PROPHECIES.

Sometime you will look back to these bright days
With tearful eyes,
And think of all our quiet, happy ways
With sobs and sighs.
You will remember how we used to sit
In this dear room;
Or summer evenings how we rode or walked
Through fragrant gloom.

Sometimes, alone or in busy throng,
Again will ring
Soft, clear and sweet, an echo of some song
We used to sing;
And oft, awake or sleeping, you'll recall
This cosy room—
Books, music, e'en the pictures on the wall,
And flowers in bloom.

You will remember *every* tender word
You've said to me;
The knowledge that you've spoken no harsh word
Will comfort be
Sometimes you'll weep and pray, but all in vain,
As far you roam,
For one short hour to rest from grief and pain
In this sweet home.

Dear heart, I grieve that I must leave you here
To walk alone;
But sometime we will find each other there
Around the throne.
—Boston True Flag.

A FAIR COLUMBUS.

It was "steamer day" at Nassau. If Nassau, like most other civilized places in the Nineteenth century, had telegraph or even daily mail communication with the rest of the world, "steamer day" would not mean so much as it now does to its inhabitants and visitors.

The passengers land. Waiting friends rush forth to greet some; others walk through a row of curious faces on either side and up toward the hotel. Small darkys rush around and besiege them with all manner of requests—"Carry your bag, boss?" "Drive for you, boss?" "Does you want a boy, lady?"

By noon the excitement had moderated, and we strolled down to the wharf and pitched silver coins into the clear water thirty feet deep to see small negroes dive and bring them from the white sand bottom, where they lay clearly visible. I strolled away from my companions, and passing several small schooners laden with sponges lying along the wharf, each with two or three ragged children, a negro or two, and perhaps a sallow faced, scrawny white man lounging or chewing sugar cane, I came to one cleaner looking than the rest. She was built, as are all the Bahama schooners, with fine clipper bows, a rounded stern and small masts and spars. She was neatly painted, and on her stern were the words "Lillian," with her home port, "Watlings Island."

As I stood looking at her suddenly a young woman came up the companion way and said, "Good day." "Good day," I answered. "You've come some distance, have you not?" "Yes," she replied, "from the furthest of the out islands. I suppose you're from New York?" To my affirmative reply she to my surprise said: "And how was Irving's Faust? I should so dearly love to see Ellen Terry as Marguerite."

After a moment's pause, during which time I vainly sought to fathom in my mind how a woman on a Bahama island schooner could have followed New York theatricals so closely, I gave her my unbiased opinion of the matter. She was then silent, and I meanwhile had an opportunity to study this Bahama curiosity. She was about 26 years old, and was neatly dressed in an inexpensive light material. Her luxuriant hair, of a dark brown color, was tastefully arranged, and she wore a large brimmed, but not unbecoming, straw hat, which had evidently seen better days.

Although much burned I could see her skin was fair and her hands delicately formed. Her expression was one of demure sadness, and after my study I came to the conclusion that she was more than an ordinarily handsome woman. I decided to linger and continue the conversation. "May I come aboard?" I ventured to say. "Certainly," was the reply. "John's gone out to the steamer and I'm keeping watch for him. I should be glad to have you tell me the news. We get little except when we come to Nassau."

"Who is John?" I wondered, "and how much news can people get who only rely on Nassau for it?"

I stepped on board, however, and my fair hostess excusing herself for a moment stepped down into the cabin and returned a moment after with two small chairs, which she placed under a small awning that shaded half the cockpit. She motioned for me to be seated, and I obeyed. There was silence for a moment after we sat down, and then my hostess said, speaking very slowly and with evident effort: "You must think it very strange that I spoke to you and have allowed you to talk to me, but I saw you were a gentleman, and I do grow so lonely and so anxious to see and talk with some one from the great world now and then. The ladies up at the hotel, if I go up there, I do not know, and I suppose I seem queer to them, for they look askance at me, and I haven't the courage to speak to them. John is always so busy when we're here, and besides John doesn't seem to care for anything but sponges and salt and wrecks.

"Sponges and salt and wrecks!" I asked myself. "What manner of man may John be?"

