### IF WE KNEW.

When the curtain falls on each other's lives,
When we see the hearts and spirit,
Behind every the actions gives,
Then we should find it better,
When we see the judge as should
We could love each other better
If we only understood.

Considering judge all deeds by motives,
Not the good and bad-wishing,
Then we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To a weaker integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
The weight the offset all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the force of action
Is less marbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—Woman's Work.

## THE FLATVILLE RACE.

In every small community there is to be found one person who is singled out by his fellow men as the butt of jokes, of one nature or another. Sometimes it is a half witted fellow who imagines himself bright; sometimes it is a very conceited individual whose vanity is played upon; and at other times, and in other places, it may be a man of ability or worth, who has a weakness or shows unusual feeling when guyed. Flatville was no exception to the rule. It was the town had large enough, so that every one knew everybody's business. It had its practical jokers, and it also had its special victim of its many jokes.

Capt. Jackson wasn't devoid of average intellect, nor was he at all conceited. He was one of the jolliest, largest hearted men in the town, and his hospitality was known throughout the whole county. But he always took a joke in such good nature that the jokers kept him with the main purpose of seeing how long suffering he would be, and incidentally to get no end of sport out of the practical jokes.

Capt. Jackson was a man of considerable wealth, which he had inherited, and as he was a bachelor, with no one dependent upon him, the jokers felt no qualms of conscience when their little jokes resulted in the captain being forced to put his hand down into his pocket for some of his loose cash.

At one time a party of his acquaintances laid a plot calculated to fairly upset the jolly bachelor. They concocted a formidable legal document which had the appearance of a genuine suit for breach of promise, and as the clerk of court was one of the jokers it was placed in his hands. A deputy sheriff was induced to take the paper and wait on the captain, and hurry him that suit had been entered. But the joke didn't frighten the captain at all. After the sheriff had read the document the captain straightened up and said:—"Well, well. I don't know the woman, but if she thinks enough of me to place the loss at ten thousand dollars (the sum mentioned in the papers), why, drat it, I'll marry her, and you can tell her, and—that's all of the case."

This disappointment didn't put a quietus on the jokers, however. The captain was forgetful, and one day he left his gold headed cane at the office of a lawyer. The lawyer saw a chance for a joke, and the next day, meeting the captain on the street, he quietly intimated that a party who thought he were planning a surprise for him, to come off in a couple of days, and that the present was already selected.

Capt. Jackson smiled and ordered a spread that his apparent friend, when the night came, the lawer and a number of choice spirits waited upon the captain. One of the party made a long winded speech and presented him, on behalf of his associates, with a gold headed cane. The captain responded and invited the party to visit the dining room. Hereafter found a grand spread, and this was followed by champagne and cigars. The next morning, in looking at his present, the captain recognized it as the identical cane for which he had hunted the lower part during the week previous. He took the joke in good part, and did not let the jokers know that he had discovered the trick.

The captain had one hobby, and that was horses. He attended every race for miles around, and always succeeded in being money on the road. He would get "tips" and bet on the strength of them, only to find the horse on which his money was placed bringing up the rear. He bought every horse warranted to beat the fastest in the town, and matched each purchase against the cracks. He always found that the warrant was worthless, and the horse would be sold for half what he cost the captain. Of course the jokers had a hand in these horse sales, and reaped their share of the private bets the captain lost on his horses.

Capt. Jackson lived on the old estate outside of the center. The woods on the edge furnished the best hunting ground to be found in the whole county. The captain was fond of the sport, and although he was generous to a fault, a man must be a valued friend to get permission to gun in the woods on Jackson's land.

One day in September a stranger rode into town and to the great house, leading a horse which was so lame that it could hardly walk. Capt. Jackson was at the gate, just ready to start with his dogs for the woods.

The stranger introduced himself as John Leicester, of New York. He said that he was making a trip through the country for pleasure. Half a mile back on the road his horse had stepped on a rolling stone and strained a tendon. He asked permission to stable the animal for a few days until the lameness had subsided. If he could leave the horse he would go on to the center and find accommodations for himself until such time as he could continue his journey.

