THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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THE HEART.

[illegible]
Where life was laid
Flowers did spring,
[illegible] all withering,
[illegible] nor their hues can fade
[illegible] spirit cried within:
[illegible] of Faith upon the grave of
[illegible] Louisville Courier-Journal.

MONSIEUR MAYEUX.

[illegible] long ago (to some of us it [illegible] almost a century since) there [illegible] fighting in the streets of [illegible] bullets whizzed through the air, [illegible] belched forth their murderous [illegible] and men were falling on [illegible] sides.

[illegible] story of Cain and Abel is, [illegible] all too familiar one, but we have not [illegible] from it to avoid the curse of civil war. At the time of which I speak the Swiss Guards and the Royal Corps of foot soldiery were defending themselves in the palace of the Louvre, which was besieged by a mob of insurgents. However, it is not my purpose to recount the events of history in this brief narration, but rather to tell you a story. Let me introduce my hero.

You will doubtless say that I have selected an unattractive personage for a hero. He is a diminutive man, deformed and ugly, a hunchback—a quasimodo of the streets, one might term him. His name is M. Mayeux.

M. Mayeux was all alone in his room during the eventful days of July. If he mistake not, the house in which he lived was in the Rue des Pretres, adjoining the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which is equivalent to saying that he was unpleasantly near the scene of conflict. He could hear the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying. These woful sounds moved him deeply. He paced rapidly up and down the narrow chamber, his head bent and his brows contracted into an angry frown. Occasionally he paused to ejaculate:

"Miserable men! Brutish creatures! Are they mad? Why is all this blood shed? These murderers! A curse on revolutions!

While M. Mayeux was thus giving vent to his feelings, it occurred to him that by going down into the street below he might perhaps render service to some among the wounded. He was a tender hearted and unselfish man. After a brief hesitation he hastily quitted his room and was soon in the heat of the melee, unarmed, and some what dazed by the sights and sounds that greeted him there. He heard the excited populace shout "Victory! victory!". He saw soldiers in scarlet uniforms flying for their lives in every direction. The mob had triumphed over the Swiss Guard, and M. Mayeux arrived just in time to be present at the taking of the Louvre.

He had hardly gone more than ten steps beyond his own street when a soldier of the Swiss Guard, hotly pursued by an infuriated throng of men, women and children, came rushing toward him in all the excitement of terror. The poor fugitive was running at full speed, when a random shot struck him. M. Mayeux saw him turn about and fall heavily to the ground, his face downward. His pursuers were rushing up to put an end to him, but M. Mayeux planted himself in front of the prostrate form, perhaps already a corpse.

The hunchback, as I have said, was small, ugly and altogether repulsive in appearance. He crossed his long arms over his narrow chest, and exclaimed:

"Come, you would not strike a wounded man!"

It often happens that one dauntless spirit is able to overawe an angry mob. The crowd drew back.

"Leave this man here, my friends," continued Mayeux. "What harm can he do? All is over. You are the victors now."

"Who is this little hunchback" asked a young woman in the throng. "I'll wager he's another of your accursed royalists."

"No!" cried a child who stood by her side. "It is M. Mayeux." And approaching the hunchback, he said:

"Don't you know me? I am little Pichon, who lives on the floor just above you." Then he added: "Good morning, M. Mayeux!"

Peals of laughter burst from the mob, who only five minutes before had been yelling and shouting with the wild fury of savages. Their cries and threats were replaced by brutal jests.

"Ah! M. Mayeux! This is M. Mayeux; the brave defender of fallen soldiers. Ha, ha, ha! M. Mayeux!"

But Mayeux was rejoiced. He thought to himself: "I have saved his life! Now that they are in good humor, they will go away soon."

And so they did. They had enjoyed their heartless sport, and they were satisfied. M. Mayeux caused the wounded man to be carried to his room, and he soon regained consciousness. The man who was thus saved was a peer of the realm, and he died a week later from the injury received in the house. He left a young son, who was a captain in the warmest regiment of the royal guards, and he came again and again to express his gratitude to his preserver. The generous boy would not remember that he had ever seen him before, but he always spoke of him afterwards as his father's friend, and he would say, sometimes, speaking of his father's death, "Ah, if my father were living he would be happy to see his son so well lodged!" Then he would say, smiling sadly as he spoke:

"Even the ungrateful are of use to the rich. They help us to do good from disinterested motives."

