SALLY PATTERSON.

From a peak of the Alleghanies one can see the town of Harburg, built upon a hill and almost surrounded by a river that is famous in song. In the days when a canal connected these with a railroad which crossed the mountains Harburg was a place of importance.

Of its gay society Sally Donnelly was the belle. She was tall and slender. Her bright eyes, rich complexion, ready wit and graceful manners made her the most attractive young woman in the town. Her teeth were very white, and she being a brunette used them in smile and laugh with startling effect.

One evening at a ball John Patterson was introduced to her. He was a civil engineer, stationed at Harburg, and he was handsome and his ability to master a difficult problem in mathematics was wonderful, but he could no more have figured to a nicety on an estimate of a woman than he could have told what the moon's back is made of. Like all men of his kind he fell in love without calculation. Sally Donnelly simply bewitched him. He loved her with such devotion that his wooing was irresistible, and to the astonishment of the gossips of Harburg it was soon announced that John and Sally were engaged.

Gossips would not believe she would marry him. Sally Donnelly had led society to regard her as a person without heart, and no one thought her serious in engaging herself to John Patterson. However, they were soon married, and moved into a brick house at the foot of Main street. From his porch John could see the packets come on the canal and the trains go out on the railroad. In his residence, called by the people of Harburg "the big brick," Sally entertained lavishly. Her receptions were the grandest Harburg had seen, and she was courted by everybody. Her extravagance was freely commented upon, but her resources were supposed to be great, for John Patterson was believed to be rich.

Some happy years passed, and then came a cloud upon John Patterson's brow. His house was big, his wife beautiful, and he was seemingly successful in his business, but the voices that sounded in his dwelling were alien. He wished that children of his, born in his house, shouted in its halls, frolicked in its parlors and gladdened the feasts in its dining room. It would have made him laugh to see a child of his break a piece of china that all the housewives in Harburg coveted. But his wish was not gratified, and the cloud on his brow grew blacker.

And in the shadow on his brow came a wrinkle, but his wife heeded neither wrinkle nor cloud. She was engrossed with the preparations for a reception that was to be magnificent. At night she lay awake designing her toilet, which she meant should be a marvel. She asked her husband to draw a curve for the drapery of the skirt of her dress, and he obligingly made one of sharp declivity. She thanked him, but did not use it.

"It is too precipitous," she said.

"Perhaps not," he replied.

It was not, if considered a prophecy, for there is a swiftness in law process that is startling; like the "presto" of a magician it works its changes suddenly.

A week or more after her reception Mrs. Patterson was "returning" some calls. She learned that her reception had been a great success. It had taught Harburg society the value of flowers in house decoration. As for her toilet it was pronounced a miracle. From listening to such flattery Mrs. Patterson returned to her home with radiant face and sparkling eyes. She alighted from her carriage nimbly as a bird, and looking at the steps ran up them like a young girl. When she grasped the door knob she noticed a handbill tacked on the panel. Angrily she tore it down, and without looking at it crumpled it in her hand to throw it on the pavement. Then her sense of neatness prevailed upon her to take the sheet of paper into the house to throw it in the waste basket.

She paused a moment in the parlor. There, on the scene of her recent social success, she was softened. Her anger melted away, and curiosity led her to open the paper, probably the lampoon of some envious person who had boldly tacked it on her door. As she ran her eyes over the page the text began to grow confused, and she could scarcely read it. She was able, however, to learn from it that her household goods were for sale, having been seized by the sheriff.

"John!" she impulsively called; and then she remembered that he had gone over the mountains to survey a tract of land. She sank on the sofa and tried to think. Her lips were drawn and her teeth showed their tips as she recalled the shadow that had been on his brow growing blacker daily, and the paper in her hand made clear the cause of it. She lifted the legal notice and read it carefully. It bore every mark of genuineness, and advertised for sale all the personal property of John Patterson. To the bill was annexed a partial list of the articles seized. Dragging herself to the hall door she called a servant.

"Who put this paper on the door, Margaret?"

"The sheriff, ma'am; and he wouldn't mind me tellin' him not to."

"That is all, Margaret."

The servant went back to the kitchen and Mrs. Patterson hastened to her room. Sitting down at her desk she wrote a letter to John and inclosed in it the handbill. Two or three days before the time appointed for the sale she received a note from John, who promised to fix everything when he came back. She showed the note to the sheriff, and was surprised when he did not heed it.

