Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7, 1891.

FATHER WERLE of Germany has issued a book of regulations ordaining, among other things, that "the distance between the rows of gold lace on a field officer's sleeve shall be 277.559 of an inch.

A BOSTON paper proposes that the death penalty be inflicted by means of chloroform. This shows the kindly and humane instincts of Boston, but it is curious that it hasn't suggested that the pleasantest death is a good square clip by its eminent citizen, Mr. Sullivan.

EVERY stone in the tower and spire of St. John the Baptist's Catholic Church, on West Thirtieth street, New York, was hoisted to its place by a derrick the motive power of which was an old white horse. The congregation is going to see that its last days are its best days.

THE expenses of the Pan-American Conference were within $20 of the total appropriation—$125.000. The tour of inspection cost $46,495. The expenses of the delegates varied from $130 to $3,240. Some of the delegates appear to have paid a portion of their expenses out of their own pockets. The $20 balance has been turned over to the treasury and the accounts are now squared. Whether by calculation or coincidence, the narrow margin between appropriation and outlay is curious.

BRAZIL has set a good example for some other countries to follow in dealings with stock companies. It requires that a certain percentage of the capital shall be paid up before the company be allowed to begin operations, and prohibits all dealing in the shares till 40 per cent. of the capital has been realized. Possibly it will be found that the reform is too sweeping to be practical, but it is a step in the right direction even if it should be discovered that a shorter stride would have been better.

GEN. BOOTH, like poet, novelist, dramatic author, social reformer and scientific discoverer, has, of course, to run the gauntlet of the critics, who say that his scheme for helping the poor of Darkest England is taken bodily from the plan of Count Rumford, tried a hundred years ago in Bavaria. This is a mistake. Count Rumford was one of the most eminent men that America has produced, and, according to Prof. Tyndall, his discoveries about heat—along with their practical application—place him in the front rank of his contemporaries. But his relief of the poor was altogether a coercive system, unconnected with moral or religious agencies, and succeeded only in driving beggars from Bavaria into the adjoining countries.

THE murder of Benwell by Burchell and the execution of the murderer have caused the following remarks about emigration frauds by a London paper: Is there any punishment too severe for the scoundrel who by specious lies induces ignorant peasants to break up their homes and start for an imaginary paradise beyond the Atlantic, after parting with their all to get there? It may be pretty safely assumed that the thousands of Austrian Poles who have then been stripped bare by greedy schemers would make things unpleasantly warm for their plunderers if they could only lay hands on the inhuman wretches. Unhappily, discovery is rarely made until the swindlers manage to get away to some place of safety with their swag, and so it seems likely to prove in the present instance. Here in England, the game is still carried on to some extent, but in a much more cautious way. Our emigration diddlers rarely address their overture to the working classes; they aim at higher game in the person of the younger sons of fairly endowed families. "What shall we do do with our boys?" asks paterfamilias despairingly of the wife of his bosom. She is as much at a loss for a reply as he is himself; the young hopefuls would, she thinks, make excellent colonists, with their strong limbs, hatred of study, and voracious appetites; but how are they to get a good start in the promised land? Here is a kind gentleman offering—in return for a paltry premium of a hundred pounds or so—to receive the sons of gentlemen at his farm in Barataria, to give them a thorough practical training in Barataria agriculture, and finally to set them up as farmers on their own feet. So, Tom, Dick, or Harry is appointed to make trial of this excellent opening, and within a few months he either works his passage back to England, or adds another unit to the substratum of some American city. For the splendid farm proved to be a rank humbug, while the agricultural training took the form of brutal language, every sort of hardship, and next to nothing to eat. Yet, although this vulgar fraud has been perpetrated a thousand times on British parents, the trade appears to go on as briskly as ever, and, no doubt, as profitably.

THE BREAD WINNER.

At set of sun he come'h home apace,
With tired footsteps and with aching frame,
And yet with eagerness his eyes proclaim,
The contemplation of his wife's embrace—
The joy to join his babes in romp and chase,
And with them share the glee of childish game,
Within the cheerful glow of hearthstone flame,
Or out of doors in many a hiding place.

This brawny man, fresh from his daily task,
With marks of honest toil still on his face,
As on he comes with dinner-pail in hand,
Enjoys a surer bliss than they who bask
Within the languid warmth of wealth or place;
There is no happier soul in all the land.

