THE RIGHT KIND OF A FELLOW.

The right kind of a fellow is modest and mellow,
And generous and brave and benign;
His nature's apparent and clear and transparent,
Like yours, gentle reader, and mine.

He has no vulgarity, no tongue is ready,
And never is boastful and loud;
He is gentle and quiet and plain in his diet,
And never gets mad in a crowd.

He is grand and majestic, yet meek and domestic,
And spends his spare evenings at home;
He's a tireless searcher for all kinds of virtue,
Like the perpetrator of this "pome."

He don't play the fiddle, part his hair in the middle,
Nor dress like an angelic dude;
When he goes to a party with Meigs or McCarty
He never is noisy and rude.

He lives with frugality and sweet hospitality,
And wants pie but two times a day;
He never eats onions nor treads on your bunions,
Nor growls when you get in his way.

He is wise and he's witty, persevering and gritty,
And has a magnificent head;
He's all light and sweetness, he's thorough completeness;
He's perfection, in short—but he's dead!

—Orchard Lake Howlizer.

TOPSY.

"He thinks more of Topsy than he does of me!" said Huldah.

Joe Brockway laughed.

"But she is a dandy little horse, you know," he said, letting his gaze wander to where Huldah's Uncle Robert stood stroking and patting Topsy. "Look at her shape, just"——

"I know," said Huldah. "I've heard Uncle Robert rave about her enough. Little head, arched neck, slender legs"——

Joe brought his hand down on his sweetheart's with another laugh.

But Huldah's brown eyes were lifted seriously to his laughing blue ones.

"What's the matter?" he said gayly.

"Well, I'm not adamant exactly, Joe," said Huldah slowly. "I'm not a fossil, and it's hard to have an uncle who cares as much for a horse as he does for you, and to hear nothing but horse talk from morning till night, and to get so lonesome sometimes you just don't know what to do!

"Oh, Joe," Huldah murmured meekly, "I ought not to say it! I don't know what's the matter with me. I—I"——

And Joe Brockway heard a stifled sob, saw a swishing skirt and found himself alone on the front steps.

"Huldah!" he cried, and gave chase.

Through the hall he ran, and into the sitting room and the kitchen, and then out into the back yard and around the house, sending two dozing cats wildly fleeing, and going through Huldah's petunia bed.

"Hang it!" he cried, coming to a baffled stop, with a reddened face and disheveled hair.

His good looking countenance showed a little wrath, considerable distress, and some indecision.

"I believe I'll tell her this minute," he muttered. "What'll she say about Topsy then? Little simpleton—dear little simpleton!"

But after a moment's reflection he walked toward the barn, where Huldah's Uncle Robert was still engaged with Topsy.

Huldah had fled up stairs to her bedroom. There she sat, with her face hidden in a fold of her dress and her tears soaking the starch out of it.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! What was she crying about? Everything?

It was her Uncle Robert, for one thing. He was kind of course. But if he were not quite so wrapped up in that new trotter, if he ever would talk to her about anything else—about her own poor little affairs, for instance—and stay in the house sometimes instead of the barn! What did he want of Topsy, anyhow? Huldah wished he had never seen her.

For since Joe had taken a partnership in a hardware store in Wakely it was doubly lonesome for her here in Cheever.

Ah! she had not been quite fair in letting Joe think her tears were all for her Uncle Robert.

Since Joe had gone to Wakely! Wakely was such a lively place, with possessions of which Cheever had never dreamed—an opera house and a park with a fine band pavilion. And pretty girls—Wakely was noted for its pretty girls!

What was the matter with her? Was he not her own true lover? Had he not devoted many a half day to coming home to see her? Wasn't he home for that purpose now?

And still Huldah sobbed on.

She was tired and nervous, she reflected, dismally. Doing all the housework and canning strawberries at the same time had been too much for her, she supposed; and she had not felt well lately besides.

