TWO YANKEE WOMEN.

"You might just as well as not give it up at once, Hannah Doble," the widow Doble said, jerking out her words between the thumps of the sad-iron with which she was ironing a linen waistcoat. "Jeff Larkin ain't no sort of weekly company for my darter," and the iron came down with an extra crash, and the widow lifted it to within an inch of her cheek, and deciding that it was too cool for further use, carried it to the stove and took up another.

Meanwhile Hannah steadily bent her head over the sewing machine at which she sat, and said nothing.

"You are paying attention to me, Hannah Jane Doble?" queried the mother.

"Yes, mother, I hear," said Hannah.

Mrs. Doble felt that this was all that was necessary. Her word was law, and Hannah never answered back.

The sewing machine hummed. The iron crashed at intervals for half an hour afterward, then the widow lifted her full basket to the top of the chest of drawers, folded the ironing blanket, put away the stand and holder, filled the kettle and put it on, made the dough she had set to rise up into biscuits and put them into the oven and sat down beside her work basket. On it lay a muslin waist, a little bunch of forget-me-nots scattered over a white ground.

"If I didn't forget," said Mrs. Doble. "I can't cut two sleeves out of what is left of the patron, nohow, and seein' it's blindman's holiday you might as well take the time to run to the store and get a yard more. I dunno whether to tell you to tell Priscilly Coots that she gave me short measure or not. Ef I was goin' myself I'd do it sure, but bein' you air young I dunno as I orter tell you to sass an elderly person, but you might kinder look so, and it wouldn't be no harm if you said that usually twelve good yards made you a muslin dress."

Hannah Jane had risen from the machine and was folding the muslin skirt which she had just completed. She laid it on the basket beside her mother without a word, and took up the two bits of money that the latter had taken from her pocketbook and laid on the table. Then she put on her hat, still without saying a word.

"You heard what I said, Hannah Jane?" queried the widow.

"Yes, ma, I heard," said Hannah, and went to the door. There she stood quite still for a moment, then came back, bent over her mother and kissed her.

Kissing was an unusual proceeding with that household, but this was an unusual occasion perhaps, and the widow patted the girl's soft pink cheek and held her slim hand a moment.

"You know it's only fur your good, Hannah Jane," she said gently. "I wouldn't want you to have to bear what some does. I knowed Jeff Larkin's pa and his uncle. He takes after them; two men like's pease in a pod takes after each other. He ain't fit fur a good gal like you, Hannah Jane Doble."

Hannah was half way to the door again by this time.

"You heard what I said, Hannah Jane?" queried Mrs. Doble.

"Yes, ma," said Hannah. "I heard." And the door closed behind her.

The widow went to the window and watched her daughter out of sight. Despite the typical New England coldness of her manner, she loved that slim, pretty, pink and white girl of hers devotedly, and it was no caprice that made her roughen the course of what, in Hannah's case, was certainly true love.

The worthless boy with a pretty face was certainly not the husband any sensible woman could desire for her daughter, especially in the walk of life which demanded hard work and steady purpose of the head of the family. If they had been fashionable people, he the son of a rich man, who inherited his money and had no need for labor for it, the woman won by his fine eyes might never have found him out. But there among the plain village folk, one like Jeff dragged the woman he married down into sordid poverty in a few years.

"Like as not Hannah would hev to take in sewing or go out washing before long," the widow said. "It's better to smash feelings to once than to hev 'em chip off by degrees." Then she began to set the tea table.

"I'll get out some plum sass," she said, talking to herself, "and I dunno but we might as well eat up the pound cake. Hannah is a favorite of sweets."

She hustled about, making the meal as tempting as possible, forgetting the old days of her girlhood when a little tiff with young John Doble could take away her appetite, thinking to make Hannah Jane happy with plum preserves and pound cake. It grew dark and she lighted the lamp, but she did not draw down the shade. It seemed to her that it would be more cheerful for Hannah, coming up the lane, to see the warm glow from the keeping room window. Hannah staid longer than she thought she would.