"Yes," continued my hostess, "it's very lonely on Watlings. You see there are only 675 people on the whole island, and of these only about 200 are white, while I don't suppose there are 40 I know. We're 180 miles from Nassau, and although I'm always teasing John to bring me over here, he won't come but three times a year unless there's a wreck."

"A wreck?" I asked.

"Yes," she went on nonchalantly. "We don't have much luck nowadays. We haven't had a good wreck since the big Spanish steamer went on Eleuthera three years ago." The situation dawned. My fair friend was the wife, daughter or sister of a Bahama wrecker—perhaps a pirate.

"What's the matter? You seemed disturbed."

I murmured in a rambling way something about wrecking being a pleasant occupation.

"Oh, I see," and she laughed, and a wonderfully musical laugh it was, too. "You are shocked at John being a wrecker. Why, you wreck railroads in the north, don't you, and sometimes banks, I've heard? John doesn't really wreck ships. He merely helps to strip them when they are wrecked."

I felt relieved, but dire memories of childhood tales, of false lights and murdered crews would come in my mind. "And who is John?" I asked.

"Ah, John is the dearest, sweetest, noblest fellow living—that's John. I'm sure you'd like him."

I tried again: "Were you born on Watlings?"

"Oh, dear, no. I was wrecked there. Wasn't it romantic to be wrecked on the island Columbus first landed on?"

I mildly remarked that I had been taught Columbus first landed on San Salvador or Cat Island.

"Oh, my, no. You're all wrong. It's been proved he first came ashore at Watlings. Why, I often, on fine mornings, get John to drive me over to the southeastern point of the island, where it is thought he came ashore. There's the loveliest white beach there, and the broad blue ocean stretches out and away before you as you look eastward. I make John go away, for John isn't romantic, you know, and then I sit down and close my eyes and think intently for a moment. Then I open them and I see the queer old fashioned ships with their worn sails, their high sterns and the royal banners waving, tossing at anchor beyond the reef; I see the line of boats with flashing oars advancing; I see the dusky Indian forms standing at the edge of the wood, and just above where the surf breaks on the beach I see the old mariner kneel under the banner of Spain, his sword uplifted and his eyes raised to heaven. Oh, it's a glorious picture, and I never tire of calling it forth. Life on Watlings, you see, has its compensations."

As the woman told this story she unconsciously acted it out, rose from her chair, and with flaming eyes and cheeks a new and fair Columbus led a fancied band. I had grown deeply interested, and I determined to know her history. "Tell me about yourself," I said, "and how it comes that you, with your evident education and accomplishments, choose to live on a place so remote and lonely as Watlings Island."

She blushed a little, was silent a moment, and then in a low voice said: "Well, I don't mind telling you. It's not a long story. I see I've given you a wrong impression, for indeed, although it is lonely at times, I'm really very happy, and I wouldn't change places with any woman. I am an English woman, and I was born near London. My father was a civil engineer in good circumstances, and with a twin sister I had every possible advantage of education. My mother died when I was about 15, and as we had no near relatives we were much with our father. We were near enough to London to run in at evening to the theatres and the opera; we had a pleasant society of our own; we read much, sang and played a good deal, and rode continually.

"Ten years ago last autumn my father met with a sudden business reverse. He was offered a remunerative post in California, and decided to go there. A ship belonging to a friend of his was just about to sail for the isthmus. We were offered passage on her at a low rate, and in three days' time found ourselves at sea. I needn't tell you of the voyage. It was all new and strange to us of course, and we two girls were the pets of the ship. I saw with relief my father, who had broken much under his losses, improve in health and spirits, and as we neared the tropics the glowing sunset skies were emblematic of our hopes of life in the new world.

"We had been out some thirty days when one afternoon, as the sun set in a dark bank of clouds and the air was close and sultry, I noticed the captain looked anxious, and heard him say something about the 'Bahama reefs' to the mate.

"That night a hurricane struck us, and for hours we were in what seemed a dull gray cavern of water and sky. The ship plunged madly before the gale, and with our father we sat in the cabin, clasped in each other's arms. The morning broke scarce less dark than the night. Suddenly the wind shifted and the ship righted and seemed to stand quivering like an over driven horse.

