...TON CLOCK.

...ed fairy wings,
...ns gray,
...ing living things,
...ly away.

...ots whither do they go
...ow which
...ith, yet little know
...ney their real shall find.

...by me, these wandering seeds,
...mmerless breeze may blow
...ome trim garden, where as weeds
...ay may take root and grow.

...word, each careless word we say,
...e like these vails of air;
...ny causes' tongue retold, it may
...be borne, we know not where.

...care be words of evil kind.
...ay, like these harmful seeds,
...ing in some thoughtless mind,
...Quicken to evil deeds.

...how heedful should we be that so,
From every word of ours,
Light where it will, may only grow
True grain of gracious flowers.

—Montreal Star.

PATSY.

They all called him Patsy, Uncle Michael, Aunt Margaret, the boys in the street, everybody. He may have been christened Patrick, after the mother country's patron saint when he was a tiny child, but the abbreviation held good, and Patsy he was to everybody. His father and mother died when he was very small and Uncle Michael, who earned his living by working in the cannery near by, grumbled at the extra mouth he had to feed, for he had six gray eyed little roysterers of his own to care for, and Aunt Margaret said he ate more than two grown men and did nothing in the wide world but tear his clothes. And yet Aunt Margaret would have been awfully lonely without Patsy. Who would have trotted to market with her and have carried home the big basket of "truck" without a murmur as Patsy did, and what boy would have handed over every cent of a week's earnings in the nursery without sneaking enough to buy himself some hot roasted peanuts from the Eyeballus on the corner!

Patsy didn't have much schooling. He could read and write and he could count a row of trees by walking along the furrow and touching each one and then walking back and counting them all over again. The two counts did not always tally, but Patsy wasn't to blame. Uncle and aunt could read. Uncle knew all about how Napoleon fought and died, and aunt could tell stories about the great Alexander that would make Patsy's brown mitcmun hair literally stand on end. He did not feel very sorry about not having an education. It was sufficient that a part of the family were learned.

If Patsy couldn't count straight he could place a bud on a tree in the nursery so that it could grow well and straight, and he knew all about clematis and roses, and he could transplant cabbages in Aunt Margaret's garden so the hottest summer sun would not wilt them. He knew where the first arbutus grew in the woods that sheltered the nursery on east side, and where the honeysuckles, as he called the wild columbines, hungs their bells in June time.

Father Knight, the village priest, looked upon Patsy as something not far short of a little heathen. He did not know him very well, for Patsy never went to church when he was not purely obliged to. Father Knight talked rather sharply to Uncle Michael about Patsy once, and Michael promised to send him to church twice on Sunday thereafter. But he reckoned without his host for when the next Sunday morning came Patsy was three miles down the creek hunting watercresses when the bells rung for mass, and Father Knight on his way to the mission that afternoon met him coming home, barefoot, tanned and dusty. The priest was tempted to stop and give him a talking to, but the laughing blue eyes that looked up at him as he passed the fruit smile that was on the straight red mouth melted him and he passed on. Patsy's heart just quaked within him, for he was awfully afraid of that dignified looking man, but there was too much of the fearless Irish spirit in him to sneak by. His hand had gone up to his cap at the first glance and Father Knight was bound to recognize him.

"The next day, as Patsy was fitting a bit into the soft hawk bill on Carl Crawford, and getting ready to twist the bit of basswood shaving around it to hold it snugly in place, a dark shadow fell across the row, and he became suddenly aware that a tall figure was standing beside him. He felt in his heart who it was, and he went right on with his work, pretending not to see the parson until the latter spoke.

"Are you Patsy Flanagan?"

"Yes, sir." He expected that it was coming now, but instead of the words he expected the priest said:

"Mr. Bidwell said you might come and transplant some simples that he have just bought for my garden. I think you know where my house is."

"You may come right along with me. I will make sure you know how to put them."