"I suppose there's some of them long talkers in the store," said Mrs. Doble to herself; "and Hannah ain't one to push herself or say, 'Couldn't you wait on me, Mrs. Coots?' Hannah is most too quiet. Her pa always let himself be put on without makin' no remarks. She takes after him. Now, I always had my say, and so I got my way."

She stood at the window looking out for ten minutes longer; then she took her shawl from a peg behind the door and threw it over her head, and went out into the garden and down the path.

"I wish Hannah would come," she said. "I didn't think she'd be so late. I don't know as there is any tramps about, but it's kinder lonely along past Winkle's barn and the school house o' nights."

She walked on. The chill of evening—the soft mystery of the starlight awakened in her bosom a nameless dread, such as comes to those who have faith in the supernatural and fear to see "something white" change into a veritable specter.

"It's kind o' spooky," the widow Doble said to herself. "I do wish I hadn't let Hannah Jane go by herself; I do wish I hadn't."

So she walked on until the village stones were beneath her feet and the store in sight, Mrs. Coots standing on its step, arms akimbo, as though business was over for the evening.

"I got scared about Hannah, she was gone so long," Mrs. Doble said, her breath shortening, her voice a little faint. "Did she come into the store, Priscilly?"

"Oh, yes, for that muslin," said Mrs. Coots, "not ten minutes ago. I was real sorry. You see, I cheated you without knowin' it. Some of the numbers is rubbed off the yard marks on the counter, and my glasses got broke, and without 'em I couldn't see good. I've been chagrined unpremeditated, so I didn't take nothin' fur the extry piece. I guess you'll find Hannah to home when you go back. Probably she took the cross road way, seein' I kept her talkin', and there was one or two in besides. They all got talkin', too—kind of laughin' and skylarkin', you know. Boys and girls together, young folks will. We used to ourselves."

"So we did, Priscilly," said Mrs. Doble. "But I must run home."

And away she sped, happy when the light from her own window was visible.

"Of course she came home cross road way," she said to herself.

But when she had opened the door she saw that Hannah was not in the room. Neither was she upstairs in either of the tidy bedrooms or in the darkened parlor.

"She's stopped somewhere or other I suppose," she said. "But that ain't like my Hannah Jane, neither."

Out again she hurried into the garden, fearing to leave the gate lest the girl should come home while she was away. But the 9 o'clock bell rang out, and still she stood there chilled through and through, but most of all cold at heart.

She had gone down to the village by the cross roads; she had called her daughter's name over and over again, returning always to the gate—always peeping in at the window to see if Hannah had returned. Now she bethought her of a neighbor who would help her hunt for Hannah—who had men and dogs and lanterns at command. The awful stories told of girls found murdered in lonely places were making the poor woman ill with terror, and off she went again.

The clock was striking 10; the farmer was making the last rounds of stable and barn with his little son at his heels.

"Halloo, Mrs. Doble!" he cried. "Nothing wrong?"

"Yes," she answered, grim and gray in her mortal anguish—"yes; Hannah is missing—my Hannah—sence 5 o'clock—sence 6, anyway. She'd been to the store—I'm thinkin' of tramps."

"Good Lud!" cried the farmer. "Oh, I hope not, Mrs. Doble—I hope not!"

"Nothing is the matter, Mrs. Doble," cried the boy at his father's side. "Miss Hannah has gone on the cars. I saw her at the depot. She was along with Jeff Larkin. Seven o'clock train they took. She had quite a sizable bag, for I saw her get it from the baggage master, like he'd been keeping it for her."

"Nothing the matter," the child had said in his ignorance; but the father understood why Mrs. Doble turned her face to the side of the barn and shook as with an ague.

"Carry them kindlings in, Tom," he said, and when they were alone his big hand came down softly on the elderly woman's spare shoulder.