"A few minutes passed when, with a wild roar, the storm was on us once more, and we drove madly in another direction. There was a sudden crash, my father sprang, half dragging us, toward the companion way; I saw a huge wall of water rolling down upon us—it fell and all grew dark. I remember a sensation of sinking, of being whirled around, a dull, booming noise in my ears, and I opened my eyes to find myself lying on a sandy beach, two rough men looking down on me, while a third and younger one, kneeling beside me, was chafing my hands. Frightened, but too weak to scream, I feebly said, 'Where am I?'

"'On Watlings island, miss,' said the young man.

"'Y-s,' said one of the older men, 'and a narrow squeak you had for it, too.' If I hadn't thought it was mighty queer seaweed washing in over yon reef, you wouldn't have been talking now.'

"'Where's my father?' I said.

"'With all the rest,' was the reply. 'Hush!' said the younger man, 'see how weak she is?' Then I fainted.

"I woke to find myself on a rude cot in a small cottage, tended by a negress who only spoke a Spanish patois. The wreckers, for such they were, had carried me there. The sun was shining brightly and the storm was over. Days passed, and when I could go about I learned that I had been the only one saved of the entire bark's crew. The wave that had engulfed her and drowned all but myself had washed me over the coral reef on which the bark had struck. The wreckers on the shore had seen me, and daring the waves, high even between the reef and the shore, had rowed out and rescued me just as I was sinking.

"Utterly crushed as I was I did not at first realize my position. I was told I could go to Nassau on a schooner in about a month, but I felt no inclination to do aught but to stay where fate had thrown me. The young wrecker was very kind to me. Every day he patroled the beach in search of the bodies of my father and sister.

"At last one day they came ashore. He told me of it, but said I mustn't see them. I wondered then why, but learned afterward that the sharks had mutilated them. They were buried in a little lonely cemetery, and the next year, when the bishop of Nassau came in his yacht on his annual visitation, he read the burial service over them. Meanwhile I grew well and stromg in the soft, warm air and under the tropic skies. I learned to like the half wild life, and the few white people and all the negroes half worshiped me.

"One day a schooner brought some papers, and I read our bark had been given up as lost and my name was among those drowned. These papers recalled me to myself, and I determined I would go to Nassau, and, if I could, thence to England. I told the young wrecker, who had become my firm friend and companion, and whom I had taught to read, of my decision. 'Well, miss,' he said, 'if you feel it so I suppose you're right, but I hate to think of losing you.' This and his evident sorrow touched me and made me think whether in the world to which I was returning I would find such a simple, loyal devotion as had here been mine.

"When the day came for my departure all the inhabitants turned out to bid me farewell. A queen could no have had a more loyal leave taking than the 'English miss,' as they called me. The young wrecker went with me. He said he had business in Nassau.

"That night—a night so soft and sweet it seemed as if storms had never brooded there, the Southern Cross blazing low on the horizon—the wrecker came to where I sat on the deck of the little schooner. 'Miss,' he said, 'I'm nothing but a "Conch," a poor, ignorant Bahama native, but I can't bear to have you go away. We all love you, and I more than all. I must tell you. You know our life is poor and rude, that we're far away from the world, but if you won't blame me for even daring to hope, miss, you know I have the handsomest schooner of the Watlings fleet and the best cottage on the island. I'm sure I'd do my best to make you forget your troubles, miss, and the sponge fishing is better, miss, and there's a good many wrecks yet, miss—and I love you, miss.'"

Here she stopped, checked herself and blushed.

"Of course you spoke kindly to him," I said, "and told him you were sorry, but he mustn't speak again."

"Of course I didn't. You're like all men. What's the name of this schooner?"

"Lillian," I replied, wonderingly.

"Well, that's my name, and here," as a tall, broad shouldered, roughly dressed young man appeared on the wharf, a bunch of roses in his hand, and eyed me curiously, "here's my wrecker, and his name is John."—James B. Townsend in Journalist.

He Wanted to Take Her.

She—Do I look pretty in this dress, Mr. Sprightly?

Sprightly (an amateur photographer)—Pretty? I should say so! You look as pretty as a picture, and I'd like to take you.—West Shore.

