Perhaps, when she had dressed her hair and adorned herself with pale pink bows, and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other beholders than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by that most excellent matron.

"Do you mind me telling you that you have put on an enchanted garment," said Mr. Burmistone, the first time they met when she wore one of the old-new gowns. "I though' I knew before how——."

"I don't mind at all," said Lucia, blushingly brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like that, too. Grandmamma does not."

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to to treat Lucia severely from a sense of duty. Her manner towards her had always rather the tone of implying that she was naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in which my lady had been trained, it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and, if left to their own desires, frequently sinful. Lucia had not been left to own her desires. She had been taught to view herself, as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with a person who did not find her silly, or dull, or commonplace, was a new experience.

"If I had been clever," Lucia said once to Mr Burmistone,—"if I had been clever, perhaps grandmamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished I had been clever."

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmistone, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance."

When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Burmistone's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every genteel parlor. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Oldclough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for information.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whither it is true that Miss Belinda Bassett—*Belinda Bassett*," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmistone to assist him to receive his guests."

"Yes, it is true," was the reply; "I think I advised it myself. Burmistone is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants,—well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, et cætera." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding quietly: "He's not a man to submit to being refused—Burmistone."

Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work; she knew he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in its place so cleverly; and she detested this more than anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say.

He did not address her again, immediately, but turned to Lucia, drooping the eyeglasses, and resuming his normal condition.

"You will go, of course?" he said.

Lucia glanced across at my lady.

"I—do not know. Grandmamma——."

"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation—unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question."

"But there may be reasons——," began her ladyship.

"Burmistone is my friend," put in Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you."

When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the *fete*, and that Lady Theobald had accepted them.

"She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for-granted way of his."

Naturally, Mr. Burmistone's *fete* caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Harriford for costumes for her daughters.

"Slowbridge is changing, mem," said Miss Chickie with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies are led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever have dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill or flounce, mem?"

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. Shares had gone up again, and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little aggrieved.

"Will you be glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked. "We shall not be glad to let you go. We have grown very fond of you."

"I shall be sorry to leave you; and Aunt Belinda is going with us. You don't expect me to be fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham—and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one 'the rest'" he enquired, the first time he found himself alone with her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual *hateur* and discretion.

"Would you like to be?" she said.

"Oh! very much—very much—naturally," he replied, severely.

They were standing near a rosebush, in the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest.

"Well," she said, next, "I must say I think I shouldn't have had such a good time if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier."

"Tha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind."

"Oh!" she answered, "it's true. If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You, and Mr. Burmistone, and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier."

He went home in such bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than usual, commented upon his grave aspect at dinner.

"You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up."

"Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sardonically; "nothing whatever — unless that I have been rather snubbed by a young lady from Nevada."

"Ah!" with great seriousness; "that's rather cool, isn't it?"

"It's her little way," said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada."

In fact, he was very savage indeed. He felt that he had condsecended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, he chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analyzing his motives and necessities, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this young woman from Nevada, and that really, upon the whole, he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes he had been much pleased with her, and very well entertained; but often enough—in fact rather too often—she had made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Her manners were not what he was accustomed to; she did not consider that all men were not to be regarded from the same point of view. Perhaps he did not put into definite words the noble and patriotic sentiment that an Englishman was not to be regarded from the same point of view as an American, and that though all this sort of thing might do with fellows in New York, it was scarcely what an Englishman would stand. Perhaps, as I say, he had not put this sentiment into words; but it is quite certain that it had been uppermost in his mind upon more occasions than one. As he thought their acquaintance over, this evening, he was rather severe upon Octavia. He even roused so far as to condescend to talk her over with Burmistone.

"If she had been well brought up," he said, "she would have been a different creature."

"Very different, I have no doubt," said Burmistone, thoughtfully. "When you say well brought up, by the way, do you mean brought up like your cousin, Miss Gaston?"

"There is a medium," said Barold, loftily. "I regret to say Lady Theobald has not hit upon it."

"Well, as you say," commented Mr. Burmistone, "I suppose there is a medium."

"A charming wife she would make for a man with a position to maintain," remarked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.

"Octavia Bassett?" queried Burmistone. "That's true. But I am afraid she wouldn't enjoy it—if you are supposing the man to be an Englishman, brought up in the regulation groove."