As Capt. Jackson never turned a tramp away, he was not likely to refuse hospitality to a well dressed and evidently refined stranger. He led the way to the stable and gave orders to the hostler to bathe the strained leg and bandage it. He then turned to the stranger and said, "You will be my guest until your horse has recovered."

The stranger protested, but Capt. Jackson insisted, and so he remained. Providing his guest with a gun, the captain led the way to the wood, and a capital day's sport was enjoyed.

It was a week before the horse was cured of his lameness. During that time the captain had grown to like Mr. Leicester exceedingly, and the feeling of warm regard seemed to be seconded by his guest. The two became quite confidential over their evening cigars.

The evening before Mr. Leicester was to resume his journey Capt. Jackson confided in him the one burning desire of his heart.

"I tell you, Leicester, I have been done up by the boys so many times that I am just aching to get even with them. If I could get the better of them once, in good shape, I would be satisfied. It would pay for all I have stood from them."

"Well, then, why in blazes don't you? You ought to be able to cope with them."

"I would if there were not so many. Why, I don't do a thing but what they are posted. If I go off to hunt up a horse that can beat them all, what do you suppose they do? Telegraph to every blamed horse shed and I get fooled myself. I have bought more than a dozen horses and had the pleasure of seeing them walked away from in races. I can't do it. I'd be happy if I could down them just once, but I'm powerless in their hands."

"Nonsense. I'll help you. I know of a horse that can be bought cheap. He is a sorry looking animal, but Steve and Snipes, if he isn't greased lightning in a race! To look at him you wouldn't imagine that he could run a mile inside of a week, but he's a living deception."

"Just the thing, if I could only get him."

"Of course you can get him. His owner is a friend of mine, and I'll write to him to ship the animal to you, and he'll do it. You needn't put up the purchase money until he has proved satisfactory."

"Good! If you'll do this I'll be your lifelong friend."

"Well, I'll do it. Now, you want to bet all you can on the race when you have the articles signed for a match. You can get all the odds you want when they see the horse. You don't want to make more than one match either."

"Why not?"

"Oh, nothing; only the horse might be beaten in a second race. And another thing, you don't want to give him any training before the race, and you want to make it a mile and a half, for the animal might not get down to business much before the half mile mark is reached."

Mr. Leicester gave further minute directions regarding the care of the animal prior to the race, and then retired to the captain's study to write the letter.

Two weeks later the horse arrived. Capt. Jackson had quietly announced that he was expecting a racer that would distance the best in the section. Accordingly, a large crowd gathered to see the wonder. As the horse was led from the car a shout went up from the crowd. The animal was the worst specimen of horseflesh seen in that town for many a day. His bones seemed about ready to push their way through the skin, and as he walked he stumbled with his fore feet, and showed unmistakable lameness behind.

"Another joke on the captain," was the thought which occurred to the spectators. The captain's feelings would be hard to express. He began to believe that he was destined to be sold continually. However, he determined to prove game, and if any one offered to race against the bag of bones he would make a match and stand the loss heroically. He would not give up until the wager was lost.

Naturally he had not long to wait for a challenge to race. The news of the new horse spread rapidly, and before night six owners of runners of local celebrity had called to make matches. Capt. Jackson received them as if he was confident of winning. He stipulated that his horse should run against all comers in one race.

The owners agreed to this plan. Each was eager to place $100 on his own horse, the captain to cover each sum with $50. The articles were drawn up and signed, the date for the race settled upon, and the money placed in the hands of a stakeholder. No sooner had the announcement of the race been given the public than the acquaintances of the captain began flocking around, bantering him about it. They all wanted to bet, and freely gave odds. As each bet was made the captain gave an inward groan. But he determined to keep up his reputation for plucky, and so all who offered to bet odds were accommodated.

At last, when the final bet was made, the captain found that he had placed $700 on the race. The odds which he had received in the wagers were such that he found $3,700 would be won by his horse if it was a winner of the race. These figures made him sigh, but there was no help for it. He had boasted of his horse, and must take the consequences of his over confidence.

At last the day for the race arrived. Capt. Jackson arose early and went to the stable. The boy who had come with the horse was up, and hard at work rubbing off the old animal.