—Edward A. Oldham, in Drake's Magazine.

THE LOWEST BIDDER.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG.

"Ye've got her dirt cheap," said Sam Carter, a trifle enviously.

"Why didn't ye bid under me, then? Jones didn't want ter stand there and haggle all day in the rain. And besides, ye needn't be afeared of my makin' anything off'er the gal. She broke her arm about three weeks ago, and she'll make the most 'o that for ter git outer work. That's the way with all of them paupers; they know the town's bound ter support 'em, whether they work or not. No money in takin' one on 'em, and I'd never do it 'ceptin' to help the town."

Thus protested 'Bijah Green, who had been the lowest bidder for the care and support of Sarah Golding. It should be understood, to begin with, that the town of Greenville had an annual vendue, when its pauper wards were sold for one year to whomsoever should offer to take one or more of them for the smallest expense to the township.

'Bijah Green had the reputation of always being lucky on these occasions. During the year just ended he had secured a boy, whom he forced to do a man's work, while the town paid 'Bijah twenty-five dollars in cash for the pauper's keep. This year the lad had been more fortunate, and it was Sarah Golding's turn to fall into 'Bijah Green's clutches.

She was nearly sixteen, and but for her recently broken arm would have been free, for she could have earned her bread and clothes, at least, in any household.

"I'd gin her her keep myself if I hadn't so many great, lazy gals of my own," said Jones, the auctioneer, for Sarah was the feature of the sale, she being the only one that year that could be expected to do any work of importance.

"She's a likely-lookin gal," remarked another, "and if she was rigged up in a decent frock some of the fellers 'round here'd be steppin' up to her, fust ye'd know."

"I'll look after that," said 'Bijah, shrewdly. "Courtin' 'll spile any gal for work, and them that lives with me has ter work unless they're sick. And not so many folks 'thi be sick if they would only work 'nough ter keep their minds from preyin' on their body, in my 'pinion."

This was a favorite bit of philosophy with 'Bijah, and the bystanders winked at each other comprehendingly as he uttered it now.

It was raining hard and the vendue had been thinly attended. Otherwise Sarah Golding might have fallen into better hands.

The paupers, eight in number, were huddled under the meeting-house shed. One by one they were taken away by the bidders, and it was not until 'Bijah's sorrel horse and ramshackle wagon drove around to the shed that Sarah knew how she was to be disposed of.

For the year just past she had had a good home, and she had been given to understand that there would be plenty at the vendue willing to give her her board and clothes, and perhaps a little money besides, for her services during the coming year. This, of course, would have made her free, she would have been a pauper slave no longer. And the hope had lent a new brightness to her eyes and brought an expectant flush to her cheeks, which rendered them positively attractive.

But circumstances were against her. The heavy rain which had kept so many bidders away from the auction, and her broken arm, which was in reality nearly well, were enough to make her a slave for another year.

Her heart gave a great rebellious throb as she saw 'Bijah Green cramp the wheel of his buggy in front of the shed and beckon to her to come out.

"Come, gal," he said with a grin that showed how scattered his teeth were becoming. "It's you and us this year. I hated ter see ye go where ye'd be ill-used, so I made up my mind to lose money on ye. Hurry up, for it's rainin' harder every minute, and I wanter git home in time for dinner."

Sarah advanced slowly a few paces, and then paused. She had heard much concerning 'Bijah Green's treatment of town paupers, and to find herself thrown upon his charge when she had expected to be free was more than she could tamely bear.

"What do you want of me?" she demanded.

"I've bid ye off, leastways ye ain't hard o' hearin'," said 'Bijah.

"I didn't know it. I was to be sold like an ox again," returned Sarah.

"What d'ye s'pose they'd do with ye? Send ye off to boardin' school at expense o' the town, hey?"

"I can earn my own living, I have earned it for two years, if the truth was known. They've no right to sell me like this. And if they had they ought to know better'n to sell me to such as you!" cried Sarah, letting the indignant words out in a flood now that she had dared to begin.

"What d'ye mean by that, hey? Better be keerful, better be keerful!" snarled 'Bijah.

"I ain't going with you, that's all! There is about it, Mr. Green," said Sarah, and she drew backward a pace.

"Ain't goin' with me?" echoed the tuckmister, showing his ragged teeth in a wolfish fashion.

