The said sach singing of Severa and the ficke of grass had the sky overhea beamed as the word was said. Canada and sun lifted his head and smiled

-The Woman a Journa

corose the prairie from the Cross Roads etore, Felix Skaggs presented a to grind them down. dicture of utter despair. All about was Proce and joy. The broad prairie spreadthe back for miles in every direction one broad level plain was green with the "came up laden with the sweet scents of -a thousand wild flowers. The surround ings were certainly all that one cou mak, but Felix was blind to it and stum-

bled on with his eyes cast down. edoor of the little sod house, and trembling tone asked: "Has it gone against us, Felix?" "Yes," he replied, "it has."

down on the ground, and dropping him- him to aid her in finding some one to go do with it?" self on the door step, gave a deep drawn for the doctor. wigh and sat for several minutes with his face buried in his hands. **\*but** at last steadying her voice with

**reffort** she said: worry over it. It's a great misfortune mightn't it?"

improved it, ain't no trifling matter, can tell you." Felix shook his head doubtingly and

grawing a coarse, soiled sleeve across Ins face to wipe away the perspiration, went on: "It's easy to talk, Tilly, but it ain't **Easy to bear such losses as this.** Remem ber the years we've lived here, toiling

get a home started. And now, when we begin to see the light, an gin to feel that our efforts are going be rewarded, here comes this land grabber and takes it all away from us, and furns us out in the world with nothing gone, swept away at one sweep Reckon you can't be mistaken.

"No: I wish I was. There's no chance for any mistake, Tilly; none in the world. Bert Hart was telling us at the that the settlers would have to give up their claims or buy them over again from the land grabber. Bert was up to can't be any mistake about it. Old Joyce has got the land and we have got noth-

"Perhaps we could buy it again." "What! After it is stolen from us, go to work and buy it back! Never." "When will we have to leave?" 'I don't know. Old Joyce's agent will be at the Cross Roads to-morrow to meet the settlers, and I reckon we'll find

oute their rights and oust them from the

Felix Skaggs and his wife had been to among the most industrious and perevering of the pioneers, and had sucseeded in sav. g up money enough to

that the courts would decide in their favor. But Bert Hart's information was correct, and the next day the people collected in at the Cross Roads store to hear

what the agent had to say. Felix went over early and was standing on the platform when the agent came up. Mr. Babcock was the agent's name, and Felix was a little surprised when pa and me." they met, for he had expected to find the mild, affable gentleman, quite willing to

egept a very cross, sour, crabbed old fel-" information on any point connected ar claims you can do so by pay-

"What's the news, Felix?" Mrs. Skaggs

ssked when her husband returned. "Nothing, bely we have to give up the "Not a thing. It's possession or \$5 at acre with him, and with us it's possession

sonal appeals were made to the agent and though he was mild and gracious is his replies he showed no disposition deviate from his first terms. "I would be glad to aid you." he would not vary from my rules." So in time the people, already sore,

began to speak of Mr. Babcock as a hard. Finally Felix went away to seek an over to the Cross Roads to ask some one l

"It's a long walk to the store, Jennie," back, only so you reach home before town. Jennie tripped away and in due time-

reached the Cross Roads, where she told | slip of paper here. Do you want it?" "Why, yes, I'll help you, of course,"

said the storckeeper, "but I don't see [I'll attend to it for you, and send as soon | scheme. Can you keep a secret?"

loss to us, but we must bear up against by two dashing horses drew up. The Now what do you say to that: "Hello, here, what's the matter?" "Please, sir, I'm lost."

and struggling against droughts and want to go home. Do you know where about it.

lieve I don't. I haven't been here long. | der what the agent would think?" "Well, it's five miles from the Cross "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I know the

"Thank you, sir; I shall be ever so Jennie then told about her experience. I tried to picture to myself that gorglad, only I'm afraid it will put you to of the night and her meeting with the geous period of the dynasty of the "Oh, it's no trouble. Just get in."

