THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. IV. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., DECEMBER 3, 1890. NO. 15.

BOYISH VISIONS.

In the splendor of the sunset, mantling western skies with gold,
Purpling hills and gilding tree tops, spreading glories tongue ne'er told,
Saw I once through childish fancy all of heaven's access unveiled,
But, alas! my mature vision see but clouds and hills and wold.

In the soughing of the south wind, in the waves among the weirs,
In the dashing of the cascade, scattering countless crystal tears,
Heard I through my boyish fancy voices whispering hopes and fears,
But they now are nature's noises, and they grate upon my ears.

In the flashing of the lightning saw I God's abode of light,
In the rolling of the thunders heard I stories of his might,
And my boyish heart would feel him close beside my bed at night,
But they now are nature's forces, if my reason speaks aright.

Oh, the foolish dreams of boyhood! Oh, the wisdom of the man:
Yet I often think the children understand what man ne'er can
About heaven and unseen voices, God and all the foolish clan,
And I wish for just a moment that the child would teach the man. —Yankee Blade.

THE PINK POCKET

Miss Sara La Rue had danced all the evening at a ball at her next neighbor's, the Peytons. She wore a pretty pink dress, with a little, lace trimmed pocket at the side. Her principal partner was young Andrew Peyton, who was deeply in love with her, but had never told his love.

On this night he had written a letter, which by adroit management he contrived to place in the pink pocket aforesaid. It offered her his hand and heart and ended:

"If you do not answer I shall know that you cannot love me, and shall go away."

No answer came to him. Sara had sent the dress, pocket and all, away in a box to the wardrobe, where she put dresses she was weary of. She had not looked into the pocket and knew nothing of the letter.

Andrew Peyton took silence for refusal, and left the country within a month. In a year pretty Sara was dead. Nobody knew it, but she had broken her heart over the departed lover. And so one romance ended. Our story is of another.

* * * * *

Twenty years had passed. Moss grew on the white stone over the breast of Sally La Rue. And at the old La Rue place her brother lived—a widower, with one daughter.

Looking up at La Rue from the roadside you would assuredly have believed that the people who lived there were rich.

It was the residence, you would naturally have said to yourself, of people of means. And being unblessed with real estate, you might have sighed, with a little spice of envy for folk who owned such a solid dwelling, such rare old oaks, such a smooth shaven, green, velvet lawn, such a garden, and yes, such a gardener. There he was now among the roses; but when you have three wishes given you by a fairy, it is wise, as the old tale proves, never to wish yourself anybody else until you examine into the private affairs of that individual.

In the story I alluded to the wisher wished himself "that king there," seeing him in a magic mirror, and, behold! he was transformed into a monarch who had been conquered and was about to be put to death by decapitation. Thus the envious admirer of his property, who had wished himself Mr. La Rue because he thought him a rich man, would have been greatly astonished to find himself sitting before an old oak desk, trying in vain to arrange chaotic papers, which when in order only proved that he was dreadfully in debt; or to see his daughter waiting behind him with trembling anxiety, knowing that he could have no dinner but the salt pork he so hated, unless by chance he had a little money about him. If he had it all went well; but, alas! if he had not he would turn his wild, black eyes on her when she had spoken twice or thrice, and with his delicate, ivory tinted fingers running through his fine, curly white hair, would ask her in tones of Lear like reproach where she supposed he could have gotten money? He!

It was in the old days of the south, when a southern gentleman might not work, and that wonderful gardener was their only servant. He was older than Mr. La Rue and prouder of the family. He did the cooking. He did all the work except that done surreptitiously by Miss Sally in the privacy of parlor and bedroom.

There is a fascination to people of his race in making believe a great deal, and Scipio spoke of his fellow slaves, sold one by one away from their old home, as though they were about the place still, and through his zeal La Rue looked as well as ever. He mended the fences, repaired the verandas, kept the lawn and garden in order, trimmed the trees and flourished a long handled duster among the cobwebs that gathered so fast in the long, low hung hall that the spiders loved.