"No, I ain't goin' with you, nor with anybody that I don't live out to on my own account. I won't be a pauper, and be sold like a slave. I'll find a place to work and earn wages, too. So you may drive your old nag home alone, for all I care about you!"

'Bijah was in a fury. He leaped from his veichle and made a dash toward the girl. But he was not so young or so nimble as he was once, while Sarah Golding could run like a deer. She darted past him so closely that her ragged skirts whisked against his outstretched arm, and forth from the shed.

The other paupers, who were children, stared at her in open-mouthed wonder. They saw her flit around the corner of the building, strike into a footpath and disappear a moment later in the woods beyond.

'Bijah Green stared, then started in pursuit, hobbling over the wet ground to the edge of the woods, and then after a moment's pause, retraced his steps to his buggy.

"Might as well run after a run-away calf, 'Bijah," said Sam Carter, who had witnessed the whole affair, and was rather pleased than otherwise at its outcome.

"I'll ketch the hussy, if I have ter chase her with dogs, as I would a fox!" cried the other. And he plied his whip mercilessly to the sorrel horse, and drove furiously homeward. In his heart he believed that Sarah Golding would be around in a more humble mood, and be glad enough to accept shelter in his dwelling.

While 'Bijah Green drove rapidly homeward, another team left the vicinity of the shed and was driven away from the town upon another road. The driver was a young man who had come in from a large town ten miles distant upon a business errand, and who had been a spectator at the close of the vendue. He had a kind, intelligent face, and evinced his disgust at the sale.

John Townsend, which was the young man's name, had to call at a prosperous looking farmhouse soon after leaving the town and as his business was a real-estate transaction the entire afternoon passed before it was completed. When he started to go on it still rained, and was growing dark.

Away he drove down the darkening road, a little vexed at being delayed so long on his homeward journey.

A mile or more of the lonely road had been traversed when it suddenly occurred to him that the blanket, which had been flung over the horse whenever he hitched, and had been folded and placed on the seat of the vehicle when not in use, was not then in its accustomed place.

"Just like the man to have left it in the barn when he hitched up for me," he exclaimed. "Then he reached down and fumbled underneath the seat for the missing article.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, suddenly withdrawing his hand and springing to his feet. For he had touched something he knew he had never stowed away in that place, something that moved, that lived!

He drew his horse quickly down to a halt, and while he was doing so, and he was bracing his muscles for an encounter with a robber, the stowaway hastily scrambled forth from the hiding-place.

"I—I didn't mean you to hint me," exclaimed the one who rose from the bottom of the carriage, and crouched against the dashboard with a frightened, upturned face.

It was the chattel which 'Bijah Green had bid off at such a low figure, Sarah Golding, the pauper. And her eyes were moist, and her face upturned appealingly to John Townsend. He recognized her instantly.

"Well, if this isn't a go!" he exclaimed.

"Come," he added, "get up and sit on the seat. This is the way to ride in a gentleman's carriage. How in the name of wonder did you get there? You're the—er—I mean I saw you at the vendue, and understood you were going to work for one 'Bijah Green, wasn't that his name?"

"He bought me, but I ran away from him," said Sarah. "You won't carry me back, will you?" she quickly added.

"He is a hard master, I will never stay with him, I will live in the woods first."

John scratched his head. "I don't know what else to do, I declare," he helplessly exclaimed.

"I can work for your wife, and take care of your children. I am real patient with children."

"Good gracious," John ejaculated, "I haven't any wife, much less children, and there isn't any prospect of my getting in that fix right away. Really, now, what's your name?"

"Sarah Golding," was the tremulous answer.

"Really, Sarah," resumed John in his kindest tones, "I can't take care of you situated as I am, and as for finding you a place, why, it mightn't turn out any better than 'Bijah Greens. I'd better take you back. The town—eh—ah"—

John Townsend's speech ended abruptly. The carriage wheels upon his side had suddenly dropped into a dangerous gully formed that day by the heavy rains. He was thrown forcibly out, and as he fell an excruciating pang shot through his shoulder. He knew it meant dislocation and perhaps weeks of idleness afterward. He scarcely thought of the stowaway then, in the realization of his own mishap.

The horse did not run, and Townsend soon became aware that some one was tugging at his uninjured arm.

"Come," said Sarah, for it was she, "I have righted the carriage and I will drive for you if you can only manage to get in somehow. Let me help you. Are you much hurt?"