During a period of about twenty years M. Mayeux had been employed as a clerk in the department of the ministry of war. His salary was small, but it sufficed for his few wants. It was growing old and could not reasonably anticipate many years of useful[illegible]. The modest sum he had laid by, however, enabled him to look forward without fear of privation to the inevitable day when, as he expressed it, "he must make ready to go below."

M. Mayeux had neither relations nor friends. His family had all passed away, one by one; and as for friends, M. Mayeux consoled himself with the belief that he had no enemies.

Recollections are the friends of those who have no others. M. Mayeux cherished his recollections. They were all, for the most part, very sad or very bitter. But to the poor recluse even this bitterness seemed grateful, like the pungent flavor of a medicinal tonic.

The hunchback's thoughts often carried him back to a certain occasion in his past life when he had suffered deeply. "It is the only time during which I can say that I really lived!" he reflected sometimes by way of solace.

At that period Mayeux had a pretty cousin named Madeleine, whom he loved devotedly. The unfortunate man had never brought himself to avow his love and ask her to become his wife. He was afraid. He said to himself: "She will only laugh at me."

Every day he saw his cousin and talked with her. When they parted he would go back to his lonely room, shut himself in, and weep long and silently.

Madeleine noticed that her cousin Mayeux was often sad, but she had never suspected the true reason.

One day he said to himself: "Madeleine knows that I am good and honest, and that I love her. Why should not she, kind and gentle as she is, love me in spite of my ugliness?"

He put on his new clothes and repaired in haste to the house of Madeleine's mother. He reached the door and stopped, pale and out of breath, his heart beating violently. Just as he was about to knock, the sound of voices within reached his ear. Madeleine and her mother were talking together.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madeleine. "It is hard at first to realize how ugly he is! I was looking at him the other day. He is a monster! Poor Mayeux! I am sorry for him, though."

Her words and the laugh that followed them smote Mayeux to the heart. He stilled the sobs that were choking him and rushed quickly down the steps, repeating to himself: "Idiot! fool! could you not have imagined this? wretched creature, whose deformity is repulsive even to your friends, learn to see yourself as others see you! You are hideous, know that! and in this world it is not enough to be honest and kind; one must be handsome too, remember! True, it might answer your purpose only to appear so; for after all, it is the outside that people care for. Go, hunchback, where you can hide your hump!"

While he was muttering this incoherently, he reached the quay, without being conscious of the direction he had taken. There he stopped, looked down for a few seconds at the quiet water beneath, was seized with what might have been a fit of vertigo, and threw himself into the Seine.

Some one standing near saw him fall, jumped in and rescued him. When he came to himself he said in a gentle tone:

"I was about to be happy! But I thank you, nevertheless. Perhaps you have saved me from committing a crime."

A few months later Madeleine married a rich tradesman. Mayeux went to the wedding. At church, after the nuptial mass was ended, he remained for some time on his knees, his face buried in his hands, while the procession passed down the aisle.

"What, Mayeux! You here?" exclaimed some one in the throng.

"Do not disturb him," said another; "he is saying his prayers."

Mayeux was praying, in truth. He was in tears.

From that day M. Mayeux became the sad and solitary man whom I have described. He regulated his life like a watch, and became a mere machine. But the machine thought and suffered.

Every morning he repaired to his office at the same hour. The way led through the gardens of the Tuileries. Mayeux carried his frugal breakfast with him, and often stopped to share his bread with the swans in the great central fountain.

In the course of time these swans learned to recognize the sound of his voice. They would glide up when he called, and take from his hands the morsels of bread he offered them. They even allowed themselves to be caressed by the poor hunchback, who liked to pass his thin hands softly over their white and glossy plumage.

"They at least love me, and do not know that I am deformed," he thought.

Mayeux gave them all names that were associated with his childhood. He called one James, after a brother who had died long since, and to whom he had always been tenderly attached.

One day when he entered the office in an absent minded way, smiling to himself, another of the clerks asked him:

"What are you thinking about, Mayeux?"

"My swans," he replied.

The bystanders all laughed. They thought him a weak minded creature.

Soon after this, Mayeux was going to his work at the department as usual, when he observed a large crowd gathered in front of a well known pastry cook's shop. They were laughing and shouting, and the hunchback thought he recognized his own name called aloud. He stood on his tiptoes and at last discovered the object that was causing so much merriment among the spectators.

Poor Mayeux!

What he saw was his own portrait—a likeness of himself, but highly caricatured, and beneath it his name. Yes, it was this that the rude throng were gazing upon with evident enjoyment and derision. The unfortunate man recognized the picture only too well. It was he himself.