"Dunno as I can help you any, Mrs. Doble," he said, "but I feel for you."

"Thank you," she gasped. "I was so afraid she'd marry him. I talked to her. She didn't answer back; she never does."

"Well, the best you can hope now is that she will," said the farmer.

He walked home with her across the road and saw her seated in her rocking chair.

The biscuit were black coals in the oven, the tea kettle had boiled dry, and the bottom, a flery red mass, had dropped upon the stove. The cat was drinking the milk, but for the first time in her life Mrs. Doble took heed of nothing. Even on the dreadful day of her husband's death she had tidied up her room as usual, had seen that all was in order. Now she sat where her neighbor had placed her, tearless, white, almost motionless, all night long. In the morning neighbors flocked in and put her to bed and gave her strong green tea, and later the postman brought a paper with the marriage notices marked in blue pencil. There she read:

"On the evening of the — of October, at the residence of the Rev. Samuel Dove, Jefferson Larkin to Hannah Jane, daughter of the late John Doble, all of Strawville."

"That ought to lighten your heart," said a well meaning friend, "their being properly married."

"Of course I knowed they would be," the mother answered sharply. "I brought her up to be decent."

A few days afterward she was up and at her daily tasks again. She never mentioned her daughter; no one ever spoke to her. People asked her to tea often, thinking that she must be lonely. She always accepted their invitations. Whatever her feelings were she locked them in her bosom, and she folded the half finished muslin gown away in the old chest of drawers and covered it with clean paper on which was sprinkled a layer of dried lavender, and beside it she laid the sleeve pattern.

So the years glided by. Time drew little lines under Mrs. Doble's eyes at the corner, the hollows deepened in her cheeks, her forehead was ruled like a copy book. Slowly he changed her hair, only a little "mixed" when Hannah Jane took the train to New York that night, to pure white; but she wore it in the same little twist, fastened up by the same black comb.

The value of a cap in old age is not appreciated as it should be by country matrons. Whether her dull, gray brown dresses lasted forever, or were supplied by fac-similes, one could not say. Her best black silk was the same with a new side plaiting now and then; her figure, long and straight and shapeless, altered not at all, nor her long, strong stride up the village street and down the church aisle on Sunday.

She washed on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, made butter on Wednesday, baked on Thursday, swept and dusted on Friday, and prepared on Saturday as usual.

Years altered nothing. Fifteen of them were gone, when, one afternoon, she stood at the table ironing her linen duster with slow thrusts and singing softly in quiver lyrics between the thumps, "When I can read—my title—clear." She had just turned the duster and was pressing the collar, as she droned the words, "To mansions—in"—when the door behind her opened and a woman, thin and worn, and dressed in shabby widow's mourning, entered the door. She carried in her hand a little parcel, and walking softly to the ironing table laid it down before Mrs. Doble.

"There is the muslin, ma," she said. "Mrs. Coots wouldn't take the change. Said she'd made a mistake, her eyes being poor. Here it is."

She placed a dime and a five cent piece beside the parcel and waited, both hands in wrinkled black cotton gloves, through which the nails were visible upon the table.

Mrs. Doble took up the iron and carried it to the stove, folded the duster, laid it upon the basket and lifted that to the top of the chest of drawers. Then she put the ironing cloth away and unfolded the parcel.

"She's given good measure this time, Hannah Jane," she said. "Poor Priscilly always meant well. Mr. Coots is married again. It's most blindman's holiday; but I guess I can see to cut out them sleeves."

She had opened the drawer and the fragrance of dried lavender filled the room, and the blue muslin saw the light again. She spread out the new piece upon the table and pinned the pattern to it.

Hannah had taken off her hat and veil and her miserable, little mantilla with its tattered, crimped braid fringe, and sat down in the rocking chair.