WORKING PEOPLE can take Simmons Liver Regulator without loss of time or danger from exposure. It takes the place of a doctor and costly prescriptions and is therefore the medicine to be kept in the household to be given upon any indication of approaching sickness. It contains no dangerous ingredients but is purely vegetable, gentle yet thorough in its action, and can be given with safety and the most satisfactory results to any person regardless af age. It has no equal. Try it.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD (General and NERVOUS DEBILITY), Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED GRANDA PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

EVERY FAMILY
wastes or gives away during the year many pounds of useless kitchen grease, each pound of which, in a few minutes by our recipe, can be converted into a pound of the **PUREST SOAP**, far better than can be found on sale. The only expense for making ten pounds of this soap, with five and one-half pounds of grease, or less, is the trifling cost of one can of **BANNER LYE**, to be found at nearly every grocery store.

Dissolve the contents of one can of Banner Lye in three and one-half pints of cold water, and pour slowly into five and one-half pounds of lukewarm grease, stirring from the start, until it thickens into a mushy condition; then pour into any kind of mould to harden—a child can make it, and full directions are to be found back of each label.

A can of Banner Lye will do the work of twenty-one pounds of washing soda, and besides its value for scrubbing purposes, the cleansing and disinfecting of Sinks, Closets and Waste Pipes, destroying the filth and disease arising therefrom, makes its systematic use one of the greatest boons the housekeeper has fallen heir to.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet on soap making, FREE.

THE PENN CHEMICAL WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE **Wells Adjustable DESK RACK**

(PATENTED JULY 24, 1888.)

FOR HOLDING **PAPERS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, Etc.**

Adjustable!—The Partitions can be moved instantly to make the divisions any required size.
Simple!—Nothing to get out of order—Easy of adjustment.
Strong!—Will hold upright any size of book.
Hanging Attachment!—We make an attachment for hanging the Rack against the wall, thereby forming a shelf.
Sizes!—The following sizes always in stock. Any other length (above 12 inches) to order at proportionate price:

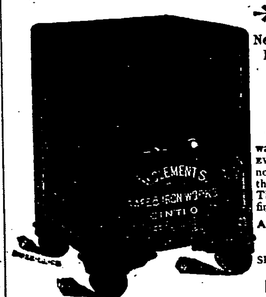
Width.	Length.	Number of Partitions.	Price.
6 inches.	12 inches.	2 Partitions.	$1.00
6 "	15 "	15 "	1.25
6 "	18 "	16 "	1.50
6 "	21 "	18 "	1.75
6 "	24 "	18 "	1.90
6 "	30 "	25 "	1.50
6 "	36 "	27 "	1.80

Wells Manufacturing Co., MANUFACTURERS, 33 W. Onondaga St., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

RIP VAN WINKLE RECLINING AND ROCKING CHAIR.

200 POSITIONS. THE "GREATEST ON EARTH" MAKES—15—PIECES FURNITURE. HAS NEW ROCKING PRINCIPLE. NOISELESS, PERFECT ACTION, MODERATE PRICES. A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT, A COMFORT EVERY HOUSEHOLD NEEDS, BUY ONE. BEST INVALID'S CHAIR IN THE WORLD! SEND FOR CIRCULARS AT ONCE. WALTER NEYWOOD CHAIR M'F'G CO., NEW YORK.

THE CLEMENTS SAFE



New, Useful and Ornamental. No Household or Office can do without it. Best security and Cheapest Insurance.

Price from $35.00 up.

The Clements Safe supplies a long felt want. PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYBODY. All made of Wrought Iron, no cast iron used. All of our Safes have the CLEMENTS COMBINATION LOCK. They are first-class in every respect, and finished in an extra fine manner.

Agents wanted in new territory. Liberal Discounts.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

M. CLEMENTS, IRON and SAFE WORKS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ON EARTH ONCE MORE

THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. IV. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., NOVEMBER 12, 1890. NO. 12

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

THE ANDOVER NEWS,
Published every Wednesday at one dollar per year. Job Printing done on short notice and in a first-class manner.

N. P. BRAINARD, M. D.,
Practicing Physician & Surgeon.
Office at Store on Main Street,
ANDOVER, N. Y.

C. W. O'DONNELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and Residence, Crandall Dwelling.
Professional calls promptly attended day or night. ANDOVER, N. Y.

