BENEDICAM DOMINO.

Thank God for life! Life is not sweet always.
Hands may be heavy laden, hearts care full.
Unwelcome sigh follows unwelcome days,
And dreams divine end in awaking sin!
Still life is life, and life is cause for praise;
This ache, this restlessness, this cry, this sighing,
Prove we are temple and habitation fitted.
Prove me of him who is of life the spring;
I am alive—and that is beautiful.

Thank God for Love; though love may hurt and wound.
Though set with sharpest thorns its rose may be;
Roses are not of winter, all attuned
Must be the earth, filled with soft air and free,
And warm ere dawns the rose upon its tree.
Fresh currents through my frozen pulses run,
My heart has tasted summer, tasted sun!
Add I must thank thee, Lord, although not one
Of all the many roses blooms for me.

Thank God for Death! Bright thing with dreary name;
We wrong with mournful flowers her pure, still brow,
We heap her with reproaches and with blame;
Her sweetness and her fitness disallow,
Questioning bitterly on the why and how;
But calmly mild our clamor and surmise
She touches each in turn, and each grows wise
Taught by the light in her mysterious eyes;
I shall be glad, and I am thankful now!

—Susan Coolidge.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Sitting in this quiet, gloomy house alone this evening I, a solitary, gray haired old woman, am keeping the melancholy anniversary of the event which cast a blight on my whole life. Years ago I was the idolized child of the kindest of fathers. Sir Hugh Luxmoore, my widowed father, was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the county of Wicklow, and to me, Margaret, his only child, in my lovely home of Eagle's Nest, the time flew by in a golden dream. The Luxmoores were a handsome race, and after so many years I can say, without conceit, that I did not prove an exception to my ancestors in this respect. My good name and wealth attracted many suitors to Eagle's Nest; but among these I will only describe the two who were at once the happiness and misery of my life.

I was sitting alone one summer evening in a grotto by the lake, my favorite retreat, when suddenly a hand laid lightly on my arm caused me to turn, and I beheld Gaston Lay standing before me.

"I could not go away without seeing you once more, my darling Margaret!" began he. "The hope that you might retract your cruel words has held me here day after day. Say that there is one small ray of hope for me!"

"Mr. Lay, I intended my answer, given to you a week ago, to be final. I expressed then, as plainly as was in my power, and I repeat it now, that I do not love you, and can never be your wife. The continued renewal of this subject is most painful to me, and if longer persisted in my friendship for you will be turned into positive enmity."

"I would not offend you for worlds. Miss Luxmoore, and as now my last hope has crumbled to ashes I will relieve you of my very obnoxious presence. But in parting will you answer me one question?"

"If reasonable, yes."

"Is any other man so fortunate as to gain that precious love which is not for me?"

"Perhaps it will strengthen what I have already said to tell you that I am not quite whole hearted, Mr. Lay."

"Is it Capt. Dynecourt?"

"I can gratify your curiosity no further on this subject. But it is growing late, and I cannot remain out later. Good night, and good-by for the last time, Gaston."

Two months ago the passionate, desponding way in which this man covered my hand with kisses at parting would have excited my strongest sympathy, but during the past few weeks his persistence in declaring his love, which I never reciprocated, had made him almost an object of abhorrence to me. Our families had been friendly for many years, and as a child I was fond of Gaston Lay, but nothing more. During the past season a new star had arisen in my firmament, which eclipsed all previous ones. This star was my secretly betrothed husband, Geoffrey Dynecourt.

After leaving me in the grotto that summer evening Gaston Lay betook himself to his club, to see some friends before his departure to America. Finding the reading room empty, he took the opportunity to write a few urgent letters. This occupation finished he leaned back in his chair and buried his face in his hands. His meditations were finally interrupted by the entrance of the cause of his unhappiness, Geoffrey Dynecourt.

"Dynecourt," he began abruptly, "in three days I leave this country, forever probably. For three years I have cherished the idea that Margaret Luxmoore would one day be my wife, but now, after a final understanding, I find I have spoken too late. Her heart is another's, and, though I have no word of hers as proof, yet I feel certain that you, Dynecourt, are the happy possessor of what I considered my prize. I envy you more than tongue can express, but I bear no malice, and desire that we part friends."

"I cannot express my sympathy and astonishment at hearing this, Lay. I never supposed that yours was more than an ordinary friendship for Miss Luxmoore. Your candor on the subject invites my confidence, which is this: With irreproachable pride I can say that Margaret Luxmoore, loves me—loves me, and has promised to be no other man's wife. This is the bright side of the picture; hear the reverse, which I impart to you in the strictest confidence.

