Andover News.

WEDNESDAY MAY 27, 1891.

THE earth's 1,500 millions of human inhabitants speak 3,064 different languages and possess about 1,000 different religious beliefs.

MACON, Ga., has a 10-year-old stenographer and typewriter who has started in business for herself in a prominent hotel of that town.

The Heroism of Childhood.

There is something very pathetic about the heroism of childhood, where we mean by heroism something of really independent daring and presence of mind, something beyond mere steadfast trustfulness which is in a sense natural to childhood. The inquest held recently before Dr. Macdonald, M. P., Coroner for Northeast London, on Henry James Bristow, aged 8 years, illustrates precisely what we mean. Mrs. Bristow, who lives at Walthamstow, had left this little boy alone in the room with a younger sister of only 3 years of age, in order to go on an errand, from which she returned before 6 o'clock to find that the little girl had climbed on a chair to reach a small paraffine lamp and had upset it over her clothes, which, of course, caught fire at once. The boy immediately tore them off her and laid her upon the bed; but in lifting her on the bed his own clothes caught fire and it took the child a long time to tear them off, which, however, at last he succeeded in doing, but not till he was so seriously hurt that, though taken at once to the hospital, he died within a week from the result of the injuries. His little sister's life he had succeeded in saving; at least she was said to be doing well at the time of the inquest on her brother.

The coroner very justly spoke of the boy as quite a little hero, and he was a hero in precisely the sense in which it seems to us that the word, as applied to a child of eight, carries a profound pathos with it, because it implies a presence of mind, a promptitude of purpose, a self-command and fortitude and steadfastness, which are usually quite beyond a child's imagination, much less its practical achievement. —[London Spectator.

Difficult Dentistry.

"What is the most difficult denta. work?" repeated a dentist yesterday "Bridge work, of course. Here is a sample," and he handed me a model of the mouth of a well-known man about town who is rather noted for his good teeth. There were but three roots of teeth in the mouth. Two were on the left side and one on the right side of the mouth. To these roots he had attached gold and built up twelve teeth that are as firm in the mouth and as convenient as the original teeth. It was done by soldering gold to the gold attached to the three roots and running it round to the front of the mouth. Then on the front side of this gold the porcelain teeth are so well attached that not a particle of the gold shows, and the teeth look perfectly natural. Indeed, they are in the mouth as firm as natural teeth, and to all practical purposes are the same.—[Atlanta Constitution.

One Old Shoe.

We have been shown a curious shoe, owned by N. B. Bunker of Newburyport. It was found in an old house recently demolished, which was built in 1700. The upper is of calfskin and closed with wax thread. The sole and heel are of one piece and made of wood. The upper is fastened to the sole with common iron tacks, the edge of the sole being mortised the thickness of the upper leather to receive it. Across the toe the tacks are brass. On the under edge of the sole from the instep is a band of iron like a miniature horseshoe, channelled to receive the nails. The heel may have been similarly shod, but if so it has been worn off and the wooden heel is well rounded by wear. The shoe is fastened by an iron clasp, which in its day was somewhat ornamental. It is one of the curiosities of footwear, and we would like to know its history.—[Lynn (Mass.) Item.

An oncelas person grows extreme

A SWEET REVENGE

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER II.

Much as I disliked that young man, I was bound to confess that he looked pookingly handsome as he stood bareheaded in the moonlight, watching the wreaths of smoke from his cigar curling about in the still air. I would now see him quite at my ease. My courage had returned, and I felt myself insured against discovery. My only dread was that the two men would begin to talk secrets. In such a case, my keen sense of honor must, of course, make me reveal my presence. I made a firm resolution that I would not play at eavesdropping. Alas, for poor humanity! In a minute I was straining my ears to catch every word. Yet how could I help it? Heritage Rivers was the subject of their discourse.

"I hope you found your companion at dinner a pleasant one?" said Mr. Ramsay.

"Oh, yes, very pleasant," replied Mr. Hope carelessly. "She's a nice sort of a girl, I dare say."

"A nice sort of a girl! The wretched man! I hated him!

"We think a great deal more of her than that," said that dear old Mr. Ramsay.

"Indeed," replied his companion, without evincing the slightest interest in the matter.

"Yes—indeed, and indeed," echoed my old friend. "But, joking apart, did you not notice she bids fair to be a most beautiful woman?"

It would have needed little more to have brought a serious, my darling, place on purpose to kiss that good old man!

Vincent Hope laughed quietly.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I don't think I noticed her much. She seemed to me of the ordinary school-girl type. I don't care much for school girls."

I dug my nails into my hands and ground my teeth. Handsome as the man looked in the moonlight, I could have killed him then and there.

"Yet," said Mr. Ramsay, "I noticed she talked pretty freely to you."

The shrug of Mr. Hope's shoulders almost maddened me.

"Yes; but sad nonsense," he said, "although it was rather amusing at times. Of course, it's not fair to judge her now. She is very raw, and, I should say, rather awkward. If properly looked after, no doubt she will grow up to be a decent sort of a young woman."

Raw and awkward! He spoke of me—me, whom many of my school friends called Queen Bertha, from the stately and dignified manner I was supposed to assume at times. A decent sort of a young woman! That I should hear a man, one, moreover, in his own opinion a judge on such matters, gravely set him up as a standard to which I might arrive—if properly looked after. It was too much; the fall was too great. And as the horrible thought flashed across me that this description might be true, his prediction correct, tears of sheer mortification sprung into my eyes. Even Mr. Ramsay's almost testy rejoinder gave me no comfort.

"Oh, nonsense, Hope! She will grow up a beautiful, accomplished and clever woman. You judge her wrongly. Talk to her again in the drawing-room; there she will be more at home."