F. E. COMSTOCK, M. D.
Practicing Physician and Surgeon.
GLASSES FITTED ACCURATELY.
Office Hours from 12 M. to 2, and 7 to 9 P. M.
Office on Greenwood Street, Residence on Church Street,
ANDOVER, N. Y.

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 Pocahontos Boy, 2nd dam by Maj. Edsall; 3rd dam by Bashaw; 4th dam by Durock.
Parties desiring to breed to Performers, as well as Standard, are informed that the above named horses will stand at the barns of
F. N. WHITCOMB,
BELMONT, N. Y.
THE PRESENT SEASON

THE SUN
FOR 1891.
Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.
Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.
Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun.*
Daily, per year, - - - $6.50
Sunday, per year, - - - 1.00
Daily and Sunday, per year, - - 8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month, - - 0.70
Weekly Sun, one year, - - - 1.00
ADDRESS THE SUN, New York.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
TRADE MARK.
DO NOT GRIPE, SICKEN OR CONSTIPATE.
Sure Cure for Sick Headache, and all troubles arising from Indigestion or Constipation. Purifying the Blood, improves the Complexion, and gives tone to the entire system. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail, 25 cts. per box. HARTER'S HIGGINS VERMIFUGE, for Worms, Fevers, Worms, Worms. Sold by Druggists. HARTER MED. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE
Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

ERIE RAILWAY.
The Great Trunk Line
BETWEEN
THE EAST AND WEST
Pullman's finest palace cars and superior modern coaches to New York, Philapelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis.

TIME TABLE.
Adopted May 11, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
12:25 p. m. daily, No. 10, 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 12:46 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 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.
8:24 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. BOONE, DIV. PASS. AGT., Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. HINEARSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

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

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

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15a 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

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

URIAH DAVIS
DEALER IN
Lister's Animal Bone Phosphates,
Threshing Machines, Portable and Agricultural Engines,
and Buckeye Harvesters and Mowers.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED
LOCAL or TRAVELING.
to sell our Nursery Stocks. Salary, expenses and steady employment guaranteed.
Chase Brothers Company,
ROCHESTER, N. Y. 3cp BOY

A MELODIOUS RATTLER.

A Snake Which Seemed to Possess Musical Tastes and Talents.

A queer story comes from the mountains up about Mineral King. If true, and no one perhaps will doubt it, it shows the existence of a remarkable musical instinct in the make up of a reptile which is not generally given credit for possessing a single redeeming quality.

One day a party of three or four persons left the regular camp, and went out for a climb through the canyons. Finally becoming weary they sat down to rest on a little flat, and one of them to while away the time took from his pocket a mouth organ and began playing. He had run through one or two pieces, and started off on some old favorites which had a rather quick movement, when all hands were startled by hearing a sound as of some one keeping time on the bones.

It seemed to be very near, and yet it was not loud enough for even a pair of wooden imitation bones, unless they were very small indeed. The music ceased, and almost instantaneously the accompaniment stopped. The boys supposed that some one from the camp had followed them and was having a little fun, and they walked in the direction from which the sound had come. They found no one, and decided to try it again. After the first few notes of a lively air had been played the strange accompaniment began again, keeping most excellent time, and while the musician played one of the party stealthily made his way toward the spot where the toy bones seemed to be clattering together.

Glancing toward a rock just over the edge of the flat he saw something moving very rapidly, which at first he was unable to make out. After a few moments, however, he perceived that it was the tail of an immense rattlesnake. The tail was pointed upward and quivering and curving at a great rate. The animal was rattling off the time with wonderful correctness, making the more emphatic notes by striking his rattle against the rock. The gentleman was paralyzed with wonder and stood with his eyes riveted on the strange sight until the musician, becoming impatient, stopped and wanted to know what the matter was.

The snake's tail dropped, he coiled himself instantly, and sticking up his head saw the man standing near. In a moment he had uncoiled himself and glided into a hole under the rock. An exclamation from the witness of this marvel called the others up and things were hurriedly explained. Every effort was made to capture the snake. They had no means of digging after him, and he could not be coaxed out again, even by the seductive tones of the mouth organ. It is a great misfortune that the reptile was not secured.—Tulare (Cal.) Register.

Historic Waverley Abbey.