And she gathered up a fresh corner of her gown and cried harder.

She did not know how long she stayed there, but when she went down stairs at last there was nobody in sight or hearing.

She had expected to find that Joe had gone, but where was her Uncle Robert?

The table showed a masculine litter of cold greens and lemon pie. Oh! and here was a note pinned to the table cloth:

Am going to Wakely. Be back early.

Wakely—what for? Oh, yes! Huldah divined in an instant. There was a man in Wakely giving an exhibition of horse training. Joe had told her, and of course Joe had gone back with him.

Was he angry with her? Huldah wondered. And was her Uncle Robert displeased because she had neglected his supper? If they were she deserved it. She was a poor, lachrymose, disagreeable thing—she, Huldah Spencer, who had had a reputation for brightness and prettiness!

She went and sat down on the back porch. She did not want any supper. How could she eat with that lump in her throat? She sat looking out into the pleasant June evening desolately.

But a spark of interest came into her eyes suddenly. The square hole in the side of the barn which marked the position of Topsy's stall, and from which her trim little head was usually poking itself—it was empty.

Waiting for a time in the expectation of seeing the head Huldah went into the kitchen and to the nail where hung the barn key, and then out to the barn.

Yes, Topsy's stall was empty and so was Dan's—Dan being the old sorrel her Uncle Robert always drove.

Where was Topsy? Her Uncle Robert never drove Topsy. Besides Dan was gone. And he never lent her. What had become of her?

Huldah was in a tremble. Topsy—if it had been anything but Topsy! Had she been stolen? Had she got loose and run away? The door had been locked, but there was the big back door into the barnyard. Something had happened while she had been blubbering upstairs. What would her Uncle Robert say—do?

Huldah was pale and panic-stricken. Oh, dear! what should she do?

Hardly knowing what she was doing she hurried out into the road, and bending low studied the hoof prints in the dust.

All tending westward were half obliterated; those turning east, or in the direction of Wakely, were fresh, and Huldah mechanically walked eastward.

To what end? If Topsy had broken her halter and frisked up the road Huldah thought she might overtake her. If she had been stolen and ridden away at a foaming trot——

But Huldah could not have sat still; she could not have waited. Doing something was better than doing nothing. She might find some trace of her.

Her anxiety left her no choice. She went breathlessly tramping on up the dusty road.

She thought she had been unhappy before, but now she was miserable. She was confused, too, in her misery.

She had gone a quarter of a mile before it occurred to her that she had left the house unlocked, as well as the barn.

But what were the spoons or the butter dish compared with Topsy? Oh, dear!

She was glad it was getting dark; nobody would recognize her. But even so, people stared at the hurrying, bare-headed girl and wondered.

Once or twice she mustered courage to ask if Topsy had been seen, but nobody had seen her.

She felt like a tramp, and she supposed she looked like one. Was she going to cry again? She would not! But if any other calamity had befallen her than losing Topsy—anything! And it was her fault, her negligence.

Once she thought she saw her cropping the grass by the roadside, and her heart bounded; but it was only a peaceful red cow.

At the next half mile stone she was sure she saw Topsy ahead of her, with the thief on her back, but it was Hiram White on his old rackabones with a bag of grist.

She was getting tired at last. She had raced along in such a frightened heat that she had not thought of distance.

But where was she? Why, almost to Benton's corners—almost two miles. And houses were scarce here.

Huldah glanced around her fearfully How dark it was getting!

Still she pressed on. The thought that it was Topsy she was searching for spurred her.

But she was growing weak. Her anxiety and her long tramp and her nervous fears here on this lonely road were more than she had bargained for. She found herself trembling.

Poor Huldah! her faithful, grieved little heart swelled with despair.

She peered ahead. Nothing and nobody to be seen; no Topsy.

A light gleamed from a house far ahead in a ghostly way, and an owl hooted away off in the woods.

Oh, what was that? It was only a friendly stray cat rubbing against her, but it was too much for Huldah in her strained state.