"Well," said the captain, "I suppose you will ride the old skate today?"

"Yes," replied the boy, without stopping in his work.

"Of course you'll win," continued the captain with a smile, which broaded into a laugh as the absurdity of such a suggestion forced itself upon him.

The boy only grinned in turn, but made no reply.

"What do you call the old fellow?" asked the captain after a pause.

"Boss said you'd want to pick out a high-toned name for him 'fore the race."

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, we'll call him the Duke of Flatville; that ought to suit your boss."

"Better make it King, cap'n," said the boy pausing for a moment.

Capt. Jackson laughed. The whole thing was assuming the aspect of a huge joke. True it was at his expense, and he was coming to enjoy it.

The day was bright, and it brought every one out. Business was practically suspended in the town, as everybody wanted to see this crowning folly of the good natured captain. Men, women and children were at the race course long before the judges took their places and rang up the horses.

The bell had hardly sounded when up came the champion runner of the county. He was a big, well built bay, and as he passed the stand with a smart looking boy on his back the spectators cheered lustily. Then, one by one, the other celebrities were sent minting by the stand, the young jockeys dressed in gay colors. All the animals received ovations as they came up to the stand.

Last of all came the Duke of Flatville. He hobbled along with his nose to the ground, and appeared to be seeking a soft spot to lie down. His appearance sent up a jeering shout from the crowd.

"Better tie a rope around him or he'll fall to pieces," called a voice.

"Lean him against the fence till the word is given," called another.

"Captain, are you going to use him to split rails with after the race?" called a boy as the captain crossed the track near the horse.

"Hear the wind blow through his ribs," shouted another.

"Are his hoofs tied on tight?" cried a fat man on the top row of seats, and this was followed by more thrusts, all of which caused shouts of laughter.

The captain wished himself at home, and Mr. Leicester in a dungeon of the county jail. But wishing didn't better matters, and as he had shaken the dice, he was bound to throw them.

After a time the horses got into position and were ready for the start. The distance had been fixed at one mile and a quarter, but the Duke didn't look as if he could run half the distance.

As the flag dropped six horses sprang forward and rushed, well bunched, down the course. The Duke wasn't one of these. He made a short leap as the boy on his back gave the whip and started off in the rear of the bunch. He ran "shut up like a knife," as horsemen call that style of jockey, jumps which cover but short distances.

When the leader of the six had reached the quarter pole the Duke was yet back of the eight pole, and when the big bay passed the half mile mark the Duke was leaving along inside the quarter mile pole, the boy on his back shouting and plying the lash.

Capt. Jackson looked away in disgust. But just then a cry of surprise from the crowd caused him to look again toward the horse.

The boy on the Duke's back had dropped his whip and ceased his yelling. He was lying forward on the neck of the horse, which was stretched out straight and firm. A wonderful change had come over the animal. The short jumps were changed into great rapid strides, and like a whirlwind he was overhauling the leaders.

Before the leader had reached the mile pole the Duke had overhauled him and shot by him like a streak. In a twinkling he reached the wire, and had won by more than an eighth of a mile. The judges were so surprised that they forgot to take the time, and the crowd went fairly wild. They had at last seen a horse race.

Capt. Jackson jumped up and down, and when the boy drove the Duke back he was hauled off by the captain and hugged until he gasped for breath. At last he had his revenge.

While the excitement was at its height, a voice at the captain's elbow said: "Well, you did them up."

Turning around, the captain grasped the hand of Mr. Leicester.

"Leicester, I'll never forget you. But that horse—what is he?"

"Oh, he belongs to me. No—I don't want to sell him. He is known on the big tracks as Mortemer."

"What! Is that Mortemer? Well, I've heard of his running qualities, but didn't dream he was running for me."

The experience which the jokers had in this race was so costly that they ever after fought shy of trying jokes on the captain. They never dared to banter him about any of his horses, and so sought out a new victim of their sports.—H. L. Hines in Springfield Homestead.