Shades of Erin's green isle, was he to walk though the street with the elegant looking man beside him! Long ago he was for Father Knight just as and the 'Sis almost positive that this elegant looking man wouldn't say, "Get out of my house!" Times were changed, and Patsy he felt as though he walked on air.

Aunt Margaret was there and so was Uncle Michael frown. Well, they could feel very sorry about not having an education. It was sufficient that a part of the family were learned.

knew, but before he was aware of it he was chattering away to Father Knight as if he had always talked to Aunt Margaret, and the priest was listening interestedly to it all.

"How would you like to go to school and become a learned man?"

"Faith, I wouldn't like it at all, sir. I'd rather work in the nursery."

Yes, Father Knight guessed on the whole that Patsy would rather be in the nursery, but he talked with the boy until he found that there was an innate wit and shrewdness in him that should be cultivated, and which if left latent would rob the world of a man that was needed, so before Patsy got through with his day's work Father Knight had induced him to say that he would come to church on Sunday, and to the night school.

So all the day long Patsy worked in the nursery. Every morning he went down the lane, past the Maginnis cottage, whistling like a lark as it mounts into midair. Maggie Maginnis would open her sleepy blue eyes and hear him go by, and the night when he came home from work she would watch for him coming down the lane, and he would present her with an apple or a peach, or perhaps a bouquet of yarrow and buttercups and daisies that he had picked along the fence.

Patsy rather liked Maggie, and that Maggie liked Patsy was an evident fact. They used to play together in the days before Patsy had to work, and now Patsy would tell her all about his experiences at the night school, and how kind Father Knight was to him.

"Why, will ye be thinkin' of it, Meg, he took me right into his parlor today and played the organ for me, accompanying his assertions with several convincing nods of his head.

"Now you don't be tellin' me, and with those boots?"

"To the very same, an' they was all covered with mud, I stood on the mat by the door and he said 'Come right in, my child,' just as clever as could be."

"And what did he play?"

"Oh, he played a lot of things, an' I sung 'Eileen Aroon' for him."

"You sing? You, Patsy?" and little Meg danced a pas seul around the boy.

"You sing for Father Knight? What did he say?"

"He said, 'Very well done; come in again to-morrow.'"

And Patsy did go on the morrow and for many morrows, and at last Father Knight taught him the rudiments of music, so that he could sit down at the organ himself and follow the way he was accompany his own treble voice. And Patsy was learning at the night school, too. And one day Mr. Bidwell sent for him and told him that he would let him try the position of superintendent over the other men, and Patsy, never daunted at anything, took it. For three years he held that position, and he kept up the school, though he began to cultivate a mustache, and the girls said they thought it was time such a big boy quit going to school. But they did not know the ambition that was in Patsy's heart. How could they? None but Meg. She rather guessed at it, though she and Patsy had drifted apart since they were grown up. She was a school teacher and was away most of the time, but she had always understood Patsy better than any one else.

Then Patsy was promoted again. This time to the city office, for his education permitted of that, now, and Patsy's heart was glad. There was no little cottage at the foot of the town. All people who go forth into the world have that regret, and the home of their birth and the place that holds the loved ones, is always the dearest spot on earth.

Aunt Margaret cried until her gingham apron was wet with tears, and Uncle Michael stood at the gate a long time before he went into the house, and he didn't have as good a relish for his supper as he usually had.

Word would come back from time to time that Patsy was doing well. The village papers would contain notices like this:

Mr. P. Flanagan, of ——, spent Sunday in town

Or,

Mr. Flanagan, of the firm of Bidwell, Flanagan & Co., came home to eat his Christmas dinner.

Yes, Patsy became a partner, and he studied, studied all the time, though he once declared to Father Knight that he would not like it at all. But learning is like money, the more you have the more you want, and one day he was admitted to the bar.

All this time little blue eyed Meg was working away at her school work. Patsy had not seen her for a long time, but he had not forgotten her. One first childish impressions are the ones that are deep and save until they are dispelled by later ones, to some extent, and so he always remembered Meg as she used to lean out of the window as he went by, lean so far out that she was in danger of falling on her curly, head into the pansy bed below. He would have been glad to see Meg when he went home, but she was always away.