"We might as well make it up, fur spring will be along before we know it," Mrs. Doble went on. "And you hadn't orter wear weeds fur anybody that has treated you as bad as Jeff Larkin did—all the Larkins always did. I know just how it has been. Do you hear me, Hannah?"

"Yes, ma, I hear," said Hannah faintly, her voice broken by emotion.

The widow turned. She stood and looked upon her daughter, and saw in her fair face, whence the pretty pink had flown, in the blue eyes that had lost all their sunshine, all the woe of wretched years of neglect and ill usage, all the hopeless longing for home and mother; and Hannah, as she gazed upon the furrowed cheeks, upon the forehead, where the wrinkles ran one above the other to meet the white hair, knew that age and sorrow had done this work alone, but that they had sharper than the serpent's tooth, and that "it is to have a thankless child" understood for the first time what it was that she had done to her mother, and with a wild cry stretched out her arms as a frightened babe might from its cradle.

The next instant those two cold New England women were in each other's arms, clasping and clinging as they had never done before. They never spoke one word, but only wept and wept upon each other's bosom as though they would dissolve in tears in this sudden rush and overflow of the pent up emotions of a lifetime.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER DISEASE.

Loss of appetite; bad breath; bad taste in the mouth; tongue coated; pain under the shoulder-blade; in the back or side—often mistaken for rheumatism; sour stomach, with flatulency and water-brash; indigestion; bowels lax and costive by turns; headache, with dull, heavy sensation; restlessness, with sensation of having left something undone which ought to have been done; fullness after eating; bad temper; blues; tired feeling; yellow appearance of skin and eyes; dizziness, etc.

Not all, but always some of these indicate want of action of the Liver. For

A Safe, Reliable Remedy

that can do no harm and has never been known to fail to do good

Take Simmons Liver Regulator

—AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR—

Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

"I have been practicing medicine for twenty years and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectually move the Liver to action, and at the same time aid instead of weakening, the digestive and assimilative powers of the system."

L. M. HIXSON, M.D., Washington, Ark.

ONLY GENUINE

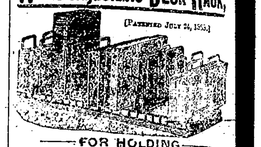
Has our Z Stamp in red on front of wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PENN CHEMICAL WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE Wells Adjustable DESK RACK,

(PATENTED JULY 24, 1883.)



FOR HOLDING PAPERS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC.

Adjustable.—The Partitions can be moved instantly to any of the different convenient positions.

Simple!—Nothing to get out of order.—Easy of distribution.

Strong!—Will hold upright one ton of book.

Hanging Attachment!—Wire loops attached for hanging the Rack against the wall, thereby securing a shelf.

Cheap!—The following sizes, in stock, by express, or mail (postage 12 lbs.), to cents transportation, price:

Sizes.	Depth.	Height.	Price.
6	5	10	1 00
6	6	10	1 10
6	7	10	1 20
6	8	10	1 30
6	9	10	1 40
6	10	10	1 50
6	12	10	1 75
6	14	10	2 00

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.

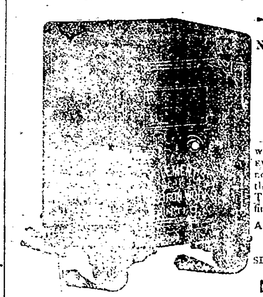
NOISELESS, PERFECT ACTION, MODERATE PRICES.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT, A COMFORT EVERY HOUSEHOLD NEEDS, BUY ONE.

BEST INVALID'S CHAIR IN THE WORLD!

SEND FOR CIRCULARS AT ONCE. WALTER HEYWOOD 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 $12.00 up.

The Clements "Excelsior" is what everybody want. PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYBODY. All made of Wrought Iron or Cast Iron used. All of doors have the CLEMENTS COMBINATION LOCK. They are fireproof in every respect, and finished in an extra fine manner.

Agents wanted in new territory. Liberal Discounts.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

H. CLEMENTS, 166 and 168 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. IV ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., MARCH 18, 1891. NO. 32.