**Susceptible Roumanians.**

The military men of Roumania are evidently of a susceptible nature, and object keenly to criticism. In civilized countries men have learned to hide their feelings when the party or profession to which they belong are attacked in the public press. No public man has ever presented himself, blunderbuss in hand, at the offices of the comic newspapers. The Duke of Cambridge has abstained from sending down the horse guards to drag out and hang the editor of any daily paper who has criticised his doings; but the Roumanian officer is not made like that. If anything is said against the service to which he belongs, his breast swells with manly indignation; he cries aloud for blood, and if he cannot obtain satisfaction for his wounded feelings in this manner, he will take it in another. It seems that the other day one of the editors of The Lupta wrote an article disparaging several officers in the army. They sent seconds challenging him to fight; but he refused a duel, observing, in answer to threats, that he should henceforth carry a revolver. While he was on his way to his office four officers pinioned him, took his revolver from him and boxed his ears. It is evident that this was considered in military circles as a just and proper way for officers to express their resentment, for the commandant of the town before whom the case was laid contented himself with inflicting the nominal punishment of five days' rest.—London Standard.

**Nothing Uncommon.**

An English author once fell in with a man who professed to be able to read character by means of handwriting. By way of testing the matter the author took from his pocket a letter, and holding his thumb over the signature, inquired what sort of a man the writer was.

"Was he a man of genius?

Most certainly not.

A scholar?

By no means.

A gentleman?

No. There was nothing remarkable about the writing; it was an ordinary and unfavorable hand.

"Now, then, my friend," said the author, "will you oblige me by looking at the signature?"

The man looked, and was a little dumbfounded when he read the name "T. B. Macaulay."—Youth's Companion.

**A Domestic Pointer.**

Erle Birde—This'll never do; you'll get docked sure. Why don't you get an alarm clock and get up with some degree of regularity, as I do?

Slowboy—Got one; never hear it.

Erle Birde—Oh, neither do I, but my wife does.—Detroit Free Press.

**Curious Spread of Diphtheria.**

While in western New York recently I met a physician who had had a curious and painful experience in his own family with diphtheria: Two of his children had the disease and died. The third one was away from home at the time and escaped. Before it was brought back to the parental roof the house was thoroughly disinfected, and as the father believed, everything that might have been contaminated destroyed. When the little boy was at last brought home, it was believed that everything had been done to make the house safe that could be done. Unfortunately, however, a marble which a sick child had amused himself with had in his mouth was found by the little boy, and he put it in his mouth, and from it received the poison which ended his days. Facts like these show how subtle is the poison of diphtheria, and how very difficult it is to eradicate it.—Herald of Health.

**Love Across a Continent.**

The latest version of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" comes from California. In this case the young man did not seem to realize the girl's attractions until he got across the continent, and then, after a year or two of hard work in California, and with the prospect of wealth before him, he bethought himself of a going lady who used to be a schoolmate of his in Maine. He wrote to her to see if she had forgotten him. She hadn't, and, cordially answered the letter. The return mail brought a proposal of marriage, which was accepted. A ticket for California came next, and though her friends did not quite approve of the journey the young lady started. Unlike some who have made similar trips, she liked both the farm awaiting her and its possessor even better than she thought. So she did before she left them. The wedding came next, and everybody was happy at last accounts.—New York Telegram.

**To Destroy Insects on Animals.**

A wash made of the water in which potatoes have been boiled is a certain means of destroying insects on animals. The first application is generally effectual, but it had better be repeated a few times in order to destroy the eggs. The same means may be used against lice, parasites in which mange originates, and probably would remove plant lice also. This insecticidal property of the potato is supposed to be owing to the solanine, which is one of its constituents.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**What Becomes of the Gold.**

It was a grewsome suggestion that a Filbert street dealer in old gold and silver made in a chat with a customer at his store. They were talking about the average yearly disappearance of the precious metals, and the customer confessed that he could not understand why the percentage of loss should be so large. "Maybe," insinuated the dealer, "you have never counted up the total of the silver and gold that is put away in the cemeteries. Take, for instance, the 70,000 interments in Laurel Hill. I judge that, at the lowest estimate, 30,000 of those corpses had had their teeth filled with gold at a cost of $5 each.