Everywhere the rich old furniture, with little upholstery and much carving about it, resisted decay.

Unless you had staid to dinner on a meager day you would never have guessed that anything was wrong; and then the table would have been set with old china and good cutlery and silver spoons. Neither did Mr. La Rue's great Panama hat, indestructible and costly, or his well laundered linen suits tell anything.

Other women knew that Miss Sally had not a good gown to her name; but a man would have thought the afternoon dimity, made out of an old extra pair of bedroom curtains, very good indeed, when she pinned one crimson rose at her throat and another in her black hair.

The last of a large family early gathered to the tomb, following their consumptive mother thither only a year or two apart, Miss Sally, at 18, was the picture of health. The family sorrows were not hers. All was over when she was born, and life was before her and her home was lovely, and she felt as much above common folk as a queen. Only asking for housekeeping money, and having no wardrobe to speak of worried her, until the makeshift was concocted. Sally had rummaged the garret for years, and had made a cloak out of a brown tablecloth lined with the long, flannel petticoat that had been hers as a baby, had raveled footless silk stockings and knit them over for herself with cotton tops, and the beaux who dropped in of an evening admired her greatly.

It had been a trying day. Mr. La Rue had been quite tragic since dawn, and, since selling Scipio would no more have been thought of than selling Sally, had decided to part with the horse and carriage. That was a blow. Scipio went under it; Miss Sally turned pale and had not the heart to put roses in her belt. Mr. La Rue had remarked that it would be just as well not to send the halter away, because he would need that to hang himself with. But at tea time they had preserved persimmons and bread and butter with the beverage. Sally found a letter at her plate, and, opening it, read this:

DEAR MISS SALLY—Uncle Andrew is coming home and we are going to give a party for him. He has been away twenty years. I never saw him before, and I have made up my mind it shall be fancy dress. Come in some character. It's not a masked ball. Papa disapproves of masks, but it will be fun.

Come early to see the arrivals. Won't you beg your dear father to break through his rule for once and join us? We should be so honored. He needn't costume, unless he chooses. The elder people will be allowed to do as they like, but you must, my dear. Your loving friend, FANNY.

"Oh, papa!" cried Sally, all her sadness gone on the instant. "You'll come, won't you?"

"You have not stated wha'," replied Mr. La Rue with his broadest accent and sternest voice.

"To a fancy dress ball, papa dear," replied Sally.

"I, who sit here waiting for the complete downfall of our family—I, who will leave you soon a beggared orphan—go to a fancy dress ball!" cried Mr. La Rue. "Not anothah wo'd!"

"Oh papa! Then I mustn't go either!" almost sobbed poor Sally.

"You're a woman," replied her father. "The Turks think women soulless. I am not sual; but that they ah right. However, I am too poah to give you a ball dress."

"Oh, I can make up something out of nothing. It's my one talent!" cried Sally. "But let me tell you the occasion. They say your presence would be an honor, and you might like to meet"——

"Not anothah wo'd!" cried Mr. La Rue.

His obedient daughter held her tongue, finished her bread and jam, and, having called for Scipio to clear away, went up into the garret with a candle.

"I'll go as King Cophetua's beggar maid in artistic rags if I can't do better," she laughed.

She looked the old bureau through, the old chests, the old wardrobe fruitlessly. Several years of foraging had emptied them. But on the top of the wardrobe, quite out of her reach, stood a long paper box. What might it not contain of rumpled gauze or lace that might be "done up," or silk that might be cleaned? Miss Sally turned on her tiny toes and tripped down the garret stairs.

"Scip!" she cried—the call was popular in southern homes and bells were rarer than at the north in those days—"come here and get that box down for me off the wardrobe in the garret."

Scip stumped upstairs, set an old table against the piece of furniture and climbed down. On his way he stumbled and fell, the box burst open and spread abroad on the garret floor lay a pink dress of old fashioned silk, a bow of ribbon to match, a fan and a gauzy scarf, all little bobs and fringes. Yes, and a little muslin bag, from which protruded the toes of a pair of slippers, and gloves all rose color and white.