For a little ways they went in silence, asked. and then the man asked suddenly: so far away from home?" "My mother is sick and I went over to Babcock. Don't you, mother?" the store to get some one to go for the

"Then you're going to move away?"

improve their claims and build up and everything. It's terribly bad, don't robbed don't know."

likes to do it or not." "Do you know him?" "Ye-es, to some extent." "Do you think he's a good man?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to say as to him they were in the right, were confident he could help them out of their trouble "The people think he is bad and un-

of him. He does not act for himself, but | view again, ten minutes later, she could for another, and some other man as distinctly see that it was a buggy. ' agent might do worse than he does."

'Yes, he might. But it's bad for poor "Will they be quite poor?"

them to get started again." not. You see we "Why won't your ma's father have anything to do with her?"

"Ah, I wish you could."

"Pernaps I can if I know all about it. and when pa and ma married they came

and money and—and—everything. better about that if we were to see him. Would you like to see him?" 'Yes, sir, I suppose I would."

but they said it wouldn't do any good. has happened to you and your parents. so they gave it up."

ing imaginary pictures in the darkness. I neck, saving: and shaking himself as if he had just awoke from sleep, asked: " "Do you know your grandpa's name

Yes, sir, it is Keuben Thaver." "Can't you remember it?" But I have it on

"I-you won't never tell, will you?" "Indeed I won't."

"I—I don't know. Do you think it any harm in it, could there?"

"My pa's name is Felix Skaggs, and I | back, and you must keep perfectly still | "Felix Skaggs? Um, why, no, I be right pa and ma will be happy. Won- now, after 2,000 years, I look upon

the way I'll take you home if you want about you. I was afraid you had lost nor custom stale, her infinite va-

"What was his name?" the mother i "Oh, I neverionce thought to ask him.

He was a good, kind man, though, and I wish he was the agent instead of Mr. | mind. every scrap of Egyptian 'I wish some one who has more heart I than Mr. Babcock was agent."

"He's gone away to hunt a place to not to blame, though, and that the people was a painted shroud on the wrappin "Yes, sir: we have to, but it's awful whose homes are taken away don't see There were still the remains of a bad. Pa and ma both take it mighty it so well. What does Mr. Babcock care wreath seen on her head. There, too, tain section of Kansas had labored to stay, so we have to give up the place dollar in the world? People who are not ages at the right side of her hair.

"Yes, it is. But you may judge the | tor's visits had been regular, Mrs. | '

as we might be. I'm sure, though, Mr. day and the doctor had made his sist tations on the wrong girl? This is not pathies are with the poor settlers, and if | fence to watch him as he rode away, and | queen of the Ptolemies! See what was still looking after him when she saw | finer lettering of the inscription | across the prairie a moving object so dis | says: "This Cleopatra was surnamed tant as to be almost indiscernible. After Genetike, she was the daughter of Ama while the object passed out of sight be- monios, of the family of Sober, about "Yes, I know, but they think wrong hind a "rise," and when it came into 100 B. C., found at Thebes."

"The stranger coming back," I thought, "and now-I shall know about | grandpa. Ah, if he writes a good letter, or says something good for ma, won't 1

be happy? There's two people in the nibling out, and, without waiting for his companion, tore away towards the house and entered without a word to any

the other approached and taking her in his arms kissed her, saying:

I don't know him as well as we do. He that since 1882, 7, 174,000 salmon have

Don't you believe that?" There was a twinkle in the man's eves l and a smile lurking about his line that 'You're Mr. Babcock yourself.

will always be happy in the old Ohio home."—Thomas P. Montfort in Fre

A Tourist Worked up to a Fine Pitch of Sentiment Under a Misapprehension. Egyptian antiquities. And almost be- Italy can hardly be calculated. fore I knew it I was standing in front crowned heads of Spain and Austria are of case No. 6,707, marked large letters "Mummy of Cleopatra" and near

. Cleopatra, the serpent a

This is that fascinating Egyptian This the woman who played the wilv 1 destruction. This the woman for whom the Roman world shed rivers MILES WILLIAM Escopes in the world. Our facilities are of blood. This "that thing of flame

"Why, he'd be as glad as he could be." the world. I stand by that very form

and live again those golden days of

"The gentleman said Mr. Babcock was | the mummy more critically. There | "That's all very well to say, but people and Nephthys, and some other deities.