A mob invaded her parlors, surged into her dining room and stormed through her bed chambers. All the while the auctioneer clamored, talking as if he had consulted a dictionary for adjectives with which to describe the articles under his hammer. The bidders were eager and prices ran high. Before her eyes her furniture was sold and taken away from Mrs. Patterson, whose only remark to each buyer was:

"Be careful of that. Mr. Patterson will come back soon and fix everything; then I shall want that back."

No one laughed at her, but when the sale was over and all her household goods, save the necessary things exempted by law for the debtor, were carried off by the purchasers she was no longer Mrs. Patterson to the residents of Harburg. They spoke of her then as Sally Patterson, but neither enviously nor admiringly, as they had once done of Sally Donnelly. She, ignorant of the loss of her position in society, wrote a full account of the sale to her husband. Among other things she said:

"I know just who bought everything, and I asked them all not to injure anything, so we could have our furniture and china back when you returned and settled the debt."

In a few weeks the sheriff came again, and sold the house in which she still lived. Then she was dispossessed and her scanty furniture set out in the street. She was an outcast. Her father and her mother were dead, and she had no relatives to whom to appeal for aid. Going to a hotel she asked for shelter until Mr. Patterson came back, but it was refused her, and as for those who had once courted her they made excuse.

"She is crazy. It would not be safe to house her."

When night fell a man, who was reputed brutal and coarse, swore at the people of Harburg—cursed them for their inhumanity. Alone he went to the sidewalk where Sally's furniture sat and carried it on his shoulder to a little house located on some lots of his.

"Stay here, Mrs. Patterson, till your husband comes back," he said, when he had put her things to rights.

She thanked him and took possession of the low, two roomed house. Her landlord never called upon her for rent while the years passed as she waited for John's return. The smoke from her fire curled up to the sky, and the soot seemed to settle on her face, for it grew darker until it was almost black. Her teeth shone more brightly than they did in the days of her social eminence, and her eyes lost none of their brilliance.

A crook came in her back, yet her heart was not bowed down, for it was held up by hope. Her abiding faith in John's promise to fix everything when he got back, and her treasuring of the note, which was evidence of it, led people to say she was crazy. In no other way did she manifest symptoms of insanity. She was harmless and wandered about alone chattering to herself. None, except perhaps now and then an impish child, annoyed her. The community pitied her and in an apologetic way provided for her, even allowed her to attend the church in which she had once rented a pew.

Although living alone she preserved the purity of her English. Her words were distinctly enunciated, but her voice gradually became hoarse. Her once shapely hands became crooked and soiled in gathering coal and wood.

The coarse man who was her landlord was offered a fair price for all of his lots one day, but he refused to sell the one on which Sally's little house stood.

"Sally believes I'll leave her there till her husband turns up, and I don't mean to drive her out."

The would-be buyer said rather scornfully:

"I hope you're not looking for John Patterson to return?"

"I'm not, but his wife is, and she can wait for him right where she is."

After awhile McDonough sold the lots east of the one on which her house stood to the county authorities, who purchased them for the site of the new jail. He did not think it necessary to tell her of the sale, and the first knowledge she had of it was from the breaking of ground for the foundations of the jail. She was frightened, and yet could not believe that Bill would break his word to her.

"Never fear, Mrs. Patterson," he said kindly, when she came to him for information. "I said you could stay in that house till John came back, and by — you can!"

"Oh, Mr. McDonough!" she exclaimed. "I tempted you to swear! It was wrong of me to come. I am so sorry."

As she stood before him she was almost a caricature of a woman. Her dress was torn, her face was dirty, but her gentle rebuke went to his heart and made him uneasy. Lifting a bony hand, on which glistened her wedding ring, worn to a thin strip of gold, she pushed her disordered hair from her face and looked in mute supplication to him not to repeat the profanity. For a moment his eyes rested upon her, saw the pleading face, noted the supplicating air, commented upon the figure that age had not robbed of grace, dwelt for a second on the torn dress, fantastic with its patches of various colors, and paused upon the feet, shod with shoes which a man had once worn and thrown into the street. Then he smiled.

"I am sorry I done it, Mrs. Patterson."

"I am glad you are, Mr. McDonough, and I hope you will not swear again."

"I won't, Mrs. Patterson."

Pleased with his promise, and believing he would keep it, as he had the other one he had made her, she went back to her home without fear to watch the building of the jail.