"Why! has my fairy grandmother been here?" cried Sally joyously. "What does it mean?"

"I kin explain it, miss," said Scip. "Dat yar dress was worn by yo' aunt, Miss Sara. Dey called her Miss Sally, jes' like dey call yo', 'fo' evah yo' was born.

"She was mighty pretty, jes' like yo', Miss Sally, jes' like yo'. An' she went to a ball in dis yar dress, so bright an' libely an' happy. She came home pale an' wan, and she sent dis dress, all folded up in de box, up de garret. Said she never would wear it no mo'. She hated it, an' she never did. She died early, Miss Sally. Dat's de story, miss."

"Poor auntie. I don't remember her," sighed Sally. "But Scip, I think I'll take the dress down stairs. Tote it down for me right away."

"Yas'm, Miss Sally," said Scip, "an' jes' 'scuse me for offering one wurd of advice: I'se of de opinion dat of dat yar dress seems to you to be suitable fer dis yar ball you needn' hab no scruples ob conscience about wearin' ob it. Miss Sara would hab de honor ob de family at heart for you to dress well, and she was jes' your height, jes' your build. Dat yar dress will fit you like de skin fits do coon, Miss Sally."

It did.

"I'm sure," thought the girl, as she tried it on before the glass, "my poor little auntie would never, never care. I shouldn't if I were she, and it's the prettiest, quaintest thing."

Then she brushed her hair into the smooth, bat's wing style of the period, and saw a picture so like the portrait of her aunt in the parlor below that she almost screamed.

She wore it to the ball. How pretty she looked! How quaint! How sweet! And who ever lacks a compliment when southern gentlemen are near to whisper it? The sweet intoxication of flattery that is founded on fact had thrilled the girl's young blood before her hostess found the lion of the evening and brought him to the spot where Miss Sally stood among her admirers. A handsome man of 45, young enough in all outward seeming to be still charming, tall, broad shouldered, picturesque; with no gray in his hair as yet, and with his own splendid teeth. For the first time in her life Sally's heart fluttered.

"Uncle, this is my friend, Miss Sally La Rue," said the young hostess. "Sally dear, Mr. Andrew Peyton."

Then the pretty creature fluttered away, and the rest of the ball was Mr. Andrew Peyton to Sally. We all know what that means.

For his part, Andrew Peyton went home with strange sensations in his heart. It seemed to him as if he had once more seen his Sara. He had read her name on the mossy tombstone in the graveyard, and the barb of that unanswered letter had rankled in his heart his whole life through; but here, fresh and young again, with a look in her eyes that seemed to say to him, "Try, and see if you can win me," she stood in the person of Sally La Rue, her niece, actually in a gown of the same pattern. He did not know it was the very same with the pink pocket at its side into which he had slipped the letter twenty years before. He dreamed strange dreams that night, in which twin girls in rose color ran before him. One was his love, one a vision; but which ever he grasped proved to be a ghost, and melted in his grasp to nothing.

At dawn he slept. He still slept at 11 o'clock when Sally in her dimity morning robe made out of disused bed curtains of her grandmother's folded the ball dress in its box again. She examined it closely. How well they used to sew; no slighting as we slight our dressmaking, and this pocket—how perfectly every stitch was set. She took out the kerchief, and why! what was this? A letter—a little, faintly perfumed thing with her name upon it: "Miss Sara La Rue." Of course, she was christened "Sara," although "Sally" was her home name.

She opened it, her heart beating wildly. It was an offer of marriage from Mr. Andrew Peyton.

What a strange, romantic thing to do—a man of five-and-forty—a rich man, a man of the world! It was love at first sight, and what she had always longed for. And she knew she also had fallen in love with him. She was sure now.