"There is $150,000 accounted for, and we may say that another thousand of the inhabitants of the city of the dead had paid to their dentists $2 or $3 each for silver fillings. There is several thousand dollars more to be added to the account. This is merely an estimate for one cemetery in one city. Multiplying it by the recognized places of interment in all the Christian countries and add to it the calculation as to the gold and silver ornaments that are buried with the men and women who wore them in their lives, the total will amount to millions and will convince you that we are putting in the ground almost as large a quantity of the precious metals as we are taking from it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**British Pidjin.**

Some one should get up an American glossary, to be appended to our guide books, for the benefit of English visitors. A few hints, at least, of words having different meanings in the New and Old World dialects might be really useful. For instance, it would prevent our transatlantic cousins from asking for "a pair of boots" when they want what we call "a pair of shoes." I heard a worthy gentleman, all the way from Lancashire, make that mistake in a down town shoe store the other day. Boots were produced indeed, but not the sort of boots the Britisher had expected. It was some time before the truth came out, that patent leather shoes were the objects of his desire.

The same gentleman roundly asserted that England was "a great corn country," but it turned out that he meant oats, not wheat and barley when he spoke of "corn."

Capt. A——, a young Irishman "doing America, don't cherk know," strolled out of the Union depot and requested a lounging employe to get him a "car." Of course the gay dragoon imagined himself back in the land of "jaunting cars" again, but the employe thought it was a cruel joke on Pittsburg, and angrily inquired if the gentleman wouldn't "want an engine, too."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Uses of Common Salt.**

Among the many uses of common salt may be mentioned two which admit of frequent application. Salt put in water which is used for the ordinary glue pot causes a hotter glue to be obtained than where simple water is used. Salt in the water where mason work is being done in cold weather prevents disintegration by frost.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Over in Brooklyn.**

Teacher (to 8-year-old scholar)—What is the population of this city? Scholar—566,664.

"The book says 566,663."

"But I was born since the last census."—New York Sun.


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# THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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L. C. VAN FLEET, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Loan and Real Estate Agency. ANDOVER, N. Y.

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TIME-TABLE. Adopted Nov. 17, 1889. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.: 7:23 a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibuled limited for New York. Does not stop at Andover. 11:13 a. m. Daily. No 10—New York day express stopping at all stations to Hornellsville. Connects except Sunday for Philadelphia. 2:23 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accommodation. Connects for Philadelphia daily. 7:45 p. m. Daily. No. 12—Night express for New York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover. 12:57 p. m. No. 26 Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Hornellsville.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y. 1:57 a. m. Daily. No. 5—Vestibule limited for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis Does not stop at Andover. 8:47 a. m. Daily. No. 3—Pacific Express, for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis. 1:4. p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Layton. 3:22 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Salamanca. 7:00 a. m. No. 25. Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, agent at Andover, or GEO. E. ALLEN, gen. Northern Passenger Agt. L. D. CAMPBELL, Gen. Passenger Agent. W. J. MURPHY, Gen Superintendent.

B. E. & C. R. R. T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

WEST BOUND. Leave Wellsville....8.00 a. m...2.15 pm; " Allentown....8.38 a. m...2.53 pm; " Bolivar.....9.05 a. m...3.20 pm; " Ceres.....9.33 a. m...3.48 pm; " Eldred.....10.05 a. m...4.20 pm; Arrive Bradford.....11.35 a. m...5.30 pm.

EAST BOUND. Leave Bradford.....8.15 a. m...2.10 p m; " Eldred.....10.15 a. m...4.25 p m; " Ceres.....10.52 a m...5.02 p m; " Bolivar.....11.15 a m...5.25 p m; " Allentown.....11.48 a m...5.53 p m; Arrive Wellsville...12.20 a m...6.0 p m.

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't, Wellsville, N. Y. F. M. BAKER Ag't Receiver.

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**How the Worm Turned.**

Any one who knew Cheyenne when it was the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad will admit, that it was a hard town. There was more cutting and shooting in a given time than any other western town could ever boast of, and no doubt most of the blood letting was a good thing for the community.