She did help him, so handily that he secretly blessed his stars that she was there. And she drove him home, by his directions, with a coolness that he admired heartily.

"She's a capable girl, I'm sure," he said to his mother the next day, "and now I'm going to be laid up awhile and make you extra work, we'd better let her stay. She ought to be worth her keep."

So it was settled, and Sarah remained in the great, comfortable Townsend farm-house, not only until John's shoulder was well, but until her seventeenth birthday, and all the while she strove hard to improve her education, and above all to learn to be a model housekeeper. She succeeded remarkably well in both.

John was a plain, practical fellow, and it was hard for him to believe that he could get entangled in a matrimonial way. Yet he had to give up. Sarah had grown prettier and more sensible every day, until at last he found himself saying to her, with an eager tremor in his voice.

"I—I've made up my mind that I'm in love with you, Sarah! Would it be possible for me to bid over 'Bijah Green and gain you for my own?"

"It is the lowest bidder that wins when one is a pauper ward," she answered.

"I'm not bidding that way, Sarah. You will never be a pauper ward again if I can help it," said John.

"Then I am glad 'Bijah Green was the lowest bidder then, for had it been some one else I might not have run away and found you," was Sarah's low spoken response.—[Yankee Blade.

The Fixed Stars Not Fixed.

Science now instructs us that beyond doubt there are movements among the fixed stars which will eventually break up and scatter the constellations as they are now mapped on our celestial charts. These constellations have been observed and mapped during a period of only about 4,000 years. Careful measurements have been made during only one or two centuries, but enough has been learned in that short time to prove that the so called fixed stars are not "fixed." One of the most striking instances of the constant and yet almost imperceptible changes taking place in the heavens is to be found in the motion of the seven bright stars collectively known as the Big Dipper.

Huggins, the noted astronomer, is now engaged in proving that five of these stars are moving in the same direction, while the other two are moving in a direction directly opposite. Professor Flammarion had reduced Huggins' calculations to a system, arranging them upon charts. These ingeniously constructed heavenly outlines show that 100,000 years ago the "Dipper" stars were arranged in the outline of a large and irregular shaped cross, and that 100,000 years hence they will have assumed the form of an elongated diamond, stretching over three or four times the extent of the sky now occupied.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

Knots on Trees.

It is a mistake to suppose that the knots or warts which are very common on some species of forest trees are due to insects, fungus, or accident, or are in any way unnatural growths. They develop as results neither of the health nor disease of the tree, nor of such conditions as special kinds of soil or situations. Science Gossip thus accounts for their formation:

"In the barks of our forest trees are contained a multitude of latent buds, which are developed and grow under certain favorable conditions. Some trees possess this property in a remarkable degree, and often, when the other parts are killed down by frost, the propertyof pushing out these latent buds into growth preserves the life of the plant. These buds having once begun to grow, adhere to the woody layer at their base, and push out their points through the bark toward the light.

"The buds then unfold and develop leaves, which elaborate the sap carried up the small shoot. Once elaborated, it is certain that the bark, when it reaches the base or inner bark. Here it is arrested, so to speak, and deposited between the outside and inner layer of bark, as can be learned on examining specimens on the trees in the woods almost anywhere."

In Portugal.

Here a man may look about him and almost forget that the world has grown older and sadder. Here he will see the plowman and the carter guiding oxen in size and shape such as the ancient Romans bred, yoked to such primitive plows, or cars as we can still see on Greek and Roman coins. The rules and methods of tillage are the same simple and often foolish ones as the ancients followed; the old heathen superstitions still mingle with the new religion; the people's language is liker to the old one that came from Rome than any still extant; and plowman and wagoner and reaper, the shepherd in his goatskin coat, and the maiden with her distaff, might all take their places in some such rural procession as we see sculptured on a Roman bas relief of the Augustan age. The very aspects of nature, the gentle air, the vines and olive trees, the rocks, valleys, running streams, the songs of birds, and murmuring of bees on thymy hills are all such as the sweetest of all pastoral poets used as accompaniments to his idyllic song of a happy rural life.—[Oswald Crawford.

A COUNTRY BOY'S RISE

The Life Story of Bank President Williams, of New York City.