The artist, doubtless some one who was present on the occasion of the assault upon the Louvre, and who had seen Mayeux there, depicted the hunchback armed with a big red umbrella with which he was showering blows upon a row of the Swiss Guard, lying dead at his feet.

It was this he had chosen to name Mayeux—Mayeux, who had defended this soldier from the savage rage of his enemies!

The artist had made a striking picture. The haggard face wore a wicked and sardonic expression, and the caricatural had not forgotten any ludicrous details that distinguished M. Mayeux's costume. His short trousers, long coat and ample cravat all were there. Underneath was this inscription:

M. Mayeux, grandnephew of Punchinello, slaying dead soldiers during the glorious days of July. (First Series of the Adventures of M. Mayeux.)

Mayeux could not repress a cry, some of the rabble turned around; and, seeing this grotesque little hunchback, they only laughed the louder.

"Mon Dieu!" they exclaimed. "This is he! It is Mayeux himself!"

And as the unhappy man, overcome with shame and despair, burst into tears, they shouted:

"Aha! He's in a rage! Look at him, in tears! Don't weep, Mayeux!"

The hunchback collected all his strength, and ran off at full speed, followed by the jeers of the crowd. He took the street leading to his own room, and shut himself up there. His heart was broken.

From this day M. Mayeux's life was one of continual torment.

The artist's sketch proved a brilliant success. Copies of his picture were to be seen everywhere, and M. Mayeux became famous, through the passing caprice of a clever painter. He stood as the type of the most hideous, grotesque and malicious of his class. Represented first as a child of the people, and afterward as a member of the National Guard, he saw his whole imaginary career illustrated in The Charivari, for the sport and amusement of an entire nation. Then they composed comic songs about him. In France everything finishes with a song.

Meanwhile Mayeux was afraid to risk himself out of doors. His deformity was now public property. The street urchins ran after him, shouting: "Mayeux! Mayeux!" Some among them believed that he wore a mask. "Eh, M. Mayeux!" cried one more mischievous than his companions: "You are too soon! It is not carnival time yet!"

At last Mayeux said to himself, "I will not go out again."

He sent his resignation to the minister of war, and remained in his room, which he never quitted until nightfall. Even then he seldom ventured far. In all this distress what he most regretted were his swans. Poor man! he really loved them!

One morning, as he was going up the stairs, he heard little Pichon, the innocent cause of his cruel persecution, talking to his mother.

"Maman, I have found a little dog!" he exclaimed. "Mon Dieu, but he is ugly! I intend to keep him all the same, though. What shall I call him?"

"Since he is so ugly," said M. Mayeux, "give him my name, Mayeux."

"Ah!" answered Pichon. "What a lucky idea! That's the very name for him!"

M. Mayeux was an old man now. He had no object in life. His health seemed to fail, and he grew visibly feebler from day to day.

"Well!" he thought, "a little while longer and all will be over."

Finally he took to his bed with a violent cough and a sharp pain in his chest.

"At last at last!" he repeated.

No one in the house thought of going to see him. They left him to die, as he had lived, alone.

He felt that the end was near. "Now I shall be happy," he murmured to himself. "There are my hunchbacks up there. My heart was all right! that is not deformed, at least. Why have I been so cruelly tormented? And I must die here—alone! alone!"

Big tears rolled down his sunken cheeks. He repeated incessantly the words: "Mother! James! Madeleine. Oh, God!"

There was a faint noise at the door. M. Mayeux asked in a feeble voice:

"Who is there?"

No one answered, and he called again:

"Who is there?"

A plaintive bark was the only response.

"Ah!" said he, and a sad smile played over his face.

"It is the little dog, Mayeux."

He raised himself to open the door, but his strength failed him, and falling back upon the pillow, he drew a long sigh, and expired.

Training of the Parisian Artisan.

In Paris the highest perfection of the building trade is attained. The city, as a building center, is the queen of the world. Everything is art-life, from the beginning of the building to the last stroke of the painter's brush. Every artisan and mechanic in Paris is an artist. He has every opportunity to develop his taste for the beautiful in art, for on every side he sees examples of the beautiful. For the Frenchman's benefit and education, the state maintains museums, art galleries and gardens which are free to all comers, and the Parisian workman avails himself to the fullest extent of these opportunities. As a consequence he becomes not only a better mechanic, but an artist. American methods of building compare favorably, however, with those adopted in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, that there the solidity of construction is greater, and that pains are taken to carry out the idea of the architect, even in the smallest detail.—New York Commercial Adviser.