"Ah!" exclaimed Barold, impatiently, "I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his."

Mr. Burmistone slipped his hands in his pockets and jingled his keys slightly, as he did once before in an earlier part of this narrative.

"Ah! from his," he repeated. "Not from hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Barold flushed a little, and took his cigar from his mouth to knock of the ashes.

"A man is not necessarily a snob," he said, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You can't marry a woman who will make mistakes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

"Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmistone.

"She would do as she chose," said Barold, petulantly. "She would do things which were unusual—but I am not referring to her in particular. Why should I?"

"Ah!" said Burmistone. "I only thought of her because it did not strike me that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered She is not easily embarrassed. There is a *sang froid* about her which carries things off."

"Ah!" deigned Barold, "she has *sang froid* enough and to spare."

He was silent for some time afterwards, and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night, he made an announcement for which his host was not altogether prepared.

"When the *fete* is over, my dear fellow,' he said, "I must go back to London, and I shall be deucedly sorry to do it."

"Look here!" said Burmistone, "that's a new idea, isn't it?"

"No, an old one; but I have been putting the thing off from day to day. By Jove! I did not think it likely that I should put it off, the day I landed here."

And he laughed, rather uneasily.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MAY I GO?"

The very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston appeared.

Lucia was very pale, and her large soft eyes wore a decidedly frightened look. She seemed to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had happened.

"Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Oldclough."

"Who is he?"

"He is my grand-uncle," exclaimed Lucia, tremulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma——" She stopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. "I do not quite understand grandmamma, Octavia," she said. "Last night she came to my room to talk to me; and this morning she came again, and—oh!" she broke out indignantly, "how could she speak to me in such a manner!"

"What did she say?" inquired Octavia.

"She said a great many things," with great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her—I did—before she had finished."

"What did you understand?"

"She was afraid to tell me in plain words—I never saw her afraid before, but she was afraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it—and it is what I deserve. If I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, and make myself attractive, in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?"

"Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose."

Lucia started.

"How did you guess?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess." And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she added.

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before.

"Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."

Octavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said at length. "I am angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, I could have forgiven her more easily; but she been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. "Octavia," she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, "I think that, for the first time in my life, I am in a passion—a real passion. I think I shall never be afraid of her any more." Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath came fast. There was a hint of exultation in her tone. "Yes," she said, "I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home and tell her what I think!"

And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her ladyship.

(To be Continued).

In His Proper Place.

Yes, "the world do move," after all. Those who were present at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the Baptist church one afternoon last week witnessed a sight which was calcuated to inspire the most ardent advocate of women's rights. Whilst the wives and daughters of the land were discussing the "third party" and other grave questions of state, one of the erstwhile "lord of creation" paced the corridors in the "lordly" endeavor of trying to keep his offspring from breaking out into open rebellion. The wives and daughters looked upon the sight with feelings of satisfaction at the thought that man had at last found his proper place, and the "yoke" had been broken. As for the fallen "lord," he presented the appearance of a man who was prepared to sell himself without making anything on the transaction.—*Galt Reformer.*

Barbers Have Good Eyes.

Ever get shaved by a barber who wore glasses? Just think over now, and see if you can remember any barber who ever wore glasses. I've been in the business 20 years, says a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, and I would be more apt to see such barbers than you. I don't believe that I ever saw more than three. A man who can't see well has no business fooling around another man's face with a razor. I went into a recruiting office once thinking I would enlist. They asked me several questions, one of them being an inquiry about my business. I said I was a barber. The recruiting officer replied at once: "Then your eyesight is all right." I don't think I ever saw a cross-eyed barber in my life. As a rule, the barber's eyesight is better than any class or business or profession which you find.

The Smallest Republic in the World.

Probably the smallest republic in the world is the one which declared its independence on August 9th, at Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides, and elected M. Chevilliard its President. The inhabitants consist of 40 Europeans (including a solitary Englishman, a missionary) and 500 black workmen employed by a French company. The new flag of the republic having been duly hoisted, the French gunboat Saone landed a detachment and saluted the flag.

—The man who does not find advertising profitable generally finds business unprofitable.

—A new Krupp gun beats the world. The calibre is 13¼ inches, barrel 40 feet in length, and its greatest diameter 6½ feet. It shoots 11 miles and fires two shots per minute, each shot costing between $1,250 and $1,500.