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 month,	80.50
Daily, per year,	6 00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
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 IRON TONIC

TRADE MARK.

THE ONLY TRUE

Will Purify the Blood, regulate the Liver and Bowels and Restore the Health and Vigor of Youth. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, Muscles and Nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy color to the complexion. Prevents attempts at counterfeits. Do not experiment with the genuine DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, which has stood the test of ages and proved its merits to be the best and most reliable blood purifier. Sold by druggists, $1.00 per bottle. Large Illustrated Book containing testimonials, etc., mailed free. Address DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

LADIES Ask your druggist for DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are the best family cathartic. Mild, reliable, sure. Sugar coated, 25 doses, 25 cents.

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 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 7:39 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. BOELE, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. KINARSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R.

T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

EAST BOUND.

Leave Eldred	10.15 a m	4.00 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m	4.37 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m	5.00 p m
" Allentown	11.39 a m	5.24 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.15 a m	6.00 p m

WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	1.45 pm
" Allentown	8.38 a. m.	2.23 pm
" Bolivar	9.00 a. m.	2.45 pm
" Ceres	9.28 a. m.	3.13 pm
" Eldred	10:00 a. m.	3.47 pm

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

W., C. & P. C. Railroad.

Time table Feb. 19, 1891.

North Bound. 6	4	2		South Bound 1	3	5
p.m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	a. m.
1 40	5 45	8 45	ar Wellsville lv	7 05	4 00	11 00
1 36	5 41	8 41	Dukes Mills	7 09	4 04	11 06
1 22	5 31	8 31	Ford's Brook	7 19	4 14	11 16
1 13	5 23	8 23	Marsh Creek	7 27	4 22	11 30
1 00	5 16	8 16	Alfred	7 35	4 30	11 42
12 53	5 10	8 10	Shongo	7 42	4 37	11 56
12 40	5 00	8 00	lv Genesee ar	7 56	4 45	12 00

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't.

PATENTS!

Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all patent business conducted for moderate fees.

Our office is opposite U. S. Patent office. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at less cost than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost, refer to actual clients in your state, county or town sent free. Address,

O. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

How to Keep an Umbrella.

"Do you know how I have kept my umbrellas for years?" said a man to his companion in the elevated train. "Well, I'll show you," and he lifted up a fold of the handsome silk one he held in his hand. Right in the center of the fold was a round hole. "First thing I do," he said, "when I get a new umbrella is to cut a circular hole in it about as big as a cookey, close to the edge. That doesn't hurt the umbrella for service any, but it looks queer and nobody ever wants it. Nobody at home borrows it, nobody ever takes it by mistake; or, if it is taken, the mistake never lasts longer than it takes to open the umbrella.

"It's surer than one's name, even when one puts 'stolen from' before it, because nobody ever really believes that legend, you see, and it passes for a joke. I began putting this mark on my umbrella twelve years ago, and I've carried every umbrella I've bought since until the silk wore out. And not one would have been taken off if I had carried it until the holes wore out."—New York Evening Sun.

Time on Shipboard.

Eight bells, the highest number of taps, are rung at noon and every fourth hour afterward. An even number of bells announce the hours of the day or night, an odd number the half hours. Thus, one bell after the noon hour means 12:30, two bells mean 1, and so on; seven bells in the morning designate the time for breakfast; eight bells at noon, dinner time; three bells, 5:30, supper time. The time of day is always divided by sailors according to the bells, and not by the hours, the bells being their most familiar means of timekeeping.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Negroes Eat Lion.