She recoiled in fright and gasped, and then sitting down on a smooth, flat stone near by tried to smile—strove to rally her scattering senses and quietly fainted away.

She was not on the stone when she came to herself. Joe Brockway was on the stone, and she was in Joe's arms.

She remembered it all in a minute, and was indignantly ashamed of herself. She sat up suddenly and rigidly and stared. Yes, Joe was holding her, and her Uncle Robert was kneeling beside her, with his florid face whitened and a lantern in his hand, and the buggy stood in the road.

"Huldah," Joe was gasping, "what is it, dear—what is it? How did you come here? Huldah"——

"I thought you'd gone to Wakely, Joe," Huldah said tremulously, at which her Uncle Robert gave an excited laugh.

"I swow she's all right!" he ejaculated. "Huldy, we've been scairt out of our wits. Why, we thought you'd lost your senses, wandering around like this. We come mighty near not seeing you, neither."

"No, no!" cried Huldah, passing her hand over her dazed eyes.

And then, struggling to her feet, she nerved herself for the worst.

"I came clear up here trying to find Topsy," she faltered. "She's lost, Uncle Robert! She's either got loose or been stolen, and it's my fault."

"Lost!" Joe cried. "There she stands in the thills."

"Is that Topsy?" Huldah gasped, and her Uncle Robert laughed again.

"I swan, you are all right!" he repeated. "That's Topsy, sure. Help her into the buggy here, Joe, and let's get this thing untangled a little. Tramped for two miles did you, Huldy?"

"You poor little girl!" Joe murmured. "Huldah, how could you? And Topsy right as a trigger! Huldah, do you know where we've been and what we've been for?"

They were in the buggy now, and Topsy—yes, Topsy—was trotting toward Cheever as only Topsy could trot. But Huldah could not free her cold little hand from Joe's.

"Yes, tell her the hull thing," said Uncle Robert explosively.

"Huldah," said Joe, and his voice trembled a little, "we've been to Wakely to get a marriage license—our marriage license, Huldah. It was a surprise you see—it's a surprise we've been planning for weeks. You've been working too hard, and we both knew it, and I made up my mind to take you right out of it whether you agreed or not, and take you off for a good solid rest with me. What was the use of our waiting till next winter? That was your idea—'twasn't mine. You've worked yourself to a shadow almost, and lately you haven't been well, either. So I got up this little scheme several weeks ago, and your uncle fell right in with it"——

"Like a thousand of bricks!" said Uncle Robert. "Didn't relish the idea of letting you go, Huldy, but it had got to come some time, and I knew what was for your good. So I went and bought Topsy. It was jest on your account I bought Topsy, Huldy. I'd had my eye on her for a good while. She wasn't in good condition, you see, and the man sold her cheap, and I says to Joe, 'I'll buy that mare. If there ain't a few hundreds of clear money in her, I don't know my own name. Fed up and took care of she'll be a valuable horse. I'll buy her,' says I, 'and sell her in six months for twice what I'll pay, and that'll be for Huldy,' says I. And I've done it. I've took care of her faithful, and I've be'n offered a splendid price for her already. And it's yours. That's what I've meant all along, Huldy."

"It was week after next we meant to spring our little surprise," her lover concluded. "But when you took on so to-night, why, it frightened me. I knew you were clean run down, and I vowed I wouldn't wait another minute. I persuaded Mr. Spencer, and we were off within ten minutes.

"So now it's plain about Topsy, isn't it, dear? And the license we've been after—Huldah, do you know that Joseph Brockway, 25, and Huldah Spencer, 21, are going to be married to-morrow, and have a long enough wedding trip to cure the worst case of nervous prostration going?" and he kissed her soundly.

For a while Huldah could not trust herself to speak.

And when she did, though her voice was softly tearful, it was only to say:

"How did you come to take Topsy? And where was Dan?"