So time went on, and Patsy entered against his will, was almost forced into politics. He had no taste for politics, but although his life it was a noticeable fact that those things he utterly refused to have anything to do with were those things that he finally entered into heart and soul, and so it was with politics. And he served his constituents so well that they were not satisfied unless they had some political politician, they must needs elect him to congress, and one day Patsy took his place among the representatives of the people.

Aunt Margaret was there and so was Uncle Michael frown. Well, they could feel very sorry about not having an education. It was sufficient that a part of the family were learned.

THE HORSE WAS WALLOPED.

But Not Until He Had Had His Fill of Feeding in Bananas.

A sedate old horse, yet cheerful withal and seemingly possessed of a kindly and philosophic spirit, meandered up Washington street in the city of Brooklyn yesterday, and halted at the acute angle where it runs into Fulton street.

He was attached to the lumbersome end of a dump cart, this horse. Seated on the driver's throne of said dump cart was a man of such benignant countenance that you would have sworn him first brother to the horse on the evidence of vision. He, too, was cheerful and philosophic, and the very spirit of sedateness sat upon him. He was not a man to joke or to be joked with. Life were to him a serious aspect. Any one could see that at a glance.

It would be rash to say that the man drove the horse. He didn't. The bond between them was far closer than represented by cord or leather—and there were both in the aged harness. The lines lay on the horse's back, and the latter took his way sedately, as a horse who knows he is doing contract work for the city might be expected to do. If compunctions of conscience smote his equine breast no sign thereof appeared in his benign and tranquil eye. His master—or I should say, perhaps, his friend—did not urge him.

At the junction heretofore mentioned in these memoirs the pair paused and looked about them. They paused long. It was so much easier to pause than work. The sugey wind caught up vast clouds of dust—the dust that they were paid to cart away—and tossed it in the faces of the passing throng, making the good to pray and the bad to swear. But this ruffled not the philosophy of man or beast. The voice of the boss was not heard, and it was so much easier to rest than work—the wear and tear were so infinitely less.

At length the Italian gentleman who peddles fruit at this busy confluence of human life broke in on the dual reverie.

"Please minda banda moment for me?" he asked.

"Hoy?"

"Minda fruit a moment while I go awa'."

"Why, to be sure O' wut, my Dago frin'. Take yure time. O'll kape ye eyes on yure doigistables."

The Italian went off to transact his errand.

Presently soon the horse reached tranquilly over, picked up a banana with his teeth and munched it down with satisfaction beaming from his eyes. His master looked at him admiringly, and then looked the other way. Reproof was far removed from his face.

The horse took another and then a third. There was neither haste nor trepidation in his action. He appeared to secure the full flavor of each banana, skin and all, before he began upon another.

In this way a dozen were comfortably disposed of, and the oat cavity in the horse's interior was much nearer its size, when suddenly an electric shock seemed to seize the owner. He whirled about and began lathering the brute with an appearance of the most fiendish cruelty, cursing him the while as a thaste of the wurruld, an omadhaun, and I don't know what other titles. The horse started on a run up the street—not a very wild pace, by the way—and the owner climbed into the dump cart from behind and made a tremendous show of a tussle with him. It did not last. A moment later they were going down Myrtle avenue at a pious walk, and if there was not a twinkle in four sedate but cheerful eyes, then may I never be twitted again. As for the poor Italian, he got back in time to save his stand, and surely that is enough to make any Italian grateful. What do they want, anyway—the earth?—New York Herald.

Strictly English and Not American.

The slang of the streets and the stables, and of the world he sees and some young men of the universities and great public schools, is another predisposing cause of the increasing vulgarity of everyday English. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but there is neither soul nor wit in such fashionable brevities as "vet" for veterinary surgeon, "exams" for examinations, "pub" for public house, "comp" for compositor, Saturday "pops" for Saturday popular concerts, the "Zoo" for the Zoological gardens, "perks" for perquisites, "thou" for thousands, "cit" for citizen, "ad" for advertisement, "bizz" for business, and such Americanisms as "he goes out nights and works mornings."—Nineteenth Century.