The lion is eaten by some African races, although its flesh is in small favor with them, while the Zulus find carrion so much to their liking that, according to Dr. Colenso, they apply to food teeming with large colonies of grubs the comprehensive word "ubomi," which signifies in their uncouth jargon "great happiness." David Livingstone tells us that the aboriginal Australians and the Hottentots prefer the intestines of animals, and he adds that "it is curious that this is the part which wild animals always begin with, and that it is the first choice of our men." The hippopotamus is another favorite meat of the Africans, when they catch it. Its flesh when young is tender and palatable, but it becomes very coarse and unpleasant with advancing years. The Abyssinians find the rhinoceros much to their liking; so they do the elephant, which is also eaten in Sumatra.—Scottish Review.

Flower Clocks.

There is not an hour of the day that is not the beloved hour of some blossom. Linnæus, the celebrated botanist, conceived the pleasant notion of a flower clock. Instead of a rude metal bell to thump the hour, there is a little flower bell, ready to open at 3 o'clock, a flower star that will shine forth at 4 and a flower cup, perhaps, will appear at 5 o'clock to remind old fashioned folk that it is near tea time. Claude Lorraine, although he did not, like Linnæus, make a clock of four-and-twenty flowers in his garden, was a landscape painter most familiar with nature, and when he was abroad he could at any time know what o'clock it was by asking the time of the flowers of the field.—Toronto Globe.

Had His Hands Full.

Briggs—While I was in the laundry the other day getting my collars and cuffs a fellow outside of the door pitched into another fellow and almost kicked him.

Griggs—Why didn't you separate them?

Briggs—I was busy with the laundryman.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Slow Work.

In the last fifty years over $100,000,000 in cash has been raised to teach the African to love his neighbor as himself, and yet no two races are every at peace, and the first salutation a stranger receives is a poisoned arrow.—Detroit Free Press.

No Use for a Husband.

He (pointedly)—Have you ever thought of marrying?

She—No; I have a parrot that can swear.—Puck.

The Mexicans eat salt with their oranges, both because they prefer the fruit so seasoned, and because it is considered to be more wholesome with salt.

BELLES OF THE BIBLE.

Much the Same Ornaments and Style of Dress in Solomon's Time as Now.

It is an interesting fact and to a great extent true that the style of dress and ornaments of the ladies of the present day is much the same as in the time of Solomon. With the many changes of centuries, the gradation of chignons and crinolines, much of the simple grace and easy symmetry of ancient Greece has taken their place in the Nineteenth century.

The Scriptures narrate a great many things about the style of dress worn in the time of Solomon. In the law of Moses directions are given concerning the garments worn by the Israelites. In the Book of Judges the girls of that period are described by Deborah as "a prey of divers of needlework."

Lemuel says, "Their clothing is of silk and purple."

In the frequent intercourse between the Jewish and other natives the ladies, tired of their primitive simplicity, sought the fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phœnicians, and the luxurious Persians. Even the patient Job became impatient at so much dressing and thought of the adornment of the person, and Isaiah denounces the "women of the period, living for nothing but dress and flirtation, with their great desire to "see and be seen."

The tunic spoken of in the time of King Solomon was very much like the polonaise of the present time. The belts and fancy girdles and clasps and buckles are the same thing as the leather girdles and silver buckles worn in the Bible times. We also find recorded the fact that trains were worn to dresses, and that camels' hair shawls were common among the ladies of that age. Embroidered mantles are also mentioned, and they were fastened with gold pins. The hair must have been quite elaborately dressed to judge from Bible descriptions, and many ornaments were worn. It was oiled, dyed and put up in coils. Little curls were allowed to hang loose over the forehead, and strange as it sounds the young ladies of Solomon's time used paint to make their cheeks red.

Veils were worn, and the sandals were made of blue and violet colored leather with fancy lockets.

Solomon, it is related, said to Shulamite: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O, prince's daughters!" Thin nets were worn and earrings of great value were commonly used. Bracelets were worn upon the right arm instead of the left, strings of pearls and heavy gold chains round the neck, rings on the fingers and other ornaments were fashionable. There are many belles spoken of by women in the Bible, and the history of some of their love stories is very touching.