"Oh, Hinckley borrowed Dan this afternoon! But I reckon we'd 'a took Topsy anyhow on this occasion—eh, Joe? We was in a kind of a hurry this time, Joe and me!"

"Well," said Huldah with a quivering breath, "I've been a goose about everything—such a goose! But, Joe, I can't be married to-morrow—not to-morrow, Joe, I can't!"

"You can and will be, my dear," said Joe masterfully.

"Got to be," said Uncle Robert.

And she was; and came back—to a little house in Wakely—looking like a rose in bloom.—Emma A. Opper in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

The person who never made a fool of himself is one who was spared that trouble by an overruling Providence. It is only they who stand that can fall.—Boston Transcript.

Warranty.

A story is told of a very skillful repairer who warranted all his work, provided no other workman made the slightest alteration or was allowed to handle it, or from that time forward his warranty ended. In order to know whether a watch had been tampered with he always placed the holding screw and other parts in such a position that if he found those screws or parts in any other position he knew at once that some one had had the movement out of the case or been looking at it. He also had one invariable method of fitting on the hands, fastening the dial plate, etc., which was both sure to "stay put" and enable him to detect any change that had been made.—Jeweler's Circular.

Poison in a Cup of Tea.

A few figures will show how much poison the tea drinker is taking in. Strong tea contains 6 per cent. of theine, which is about three and three-fifths grains to a dram. A teaspoonful of tea is a dram, and hence according to the old rule of a teaspoonful to the cup there would be three and three-fifths grains of theine in a single cup of strong tea. Seven grains will kill a cat, so it would only take two and a half cups to make a fatal dose for a cat.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg's Lecture.

Bricks of Sand.

Something new in the way of brick making has sprung up at St. Joseph, Mich., where the sand of the beach by a chemical process is being turned into brick. They are represented to be superior to pressed brick, and large quantities are being put into fine residences and the fronts of business blocks.—Chicago Times.

Young America.

"Which would you rather be, Willie, a monkey or a giraffe?"

"Giraffe every time. It would be bully in summer time for lookin' over the baseball grounds fence."—Harper's Bazar.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. IV. ANDOVER ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., OCTOBER 22, 1890. NO. 9

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ANDOVER, N. Y.

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WALZER LANPHEARE.

SHERMAN MORGAN JR.,
(1787)
RECORD - - 2:29
Awarded, with four of his get, the First Premium in the Standard class at Wellsville Fair, fall of 1889, also
THE FIRST PREMIUM
In the Standard class for Stallions, four years old and over; also First Premiums were awarded two of his colts, one and two years old. (The judge in the Standard class was an expert from Wallace's New York office.)
Greenmont 11,013,
Four years old, sired by Almont Lightning 1023, he by Almont 33 the sire of the fastest pacer in the world. 1st dam by Pocahontas Boy, 2nd dam by Maj. Edsall; 3rd dam by Bashaw; 4th dam by Durock.
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TIME TABLE.

Adopted May 11, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

12:35 p. m. daily, No. 16, Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8, the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:40 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:45 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

6:54 p. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:48 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accomodation.

8:47 a. m. daily, No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.

1:51 p. m. daily, No 20, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:21 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
A. W. BOODLE, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. KINARSSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

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WEST BOUND.

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

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15a 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	12.20 a m.	6.30 p m

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LADIES

A MILLION ACRES.

Heirs of Robert Morris Claim to be Entitled to Lands in Western New-York Worth $50,000,000.

From the New York Times.

A large number of the heirs of Robert Morris, the millionaire of the Revolution and Washington's financial agent during the darkest days of the struggle for American independence, have decided to bring an action for the recovery of a large tract of land in the western counties of this state, said to embrace 1,204,000 acres, and estimated to be worth something like $50,000,000. The heirs reside in this state, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and it is the decendants of Robert Morris in the latter state that have taken the initiative in an effort to recover property of which they believe the great patriot was fraudulently dispossessed, and to which they believe they have a valid claim.