Keeping the House in Order.

A lady who is not especially worried about fire, but who knows from long experience that it may be necessary to call in a doctor any night, always makes a point of putting her house in order before retiring. She says if it is needful to run risk, the kitchen and build a fire in the night she does not want anybody to run the risk of a broken neck over crockery chiefly in the middle of the floor. With the same forethought the kitchen fire is always left all ready to be lighted—and matches are kept in a place easy to find. Croup medicine and all other simple remedies for the ills that children are heir to are also kept where they can be procured instantly.—Lewiston Journal.

Subscribe for the NEWS.

A Man's Idea of Home Comfort.

A man wants some one place in home that he can call his very own, some portion of the house where his will is law, where no conflict of authority can arise. That not always is the case, for the purpose of securing solitude, for his family is most usually welcome there, but the need for it springs from the desire for that sense of proprietorship which is his habit abroad, and from the wish to be able to do precisely as he pleases in at least a corner of his own house. Here should is therefore that he arranges for himself, the lounging chairs, the desk and library, his smoking materials with license to use them. Here he should be able to feel absolutely at his ease, troubled by no fear of "mussing things," no need to thread his way anxiously through a maze of furniture and various decorative objects, trembling lest something should be overturned and broken, and there should be the seat of that admirable disorder to which he only has the faculty of impressing upon others the idea as he leaves them, though to the orderly female eye they may seem to lie in hopeless confusion. His desk may be littered with piles of books, magazines, letters, manuscripts, everything that can possibly find a place there, but if a woman wishes to secure to a man one of his most cherished home comforts, she will let that desk alone.—Percy Vere in Ladies' Home Journal.

Facts About Orchids.

Here are some interesting facts about these strange weeds of the tropics. Orchids do not live without water. They did not live on air alone. They are not created from one to another, but varieties are produced by hybridizing. They are obtained originally from their native regions, and are rarely perfect from seed, since it takes a long time for the seed to ripen a year or ten to germinate, and from three to ten years to flower. They are of very slow growth, and have proved to be very difficult to raise from seed. Many flowers last on the plants from six to eight weeks, and even when cut last nearly a month.—New York World.

How Mr. Bidwell Was Shot.

Attorney—Was the prisoner alone in the house at the time of his death?

Pat—Faith, he was not, sure enough. It was the discharge of the gun that killed him.—Puck.

Self Possession of Women.

Women are more self possessed than men. On occasions of ceremony and display they appear happy and "at home." A well dressed woman is "in her element" at public entertainments, and she moves calmly and gracefully under the gaze of numerous eyes, while her male attendant is self conscious and flurried. Observe the majestic yet unembarrassed manner of a handsomely dressed woman as she takes her seat in a church or concert room, and the contrast presented by the nervousness and lack of repose in the motions of man. It has often been remarked that brides are generally collected and sedate during the marriage ceremony, while bridegrooms are bashful and awkward.—Bow Bells.

No Improvement.

An old lady who witnessed a production of "The Merchant of Venice" many years ago went again recently to see the story of Shylock enacted upon the stage. Upon her return home she was asked how she liked it.

"Well," said she, "Venice seemed to have been sprucked up some since the first time I saw it, but Shylock's just the same mean, ordinary thing he was forty years ago."—Harper's Magazine

Superstitious Oil Men.