All the morning Sally was in a dream. That afternoon she wrote this answer:

DEAR MR. PEYTON—On reaching home, I found your letter in my pocket. Since you say silence will mean refusal to you, I reply. But you know so little of me—are you sure your feelings will last? You may call if you like: papa will be glad to see you—so shall I—but before you do let me tell you I am a poor girl indeed. Everything is going from us. Even La Rue, I fear. Even Scipio stays with us out of love, and though my costly dress last night might make you think I had some money, even that was an illusion. It was a dress an aunt of mine, who died young, left behind her, else I could not have been at the ball. I conceal nothing, but you ask me if I like you. Surely as well as I could like a gentleman I had seen but once, and perhaps I could like you more, but we must know each other better.

SARA LA RUE.

Scipio took this note to Mr. Peyton, who awoke from his strange dreams to read it. He understood all. Poor Sara had never found the letter. It had remained in the little pink pocket twenty years for her niece to answer; and he shed tears for the first time since he left his babyhood behind him. However, he called that evening on the new Sara La Rue; and they are married now, and his wealth has restored the old place and its master's happy. And Sally who loves her husband as well will never dream that she answered her aunt's love letter. It is a secret buried in the depths of that chivalrous bosom on which she reposes. —Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

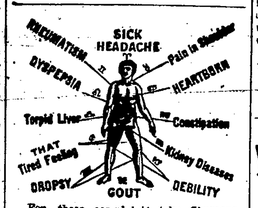
How He Managed.

Jones (to Smith, who has just finished telling a yarn to a crowd of listeners in a club room)—You say you were eight days without water. Your sufferings must have been intense.

Smith—Once in a while I did suffer a little, but I had a very effective way of relieving it.

"How did you manage it?"

"Oh, I'd just think of you fellows here at the club, and my mouth would water so profusely that my thirst would soon be quenched.—Texas Siftings.



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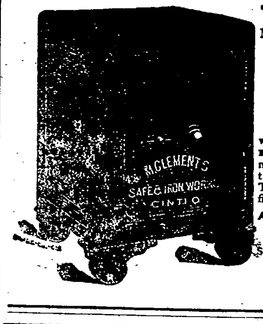

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THE PRESENT SEASON

THE SUN
FOR 1891.
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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 7:30 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 23, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.
8:23 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.
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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	8.15 a m.	2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a m.	4.25 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m.	5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m.	5.25 p m
" Allentown	11.43 a m.	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a m.	6.30 p m

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UNSUNG.

As deep in earth are hidden
The jewels that are best,
So the poet's dearest treasures
Are hidden in his breast.
And when he fain would tell them
He is a harp unstrung;
For his fairest, sweetest fancies
Must ever lie unsung.

Perhaps too vague its meaning,
Perhaps too short its stay,
To catch the subtle beauty
Of the strange ethereal lay;
For howsoever sweetly
The poet's voice has rung,
Far better in his bosom
Are songs that lie unsung.

And so are all men poets,
For in each heart a string,
When rightly touched, full sweetly
With melody will ring;
And in each soul, however
Discordant be the tongue,
Are strains of rarest beauty
That ever lie unsung.

I fancy this soul music,
Unheard of mortal ears,
May be a faint, far echo
Wafted from other spheres,
Whose melodies harmonious
My soul would dwell among,
For there the notes discordant
Are those that are unsung.
—W. H. Jewett in Atlanta Constitution.

A HERO FROM THE NORTH

The sun was beating down upon the head of the unprotected earth, as if to settle once for all the long continued struggle for supremacy, to gratify a never ending enmity against his victim, who for ages had circled round and round about him in vain effort to tear away from his fiery embrace. The defenseless earth smoked and quivered under his continued blows, its sides parched and cracked open in agony, its life blood dried up and refused sustenance to the vegetation that clung trustingly to it, and then in despair dropped its head and reached its arms in sympathy toward its stricken parent. The streams murmured in subdued tones, the crickets creaked a dismal refrain. The old feud which had been waged unceasingly day after day, year after year, seemed about to end; the earth was conquered, and the remorseless sun triumphantly drove shaft after shaft upon his fallen foe.