The Seminole Turban.

Kirk Munroe, who has spent many winters among the Florida Seminoles, in his article in Scribner, describes the immense turban which is the universal masculine head dress and distinguishing badge of that tribe. This turban is composed of fold upon fold of small shawls or gayly colored handkerchiefs, in which red is the predominant color, wound round and round upon a framework structure projects ten or twelve inches from the head. It does not cover the top of the head, and is apt to be set off by a graceful plume of the white heron.

Thieves Allied by Chance Remarks.

A cause of many of the successful robberies by sneak thieves, said a retired detective recently, is the habit not a few New Yorkers have of unguardedly divulging secrets to chance acquaintances and friends. "Would you be kind enough to tell me the hour, I've left my watch in my other waistcoat pocket in my room," and various similar remarks are common, particularly on street cars, and sneak thieves are always on the alert to hear such disclosures. They even ride on cars to overhear them. For instance, a man might be riding downtown on a car, and dive into his pocket for his fare, when he would suddenly remember that he left his purse on the dresser in his room, and would apologetically tell his friend so. There might be some thief in the car who, overhearing this, would follow him up, learn his name and address, and then all would be plain sailing. The thief would go to the house and tell who ever came to the door that the man had sent him for the purse which he left on the dresser. The wife, finding the purse in the place described, would be thrown off her guard and in nine cases out of ten would give it to him and pay him besides for taking it. The boldness of the plan allays all suspicion with even the shrewdest housewife.—New York Tribune.

Major or Minor?

Corelli was leading the performance of a composition of Scarlatti's, when, in a passage that was probably not well written for the violin, he made a very conspicuous mistake, while Petrillo, the Neapolitan leader, who was familiar with the passage in question, executed it correctly. Then came a piece in the key of C minor. Corelli, already disconcerted, led it off in C major. "Ricominciamo!" (Let us begin again!) said Scarlatti, with his usual politeness, and poor Corelli started once more in the major; so that Scarlatti was at last obliged to point out his mistake. Corelli felt this incident as a great humiliation and left Naples immediately. Returning to Rome, he found that a new violinist, Valentini, had won the admiration of the public, and, considering himself slighted and superseded, took it so much to heart that instead of regretting his fail.—Sir George Grove's Dictionary of Music.

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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.
7:32 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 accommodation 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.
1:41 p. m. Daily. No. 23—Accommodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
8:32 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accommodation for Salamanca.
7:00 a. m. No. 95. Except Sunday—Way freight and accommodation for Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
GEO. E. LANN, General Northern Passenger Agt.
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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	11.43 a. m.	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.30 a. m.	6.30 p m

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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

The cigar manufacturers of a certain western city have lately contrived a novel method of advertising their wares, viz., by attaching to a favorite brand the magic legend W. C. T. U., declaring the letters to mean We Claim Them Unequaled.

Miss Mary C. Shibley of Illinois, took the first prize of $50, for the highest standing in the general examination at the Hahnemann Medical College in Chicago, recently. This year's class is the largest ever sent out from the institution. Herbert Chipman of Wisconsin, won the second prize.

The Chicago Central W. C. T. U. held its sixteenth annual meeting last week. The treasurer's report showed that more than $36,000 were expended last year in the work of the various philanthropies supported by this union. The secretary's report stated that 15,929 children have been cared for at the Bethesda and Talcott day nurseries, 52,540 men lodged at the Bethesda inn, that 37,000 men have been in attendance upon the Bethesda and Hope missions, of whom 11,000 have signed the pledge, that 1,600 patients have been treated in the medical dispensary, 8,000 children gathered into the mission Sunday Schools, and 4,000 unfortunate girls sheltered at the Anchorage mission, for 500 of whom good homes have been found. This is entirely outside of the 'political work' of the W. C. T. U.

A Hint to Mothers.

Miss Willard says: 'Begin to teach temperance in the lullaby song and the twilight evening story.' The Pennsylvania Bulletin contains the following suggestion in furtherance of this idea: A telegram comes into the house. Children will ask numberless questions about it. Mothers, it pays to stop, and answer all these countless little inquiries. Don't finish your story until you have told of the wonderful telegraph system which extends over your bodies. Tell of the fine net-work of nerves upon which messages are constantly being carried to and from the brain, the central office. They must be kept soft, like an egg, in order to keep the telegraph apparatus in working order. Alcohol sucks the moisture from these delicate nerve cells, and then they do not work perfectly, and the drinker thinks he feels bettter, when the truth is he only feels less.