Mrs. M. V. Taylor, of Washington, Pa., the only woman engaged in the oil well supply business in the oil country, sprained her ankle recently. Oil men have a superstition that good luck will follow them if they buy material from a crippled person, and Mrs. Taylor was overwhelmed with customers.—Pittsburg Commercial.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7:36 a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibuled limited for New York. Does not stop at Andover.
11:18 a. m. Daily. No 10—New York day express stopping at all stations to Hornellsville. Connects except Sunday for Philadelphia.
7:32 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accommodation. Connects for Philadelphia daily.
7:45 p. m. Daily. No. 16—Night express for New York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover
12:07 p. m. No. 96 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.
1:45 p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
8:22 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Salamanca.
7:40 a. m. No. 95. Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Salamanca.
Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
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T. C. PLATT, Receiver.
WEST BOUND.
Leave Wellsville....8.00 a. m..2.15 pm
" Allentown....8.38 a. m..2.53 pm
" Bolivar.....9.03 a. m..3.20 pm
" Cores.....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.....8.15a m..2.10 p m
" Eldred.....10.15 a m..4.25 p m
" Cores.....10.52 a m..5.02 p m
" Bolivar.....11.15 a m..5.25 p m
" Allentown...11.43 a m..5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville...12.30 a m..6.30 p m
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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Who waits until the wind shall silent keep,
Will never find a ready hour to sow.
Who watcheth clouds will have no time to reap.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

The unmarried women of Mass. do not seem to be an impecunious lot. Besides their real and personal property, they have on deposit in the savings bank of the state $29,000,000.

Good authority states that in a certain London hospital where alcohol is still freely used in the treatment of fever cases, twenty-four per cent. of the fever patients die, whereas in the Glasgow fever hospital where milk is used, the mortality is only 12 per cent.

Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill. It has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank are dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness every one who proved a wreck and ruined his family did it from rum and no other cause.—Chauncey M. Depew.

When women have a chance, they often show a great capacity for business. Miss Mary E. Garrett, daughter of the late John W. Garrett, is reported as one of the wealthiest women in the country, she having a fortune of more than twenty million dollars. Her father gave her such careful instruction in business affairs that she is able to manage her estate as well as any man. A very capable and well-educated young woman in Chicago, who is prospective heir to a large property, has been carefully instructed in business matters by her father, who takes great pride in the capabilities of his daughter; and she now controls thousands of dollars, has her own bank account and makes her own investments.

Though Dead, He Yet Speaketh.

"What the temperance men demand is not the regulation of the liquor traffic, but its destruction; not that its evils be circumscribed (idle fancy!) or veiled, but that they be to the extent of the State's ability, utterly eradicated. Such a law we are willing to stand under and (if such be its fate) fall with; but no shilly-shally legislation can endure, and it would be good for nothing if it would. Stave in the heads of the barrels, put out the fires of the distillery; confiscate the demijohns, bottles and glasses which have been polluted with the infernal traffic; but no act screening great mischief-makers, and bearing down on little ones, can possibly be fastened on the advocates of temperance. They disown and loathe it."—Horace Greeley in New York Tribune, Feb. 13th, 1852.

Taxation Without Representation.

The principle involved in woman suffrage is that which gave the keynote to the war of the Revolution. Women pay millions of dollars in taxes about which they have neither voice nor vote. In some of our towns, one woman pays a larger tax than hundreds of men who pay only a dollar poll tax. Every one of these men has a vote as to the amount of the tax this woman shall pay, and as to how her money shall be used. But the woman herself is denied the right to vote at all. It is the gravest injustice of the present day. Clergymen should preach about it; editors should write about it; lawyers should argue this cause against women, against justice, and against the majority of the government itself. Women, as infinite misdoubters, most urge their own cause. But it depends now, for this year, on the individual legislator to show whether he holds the right of his mother and daughter as sacred as his own.—Lucy Stone.

A Gigantic Scheme.

It looks as if the great water power of Niagara Falls would at last be utilized. A company has been formed for that purpose, consisting of some of the best engineers and heaviest capitalists in the country. The Buffalo Express in speaking of the scheme, builds castles as follows:

Let your imagination loose and picture to yourself Buffalo, not only the Queen of the Lakes, but the greatest manufacturing city on earth, its boundaries extending for many miles down the broad, majestic, and swiftly-flowing Niagara, incorporating not only Tonawanda, but Niagara Falls village as well. Imagine a thousand, aye thousands, of great manufactories lining the river front, mammoth docks, and wharves and warehouses hitherto unthought of; innumerable workingmen's homes bordering on a series of broad boulevards leading down from Buffalo town to Niagara. Imagine the machinery in Buffalo's countless factories and work-shops driven by electricity generated at Niagara Falls, the electric cars propelled by the same powerful current, and not only the streets, avenues and alleys but every house within our limits illuminated by means of Kind Electricity.