It was a battle of giants into the presence of which no smaller creature should dare to venture. In this mighty conflict weak humanity could hope to take no part. Yet, crawling between the earth and the sun, one adventurous mortal was braving the elemental fury. Slowly he toiled over the low, rolling hills, their sides bronzed with exposure, unprotected as they were by tree or shrub. No green thing in sight to rest the eyes from the glare of dried earth and grass; nothing to relieve save the hazy and uncertain outlines of the distant hills, that danced like a will-o'-the-wisp to the smoky atmosphere. The hot air scorched his nostrils as he inhaled it, and then came back from his lungs with increased heat. His face was dry and burned, and through the gaping pores no grateful moisture came. Yet on he strode with steady swinging pace, as if heat and cold were alike indifferent to him.

He was indeed well calculated to withstand the buffets of the weather or the fiercer attacks of his fellow men. More than six feet in height, his broad shoulders and well proportioned figure made him seem much shorter, and his easy, graceful movements evidenced a control of every muscle that could come only from constant and active exercise. A long, reddish blonde beard covered his face, which was bronzed by exposure almost to the color of his beard, and his long hair fell in waves upon his shoulders. His whole appearance was striking, yet the most striking feature was his piercing blue eyes, which seemed to look you through and through and announced plainly that their owner could not shirk danger or hardship in whatever form it might come. His costume was that of a hunter, and indicated—as did his small cap, made of the skin of an animal, even more strongly—that its purpose was to withstand a much colder climate than that which he was now experiencing. Upon his back was slung an old fashioned muzzle loading rifle.

Pausing on the crest of a small hill, he glanced around him toward the distant line of hills, and then turning his course in the direction of their nearest point he resumed his journey. He had gone but a short distance when he saw the first signs of life that had greeted him that day. As he passed over a slight rise in the ground he saw a large bullock standing on the slope of the hill. The animal saw him at the same moment, and turning toward him stood looking at the intruder. Soon several more appeared, regarding him attentively, and then the whole band began moving slowly across his path, about one hundred yards in front of him. Pushing on his course he paid no attention to them, until they again attracted his notice by the peculiarity of their actions. The whole band of about one hundred cattle were now in sight, and were circling around him with steadily increasing speed. It was evident that he was the object of their attention, and he attempted to frighten them away by shouting and waving his arms, but these efforts were without avail. On the contrary, the animals had drawn around him in a circle, and were now approaching nearer and nearer, drawing the circle tighter about him every moment

He saw that it was practically impossible to break through their line, and yet to stand there and await their attack was certain death. Their long, sharp horns gleamed viciously in the sunlight. Glancing hastily around, he sought some tree or rock that might offer some shelter from their attack. But there was none within reach; nothing within that fatal circle to relieve the monotony of the shining, slippery grass. There was no time to be lost, for the circle was constantly growing smaller and the animals becoming more and still more closely packed. Quick as thought he formed his plan of action. Unslinging his rifle, he prepared to shoot one of the animals in front of him, hoping in the confusion that would follow to break through the line and find shelter among some trees at the foot of the hill. Bringing the rifle to his shoulder, he prepared to make his single shot as effective as possible.

"Do not shoot! Por Dios, hombre, do not shoot."

The voice came from behind him, and he turned in surprise in that direction. His surprise was considerably increased when he saw a horse approaching at full speed, and upon his back a young girl, whose long black hair, loosened by her riding, was streaming out behind her while she anxiously urged her horse onward. As he looked her horse dashed into the circle and the nearest cattle were turned and headed down the hillside. With a dexterity that astonished him she "rounded up" the herd, and soon had them all started down the side of the hill after the leaders, and then halted her horse alongside of him.

The situation was an embarrassing one for him, and for once in his life he felt uncomfortable and ill at ease. To require assistance in getting out of a bad scrape was no new experience, but to have the whole matter taken out of his hands and to be rescued from his peril while he stood idly by was unpleasant; to have this done by a woman was humiliating. He stood looking at her awkwardly, while she sat shyly returning his glance. Indeed, she felt as uncomfortable as he, though he was too confused to notice it. Finally he recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"I have to thank you," he said. "They would probably have killed me." There was no trace in his voice of the excitement of the situation from which he had just been rescued.

