[illegible] Beautiful brows,
Thou [illegible] narrow pale;
[illegible] of thy wealth—
But [illegible] The light
[illegible]

[illegible] Upon [illegible] worthy head;
[illegible] calmer's stormy night
That [illegible] All is well:
Thy [illegible] his portion given;
Thy [illegible] for selfishness is river;
Thy [illegible] though I feared not hell;
And [illegible] though I had no hope of heaven.
—Santa Therese.

LEGEND OF FROG ROCK.

On the west shore of Lake Temiscamingue, about ten miles north of the Hudson Bay company's post, there rises from the lake a precipice, perhaps, as the saying is, a wall of solid rock, of the Huronian formation, with a horizontal cleavage, on the face of which are to be found occasional fossils formed by the action of the frost. Among the Indians this is known as "The Frog Rock," and the following legend will probably throw some light on the origin of the name.

I suppose that in the whole world there is not found a more omnivorous being than an Indian. I should have said omni-carnivorous, for his is essentially a meaty diet. He eats bear, beaver, lynx, fisher, fox, marten, mink, muskrat, mice, otter, porcupine, squirrels, in fact every animal that exists. One would think that he would draw the line at skunk, but no, he looks upon skunk, properly skinned and cooked, as a delicacy. However, he has his weak point; he draws the line at frogs. They seem to be with him forbidden fruit, his tastes having probably evolved the interdiction. The evolution of customs and laws is a constant contest between cause and effect.

Many years ago there lived at Matachewamingue an Indian named Kodjesh. He was a wild, harum scarum young fellow who did not particularly observe the laws laid down by the old men of the tribe regarding the "modus vivendi." He was a Liberal, and had the audacity to despise the customs of his ancestors, customs sanctioned by ancient observance. He would not wear the skulls of the bears which he had slain in the deference due to an animal that claimed distant relationship with himself, nor would he throw the bones of his beaver into the water, but would give them to his dogs, a sacrilegious offense, and one worthy of awful punishment.

It was prophesied of this young man that he would befall him. The Manitous could not allow the sacred injunctions set upon his people to be thus [illegible] without retribution falling the offender, and the wise men shook their heads with an oracular [illegible] meaning colloquially speaking, they shook the old women up. The old women do, and magnified the foolishness of the young man to such an extent that more than half the Indian families of the tribe were in love with him.

But Kodjesh cared for none of these things, nor did he care for the [illegible] who admired so much in him, save for his heart had gone to the lovely Bebaybickouse, who was, if possible, more lively than himself, and very hard to catch. Before him, he would dance in a very taking manner, and should she happen to be dancing with him he would "swing" her with such violence that she almost broke her bones to the ground. But even this violent courtship failed to make any impression on the obdurate Bebaybickouse. In vain did he ply the girl with paddle with a graceful flourish, in vain did he shoot his swift running canoe through the foaming rapids until, half hid by the roaring waters, he would appear to be in it as if riding on the back of a mighty "kenoshie" (the strong swimming pike), or at times, most reckless, when he knew that she was watching him with admiration, standing on the gunwales of his fragile craft, would he run a rapid, standing up with an air of unconcern as if he were walking on the shore. But still the hard hearted Bebaybickouse would not listen to his suit until, driven to desperation, he one day addressed her thus:

"Bebaybickouse, what is there that I can do to win your love?"

"You cannot win my love," she said, "you have not heart enough."

"I have," he answered. "I would dare anything."

"Eat frogs then," answered Bebaybickouse. "Kodjesh, and he went away. Kodjesh did not eat the first frog that he saw.

[illegible] he was hired to take letters [illegible] in charge of Temiscamingue. [illegible] in those days was a trading post of the North west company's [illegible] Bay company is a long one, but Kodjesh's feet [illegible] his heart was [illegible] Bebaybickouse would soon be [illegible] he thought made him glad, [illegible] for Bebaybickouse and it [illegible] Temiscamingue he saw a single frog. [illegible] he was paddling [illegible] at the foot of the [illegible] above, he saw [illegible] the rock, close to [illegible] phlegmatic looking [illegible]

[illegible] there is the very [illegible] for and which [illegible] Bebaybickouse approached [illegible] the bank [illegible] into the [illegible] up, and so [illegible] place to [illegible] fire, and [illegible] the voice itself, for your sake! I heard it come from the deep water, and it said—But no matter, Kodjesh [illegible] you I would hate you."

And Kodjesh turned away, nor did Bebaybickouse dare again to speak to him for some time, but she followed close behind, trying in an artless manner to make him forget the past, and so far she succeeded that his noisy laugh again made the echoes of the camps, and the following spring it was arranged between them that their nuptials should take place after the return of the spring packet from Temiscamingue.