One day, seized with an idea, he went to Sally's house and knocked on the door. She invited him in, but he declined to enter.

"I only came to ask, if I send you some new clothes, if you would wear them, Mrs. Patterson?"

"I would, Mr. McDonough, if you will let John pay for them when he comes back."

This was not the reply he had hoped for. It had dawned upon him that if he improved Sally's surroundings she would become her old self again, and then he could ask her to marry him, without creating a sensation among the gossips of Harburg. At one time of his life he had not cared what was said of him, so long as he kept out of the clutches of the law, but now he desired to appear decorous, in an endeavor to link himself with respectability by making Sally his wife. She was gentle, kind and refined, despite the many years of her poverty, and with her as a companion his old age might be full of happiness. The wish had been slow in forming in him. It was born of his loneliness, and for a long time was not formulated in his mind, but suddenly it made itself clear, and immediately he acted in a diplomatic manner to accomplish its fulfillment. He was not taken aback, however, by her wish to have the benefits he meant to confer upon her charged to John.

"I've long been intendin' to tell you, Mrs. Patterson, that I owe John money, and as he doesn't come to settle I'll spend it on you."

"How long have you known that you owed my husband money?" Sally asked, rather sharply.

Bill began to feel uncomfortable over the lie he was telling, but he determined to maintain it.

"Ever since he went away; but there was no settlement, as I said, and I don't know how much it is."

"I suppose the rent I owe you has reduced it very much," Sally said, with dignity.

"Some, but there's enough owin' to him yet to make you comfortable—buy you new clothes and furniture. I'll fix up the house as I ought to do, bein' your landlord."

"What woke your conscience?" asked Sally, who was skeptical of his honesty. He was ready with an answer.

"You did by rebukin' me for swearin' that day. My conscience has been hurtin' me ever since, and I have quit swearin'!"

Sally clasped her hands and exclaimed: "I am glad, so glad! John never swore."

Bill delayed to learn what repairs the house needed, and then left, saying he would send the carpenters the next day.

Harburg was astounded when Sally appeared on the streets in a new dress of the latest cut. It was on a Sunday, and she went to church as usual, happily conscious that all eyes were fastened upon her when she passed through the crowd of loungers who were waiting outside for the ringing of the second bell.

In her repaired and refurnished house she took great pleasure, and kept it in good order. Pride in personal appearance led her to stand many minutes before the mirror every day, looking for traces of her former beauty. Her hair was black as ever, her eyes were still brilliant, but her lips would curl and expose her teeth. Only by effort could she make her lips meet—left to themselves they separated.

Society began to marvel and praise Bill for his humanity in rescuing the poor woman from insanity. He was modest, accepted the flattery with becoming humility, and waited for the time when he could tell her the wish of his heart. When that time came he tremblingly put on his best suit and called upon Mrs. Patterson. In a few words he asked her to marry him. She looked at him in pity.

"I could, Mr. McDonough, if I were not still young and looking for John to return. He has not been gone long, and will soon come back."

"Well, I can wait," said Bill and went away heavy hearted.

That day he journeyed westward. He soon got on the track of John Patterson and traced him to the end. It was a sad story, ending with a suicide, and when Bill stood on the grave of the man for whom a hopeful woman was waiting patiently his eyes filled with tears and a sob choked him, and he made a vow to care for her until she died without ever speaking to her of John or again asking her to be his wife. He died before she did and made provision for her in his will, but her gratitude to him did not win her from the memory of John.—A. L. Kinkead in New York Ledger.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR., (1787)

RECORD 2:29

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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 Dúrock.

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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.*

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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

12:21 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 12:41 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:15 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 7:00 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.

1:15 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:22 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. Bodle, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y. W. C. Rinearson, 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.

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SNAKES AS BAGGAGE.

Baggage Smashers Careful of Trunks Labeled as Serpent Cages.

Up near the engine the men were loading trunks into the baggage car.

"Snakes here. Look out, Jim."

"Snakes!" roared Jim, who was a strapping country looking baggageman inside the car. "Thet's a nut. Them 'ar drummers kaint fool me by paintin' sich signs on their sample cases."

But "Jim" handled this trunk sort of gentle like nevertheless.

"I don't jest like this 'ere snake bizness," he said, as he raked beads of water from his forehead with his finger, "but ten ter one thar ain't no snakes in thar. W'en I wuz brakin' on th' Tip Up and W. Pete McAllister wuz th' boss baggage smasher. He's in er lunetick asylum now."