In the palmy days of the town I had a business there, and next to me was a Jew clothier. He came on fresh from New York, knowing nothing of western ways, and he hadn't got his goods in before he was half scared to death. But on the fact that the boys would have bursted in his shanty, he would have kept the door locked half the time. The toughs soon caught on to the fact that he was a coward, and one after another went in and bulldozed him and had great fun at his expense. I privately advised him to get a gun and wing some of them, but he raised his hands in holy terror and exclaimed:

"Great heafens! but I nefer handle nothing but clothing! I gif ten tousand dollar to be out of dis!"

His cowardice was pitiful to behold, but a climax was coming. One afternoon a tough called Apache Joe entered the store, having three more toughs with him, and began the usual routine. The Jew begged and entreated, and actually cried, and in his disgust at such conduct Apache Joe kicked him. That kick acted like a tonic on the Jew. Springing forward, grabbed the revolver which Joe had temporarily laid on the counter, and I heard six shots fired as fast as I could count. Running in, I found Apache Joe and one of his chums kicking their last, while the other two were badly wounded. It took three of us to hold the Jew from further violence. The worm had turned and become a tiger. After he was acquitted by the coroner's jury, of which I was one, he bought a brace of revolvers, began to practice shooting, and in two weeks was known for fifty miles around as "The Dangerous Jew." The most exaggerated stories of his prowess were afloat, and inside of the month he had to build him two new clerks, and get a new stock. It was the making of him socially, financially and all other ways, and I know that his own success very materially to help the law abiders get the upper hand and drive the lawless gangs further on.—New York Sun.

**An Expensive Outlook for Charles.**

"No, said Nannie, in confidence to her best friend, Katie; if Charlie should propose to me before Christmas, I would tell him to wait, because if I accepted him, he would make the ring do duty for a Christmas present, and otherwise he would be sure to send me something else nice. After Christmas I'll accept him, and get the ring anyway. He needn't try any such economical dodge with me.—Harper's Bazar.

**An Because of a Cipher.**

"There goes a man whose life was ruined by forgetting the simple character 0," said a prominent railroad man yesterday, pointing to a ragged, besotted man shambling along the street, unmindful of the rain.

"He was a train dispatcher on the Ohio and Mississippi once, having worked up to that position from messenger boy in the telegraph office. One Sunday he had only two trains on his division, an express train westward bound and a fast stock train running east. The day was warm and sultry, and Bill, for that was his name, had hard work to keep awake. He knew that as soon as he made the meeting point for the two trains he could doze, and he impatiently awaited the time. When the trains were close enough together for him to figure a meeting point he sent an order to the passenger train to meet and pass the stock train at a little station called Willow Valley, fixing the time at 12:30.

"To the stock train he sent an order that it could have until 1:25 to make Willow Valley for the passenger. See the mistake? He forgot the 0, and hence gave the stock train thirty-five minutes more time than he should. Bill saw his mistake ten minutes after he had made it, but there being no telegraph station between the points where the trains were given the orders or at the meeting point, he could do nothing to rectify it. He sent for the superintendent and ordered out the wrecking crew, then sat at his key as pale as death, the cold perspiration running down his face in streams, awaiting news of the collision.

"It came. The passenger train reached Willow Valley on time, waited the required thirty minutes under the time card rules for the freight train, and then pulled out. Three minutes later the trains met on a curve, both running at a high rate of speed. Fourteen lives were lost in the collision, besides $100,000 worth of property destroyed. Bill staggered at once and the next day disappeared. For a long time it was thought he had committed suicide, but I met him on the street here one day just as you see him—a total wreck."—San Francisco Examiner.

**THE HUM OF INSECTS.**

**That Part of the Insect by Which Alone the Sound Is Produced Is the Thorax.**

It is an opinion generally entertained that the noise produced by insects, such as the gadfly and bee, during their flight, arises from the vibration or rapid motion of their wings. Such a supposition is extremely plausible at first sight. We see the animal moving through the air; we know that the wings are in a state of rapid motion; and we also know that it is natural for a body rapidly vibrating in the atmosphere to cause a sound. We put all these facts together, and we conclude that the phenomenon is explained when we attribute the sound to the rapid waving of the wings. But, like many other hypotheses which owe their origin to the evidence of the senses alone, this appears to be erroneous. The subject has been investigated with much ingenuity, and the conclusion arrived at is very different from the common belief. We shall present a brief outline of the researches. They are not only interesting in themselves, but afford a good example of the manner in which scientific investigations are pursued.