Kodjesh, as usual, was chosen to carry the "packet," but he did not go alone; another young Indian named Manijosh, who was also a suitor for the hand of Bebaybickouse, accompanied him.

Nothing of especial interest occurred to them until they reached the "Frog Rock." Here, however, as Kodjesh half hoped and half feared, they saw the same frog sitting upon the same ledge, with the same air of deep abstraction, and apparently none the worse for having been eaten.

"I must kill that frog and eat him," said Kodjesh to his companion.

"Better not," said Manijosh. "It is unlawful to eat frogs."

But Kodjesh would not be persuaded. He raised his paddle on high about to strike. But this time the frog quietly hopped off the ledge into the water, dived down below the surface before the blow was struck, and up from these depths again came the awful voice, saying:

"Thou eater of frogs, thou art punished." And then, with a wild cry, Kodjesh leaped from his canoe into the water; not to sink, for he remained for several moments, until, wonder of wonders! his form began to shrivel and contract, gradually assuming the shape of a frog; and he swam to the self same ledge where his victims had been; crawled upon it, and sat there—no more Kodjesh, but "Omugikes," "The Frog."

As soon as Manijosh had recovered somewhat from his surprise and terror he hastened on to the fort, and there reported the awful things that he had witnessed.

The unbelieving white men doubted his veracity and pretended that he had made away with his rival for the sake of getting Bebaybickouse himself, but if he did so he did not obtain his object, for when Bebaybickouse heard the awful history of her lover's self sacrifice to love, she stole away at night and paddled to the place where her lover had disappeared, and it was supposed that she had joined him there, for her canoe was found floating, bottom up, close to the Frog Rock, whereon two frogs were seen sitting close to each other, but having phlegmatic countenances and paying as everything and every one with indifference.

And thus ends the legend of the Frog Rock. Even to this day there are those who declare that two frogs can be seen sitting on that fatal ledge watching with indifference the days go by, and that thus they will watch to eternity.—Buffalo Express.

Off Walked the Stamps.

Burton G. Evans is a Georgia man who stood in the Girard cafe preparing to mail a letter. The envelope was sealed, and he had moistened three one cent stamps when they slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor. He looked at them in disgust (for Mr. Evans is a stout man), and then stooped to pick them up. But before doing so he drew back in surprise to see the stamps slowly move along the floor. As Mr. Evans gazed at them they continued to float along in an easy, independent way toward the wall. Evans ran his fingers through his hair and pinched his ears to see if he were awake. Then he followed the stamps, which had begun slowly to ascend the wall. Then he turned to the other side of the room and saw that the stamps had ascended half way to the ceiling and that they were still meandering upward.

By the time Mr. Evans thought he was ready for Kirkbride's asylum, and just as he was about to call for a physician, he happened to see the stamps about face and begin to come down again. In a few minutes they were in reach of the southerner's hand, and upon lifting them he saw beneath a large fly. The latter had been on the floor when the stamps fluttered from Mr. Evans' hand, and, being moistened, they stuck to the insect.—Philadelphia Press.

They Took It for a Mirror.

The darky employed at the Laclede bank was busily engaged polishing the brass signs of the institution. He rubbed and scoured and brightened and wiped until the perspiration stood out upon the black marble of his brow, notwithstanding that the day was chilly in the extreme. He finished his task with a sigh of satisfaction, gathered up the utensils he had employed and disappeared into the bank just as three ladies turned the corner on a semi gallop to catch a fashionable train which had already reached Broadway.

Strange to say they made no attempt to stop the train. The bright convex brass surface, glistening in the occasional burst of sunshine, focused their attention, and in just three seconds the group were busily engaged in adjusting their hats and giving a touch on their dabs of powder, where they would do the most good with a powder rag, and in sundry and divers ways finishing their toilets.—St. Louis Republic.

An Obliging Clerk.

There is a clerk in the New York postoffice who could be expected to assist women if the suffragists of the women folk who deal with him through the square window behind which he sits could send him to the White House. "He is the polite little official I ever saw," one woman enthusiastically exclaimed the other afternoon as she came down the stairs from the mezzanine floor. "I don't make any difference if the thermometer is 60 and the humidity 100, he is always just the same easy and polite manner. Hold unto your parcel and do it up again for you if the thing it isn't just right. He'll tell you everything you want to know and look and act all the time as if it were the greatest pleasure imaginable. Today he was seen to fix up a woman's parcel for her—the string broke or something, and he got fresh wrapping paper and twine and tied it up, addressed it and then actually put the stamp on for her. And he smiled all the time as if he were as delighted as she. She was not a pretty woman, either. If the women could vote he would be postmaster general at least."—New York Evening Sun.