"I used ter hev ter help load baggage, and one day at Peory we wuz be'ind time an' Pete wuz mad. Thar wuz a big lot o' baggage ter load. A little thin faced man wuz watchin' his trunk. It wuz a little trunk an' every time anybody touched it he would holler out, 'Keerful thar, keerful!'

"Old Pete, he sez, of thet ar feller sez anythin' w'en he got hold of th' trunk he'd smash it all ter pieces. Them wuz th' good old days when we got fifty cents apiece for ropin' up broken baggage. W'en Pete tuk hold of this little trunk the weazen faced man he steps up, an' he sez sharper 'en ever:

"'Hi thar. Look out how yer handle that ar trunk.'

"Well, mebbe old Pete wuzzent mad. He wuz jest bilin' over. He took that ar trunk, raised it up over his hed an' smashed it agin th' end of th' car.

"Th' top flew off, an' about twenty (mebbe more; nobody didn't stop to count 'em)—about twenty big snakes rolled out an' chased Pete McAllister out of th' car. Th' man was a natrulestic feller, an' thet wuz his kollexion. Pete went crazy an' wuz sent to th' 'sylum.

"I know them snake signs is a bluff, but I kain't help handlin' them keerful like."—Chicago Herald.

Justice in Russia.

Ivan Demitrieff sued his laborer, Petro Demitrieff, before a justice of the peace in St. Petersburg for damages to the amount of fifty rubles, because the laborer had spoiled his horse. "Demitrieff vs. Demitrieff," called the justice. "Are plaintiff and defendant related?" "To be sure," answered the plaintiff; "the laborer is my father." The justice was amazed at this answer and tried to persuade the litigant son to drop the case against his father. But the son would not listen to it, insisting that he demanded justice, and that the judge had no business to take the part of the defendant because the latter happened to be the plaintiff's father. The case was tried in due order, and judgment was found in favor of the defendant. The plaintiff, however, was determined to have his father punished, and appealed from the decision of the court. The case was tried again in a higher court, and the judgment of the lower court was sustained. Leaving the court room the son exclaimed, "There is no use trying to obtain justice in holy Russia!"—Chicago Herald.

Big Profits in Medicines.

It is not to be wondered at that people are anxious to go into manufacturing companies, and that the stock of various inventions is easily floated. Details come out occasionally about some of the widely advertised patent medicines, and special methods of making such staples as baking powder, soap and kitchen necessaries, which cause conservative investors in real estate and similar things to stare in amazement. A short time ago it was revealed in the course of a lawsuit that stock in a big baking powder company in this city had reached the enormous value of $4,200 a share, the original value of such shares being $100. A patent medicine man sued his wife, and incidentally it was stated that forty-nine shares of the patent medicine had paid the enormous dividend of $49,000 in one year. The real estate boomers of the western cities when they glance at such investments as these are taciturn and crushed for hours at a time.—New York World.

Invulnerable.

Charles—Cruel one, can it be that you utterly refuse me?

Clara—Exactly.

Charles—Sweet iceberg! At least permit me to congratulate you.

Clara—For what?

Charles—For your absolute immunity from heart disease.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Raccoon Embraced the Dog.

That the raccoon is the smallest representative of the bear family is a fact very well known to naturalists and generally set forth in dictionaries, but the average hunter refuses to recognize the relationship. Silas Barnes, of Newburg, who for twenty years has earned his living by selling small furs and rattlesnake oil, after half a lifetime of doubt, was finally convinced at dawn the other day that the familiar 'coon is a true ursa minor, and his eighteen pound bull terrier learned the lesson at the same time, but too late to profit by it.

The hunter and his dog had passed the night in the woods at the foot of Storm King mountain, on the Cornwall side, and at daybreak Barnes "treed" a 'coon in a tall pine. He never carries a gun, because he says it frightens the game he wants to catch—and besides, he hasn't one. He climbed the tree and drove the 'coon down, noticing as it passed him that it seemed to be considerably more balky than his dog. Then he sat upon a bough about thirty feet above the ground to watch the sport.

He saw the terrier seize the 'coon by the throat. The shaggy animal made a desperate effort to release itself. Falling in this it stood upon its hind feet, and throwing its strong fore legs around its enemy's body it gave him a deadly hug. The dog's eyes bulged, and so did those of the hunter, for never before, through a long experience as a woodsman, had he seen anything like this. He went so rapidly to the rescue that he fell the last ten feet; but he was too late. The 'coon was gone, and the terrier was gasping his life away. The blood that welled from some ruptured organ filled his mouth, his back was badly lacerated, and in a few minutes he was dead.