"In our family, on my mother's side, there is a streak of insanity. There is no proof that it still exists; but in one instance, many generations back, it has proved hereditary. Sir Hugh Luxmoore knows this, and, therefore, has refused me the hand of his daughter, and forbidden all intercourse between us. Were it not that Margaret loves me devotedly I should feel it my painful duty to fly from the allurements of her lovely face, but she encouraged me to stay, in the hope that her father may become reconciled to our marriage. It is a hard verdict that he has pronounced over us, but my darling has sworn to be true to me. We have occasional stolen meetings in which to discuss our prospects, which at present look gloomy enough."

"Nevertheless you are the happiest man on earth, for you have the certainty of Margaret's love. I will keep your secret inviolable, Dynecourt; but this conversation is too powerful for both of us, so it had better cease. I shall be off soon now. If you ever care to hear of me again this is my address in New York." And Gaston wrote a few words on a card which Geoffrey placed with the others in his card case.

"Now, good-by, old fellow. I shall not see you again probably, as I must spend my last days in the old country with my relatives in Clare, and shall go directly from there."

"Good-by, Lay! Be assured of my best wishes for your welfare on the other side of the water."

After a few more words at parting these two men separated, never to meet again in this world.

The day after the occurrence above narrated I was again in my favorite grotto, thinking, as was my wont, of Geoffrey Dynecourt. What happiness would be ours could my father's prejudice be overruled. I should never know a moment's peace if I married without his blessing, but certainly my present life knew no element of repose. I was incurring my father's anger on every occasion that I met Geoffrey, yet each day that passed without this meeting was one long, dreary blank for me.

At this point my reflections were interrupted by a shadow falling across the entrance of the grotto. The next instant Geoffrey Dynecourt seized both my hands in his and smothered my exclamations of delighted surprise by a shower of kisses.

"I have had another proof of my darling's constancy," he began; and then he described the interview with Gaston Lay. "But, Margaret, I have many gloomy forebodings that you may regret discarding a handsome young fellow like Lay for the sake of an unhappy wretch such as myself, branded, as it were, with the curse of his ancestors. Margaret, the thought that you may one day blast my happiness forever by sharing your father's opinion concerning me drives me almost wild at times. I believe that the curse of insanity died out of our family generations ago; but you have no proof of this, and your father may convince you that his judgment is best."

"Oh, Geoffrey, how can you distress me so by these suspicions? How often must I tell you that you are the light and happiness of my life, and I would rather die than give you up? It is hard to be content with these short, stolen visits, but brighter days will dawn for us, I am sure. When word of mine forbids your presence here you may know that I have succumbed to my father's will; till then trust me, will you not?"

"I will forever!"

But just then the sound of footsteps put an end to our conversation, and with a hurried farewell Geoffrey left the grotto. I then flew to meet my father, who had just returned from a three weeks' visit in the north of Ireland. The delight at seeing him again put all thought of Geoffrey out of my mind for the present, and we went back to the house chatting merrily.

The next evening was dark and gloomy, with unceasing rain. I was sitting alone at my window, gazing out at the very cheerless prospect, when a servant brought in a sealed envelope, addressed to me in a hurried hand which I supposed to be Geoffrey's, but on opening it I discovered a card bearing the name "Gaston Lay," with a foreign address written underneath. Scratched hurriedly on the back were the words:

"MY DARLING—I am called suddenly away, but will risk a few moments' delay for a parting word with you. When and where can I see you? Answer immediately."

My first and only impression on reading this was one of extreme anger and disgust. I knew perfectly well that Gaston Lay was on the eve of his departure for America. We had a full understanding with each other that evening by the lake, and had agreed that our parting then and there should be final. It was the height of insolence on his part to renew the subject again in such direct opposition to my wishes. Fired at the thought of his insolence I hastily inclosed the following lines in a blank envelope to avoid detection:

"From this time forth our destinies are sundered. Our parting in the grotto was sufficient. I cannot see you again, and I sincerely hope that change of scene may induce you to forget.

"MARGARET LUXMOORE."

This note I dispatched by the messenger who had brought the card, little guessing the effect of my hastily written words.

The following day passed without Geoffrey's accustomed visit. This did not surprise me, but when day after day elapsed with no tidings of him, I became seriously alarmed. At the end of a week I heard from a friend that Capt. Dynecourt had left Ireland for a year's residence on the continent, after which he intended to join his regiment in India. The news struck me with stunning force. Geoffrey gone without a word! What did it all mean? With such thoughts coursing wildly through my brain it is no wonder that I became insensible.