The beauty of the women of that time is often mentioned, and life must have been much as it is now among the young people. If you will examine the Scripture to find anything used at the present day which is still called by the old timed names, you will almost invariably find the same article mentioned somewhere in the Bible. There is indeed little that is new under the sun.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Famous Cat.

There was a famous cat at Christchurch. This was the common room cat. This room was of course sacred to dons, but when a man took his bachelor's, his tutor generally asked him to wine in the common room. There, if he were lucky, he might hear Osborne Gordon come out with some of his wit and wisdom. He might also view a process which attested both the agility of the cat and the agility of the human subject. Above the fireplace was a mantlepiece, and above the mantlepiece a bust of the venerable Dr. Busby and above the bust a bracket on the wall. The don would stand before the fireplace, and with a dexterous jerk would toss up a biscuit which would alight on the bracket.

Pussy would bound to the mantlepiece, then to the bald head of the venerable Busby, and finally to the bracket. It was cleverly done, both by cat and don, but the chief credit of the gymnastic feat was supposed to remain with the cat. There was one man of long standing who was very fond of mice, which used to reside in his pockets and run freely about his clothes. Any person in the pursuit of natural history would be pardoned in the college which owned Frank Buckland as a student, whose remarkable performances that way will long be a tradition at Oxford.—Temple Bar.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Would You?

See here, what beautiful rye!
When ground in the mill,
And baked with skill
I like it as well as a pie.
Do you?

But oh, what miserable stuff!
When passed through the still
And fashioned to kill,
I'd never a drop of it touch,
Would you?

Behold the barley, all golden and bright!
When fed to the hogs,
Or even the dogs,
They fatten, but never get tight.
Do you?

But oh, what poisonous slop!
When given to brew,
To rot and to stew,
Why, dogs would not touch a drop,
Would you?

Here are the grains and all of them good,
The wheat and the oats, and the barley and rye,
The Lord made them all for nourishing food
But not for the poisons that cause men to die.

The Tokio Temperance Society was organized by Miss Jessie Ackerman, March 18, 1890; it now numbers eight hundred members.

The W. C. T. U. of Elmira, N. Y., has entered upon a Law and Gospel crusade against the houses of ill-fame in that city. They began by a petition, largely signed, asking for the enforcement of the existing law against such houses, following this up with visits to the houses, where they labor with the girls, persuading them to abandon the life of shame and take refuge in the "Anchorage"—a mission house recently opened there for girls and women.

Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D. D., of Chicago, addressed the Congregational ministers of that city last week, upon "Truths to be Prominent." "One of the truth to be emphasized," said the preacher, "is the responsibility of citizenship. Official responsibility can easily be shown. The criminality of the official who for whatever reason is false to his trust, is obvious. In our system of government every citizen holds a public office and with it corresponding responsibilities. There is no need in this presence to use many words in calling attention to this point, yet it has more to do with the advancement of the kingdom of Christ among us than is commonly supposed." Speaking of misrule in cities, he said: "It is not a Christian citizenship in such a government as ours that holds its fingers idly while such an open sore of the city pollutes the civic honor and defies public conscience."

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, government director of educational matters in Alaska, is now in Boston trying to awaken interest in the religious and educational welfare of the people of the Northwest. He has just completed the tour of the territory and adjacent islands, in company with the goverment census-takers. They visited St. Lawrence Island in the Behring Sea, where there were known to be five flourishing villages not long ago. They found but one left to tell the tale of the other four. The year before a vessel laden with whiskey cruised around the island, exchanging her cargo for whalebone and fins. The whiskey gave out before she reached the fifth village, but the inhabitants of the four which were supplied, traveled in "fire water" during the season when they should have been preparing for the long winter. Under its exhilerating influence, they bade all care good-by, and amused themselves by fighting and often killing one another. Finally the whiskey was gone, the season was gone, winter came with famine and pestilence, and a year from the time of that fatal visit the four villages were wiped out.