The squeeze of the little bear had been more than even his seasoned frame could stand.—New York Tribune.

Bismarck's Truthfulness.

Prince Bismarck has always been noted for his love of truth, not only in his domestic but also in his public life. This desire for truthfulness was instilled into his heart by the mother whom he loved devotedly, and to whom he was a most tender and respectful son.

Once when he was a little boy his mother, when bidding him good night, asked carelessly, "And did you eat your broth?"

To her surprise the boy ran away without making her any answer, but he quickly reappeared and said "Yes," with great glee. It seems that his memory had failed him in regard to the broth, and he hunted up his governess, Lottie Schmeling, to make sure that he had eaten it!

His ideas in regard to the love parents hold for their children were always outraged by the story of William Tell, who was not a hero to his mind at all. On one occasion the talk had turned on Schiller's version of the tale, and Bismarck said:

"It would have been nobler and more natural, according to my way of thinking, if instead of aiming toward the boy and displaying his skill by shooting an apple on his son's head he had shot at the governor! That would have been nothing more than righteous anger at an inhuman demand!"—Youth's Companion.

A Skull for a Flower Pot.

W. G. Van Buskirk, the master mechanic of the Terre Haute and Peoria railroad shops in Paris, Ind., has a peculiar flower pot hanging in his dooryard. This grewsome relic is made out of a human skull, and is suspended with slender chains. The brain cavity is filled with earth, and a beautiful growth of vines creeps from the empty sockets and grinning jaws. Across the forehead is printed the inscription: "To what base uses may we come at last;" and the beholder, as he gazes upon this ghastly burlesque on human greatness, cannot refrain from involuntarily echoing the sentiment. The skull has something of a history, being that of a theological student who committed suicide. He was interred in a small graveyard, which afterward fell into disuse and decay, and was finally sold for building purposes. In making an excavation the skeleton was exhumed, and the skull came into Mr. Van Buskirk's possession.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mustard oil is being manufactured in Germany for lubricating purposes. It is said to be unaffected by cold above a temperature of about 15 degs. Fahrenheit, and does not readily become rancid or form fatty acids likely to attack metal.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Liverpool, England, has a district containing a population of 50,000 in which there is not a licensed drinking place. A recent attempt made by brewers to plant public houses on the borders of this district was strongly opposed by the residents, most of whom are working people. The board school is about the best attended in the city and is more than self-supporting; the police have little to do; pauperism is found to be a vanishing quantity, and the rate of mortality as compared with districts where prohibition does not prevail, is given thus: Within the most prohibitory district, 10 to 12 per 1000 per year; within partially prohibitory districts, 14 to 15 per 1000 per year; within the least prohibitory district, 25 per 1000 per year. The above facts are taken from a lengthy and most interesting report in the October *British Woman's Temperance Journal*, written by Edward Jones, ex-chairman of the board of guardians, of the district of which he writes.

The first triennial meeting of the national council of women of the United States will be held in Albough's opera house, Washington, D. C., February 15 to 18, 1891. The council will open with a religious service on Sunday, and continue through the three following days, including in all seven public meetings. Eleven of the most important national organizations of women have already entered the council and it is hoped many others will do so before the triennial meeting. All national societies of women interested in the advancement of woman's work in education, philanthropy, reform and social culture are eligible to membership, and if any have not entered that council are earnestly solicited to send fraternal delegates to this convention.

The Working Girls' Club movement is a rapidly growing one. There are 2772 women in the New York association grouped into eighteen sections. The Boston Association, which was organized two years ago, has twelve clubs in the city and suburbs, with a total membership of about 1000. Miss Grace Dodge, the founder of the movement, has been organizing new clubs in the mill towns of Massachusetts during the past week in accordance with the desires of the working women who would avail themselves of the club privileges. If this goes on we shall have "mind among the spindles" once again, as in the good old days when Lucy Larcom and Harriette Shattuck were mill girls.

A minister of religion cannot afford to smoke. Put into my hands the moneys wasted on tobacco in Brooklyn, and I will support three orphan asylums as grand and as beautiful as those already established. Put into my hands the moneys wasted on tobacco in the United States of America and I will clothe, feed and shelter all the suffering poor on this continent.—*Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.*

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