Imagine, if you will, the town of Niagara, a great manufacturing suburb of the greater Buffalo, and put the population of the united town at 1,000,000 or 5,000,000 and prophesy that Western New York will boast of the greatest manufacturing city in America or perhaps in the universe.

Are these the vagaries of a mind diseased, or a fanciful flight? Perhaps so. The millenium has not come exactly but the most gigantic engineering, mechanical, and financial enterprise of the 19th century is about to be developed. In brief, the power of the mighty and world-famed Niagara is about to be utilized for the benefit of mankind. For centuries has this vast power run to waste, but in this progressive 19th century the inventive genius of Edison, the engineering skill of Sellers, Herschel, Evershed, and Porter, backed by the leading capitalists of the United States, all have combined to make a realization of the dream not only possible but probable.

The company proposes to utilize the enormous power of Niagara River by constructing a subterranean tunnel from the water level below the falls, about 200 feet under the high bank of the river, extending through the rock to the upper Niagara River at a point about a mile above the falls, where a head of 120 feet is obtained. The tunnel thence extends parallel with the shore of the river 1½ miles at an average depth of 100 feet below the surface of the earth, and at a distance of about 400 feet from the navigable waters of the river, with which it is connected by means of conduits or lateral tunnels.

The managers speak in glowing terms of the advantages of Niagara's water-power over all water or steam-powers and of the unequaled transportation facilities. The mill sites are fixed upon the Niagara River at a point above the falls navigable by vessels. Hence, vessels passing through the great western chain of lakes can come down the Niagara River with their loads of lumber, grain, coal, etc., and unload them on the wharves and docks of the mills and factories. Canal boats can also receive and discharge freight at the mills, as the Niagara River connects with the Erie Canal at Tonawanda, only seven miles distant. The docks of the New York Central, Wabash, Erie, Grand Trunk, Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg, Lehigh Valley and Michigan Central railways adjoin and run parallel with the proposed tunnel, and the entire plot of mill sites of the company, with provision for sidings to each mill site.

Destruction of Dies in a Mint.

Ever since the establishment of the United States mint at Philadelphia the law has required the government officials in charge of that institution to render a strict account of all dies engraved, used, broken or damaged, and a complete detailed list of every die in their possession at the end of every year. These dies are taken in boxes to the forges below the mint, and there every one of them, from that which has coined the humble "copper" to that which has created the aristocratic golden "eagle," must, according to instructions from the treasury department at Washington, "be utterly destroyed by forge and sledge."

This process, which involves considerable time, as all the dies used, either at the mint in San Francisco or Philadelphia, must be handled separately and all destroyed here, is watched closely by designated officials, the superintendent, chief coiner, assayer and chief engraver.

The dies are of steel, circular in form and about four or five inches in length. These are placed in the fire at the forges, and when at a white heat are taken out, placed upon the anvil, and then the beautifully engraved faces handed into a dull, battered mass by the sledge hammer.—Troy Budget.

Buttermilk Drinking.

"I sell from 200 to 250 quarts of buttermilk a day," said a dealer in Jefferson market. "It is really astonishing how the public's taste for buttermilk has grown."

A little inquiry showed that this dealer was not an exception among his fellows. In all portions of the city a big trade is being carried on in buttermilk. During the summer months the trade in it is enormous. It costs from 1½ to 2 cents a quart, and as the retailers get from 3 to 5 cents per quart for it there is a very nice margin of profit.