A Mean Husband.

Mrs. Smallpay (wife of a clerk)—I saw Mrs. Smallpurse with a forty dollar dress on today, and here I'm wearing a twenty dollar one. You and Mr. Smallpurse are clerks in the same store, too, and get the same salary. I'd just like to know what you do with all your money.

Mr. Smallpay—You ought to know about as well as any one who becomes of it. As for that dress, I suppose you know that Mrs. Smallpurse does her own work, while you have a four dollar servant.

Mrs. Smallpay—Huh! I'd like to know what a paltry four dollars has to do with a forty dollar dress.

Mr. Smallpay—Four dollars a week for ten weeks is—

Mrs. Smallpay (triumphantly)—She has only been here nine weeks—so there now!—New York Weekly.

Poisoning from Flour.

Poisoning from flour is of interest to all who eat. In 1887 upward of a hundred persons in a French town were attacked by a colic of great severity. The water supply and various articles of food were examined for the cause, when it was found sixty pounds had been dropped in a particular mill, where the grain was carried to the mill stones by an elevator with buckets of tin plate containing a good deal of lead. The flour, which passed through these buckets had not less than five ounces of metal which had rubbed off into the grain, and persons who ate this flour suffered severely, some persons who used flour from another elevator were not attacked.—Cor. Washington Star.

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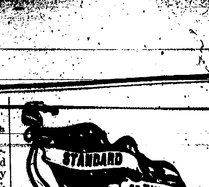

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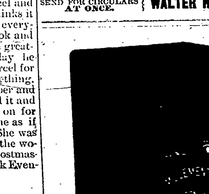
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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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ANDOVER, N. Y.

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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Live not without a friend! The Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone
Live not without a God! However low or high,
In every house should be a window to the sky.

The farewell message of the outgoing mayor of Beatrice, the fourth largest city of Nebraska, gives this point for amendment workers: 'I certainly am not mistaken when I say that for the $10,000 yearly obtained from saloon license the city loses annually $72,000,—taken from the pockets of the people without adequate remuneration. Is it not a true business statement when I say that the taxable property of the city is far less than it would have been had this great sum of money gone into lots and cottages instead of being utterly wasted in the saloons?

'Practical political economy' says: Feed the people on whiskey, then tax the whiskey to pay for all the damage it does. This reminds one of the Dutchman who whipped his son till the boy was raging mad, then said to him, 'Ach, I know vat you tinks; you tinks tam! Now I licks you for dat.' So, feed the people on whiskey till they not only think but act 'tam,' crowding police courts, jails, poor houses and the rest, then tax the whiskey to foot the bills, in order to relieve the over-burdened real estate.' O, long-suffering political economy!

Women as School Trustees.

A County Superintendent who served nine years in one of the leading counties of Illinois, made an especial study of the work of women directors, and arrived at these conclusions:

(1) Women usually have more time at their command than men; they, therefore, do more visiting of schools, and thus become more intelligent concerning their workings.

(2) They pay more attention to details, are quicker to declare unhygienic conditions and other deficiencies about the school premises, and show more mother wit in remedying them.

(3) They are more economical—that is they get more for the money expended; they are not liable to be talked into buying needless things to get rid of agents; not being so pressed for time as gentlemen, they take more time to examine anything offered and decide on its merits. On the other hand, they are more quick to detect and ready to purchase what is really needed in the school room.

(4) In visiting the schools they get at the real condition of things more accurately than men do, because pupils and most teachers are more at ease with them than with gentlemen inspectors. Then, as the large proportion of teachers are ladies, they talk more freely of their work with ladies than with gentlemen, and thus the board has a better chance to know the workings of the school.

Another thing noted with confessed surprise was their ability to handle the financial part of the board's work. A number of instances were noted in which the women on the board straightened out many snarls. One of these was on the board of a small city, where the books and accounts were in such inexplicable confusion that the board actually talked of burning them and beginning anew. At this juncture the wife of a leading merchant was elected director, and soon was made clerk of the board. She took the books and accounts in hand, spent weeks of hard work upon them, but succeeded in bringing order out of the chaos, and, until her removal from the place, several years subsequently, kept the books in excellent shape.

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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. 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.
8:07 a. m. Daily. No. 3—Pacific Express, for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis.
1:41 p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
8:22 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Salamanca.
7:00 a. m. No. 95. Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Salamanca.

For 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....3.38 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.....11.24 a m..5.25 p m
" Allentown...11.43 a m..5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville...12.20 a m..6.30 p m
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FROM IOWA TO THE ROCKIES.