The Ohio heirs have retained Mr. Geo. M. Hester, a prominent real-estate lawyer of Clevelend, and at a recent conference of the claimants it was agreed that a contingent fee of $3,000,000 be offered to Mr. Hester to prosecute their claims, one of the wealthier heirs guaranteeing all the attorney's fees and expenses involved in looking up the title to the lands in question.

The history of Robert Morris's land purchases in Western New York is the history of the early civilization and settlement of the counties of Niagara, Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Allegany, Wyoming, Genesee and Orleans, and will bring the investigation of the claims to the period immediately succeeding the Revolution.

The end of the contest for independence left Robert Morris in possession of vast wealth gathered from his fleet of privateers that preyed on British commerce and reimbursement by the government of the immense sums he had advanced for the maintainance of the army during the struggle. In May, 1791, Mr. Morris acquired the preemption right of Massachusetts to all the territory west of the Phelps Gorham purchase in this state, which was afterward designated as the Holland purchase and the Morris reserve. Mr. Morris subsequently extinguished the title that the Indians of the Six Nations had in the land by paying 35,000 pounds. In 1792 he sold to the Holland Company 3,000,000 acres in the counties named, reserving for himself a tract of 500,000 acres lying between the Phelps and Gorman purchase and the lands of the Holland Company.

Mr. Morris secured these Indian titles to these lands at a council of the natives held at the "Big Tree," which is now in the heart of Geneseo, and at which were present such noted chiefs as Red Jacket, Corn Planter and Little Beard. Col. Jeremiah Wadsworth was the commissioner representing President Washington, and Robert Morris was represented by his son Thomas. On a satisfactory treaty being signed and the payment made to the Indians, Mr. Morris proceeded to put his reserve of 500,000 acres on the market. Among some of the purchasers were Levoy, Bayard and McEvers, 87,000 acres; Watson, Cragie, and Greenleaf, 100,000 acres, the state of Connecticut, 50,000 acres; Andrew Cragie and Samuel Ogden, 50,000 acres; John B. Church, one hundred thousand acres; Cerritt Cotringer, fifty thousand acres, and Wilhelm and Jan Willink, forty thousand acres.

The Phelps and Gorham purchases consisted of five million acres of land that had been ceded to Massachusetts by New York and about the same time that Mr. Morris made his purchase Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham bought this immense tract for one million dollars. They, too, put their land upon the market, and of this tract Robert Morris purchased at eightpence an acre a tract adjoining his own comprising one million two hundred and four thousand acres. This is the land in question in the proceedings about to be instituted by the Morris heirs. They claim that Phelps and Gorman made a failure of their speculation, and were unable to make their payments to the state of Massachusetts, and that that state released them from two-thirds of their obligation, they relinquishing their title to a portion of the tract. This portion Robert Morris purchased in 1896 from the state and sold off a number of fine tracts. To Wilhelm and Jan Willink and others interested in the Holland Company Mr. Morris mortgaged the tract of one million two hundred and four thousand acres, when ill fortune overtook him, and when for a long time he was confined in a debtor's prison.

The Willinks and their associates of the Holland Company took advantage of the straits to which the speculation had reduced Mr. Morris, and by the foreclosure of the mortgage acquired full title to the land, had it surveyed, and opened a land office for its sale at Batavia with Charles Ellicott as their resident manager. The greater part of the domain was sold off up to 1805 to bona fide purchasers and settlers, and the affairs of the Holland Company were wound up by the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of this city in 1845.

Vice President Searles of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company told a *Times* reporter yesterday that the company years ago had charge of the closing up of the affairs of the Holland purchase, but for a long time there had been no end of trouble and litigation. Purchasers in searching titles have found no satisfaction piece on file with their County Clerk, and then they make a demand for a good deed. "But," said Mr. Searles, "this is the first I have heard of such an extensive litigation as is contemplated by the Morris heirs."