For eight years the settlers in a cer hard, but the agent is too mean to let us if we are turned out of doors without a was her comb inserted in the bandtook another look at the coffin. There were various crude paintings ... He has instructions the doctor thought it likely not to im thor, the heavens with the twelve Books repaired and re-bour the soul to the body, the goddess auand he has to follow them whether he prove while her mind was so burdened signs of the zodiac and other interwith care and anxiety. Jennie had esting matters. Then I took out r been kept close to the house since the notebook to make a verbatim copy of night she met the stranger, and during the inscription, which is of some length all the week she had seen no more of Shades of the great Hermes Trisnie-

It was late in the afternoon of Satur- once! Had I been wasting my medi-

I straightened up with stoical com--Boston Traveler.

It Was Funny.

The Laureate Answered "What does little Birdie say In his nest at peep of day?" In his nest at morning's peep

between the pope and the Italian gov-'friendly, as time goes on. It is believed, indeed, in many quarters, that the king and queen of Italy have actually been Roiary Shuttle Sawing his holiness' favorites in Europe.

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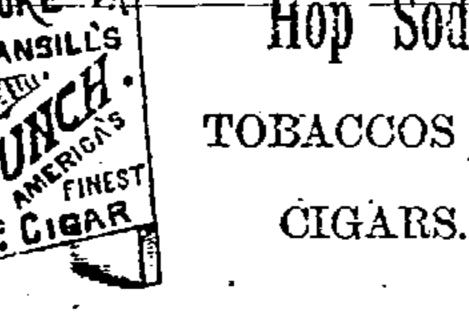
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THE ANDOVER NEWS,

racticing Physician & urgeon

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ANDOVER, N.

one into the mission schoolroom, were boys and girls of 6 or 7 years old who ally did not know whether they had ever had fathers and mothers. Some had no homes. God only knows how they kept Maker indicated, but he did not

whatever they could beg, find or steal who came in was a boy who was the body did precisely what seemed at the however, much of the time. She let him Mr. though without intention. The teacher asked him his name and he said it was feetly legitimate mode of acquiring onre-"But you must have another name,"

FOUND AT FIVE POINTS.



past, growing

ll the time desn

man to walk alone in broad daylight' dark into the region known by the c with www. Factories and stores stand

where were formerly tumble down rook-' dangers he incurred, and it was som

became a "chestnut" many years ago. NE AND HEMLOCK | noon, hustled into the street and assailed were glad to escape with whole bones , Dressed Flooring, Etc. and ruined garments. And the police

such outrages, for this was no unusua souare for the distance of a couple c blocks in every direction, was honey-

was a city of refuge for criminals, and though they warred and preyed upon ne another with entire lawlessness, they nong them from the processes of the law. Aside from the criminals the pop-

dire poverty and desperate creme then, and twisted himself away like an ee' and 25 Cent Counter, as very often in history, went hand in when that gentleman, according to his the directions, I have need that everybody needs, that can be bought elsewhere for less than the mission school room to boy's shoulder. George thought he was a crowd of little savages. Their ignor- going to be beaten, and took his usual) ance was something amazing. It was precaution of eluding the preliminary hold. He had, it seemed, never known what it was to have anybody take hold! of him in kindness, and was no more to be handled than a young bird or a squir rel. There was hardly anything, in fact, people reckoned knowledge. He knew how to swear fluently, as his acci-

know, and it was a long time be matters concerning which he absolutely fore he could be made to understand knew nothing, even by hearsay. Aunt did not know what wrong was. So far peared. She did not beat him, exceptas his experience of life went, every ing when she was drunk, which was, vented by superior physical force, or by drinking heavily she did not bother fectly legitimate mode of acquiring any about eating, and George had learned, as

done secretly was that too much osten- when he goe is, only we will be done as common

ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., DEC. 25, 1880.

reak out in songs of gladness

girl became a woman. She still made ! the boy, for he was distrustful to the was clean and pleasant, and as the au- nen who visited at the house was Mr. Such a prayer as Mr. Van Meter more last degree. He kicked the Rev. Mr. tumn days came on there was a stove Harrison, and it happened that, while the ed, while the tears streamed doverhis | Van Meter on the shins very violently, put in and a fire made it warm. That founger daughter was the one he sought cheeks and every person in the room was a novelty to him-being allowed to n marriage, both the girls fell in love dropped on his knees, has selden a marriage.

sit undisturbed in a warm room. The with him. Sarah's passion was none heard even from his eloquent lips and story the good teacher obtained from the less violent because of its lawless in a few more minutes Mr. Harrison pr , him after winning his confidence was character and its utter hopelessness, and posed to leave. It was obvious enough appalling by its very absence of detail; when she learned that her sister was to to him that he had to take his child but it was only one of many like stories, marry the man she herself loved, she left home, but the good missionary was too and she could do very little to alleviate home finally, after a terrible scene in well acquainted with the neighborhord which she swore vengeance, defied all to let him go unattended. the misery that was all around her. George lived with a woman whom he authority, and spurned the love of her

For three years nothing was heard of rying away the child," he said at the her. Her father, old before, his time was presently arranged that a policy would at any time have received her up to Broadway, and a carriage back with open arms, but no word came. be taken there. and he knew too well the futility of . This was done as quickly as possible. trying to track her or to lure her home! for there was real danger of tress herself and demanded an interview, neighborhood before they got av av. which was readily granted. but the father ever knew just what Christmas as he had never drear

"I told her," said the sorrowing man, 'that she should always have a home with me, no matter when she came claim it, and that I would never see her want for anything if she would com back to me, but that, if she persisted , the life she plainly said she proposed ever had a mother or a father, were me-cursing me, her father, who even now would die for her if need be."

For a time after this nothing was heard Sally was negatively good to him, it apfor a time after this nothing was heard
fectionery in town. We are HeadImpossible? Certainly it is, but it is
did not know what wrong was regard. She did not beat him except.

The product and it is that swearing was wrong. In fact, he peared. She did not beat him except.

The product and it is the product of the product of the product. Then one Christmas is the product of the prod Mrs. Harrison's only child, a boy not give you an idea of prices: I sell was he said that was his last name thing that he might happen to want, and get his food for himself. How or threw the careless servant off her guard. She consented to go home, but we then and the only reason why it should be and get his food for himself. How or Whether she bribed the girl, or really when he got it, only God's ravens could succeeded in tricking her, was never know. in New York as they were twenty-five or that frightened individual reported to not? Yet, excepting in some few details. "Nope," he said, shortly. "Taint George What, nor George Nothin, it's George I hain't got no oder name."

interference on the part of the owner, thirty years ago, but they are found now and again, even in these days. Who Aunt the article himself. Lying was simply and again, even in these days. Who Aunt stolen.

name was not Harrison, so I may call would have been inevitable, and though all the detective skill that could be pro-

Eefore long the story was known, with Mr. Van Meter, however, her eager of his first wife, who had deserted him and her infant child to run away with poor little waif who had drifted in so one of his clerks. He knew little of her! strangely, she seized him with both hands . story after her flight, but in the course and looked eagerly, almost wildly, into

of a year and a half he learned that she his eyes. had been forsaken by her lover and had "What is your name?" she said to the fully speedy in overtaking her. A year "George what?" "I dunno," he answered, beginning to

scene as is rarely witnessed in this world spend a large portion of her time there; | nut an end to anything like the much

gone a block, if the people saw you carthe news had been spread through it



SUCH A CHRISTMAS.

Distressing Alternative Flossie is 6 vears old.

A: TITILE POST INCLES

family shrank from the exposure that