Rev. E. H. Sockwell Describes Such a Trip taken by Himself.

II.

At the close of my former letter we had just arrived in Denver where "everybody must change cars."

We had but little time to spend in the city, so our sight-seeing was somewhat limited; yet we saw some as handsome and costly buildings there as we have seen in eastern cities of similar size.

At 8 o'clock we were off for Pueblo over the Denver & Rio Grande Ry., narrow gauge. The distance to Pueblo is 120 miles and the route is along and among the foot hills with the mountains in full view. In this clear, dry atmosphere and across level plains distance is very deceiving, objects a long way off appear quite near and this was the case with the rugged peaks of the Rockies which, while 40 miles from Denver, only looked to be 4 or 5 miles away.

As soon as we were fairly out of the city, Pike's Peak, 75 miles southward, dim and grand, lifted its wrinkled brow, towering high above the numerous peaks by which it is surrounded, and every curve in the steel road presented it to us in a different aspect.

After leaving Denver our route lay for some distance up the valley along Plum Creek, where we for the first time saw farming carried on by irrigation. In this country it rains but very little in summer time so farmers furnish moisture to their growing crops by running water through their fields in ditches made for that purpose which connect with a canal which is fed from Platte River and the many mountain streams. The valley certainly had every appearance of thrift and fertility; the well improved farms, the neat houses and outbuildings and the well-kept fences forming a striking contrast with the barren sand plain through which we passed a few hours previous.

Following up the valley we reach Castle Rock, a huge monumental pile of sand-stone and lava-rock, and Larkspur, named after the most noted of the plain's bird. Thence the run is through a billowy plain and foot hills up a steady ninety-foot grade to the Divide, where we encounter Monument Park.

Here among groves of stunted pine are scattered hundreds of upright shafts and masses of crumbling sandstone, capped with hard lava rock, and are grotesquely worn and sculptured by wind and water. They extend along the track for nearly thirty miles, some crowning the hills like great temples built by human hands, while others assume all manner of fantastic forms, constantly suggesting to one's mind artificial towers, castles, monuments and fortifications, and in places they rise abruptly for nearly a thousand feet above the railway. One of these rock masses is called Table Rock, another Signal Hill, from signal fires the Indians used to build upon it; while another is called Capitol Rock, which, standing upon an eminence assumes the form of a strong fortress with frowning walls and a huge arched gateway. The entire scenery of this great ridge is unique and interesting to one who is a lover of odd and wild scenery. At the crest of the Divide is a beautiful sheet of water known as Palmer Lake, on the banks of which the Ry. Company has erected an attractive depot, while many other improvements have been made near by, among which are neat cottages, hotel, boat-houses and dancing pavilion. This is one of the most popular summer resorts in all that section. In the hottest weather the temperature is always cool and invigorating. The descent from the Divide is rapid, and our attention is absorbed by the swiftly changing panorama as we are rushing, almost flying, on toward Colorado Springs. Now we catch our first glimpse of the snowy crest of the Pike's Peak far to the southward, beyond Pueblo.

At 11:20 a. m. we arrived at Colorado Springs, built near the foot of Pike's Peak and occupying a position grand and beautiful. Here we have a magnificent view of Pike's Peak, which is but six miles to the westward and appears as if not more than half a mile. We can see the trail, winding round the jutting rocks and yawning chasms, by which the accent to the mountain top is made, but now a company is engaged in building a cog-wheel railroad from the foot to the apex, so "going up Pike's Peak" in the future will be less laborious than at present. Far, far up the rugged sides of the mountain we see trees and other vegetation clinging to its rocky face, but near the top is the line of perpetual snow and above there we see little or no vegetation. As we stood gazing up and still up, almost to the clouds, to see the apex of this silent monitor of Colorado, it was difficult to realize that the city we were now in, Colorado Springs, was at a higher altitude than the top of Mt. Washington, yet such is the case, but the number of feet I have forgotten. Here under the shadow of Pike's Peak, nestles the town of Colorado Springs where in the short autumn days the sun drops out of sight behind the mountains with a startling suddenness at 4 o'clock. The average temperature is 60 degrees, and it is said that during the year they have 360 bright, sunny days. We wanted to climb to the crest of the mountain but had to deny ourselves the pleasure and hurry on.