Representative Government.

The thanks and gratitude of all friends of representative government are due to the members of Congress who voted for the admission of Wyoming with a constitution that secured equal political rights for all its citizens, women as well as men.

It is the first time in the history of this country that such an event has occurred. The application of the principle of "the consent of the governed," has crept slowly along, first to church members, then to property-holders, then to poor white men, then to negroes; and last of all, after forty years of peaceful revolution, the application of the same principle to women gets its first majority vote in the National House of Representatives.

This historical fact will stand out in the coming time alongside the original Declaration of Independence, equally honored, marking as important an event, and crowning with equal honor the names of the men by whose brave and eloquent defence the new state of Wyoming won a just triumph in the Congress of the United States for a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

Value of Farm Lands.

The annual report of the state assessors was submitted to the senate Monday. The report says: There continues to be a marked depreciation in the values of farm lands in nearly every county, and the depression among the farmers continues while the prospect for improvement is not good. Many assert that after paying expenses they cannot realize enough from their farms to pay the interest on mortgages, and, consequently thousands of farms are falling into the hands of mortgagees. Of farm property in the counties in detail the report says: Allegany: Realty has considerably depreciated in the last 3 years, owing to the failure of oil lands and the general depreciation of farming lands. Cattaraugus: This is purely a farming county and like all its class values have steadily depreciated while assessed values have been generally maintained. Wyoming: A purely farming county. In 1887 the real property was assessed at $19,153,708 and in 1888 at $16,152,013. Erie: There is a constant appreciation of values in Buffalo, but there is depreciation in the towns of the county with one or two exceptions. Genesee: The assessments of this county show the farming lands have depreciated during the last twelve years 33⅓ per cent.

The Old Song Analyzed.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before a king."

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not only in a nutshell, in a pie.

This Will Apply to Andover.

An exchange says that its manufacturing enterprises have made Corning a city. Fifteen years ago it was not nearly so promising as some more favorably located villages which have never shown any progress. Manufacturing has brought about this change, and it is about the only interest that makes cities out of large villages and thriving and progressive villages out of small dead hamlets. Manufacturing enterprises make a demand for labor—laborers spend their money with the merchants, build homes and keep the wheel of industry moving in every department.

No place, however small, should be without active industries. There are so many that all may have one or more.

For Sale.

A very desirable property situated just outside the village of Andover Good house, barn and outbuildings, five acres good land, good well of water, young orchard. Will be sold cheap, on easy terms. Apply to O. E. Vars, Andover, N. Y.

Subscribe for the NEWS.

Cheating the Dynamo.

Henceforth when, by suicide or otherwise, a condemned murderer succeeds in preventing the carrying out of his death sentence paragraphers must abandon the well known headline "Cheating the Gallows," in favor of one which describes with greater scientific accuracy the act of one who escapes the legal electric death. Who will be the first one to cheat the dynamo? Can the dynamo be cheated, and, if so, how? These are the questions interesting alike to the sheriff and his victim. A deputy can tie a hangman's knot, but can he make an electrical connection? The hangman can readily inspect the strands of his rope, but can he see the volts in the death current?

It would be well for any unfortunate about to be interloped in the current of the shrieval dynamo to consult an electrical expert. He may get some information that will save his life. A good electrician would recommend a coat of invisible varnish applied to the body. A person thus protected would be as invulnerable as Achilles. Hair oil being a good insulator, if freely applied to the head, would go far toward keeping the current out of the brain.

The general use of hair oil does not receive aesthetic sanction, but as part of an ante-mortem, or rather, anti-mortem, toilet, it would certainly be in good form. An inventor of this city has devised an apparatus to be worn under the clothing by means of which the most powerful currents are rendered harmless. A close-fitting undershirt of tinsel would protect its wearer against any stroke which might attack the body. The thick, tough-skinned palms of the horny-fisted son of toil are proof against almost any current short of a stroke of lightning, and a bare-footed street Arab could safely walk on electric wires which would paralyze less calloused soles. An incident has recently been reported which is of the deepest significance. A lad who was apparently dead from contact with an electric wire was restored to consciousness by being touched with the wire again in the excitement attending his removal. This would be, if true, a remarkable instance of like curing like, and also shows a possible way of defeating the ends of justice.