She looked at him curiously, for evidently his mode of address puzzled her.

"Where do you come from, senor?" she inquired at length.

The tone of uncertainty and the abruptness of the question discovered to him the fact of her embarrassment, and gave him that feeling of superiority that enabled him to regain his self possession.

"From the Blue mountains," he answered with a smile.

"The Blue mountains?"

"Yes; you have not heard of them? They are far away to the north of here, many hundred miles. I have traveled alone for many months. Until now I have not seen a human being for weeks."

"But how did you know we lived here?"

"I did not know."

"Then why did you come?"

"I have traveled for pleasure, for curiosity. I wished to see this southern country, where the sun burns you up. I am a King George man. You do not understand? I hunt and kill game for the Hudson Bay company. But I have left them behind."

"I do not understand," she said simply. "Where are you going?"

"I do not know. Anywhere. I am going now to those mountains," pointing to the distant line of hills.

"But you will first come with me? You must rest until it is cooler. Nobody travels here in the heat of the day; it would kill you. You must come and eat with us, and then we can give you a horse to continue your jour-

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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

A Lesson for Laggards.

You think of taking a journey some day;
You have talked it over for years and years;
Yet some how or other you make delay,
Until further and further away appears
The beautiful goal: and I tell you now
To bind yourself by a solemn vow
To cross the Rubicon. Pluck up heart!
For you'll never get there unless you start!
There looms before you from day to day
A task that you dread to undertake;
So it hangs like a cloud upon your way
Through which the sunshine can never break,
And I tell you now that the better plan
is to do the work as quick as you can,
Over your fears a victory win,
For you'll never get through unless you begin!
With the busiest and bravest keep abreast,
Nor through love of indolence lose your place,
For in each endeavor to do your best
You raise the hopes of the human race.
Be not content to grovel below,
But rise to your duty with face aglow!
Let your aim be high, and strive to excel;
For he who does better must first do well!
The heart that gives way to its doubts and fears,
That idly dreams when there's work to do,
Will find itself, before many years,
Beggared and bankrupt through and through.
There are journeys to make and tasks to be done,
From early morn to set of sun,
And triumphs to win, as none can deny;
And you'll never succeed unless you try!
—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"They say," said a reclaimed drinker, "we make tetotalism our religion; but we don't. I mix them together and they agree very well. I know that if I lose my grace I shall take to drinking, and if I take to drinking I shall lose my grace, so I keep them together."

The imputation of inconsistency is one to which every sound politician and every honest thinker must sooner or later subject himself. The foolish and the dead never change their opinion.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Great Britian is moving in the way of industrial training for girls. A school has just been opened at Ben Rhydding to prepare girls to earn a living in departments of work not yet overcrowded, such as keeping accounts, designing, piano tuning, and cooking. The course includes intellectual, physical and industrial education, so that the girls who take it may graduate from it not only able to earn a livlihood, but educated women as well. A medical school for women has been opened in connection with Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, Scotland, and a new hospital in connection with the London School of Medicine for Women.

Reception at Johns Hopkins.

Johns Hopkins University turns its sunniest side to the coming of women to its Medical School. Last week the hospital trustees entertained a large number of bodies representative of medical schools, and of philanthropic and charitable associations. They came from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, with a large representation of Baltimore women of the committee. The guests were received in the fine entrance hall by Miss Mary Garrett, Dean Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr College, Mrs. President Harrison, and others. There was just enough of congratulatory speech-making after the coffee was served, to emphasize the point that higher medical education is the demand of the hour, and that a hospital so endowed and so constructed, with service by the same physicians throughout the year, paid so that all their time and skill are given to hospital work, must be the place for the most active and scientific observation of diseases that experts can give. In other words, Johns Hopkins Hospital makes it worth the while of eminent practitioners to give themselves to its service. The dispensary cases, as well as the clinics, are to be professionally used by the professors and teachers of the Hospital School of Medicine. This is a rare advantage and this Johns Hopkins offers to women.