One of the more beautiful and interesting architectural relics in England is the refectory of Waverley Abbey, near Farnham. It is a choice specimen of the finest early English and the most important fragment of the great Cistercian house. It was next to the church—which is now an irredeemable wreck—the most important center of the establishment, and therefore deserves our best attention. What remains of it is a fine vaulted chamber with a groined roof, divided in the middle by three detached columns of Purbeck marble. The whole is of elegant proportions and fine execution.

The vault of good rubble work, is still intact, although rain has penetrated the roof ever since the upper story of the building was destroyed centuries ago. It will not, however, continue as it is much longer unless means are taken to stop the percolation of the water, which daily removes mortar from between the stones, and will ultimately cause the vault to fall. If a layer of good concrete were laid outside above the vault, and its surface arranged so as to shed the water into a drain, which would cost but a very small sum, this building would stand in its present condition for centuries to come, and need no further care. The present owner deserves our gratitude for the care she takes of the ruins at large. Will she extend that care to the refectory roof in the manner suggested?—London Letter.

To the vigorous physiological stomach the digestion of fruits and nuts is comparatively easy, while that of the cereals, pulses, and the foods chiefly starch undergo a protracted and laborious digestion, causing great strain upon the vital powers, and ending in a breakdown of the nervous system.

An English Account.

One of New York's fairest and wealthiest was walking unattended down a fashionable thoroughfare when a man whom she did not know walked beside her, raised his hat and spoke to her. Without a second's hesitation the young lady dealt the shiny and carefully brushed chapeau a right hander that sent it rolling into the mud, and planted a left hander between her insulter's eyes that tumbled him after and on top of his hat. Then, "with scorn depicted on her features and conscious of her own superiority," this fair one marched placidly on amid the applause of a few onlookers, while the unfortunate individual who had received such unexpected chastisement picked himself up and his battered headgear and slunk away. And now there is a legion of girls anxious to attain the ability, and to find an opportunity, of going and doing likewise.

It is just possible that this thrilling story is only the invention of a pugilist who takes lady pupils, and who foresaw what a stimulus the publication of such a tale would give to his business; but whether true or not it has in the words of a feminine aspirant for pugilistic honors, "opened the eyes of woman to the possibility of her being able to meet man on even terms anywhere and everywhere."

"If," says this lady to her associates, "you are insulted in the street, knock your insulter down." No doubt that is a very right and proper course to take; but should women become as proficient and handy with their fists as some of them appear to believe is probable, it is greatly to be feared that they will use these fists on very much less urgent occasions.—St. James' Gazette.

A Characteristic Chinese Incident.

There is a small family named Chang, consisting of a mother and a son of eleven summers, living in a place north of Peking called "The Old Tiger Cave." The old lady was suddenly struck down with some severe and incurable malady one day and grew worse from day to day. They were too poor to call in doctors to give her proper treatment, and her faithful son, who had constantly attended on her, seeing his mother's severe illness and their abject poverty and helplessness, took a knife and sliced off a big piece of flesh from his thigh, and after invoking the blessing of heaven boiled and gave it to her as medicine and food.

Heaven was so much pleased with such a child, full of filial piety, that it granted his earnest prayers, and his mother, from the day when the human flesh medicine was administered, rapidly recovered, and was up in ten days. When that medicine was given to her the boy did not inform her of its composition until she was well, when a big wound, from which the mixture was made, was shown her. It is alleged that the boy suffered no pain or inconvenience from the wound, for heaven must have relieved him from the otherwise great pain and bleeding for this so noble a filial act, which is not to be found everywhere.

When it was made known to the public he was held up as an example of true and genuine filial piety which was taught by our Great Sage. The official of that district will memorialize the throne to erect a tablet or an arch for his noble and brave deed in rescuing his mother from death by endangering his own life.—Chinese Times.

American, or Sweet Chestnut.

Almost every boy who has gone nutting is familiar with this well known American nut bearing tree, and every fall thousands of bushels of nuts are gathered in the forests and find a ready sale in our large cities, bringing from $1.50 to $5 or $6 per bushel, according to earliness, supply and quality. The great destruction going on constantly of the timber of this sort naturally diminishes the supply of nuts. Some idea of the value of this timber may be gleaned from the fact that we have frequently known the wood leave (per mission to cut the timber, and having no reference to the purchase of the land) of good chestnut timber tracts to sell for from $75 to $150 per acre.