For many long weeks I lay ill of a violent fever, from which I recovered only to learn that during that time there had been no tidings of Geoffrey. I finally began to realize in a dull, despondent way that he was either cruelly perfidious or really insane. I seemed to grow years older as the months went by, and I settled down in a gloomy apathy which was painfully disturbed by the death of my father. Shortly before he died he called me to him and expressed contrition for his harsh judgment of Geoffrey. But this confession came too late to awaken a ray of happiness in my desolate heart.

After my father's death people said that Margaret Luxmoore was in a rapid decline, and I sincerely hoped they were not mistaken. Such was the state of things when I received the following letter, which flooded my desolate heart with light and happiness:

"MY DEAREST MARGARET—It is possible the explanation I have to make may effect a reconciliation between us; therefore I beg that you read and consider this carefully before replying. During my last interview with Gaston Lay he left me his card with his written address in New York. This card I carelessly placed among some of my own in a card case. A week ago I had occasion to refer to this address, and on looking through my card case Gaston's card proved to be missing. The circumstance surprised me very much, as I remembered that I had opened the case on only one occasion since—when I took out a card to write you, asking for a parting word before going on an unexpected journey. The cold, scornful answer I received from you in return filled me with a mixture of astonishment, rage and despair. I went—as you bade me go—and felt that the real approach of the supposed insanity, for which you discarded me, would be my greatest blessing. From that time my life became a weary burden, almost too heavy to bear.

"During the last month I had resolved to visit America, and wrote to Gaston Lay on the subject. It was just before sending this letter I discovered the loss of Gaston's card. I can account for its disappearance in only one way, which is that on that dark evening, a year ago, I must in my hurry have written on Gaston's card instead of my own. The words were scratched by the dim light of a carriage lamp, and the mistake was quite possible, though my culpable carelessness merits the punishment I have undergone during the last year. Naturally, under the circumstances, such a message received from Gaston would be offensive to you and would have prompted the angry message I received. If my supposition be true, that this estrangement between us is all a misunderstanding, answer by the messenger that brings this letter, and I will be with you in a few hours.

"GEOFFREY DYNECOURT."

What a tide of blissful thoughts burst upon me at reading these lines! It was even as he supposed—our mutual misery of the past year was all owing to an apparently trivial mistake—and Geoffrey was true to me! I tried to express my joy in a letter to him, but my hand trembled too violently to write more than the word, "Come."

The hour spent waiting for his return seemed an eternity; but my impatience was finally relieved by the clatter of horse's hoofs in the avenue. Almost wild with excitement I flew to the door in time to see Geoffrey's horse gallop past riderless. A chill stole over me; with a cry of terror I flew out into the night, calling for the servants to follow with lights.

I rushed wildly through the avenue, and by the lodge gates discovered the object of my search. Geoffrey Dynecourt lay on the grass, apparently dead from a wound on the temple, caused by being thrown from his horse against one of the stone statues at the gate.

He was carried into the lodge and everything done that medical aid could suggest, but all to no effect. My darling did not survive the night, and my prayers and supplications were fruitless. His last expiring breath was spent in the faint articulation, "Too late!"

My story is told. It is thirty years to-night since Geoffrey died, yet the dreary pain gnawing at my heart now is as keen as my suffering then.—New York World.

The Mouth in Photography.

I was talking to a photographer the other day, says Miss Mantalini, and she told me that mouths gave her the most trouble. The mouth is quite the most unmanageable feature in the face, she said. Few people look well smiling in a photograph, because they never smile naturally. Then a pursed up mouth won't suit anybody. If the lips are too much parted the expression of the face conveys the idea that the person is weak minded or empty headed. She said that women were more satisfactory subjects than men, because they had more sentiment. Very matter of fact people don't make nice pictures.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR.,
(1787)
RECORD - 2:29
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 Pocahontas Boy, 2d dam by Maj. Edsall; 3rd dam by Bashaw; 4th dam by Durack.
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*' 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 waving 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 farther into the millstone.
Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun*.

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Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

12:21 p. m. daily; No. 10, Accommodation for Hornellsville—passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to, as the westbound limited, which passes Andover at 12:31 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:15 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accommodation.

6:34 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 accommodation.