Soon after leaving the town we came in sight of the huge red walls forming the gateway to the Garden of the Gods. This is a natural inclosure, shut in by the mountains on every side, and is celebrated for the wild and rugged scenery associated with it. Here the enormous red portals rise almost perpendicularly for 300 feet with tenacious, stunted cedars clinging to their sides, while on the summit, where no human foot has trodden, eagles build their nests and rear their young. The Garden of the Gods is the culmination of Monument Park through which we have been passing for the last hour. One must see for himself these grotesque monuments, these relics of ruined strata, these sportive winds, and these fanciful images, which stand thickly over hundreds of acres like the moldering ruins of some half-buried city of the desert, if he would fully understand and be wrapped in awed silence in their weird presence.

But our train is moving and we say farewell to Monument Park, with its odd and enchanting scenery, and are borne onward through a district more monotonous and with a less varied scenery. The barren foot-hills now come down to the track, while the mountains which have been so near recede from us and the eye becomes weary in wandering over plains and foot-hills void of vegetation save cactus, sage-bush and yucca, or Mexican soap-root. Were it not for these three hardy plants the ground would be absolutely bare for miles in all directions.

We are now passing through several villages of prairie dogs, and we see scores of the little animals sitting upon the hillocks by their burrows watching our train as it rushes by. While we are retreating from Pike's Peak and the enchanting scenery about it, we are nearing the Spanish Peaks, which loom up grandly and majestically against the hazy sky, lifting their snowy crests higher and higher till they register 14,000 feet above the sea-level.

A little before [illegible] we make an abrupt [illegible] foot-hill, we get on [illegible] smoky, busy city [illegible] few minutes halt [illegible] through the sub[illegible] m. We cross the [illegible] halt at the Union [illegible] destination; 900 [illegible] and family in Iowa, and our journey to this strange looking land has occupied 1½ days and 2 nights, and the regular car fare amounts to $29.41. We must visit some of the enormous smelting works of Pueblo, and many other places of interest, including Old Pueblo, or Mexico Town, before we return home; but we are tired and must have a night's rest before we begin our rambles. To-morrow we will go out and see the city, so good night.

E. H. SOCKWELL.

GARWIN, Iowa, April 25.

Poison for Arrow Tips.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Smith, of Whitewater, for the very graphic account of the [illegible] in which a Flute Indian p[illegible] his deadly arrows. He gathered a dozen or more rattlesnake heads and put them in a spherical earthen vessel. With these he put half a quart of a species of large red ant that is found in [illegible]. The bite of this ant is more poisonous than that of a bee. Upon these he poured a bit of water, and then sealed up with moist earth and a lid this vessel. He then dug a hole two feet deep into the ground, in which he built a roaring fire and put in some stones. When the interior of the hole and the stones were red hot he made a place in the bottom for the earthen vessel and put it in. About it and upon it he put the coals and hot stones and upon the top he built a large fire and kept it up for twenty-four hours. Then he dug out his vessel, and, standing off with a long pole, he disengaged the top and let the fumes escape. He assured that they struck his face it would have killed him. The mass left in the vessel was a dark brown paste.

To test the efficacy of his concoction, the Indian with his hunting knife made a cut in his bare leg, just below the knee, and let the blood run down to his ankle. Then taking a stick, he dipped it into the poison and touched the descending blood at the ankle. Immediately began to sizzle, as if it were cooking the blood, and the poison followed the blood down the leg, sizzling its way, until the Indian scraped the blood off with the knife. He assured our informant that it had not allowed it to reach the mouth of the wound, or he would have been a dead man.—Banning Herald.

A Dinner That Cost $100 a Plate.

Talking about dinners reminds me of that dinner we gave Sherman in 1876 at the Palace hotel, just before he went to Washington as United States senator. When I say that we gave him a dinner I mean that Judge Tom Sunderland and Johnnie Skae gave the dinner, but it was I who suggested it to Sunderland. Sunderland called up to Leland, who was running the Palace then, and said: "Leland, get up the best and highest priced dinner you can. Never mind the expense; we must give Sherman a send off, so that he can go to Washington like a Roman senator to his triumph. He may not be a Demosthenes or Cicero, but he's a big man all the same." So Luke came to the dinner and gave us a feast worthy of Lucullus when he used to discount all other disciples of gastronomy."

Nine feet Leland took the order for thirty, and charged $100 a plate. It was a gorgeous feast. Who were there? Well, as select a crew as ever manned a ship. Gen. John F. Miller presided. The menu was engraved on silver plates—solid silver—and five minutes after the feast began there wasn't a menu in sight. Some fellows had two or three stowed away in their pockets. I'm sorry to say that a majority of the guests have pass. away.—Interview in San Francisco Chronicle.

Their Ruling Passions.

Hartly, when a boy, wished to write a book on the nature of man; Bacon, a work on philosophy, and Milton, an epic poem. Smeaton, the engineer, is reputed to have manufactured a toy windmill when only 6 years old.—London Telegraph.