"Forty years ago, one pleasant summer day, a good deacon from Norwalk, Conn., drove into the city of New York in an old-fashioned one-horse shay. He brought with him his son, a mere boy of eighteen or nineteen, then for the first time to experience the vicissitudes of life in a large city. Would you like to know what became of that boy?" inquired Mr. J. S. Gaffney of New York, Superintendent of Agencies for the United States Life Insurance Company, now registered at the Coates House.

"Well, I will tell you. To-day that youth is the President of the Chemical National Bank of New York City, the most solid and substantial banking institution in the country. His name is George Williams, and he has been connected with that bank in some capacity from the day he first entered the door with his father forty years ago until the present. Such a record here in America, where everything is shifting and changing, is worth more than a passing mention.

"The Chemical National Bank is the bank in which the wealthy New Yorkers, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and many others who care more for security than interest make their large deposits. I myself have seen a check for $5,000,000 in favor of Jay Gould drawn on the Chemical National Bank. The stock is limited to $300,000, but the property of the bank, independent of the name, is worth $10,000,000. Is it any wonder that the shares, which started in at a par value of $100, are now worth $5,000 at least, and it is almost impossible to get one of them at any figure? Other banks come and go, other banks rise and fall, but this bank seems to have caught glimpses of immortality, if this phrase can be used in speaking of a bank.

"The brains of this bank, the man who has made it what it is to a large degree, is George Williams. His record is one to be envied. He has made money himself, and he is rated a millionaire several times over in the commercial agencies. But he can command tens of millions of dollars. He is regarded as one of the best among living financiers. If you can get his indorsement to any project you can get any amount of money that you need in New York. Go to your Kansas City banker or any bank on either side of the water and whisper the magic name of George Williams to them and it will come the sesame to open their vaults and let out their millions. Too often the world, in its merit, the world of men like George Williams is forgotten in the rush of life, especially when one is always in a hurry, but once in a while we remember these things."—Kansas City Times.

History of Opium.

Opium had its origin somewhere in southwest Asia. The medicinal properties it possesses were recognized from a very ancient period. Two thousand years ago and for some time later it was customary to extract the drug from the entire plant. From the first to the twelfth century the only opium known to commerce was that produced in Asia Minor. The poppy was carried to India by the signal Mohammedanism, and in the provinces of Bengal and Malwa the growing of it became subsequently a proprietary right of the Great Mogul, who regularly farmed out the privilege. The plant was introduced to China by the Arabs later on. In India, however, the monopoly of the cultivation passed in 1773 into the hands of the East India Company through Lord Clive's victory at Plassey. From the time to this opium has been an enormous source of revenue to England from India. The Emperor of China tried his best to exclude its exportation to his kingdom, even issuing edicts against the smoking of opium, disobedience of which was punishable by transportation or death. Nevertheless, so rapidly did the habit spread in the flowery land that, where up to nearly the close of the eighteenth century the importation of opium from India into China amounted to only 200 chests, by 1820 it had amounted to 15,000 chests. In 1839 the Chinese emperor made a proclamation threatening hostilities in case English opium ships serving as depots for the drug were not driven away. At the same time 20,000 chests full were seized and destroyed. Each chest contained about 150 pounds and the value of the merchandise thus destroyed was about $10,000,000. The British tried to smuggle cargoes ashore and resulted, the outcome of which was that Great Britain compelled China by treaty signed in 1842 to admit the drug to Celestial ports. From that time until to-day, despite the protests of the Chinese government, exports of opium from India to China have steadily increased.—[Washington Star.

Twenty Stories High.

The new Masonic building now being erected in Chicago will be an architectural marvel. It is to have a frontage of 170 feet, a depth of 144 feet, and will be twenty stories high, and the roof will be nearly 300 feet from the level of the street. There are to be eighteen elevators, arranged in a semi circle, with a total carrying capacity of 40,000 passengers daily. The entrances are to be fifty feet high by twenty-eight wide, and the rotunda, within a area of three thousand and seven hundred square feet, will be opened to the roof, where there will stand a pavilion for a garden from which to get a bird's-eye view of all creation.

A "great story" building has lately projected in London, but the idea of nearly takes the breath away from the people there, and it modestes-half a generation before they will work to erect it.—[Scientific American.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "A Religious Movement in 1891."

TEXT: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."—Luke xxiv., 49.

For a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the printing press an ever-continuous opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement. Some have grown cold, and the world have lost sight of the church and the world have lost sight of the church and the world have lost sight of the church