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, Accommodation 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 in Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON Agent at Andover, or
A. W. BODLE, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. SINKERSON, 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 p. m
" Allentown	8.36 a. m.	2.23 p. m
" Bolivar	9.00 a. m.	2.45 p. m
" Ceres	9.28 a. m.	3.13 p. m
" Eldred	10.00 a. m.	3.45 p. m

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	Dakes' Mills	7 09	4 04	11 06
1 25	5 31	8 31	Fort's Brook	7 19	4 14	11 18
1 13	5 23	8 23	Marsh Creek	7 27	4 22	11 30
1 00	5 16	8 16	Graves	7 33	4 30	11 42
12 53	5 10	8 10	Shongo	7 43	4 37	11 50
12 40	5 00	8 00	lv Genesee ar.	7 50	4 45	12 00

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

A Week's Record of Events at the National Capital.

[From the NEWS' Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1891.

Mr. Blaine has, by direction of the President, made public a statement of the negotiations between himself and the Italian Minister, which led up to the international sensation of this week—the sudden recall of the Italian Minister by his Government, because of dissatisfaction on account of non-action by our Government in regard to its demands for the punishment of the New Orleans "Mafia" lynchers, and the payment of a money indemnity to the families of the Italian subjects lynched.

Mr. Blaine shows, in a highly creditable and dignified style, that this Government had taken proper and reasonable step to ascertain whether any of the men lynched were subjects of Italy, and that the Italian Government, for reasons of its own, had, before waiting for any definite information on that subject, recalled its Minister, in a manner that was intended to be highly discourteous, not to say insulting.

There is but one sentiment here, and that is against this senseless bit of bluster on the part of the macaroni eaters. Italy has a very strong navy, consisting of some of the strongest vessels afloat, but her treasury is practically bankrupt, and her credit isn't good in the money markets of the world, not to mention her ticklish and uncertain position during the present "strained relations" between the great European powers; so that it is evident that war is not the object of her precipitate action.

What, then, is the object? Surely, King Humbert does not believe that he can frighten us—I give him credit for having better sense than to think that possible. Those familiar with the present condition of Italian affairs have several reasons by which to account for the figurative slap in the face that Government has given Uncle Sam. In the first place, there has been a recent change in the Ministry over there, which amounts to about the same as a change in the Administration with us, and the new Ministry may have been desirous of getting rid of their Minister to the United States, and have taken this decidedly dramatic way of doing it. Another reason—and a good one—is that in order to keep up its immense war armament, the Ministry foresaw that an increase of taxation was inevitable, and in order to make its collection easier, they got up this war scare; but according to private cable advices, there is another and more potent reason—the "Mafia" in Italy is said to have compelled King Humbert and his Ministry to act as it directed. This may or may not be true, it would not be the first time that this society of thieves and murderers has dictated the policy of the Italian Government.

There is no excitement here over the situation, and it is probable that Mr. Harrison is devoting more time to arranging the details of his across-the-continent trip, upon which he has decided to start on April 15th, than upon what Italy's course will be.

* * *

There is some dissatisfaction in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing because Secretary Foster has declined to act upon a request made by the national organization of the Knights of Labor, which presented a grievance against the American Federation of Labor men employed in the Bureau, and also against Capt. Meredith, chief of the Bureau. This is a renewal of an old trouble in that institution.

* * *

Commissioner of Pensions Raum may be perfectly honorable and honest in all his private transactions, and I think he is, but there is no denying the fact that he has had the ill luck to get mixed up in a lot of things that appear to the general public to be questionable. The latest charge against him is that a suburban real estate company, of which he is president, has laid out a miniature city, had collapsed after collecting something like $50,000 from its stockholders, who are principally office-holders, many of them said to be under Gen. Raum, and that the money paid into the company has not been properly accounted for.

* * *

Commissioner of Indian Affairs Morgan is very positive that there will be no trouble among the Indians this spring. He insists that liars are plentiful in the Indian Territory and that it is they who originate the sensational stories constantly making their appearance in the newspapers.

* * *

Ex-Congressman Carter of Montana, has taken charge of the General Land Office, as Commissioner.

SPLIT STONES OF SAHARA.

A Scientific Explanation of the Notable Rocks of the Great Desert.

These parts of the great desert of Sahara called the Hamadas, which are among the most desolate parts of the region, are strewn with innumerable silicious pebbles which are literally broken into thousands of fragments, presenting sharp edges and clearly defined angles, as though recently broken with a hammer. Sometimes fragments of these pebbles and boulders can be found lying together with their fractured sides facing each other, fitting perfectly when brought in contact. For two centuries the split stones of Sahara baffled the scientists, who were at a loss for an explanation of the phenomenon. At last the long looked for explanation has come.