Ex-Judge Noah Davis, though wise in the land lore of western New York, had not heard of the claims of the Morris heirs.. "I was a boy of 18," said he to a *Times* reporter yesterday, "and a copyist in the office of the County Clerk of Orleans county. The office was in Albion and Chief Justice Clark was the Deputy County Clerk. I remember the Holland Company well and knew their manager, David E. Evans, who succeeded Mr. Ellicott. Almost all the business done in those days in conveyancing was done by the Holland Company. It conveyed the land to settlers by what it called then 'articles,' subsequently conveying the land regularly by deeds. Chief Justice Church's father, John B. Church, settled on a tract he purchased of Robert Morris, and the family still owns its beautiful country seat, Belvidere, near Angelica, the county town of Allegany county."

As the land which is now claimed by the Morris heirs has frequently changed hands since the original purchase, Mr. Lesler has a more difficult task on his hands than he dreams of. The heirs, however, have made elaborate researches, and they believe that irregularity in the actions of the Holland Company gives them title as Robert Morris's heirs to the lands disposed of by that concern.

Oranges, Lemons, and Candies at Harman's.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Elizabeth Comstock, the Quaker preacher, now in old age, living at Union Springs, N. Y., has in her lifetime visited 122,000 prisoners, 195,000 sick and wounded soldiers, 85,000 inmates of poor houses and almshouses, on both sides of the water. For thirty years she toiled in this field, and during the last years has been one of the most beloved members of the W. C. T. U. She was in attendance at the Friends' yearly meeting at Richmond, Ind., last week, and spoke repeatedly with her old-time vigor and wisdom.

We should think it very strange if a man were to build a beautiful house, and then spend his whole time in its cellar. But many of us dwell in the cellars of our souls, amid darkness, worry, and doubt. When we are willing to leave this cellar life, and inhabit the upper rooms of our mental and spiritual structure, made bright by the sunlight of God's love, then we shall begin to live. I do not wonder that people who are contented to exist down there are constantly asking the question, "Is life worth living?" Such cellar life is not.

The Illinois Liquor-Dealers' Protective Association, recently in session at Joliet, adopted resolutions in favor of carrying on the work of organization for protection to their industry, and pledge support only to such candidates as have demonstrated their friendship to the liquor industry, regardless of party, who are in favor of personal liberty, and oppose all who voted for the dram-shop act, giving to the states the right to regulate the traffic. They demand federal laws or an amendment to existing acts making guilty only those who knowingly violate the act in regard to selling to minors and habitual drunkards.

Those who object to carrying the saloon question into politics, may be ready to admit, after such declarations as the above, that it is already there.

The following little speech is clipped from a letter written by Miss Willard from Nebraska, where she is hard at work in the Amendment campaign: "That was a touching little episode at Central City where white ribboners and children of the Loyal Temperance Legion gathered on the platform of the railway station to wave their welcome, hand us pretty roses and sing, "God be with you till we meet again." As I read the card on my bouquet, these words deeply touched my heart: "From a mother to a friend of boys." Our audiences are full of mothers with their little ones, and as we go out when the meeting is over some sweet-faced woman will point to the baby asleep upon her arm and gently whisper, looking down into the dear little face, "We named baby for you." The pathos of these women, working so hard but held back from the authoritative expression of opinion; so eager to help but weaponless; praying for the protection of the homes for which they have given the "last full measure of devotion," yet powerless to work out their salvation, is something that can but give to any who perceive the situation, "thoughts that do too often lie too deep for tears." Yet in the churches good men who pray for everything besides forget to pray for temperance, and nice, homelike husbands and fathers smile at the enthusiasm of the women and freely own that they dare not vote for the Amendment. But the Irish expressman who carried our trunks in one of the towns, when Anna asked how he should vote said, "For prohibition, Miss, and I think y're goin' to carry it."