It is clearly apparent that the conditions necessary for electrical killing are affected by obscure and unthought-of causes, and while it is not likely that a criminal could completely protect himself against electric currents, he may present himself for the death chair, either accidentally or otherwise, in such an electrical condition that electrical execution will become electrical torture. No one can say what will be the effect of an electric current on a subject worked up to the highest degree of nervous excitement. What physician has not given, with safety, to a patient suffering intense pain, a dose of morphine which would be sure death under normal conditions?—Electrical Review.

A LADY'S PERFECT COMPANION.

Our new book by Dr. John H. Dye, one of New York's most skillful physicians, shows that pain is not necessary in childbirth, but results from causes easily understood and overcome. It clearly proves that any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to overcome and prevent morning sickness, and many other evils attending pregnancy. It is highly endorsed by physicians everywhere as the wife's true private companion. Cut this out; it will save you great pain, and possibly your life. Send two cent stamp for descriptive circulars, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address Frank Thomas & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Maryland.

Choice Lemons at Harmon's, the dealer.

HOW A CHROMO IS MADE.

An Interesting Process with Which Very Few People Are Familiar.

We see tens of thousands of chromos, which are given away by every enterprising business man, yet I venture the assertion that very few know how they are produced. To properly produce a chromo the lithographer must be an rapprot with the artist. He must analyze the picture, fully realize the combinations of colors and the spirit of the work. Having determined just how many basic colors enter into the picture the artist commences his work by preparing a lithographic stone for each separate color. The artist commences his work by making a delicate and elaborate ink tracing of the picture; not only its general outlines, but the minute and intricate touches and shades of color of which it is composed. The tracing paper is chemically prepared, so that the lines upon it can be readily transferred to stone. A press is employed to transfer the impressions on the paper to the stone, considerable pressure being used. Thousands of impressions can then be taken from the stone by simply running an ink roller over it.

The tracing thus transformed forms what is known as the keystone. Suppose there are twenty colors in the chromo. This number of impressions is taken from the key stone and each carefully dusted with red chalk. A dim offset of the entire tracing is then pressed on each one of these stones.

The drawing then begins, and often occupies many months. Each stone is to be printed in a separate color, and therefore must contain not only all that is necessary of that color of the picture, to the minutest detail, but all of the compound colors, made by printing one or more over others. A variety of gradations of color from its full strength to the faintest tinting can be produced on the stone, just as in using an ordinary pencil or crayon on drawing paper. These various colors are, of course, worked up in block by the artist, and it is the printer who applies the colors. The lines on each separate stone are etched with the wash of nitric acid and gum arabic, and are ready for the presses.

The printer must be as skillful as the artist in applying his colors, and must fully realize the blending and effect of each color. As fast as each color is printed it is submitted to the artist, who has thus a progressive proof of the work.

It has been probably noticed that lines cross each other on the margin of a chromo. These are these registering marks, and enable the printer to place the sheet in the same relative position every time a new stone is used until the new color is applied. These lines are drawn in the original tracing and appear on each stone.

When the first color is printed very small holes are punctured in each sheet at the intersection of these lines, very fine holes are also drilled in corresponding positions on each of the subsequent stones, and the holes in the paper are to correspond precisely with the holes in the stone, and thus as each additional color is put on a perfect register is secured and each color falls just where it belongs.

The next process is to make the chromo have a rough surface like an oil painting. A stone is now prepared which has a rough surface, similar to canvas. This canvas is then laid upon it and passed through a press with heavy pressure. When it comes forth it is an exact imitation of the painting. It is then varnished, and thus you have the chromo ready for the market.

The world is yet practically dependent on one quarry in Bavaria for its lithographic stone. Stones have been found in France, England, Canada and the United States, but none possess the qualities of the best German stones. A bed of lithographic stone has been found in Sequatchie Valley, not far from Chattanooga, and the investigations so far indicate that it will yield stone of a very fine quality. If it should prove so, it will be literally a gold mine. The finer quality of stone is today worth thirteen cents per pound and is very scarce.—Nashville Times.

The Devil's Bridge.

A correspondent thus destroys the old legend of the Devil's Bridge in the Pyrenees: "The popular legend about this bridge, which spans a mountain torrent called the Tech, near the small town of Ceret, was that it had been built during one night by Satan and his myrmidons, and the fact that the particulars as to its construction had never been found in any of the local archives gave additional strength to this legend. The registrar of a neighboring town called Prats de Mollo, close to the Spanish frontier, has just unearthed a manuscript dated 1321, which relates how the notables of that town contributed the golden crowns of Barcelona toward the building of the bridge at Ceret upon condition that the inhabitants of Prats de Mollo were exempt from paying [illegible] Times.