M. J. Brun read an elaborate article before the Scientific Society of Geneva in which he stated and proved that the stones were actually split by a curious combination of chemical and mechanical actions. He found by analysis that the sand of the desert was composed of quartz, gypsum and marl, with traces of salt. The quartz grains acted under the influence of the sun's rays as burning lenses upon the gypsum, rendering it hydrous. The sand and fine anhydrous gypsum dust are driven about by the winds and cover all the stones, large and small; the dust penetrates the little cracks in the stones, whereupon it is wet by the dews, which causes it to swell. With continuous accessions of gypsum and repeated heavy dews the accumulation of plaster goes on increasing, the cracks enlarge, and in time the stones split asunder.

Jenekyns, whose "Tryp to Ye Burning Sandes of Africk" is among the oldest English narratives of adventures in the great desert, also noticed the split-stone phenomenon. Translated into modern English his account, under heading of "Another of God's Wonders," is as follows: "From the river we traveled nine days due west over the same monotonous stretch of sand and pebbles. The natives of these parts say that it once rained small stones for eleven days and nights, covering many towns and much fertile ground; that afterward the witches came riding jackals, and that they pounded the pebbles with white flint mallets or small mauls until they became sand.

"Even now the heat draws out pebbles from underneath the sand, but these lie but a short time on the surface until they, too, are pulverized by the creatures of the night (witches). I myself have seen wagon loads of fractured bowlders far out in the desert that must have been broken by some other than human agency." The 1890 explanations of Brun will doubtless find more believers than that of Jenekyns, which was given in 1543.—St. Louis Republic.

The school authorities in Hungary recently procured a legislative enactment making the study of the ancient Greek language optional in grammar schools. The result has been a great surprise, for only two lads have requested to be exempted from the study of Greek.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

The first woman's temperance convention on record was held May 22, 1802, when the Iroquois women assembled in a council to which they called the chiefs, and thus addressed them:

"Uncles:—Some time ago the women of this place spoke to you, but you did not answer, as you considered their meeting not sufficient. Now a considerable number of those from below, having met and consulted together, join in sentiment, and lament as it were with tears in our eyes, the many misfortunes caused by the use of spirituous liquors. We, therefore mutually request that you will use your endeavors and have it removed from our neighborhood, that there be no more sold nigher to us than the mountain. We flatter ourselves that this is in your power, and that you will have compassion upon our uneasiness and have it done at once."

The chiefs retired for consultation, and Sachem Brant brought in their reply:

"Nieces:—We are fully convinced of the justice of your request. Drinking has caused many misfortunes in this place, and has been, besides, a great cause of derision by the effect it has upon people's speech. We assure you, therefore, we will use our endeavors to effect what you desire. However, it depends in a great measure upon government, as the distance you propose is within their line. We can not, therefore, absolutely promise you that your request will be complied with." BRYANT.

The Baptist temple just finished in Philadelphia for the congregation of Rev. Russell Conwell, D. D., has attracted much attention lately. The master-builder, Mr. Wilkins, told in our hearing, a week ago, the following interesting fact in connection with it. He said: "In erecting this immense building, which will hold five thousand people, not one man sustained the slightest injury. Do you want to know the reason? All of my men are total abstainers, clear-headed men, and so this beautiful temple for the worship of God has no lost life to record as the price of its erection; it is not stained by a single blood-mark."

The French Chamber of Deputies has taken favorable action in regard to the general act of the Brussels Anti-Slavery Conference. For some inscrutable reason, the United States Senate refused to ratify the act.

From Mother Wallace comes this word: "The woman who can see the present struggle going on between the saloon and the home, and not want the ballot, must be a lineal descendant of Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning."

There are in the neighborhood of fifty women physicians in New York City, some of whom have incomes of $10,000 a year. The Womens' Medical College, just opened in Fifteenth street, has nearly a hundred students, from all parts of the Union.

The South Australian Educational Department has issued a temperance pledge-book for use in the State schools, with this pledge: "With my parents' consent, I promise not to use intoxicating liquors before I am twenty-one years old, and to do all I can to induce my companions in the same way."

Special Clubbing Arrangement.

By an arrangement with the publishers of the *Buffalo Express* we can supply the different editions of that sterling newspaper, in connection with the NEWS at the following reduced rates:

NEWS and *Daily Express*	$7.00
NEWS and *Weekly Express*	1.75
NEWS and *Sunday Express*	2.00