The buyers would not so readily pay these prices if they did not know they could realize much more than that when they marketed the timber in proper shape for the trade. Trees of this variety grow rapidly, and when ten or twelve years old are of good size, but are more profitable at fifteen years. If carefully cut they will soon sucker up from the old stump or root, and in a few years produce good sized trees again, especially if we do not permit too many shoots to grow from each stump.

HENRY CLAY AND BABY DIXON.

A United States Senator's Experience as a Child with the Great Statesman.

One of the brightest of the United States senators is Mr. Nathan Fellows Dixon, of Rhode Island, a bright eyed, dark faced Republican, 43 years of age. He comes from a line of statesmen. His grandfather was in the senate when John Tyler was president, and his father brought him here as a 3-year-old baby during his first congressional term in 1849 and '50. Senator Dixon stopped with his father at this time at the National hotel, and young as he was he is able to remember some of the incidents of this part of his life. Henry Clay was stopping at the same hotel, and he was very fond of children. Senator Dixon says he distinctly remembers one day going down the steps and meeting Henry Clay coming up. The great Kentuckian grasped the Rhode Island baby by the arms and lifted him up to his face. Little Dixon yelled out:

"Let me go!"

Mr. Clay, however, putting his arms around the boy and holding him to his breast, said, "I can't do that because I want to kiss you, and I wonder if you know who I am."

"Yes, I know," said the boy, "but I want to go."

"Well, who am I?" said Clay.

"Oh!" said young Dixon, "you are Mister Harry Clay. Now let me go."

With this the great statesman kissed the boy, gave a hearty laugh with his big mouth and put him down.

From this time on Baby Dixon and Senator Clay continued their acquaintance, and Baby Dixon often came into Senator Clay's room and was made much of by the senator. One day, however, he was present when Henry Clay had some important callers. He had no time to talk to Baby Dixon and he took him from his knee, placed him upon his feet and said, "Now, Natey, run down stairs to your mamma."

The future senator was rather indignant at this treatment, and he slammed the door heartily as he stamped out. Senator Clay told the story a number of times afterward. He said he could hear little Nathan's footsteps as he went down the stairs. At first his tread was loud and bolsterous. As he went toward the bottom it grew fainter and fainter, and at last the noise stopped at the foot of the stairs. A moment later he heard the little feet pattering back again, and a gentle knock was made upon the door. Henry Clay called out:

"Come in, sir!"

The door opened and little Nathan Dixon's pretty face looked in, and his cherry lips voiced forth the words:

"My love to you, Mr. Clay!"

With that he turned and ran down the stairs to his mother. He had evidently appreciated that his action in slamming the door and leaving the room was ungentlemanly, and though only a boy of 3 years he had repented before he had reached the foot of the stairs and hurried back to make his baby apology.

Senator Dixon told this story in conversation, and he ought not to object to seeing it in print, as it is certainly complimentary to him.—Frank G. Carpenter in Wide Awake.

Dentists in Italy.

The Italian minister of the interior has sent a circular to all the prefects in the kingdom pointing out that in many parts of Italy dentists do not confine themselves to the practice of their own art, but sell medicines, plasters and ointments, which they declare to be good for all kinds of disease, and in other ways infringe on the prerogative of duly qualified medical men. His excellency calls on the prefects to use every legal means of suppressing "not only the wrongful exercise of the healing professions generally, but more especially the pompous display of such illegal practice in public places." The mayors of communes are enjoined "absolutely to forbid such practitioners from occupying public spaces."—Chicago Herald.

A Coincidence.

Those who are interested in coincidences will find this quite remarkable. Our beloved friend, the Rev. Gideon N. Draper, died on the 8th day of December, 1889, when on a visit to his son in Yokohama, Japan. The day was Sunday. His father, Gideon Draper, Sr., died on the same day of the same month and the same day of the week in 1861. The grandson of the last named, who writes us the facts from Japan, tells us that this coincidence of the days of the week and the days of the month, he believes, has only occurred in his family since the Christian Era.—Exchange.