It is a well known fact that there are very few if any more healthful drinks than buttermilk, and it is especially recommended to thin persons, as it is even more fattening than sweet milk. A prominent physician told the writer that he had frequently prescribed it for patients afflicted with kidney diseases. He added that from a pint to a quart taken just before retiring frequently relieved insomnia.—New York News.

Concerning Hypnotism.

Professor William James, of Harvard, in his article on hypnotism, entitled "Human Science and Self," in Scribner, says: "I know a non-hysterical woman who, in her trances, knows facts which altogether transcend her possible conscious acquaintance. Facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately, having practically no doubt whatever of its truth. My own impression is that the trance condition is an immensely complex and fluctuating thing, into the understanding of which we have hardly begun to penetrate, and concerning which any very sweeping generalization is sure to be premature. A conservative study of trances and subconscious states is meanwhile of the most urgent importance for the comprehension of our nature."

Boy Character.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king-pins among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.—Child's Paper.

The Smallest Book Published.

The celebrated "Thumb Bible" was written by John Taylor, who was born in 1580 and died in 1654, and who is most commonly known as the "water poet." Its was a man of a great deal of original genius, but his books now are principally known from their very peculiar titles. The "Thumb Bible," which is an epitome of every book in the Scriptures, was first published in 1693 as a complete work, the two parts having been issued separately during his lifetime.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Caught by a Mirror.

A lunatic saw the reflection of a man's face in a mirror, and taking it for an enemy, in the next room, crawled up his chimney and fired at the figure. The bullet struck it in the head. The crazy man was secured before he could reload his weapon, and the other maniac's life was saved.—Youth's Companion.

Two Kinds of Children's Papers.

Little Dot—My papa has subscribed for Progressive Youth for me; comes every week.

Little Dick—I had it last year, but this year I told papa I wanted The Mother Goose Monthly instead.

"Why, that's just baby talk, that's all that is."

"Yes, but I have it all to myself, anyhow. When Progressive Youth comes, papa and mamma grab it, and I don't catch a glimpse of it for a week."—New York Weekly.

A Famous Acquaintance.

"Jack," said Mr. Bumsed at midnight, "Go into Willie and make him stop blowing that tin horn. This is no time for that!"

"That's not Willie. It's the new baby."

How Is Prepared and How American Roses Waste Their Sweetness.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

"Here y'are, gents! Here y'are!" yelled the street fakir. "Here y'are, gents! The real, genuine otter of roses, right fresh from the otter, the only living animal besides the musk ox that gives up perfumes for the hankychief! Here y'are! Otter of roses, fresh from the otter! Five cents a bottle!"

A young man in the crowd became seized of an idea. He went to the nearest drug store.

"How much is attar of roses a bottle?" he asked of the druggist.

"It'll cost you $100 an ounce," said the drug man. "The genuine India attar of roses is worth $100 an ounce."

"Got any?" asked his visitor.

"Not today," said the druggist. "We're just out."

"What makes it cost so much?"

"Well, one reason is," replied the druggist, "it takes 50,000 roses to make a single ounce of attar. If you can buy 50,000 roses for less than $100 then maybe you can knock the price of a tar down. Attar of roses, young man, ain't milked out of cows. It is made in India, although if they only knew it, they could make it just as well in California. The same rose grows there from which the attar is distilled in India. I have seen huge hedge rows near Samona, in California, so dense with these roses that the odor from them, on a warm, sultry day, caused a feeling of peculiar faintness and oppression to the passer by. This is the effect of the attar, which is distilled by the heat and most air, and is held suspended, as it were, in the atmosphere.

"There is money in that cause of faintness and indolence; but in this country not only the sweetness, but the great value of the flower, is wasted on the desert air. In northern India the roses are regularly cultivated. They are planted in rows in fields, and require no particular care. When they begin to bloom they are plucked from the bushes before midday. The work is done by women and children, who seem to regard it more as a pleasure than a pursuit of labor. The rose leaves are gathered in twice their weight of water, which is then drawn off into open vessels. These are allowed to stand in the sun, being covered up with c