It has been found that the wings have no part in the formation of the sound, for the hum of the insect continues even when its wings are entirely cut away. There is, however, a different pitch of the sound, and it has been ascertained that the more of the wing there is taken away the higher this becomes. The sound which the insect emits is susceptible of considerable variations. It may be that it maintains an equality of pitch and strength during a uniform motion of the wings, for so in fact it appears; but every change in the velocity of the flight, every disturbance of the ordinary motion, generally causes also an alteration in the tone. An idea of the origin of the tone is, however, only to be obtained when the insect is held by the legs, and excited by pressure or other means to go through all the motions of the wing, and thus to produce a sound. This has been found in this manner that the tone of the common gadfly varied as the effort to extricate itself was put forth with greater or less energy.

That part of the insect by which alone the sound is produced is the breast or thorax. In two-winged insects this consists simply of a cavity covered by a thin membrane, which exhibits on its surface various elevations and depressions, but is, nevertheless, perfectly continuous. To this hollow case are attached different sets of muscles, which serve to the motion of the legs and wings, and are capable of contracting the cavity in various directions. In this cavity of the insect's thorax there are two very small holes, which let air out or in by the following process: When the wings rise and fall, as in flying, the cavity is alternately contracted or expanded, the result of a peculiar mechanism on which the motion is dependent. Now it is clear that the contraction must drive out a part of the air, just as a piper expels the air from the bag of his instrument by pressing his arm against it.

On the other hand, when the cavity of the insect is expanded by an opposite motion of the wing, an equal quantity of air rushes through the air holes. There is, therefore, connected with the motion of the wings a constant proportionally rapid and intense breathing, and this breathing is the true cause of the sound. It is the influx and the influx of the air which produces the buzz or hum which we hear, just as the current of air draws and blows in the Eolian harp simply when forced at short intervals through the small holes of the soundboard, or to take a more familiar example, by a mechanism similar to that of the mouth in whistling. The sound of the Eolian harp bears a remarkable resemblance to that of many insects.

Now, it is evident that this theory can be proved or disproved in a very simple and satisfactory manner—namely, by closing up the air holes of the thorax of the insect, without injuring it in any other way. This was done, and the flight of the gadfly was then found to be accompanied by no sound whatever. It is true that the insect dies of suffocation soon after such an experiment, but not directly, because there are air holes placed lower down, in the abdomen of the animal, and through these respiration is continued for a short time. But they do not sound during the flight of the insect, for they are then totally inactive. The insect breathes from the air holes of the abdominal part, pushes its food and crawls, but through the air holes of the thorax other than the wing. According to this view, the hum of insects is in reality a whistle.—New York Ledger.

**During the twenty odd years he was on the turf, the late Lord Falmouth took in $1,500,000 in stakes and purses. He never bet but once.**

**The ill consequences of one imprudent step will be felt in many an after step.**

**Bits of News and Gossip.**

When, traveling its rugged road,
The World's Fair strikes a funk,
It best would choose, to cut it load,
The branch marked TO NEW-YORK.
—Buffalo Express.

The Erie will, it is understood, have an independent line of steamers on Chautauqua lake next summer.

Kunze, who was convicted of complicity in the Cronin murder and was sentenced to three years imprisonment, is to have a new trial.

Senator Cullom has introduced a bill in the United States senate authorising the secretary of the treasury to loan money to farmers at 2 per cent.

The people of Sing Sing were until recently unanimous in favor of moving the prison from that place. Now they have changed their minds. A mass meeting was held Friday to protest against the removal of the prison.

Some residents of Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, want to return to their good old gas lamps. They are sick of electric lights. And there are a great many people all over the country who feel just as those Bostonians do way down deep in their heart of hearts.

Vice President Morton's dinners are becoming famous at the Capital. Being the second officer of the Government he is premitted by the constitution of the United States to offer his guests five different kinds of pie. The President, it is agreed by the best Constitutional lawy