"All right, I will," the wretch answered. "But at present I want to talk to you about more important things than young ladies. I have to-day been offered the editorship of the *Piccadilly Magazine*. Shall I take it?"

"I congratulate you. But it is too serious a matter to decide out here. We will talk it over by-and-by. We must join the ladies now. I see every one else has gone in."

"Then I suppose we must," said Mr. Hope rather ruefully, and tossing his cigar away with a half-sigh.

I waited a minute; then I peered out, and at last ventured to creep round the laurel and reconnoiter. The broad back of my candid critic was just disappearing through the dining-room window. I shook my fist viciously at it. I watched Mr. Ramsay follow his guest, saw the window close and the blind fall; then I flew at top speed to the library, whence I had made my exit, entered noiselessly, and threw myself into a chair, feeling that my life was blighted.

The room was faintly lighted up; the door was closed; I was alone with my misery; for misery it was; I use the word soberly and advisedly, without a thought of jesting. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had heard myself appraised at my true value. My merits had been weighed by an impartial hand; I had been judged and condemned. I was a failure. "Raw and awkward." "A decent sort of a young woman"—the words ate into my heart. No expressions could have been devised which would have wounded me more deeply.

He would give me another chance in the drawing-room. Would he? I think not, Mr. Vincent Hope. No power on earth shall take me there to-night. I turn the gas up, and look at myself in the mirror. My hair is disheveled, my eyes are red, and I cannot help fancying that my nose looks rather coarse. Yes; it must be true; I am not even good-looking.

Beneficial as it may be for one who is not without vanity to learn the truth, I hate with a deadly hatred the man who has revealed it to me. Solemnly I declare, somehow, that some day I will have my revenge. I am very young, which is an advantage to one who may have to wait a long time for a certain object. Oh, yes; I can wait—even for ten, fifteen or twenty years, I can wait; but I will have revenge, full revenge. So I raved on and on, growing more tragical every moment, until I broke down, and began to cry again.

I had barely dried my eyes, when Clara entered the room.

"What, Heritage!" she cried; "you here! I have hunted high and low for you, but never thought of looking here. Come into the drawing-room; We must sing our duet."

I pleaded a splitting headache; I could not bear the hot room. I should go to bed at once; and, in spite of Clara's entreaties, to bed I went, and had the pleasure of dreaming that I was sticking stilettos and scissors into Mr. Vincent Hope. This was so comforting that I was quite sorry when morning came and I found it was but a dream.

"Wasn't he delightful?" was Clara's first question when we met.

"Wasn't who delightful?"

"Mr. Hope, of course. The other men were logies.

"Well, Clara, look here. Once for all, I tell you I found that young man detestable—simply detestable! I hate him! I hate—hate my own I hate such a disagreeable."

Clara's blue eyes opened in amazement.

"I thought you got on so well together," she said. "He asked for you in the drawing-room, and seemed quite sorry to have you miss it. We all liked him immensely."

He asked after me! A piece of impertinence—a gratuitous insult—a piece of superfluous hypocrisy, which were it possible, made my revenge more complete.

"Well, I loathe him," I said, "and there's an end of it. I won't even talk about him."

I was as good as my word, and Clara, for the want of a listener, was obliged to desist from ringing the changes in praise of Mr. Hope.

I left Twickenham two or three days after this. As I drove to the station, Mr. Hope most likely on his way to Ramsay's house—passed the carriage. Clara was with me, so the young man bowed to us collectively. I made no sign of recognition.

"Heritage," said Clara, "that was Mr. Hope. Didn't you see him?"

"Was it?" I replied. "I had quite forgotten what he was like."

For a beginner, this was a pretty good fib. After telling it so calmly, I felt I was getting on. "Raw and awkward!" Oh, not I did not forget either the words or the speaker. When I declare vendetta, I mean it.

Five years passed by. I was twenty-two. I had seen many people and many things. Either for better or worse, I had changed in much, but still retained my knack of never forgetting a foe or a friend. Incredible as it seems, my anger against Mr. Hope was keen as ever—my wish for revenge as strong. The injury he had unwittingly done me had been greater than, even in my first burst of rage, I had imagined. During the interval his words kept recurring to my mind, and hindered the growth of proper confidence and self-esteem. A long series of pleasant little social triumphs alone permitted me to say at last that his prophecy had not been fulfilled. But now, after five years, the more I thought of the annoyance, even anguish, his words had caused me, the more vicious I felt toward him; the more resolved to compass revenge when the opportunity occurred. Oh, yes; I was a good hater—not a doubt of it. I could carry my stone seven years in my pocket, then turn it and carry it seven years more, or twice seven years, never for a moment forgetting its ultimate destination.

But when should I have the chance of hurling it, and how should I act when the chance came? Except in the street, casually, I had never since met the man. Vincent Hope visited no friends of mine save the Ramsays. They left Twickenham shortly after my visit, and now lived a hundred miles from town. I had stayed with them several times, but my foe had never appeared. Of course, I had heard a great deal about him. He was now quite a famous man. To keep myself posted up in the light literature of the day, I was compelled to read his books, and in honesty I am bound to say I admired them, although I detested the author of them. Surely we must meet some day. I went out a great deal, and I heard he was much sought after. But our paths as yet had not crossed.

It was winter. I was spending some weeks with new friends, who had taken a great fancy to me—kind, hospitable people, who like to have a constant stream of visitors passing, but very slowly, through their home. The Lightons were a wealthy county family, noted for their open-hearted hospitality. I never stayed at a gayer or pleasanter place than Blaize House. It was not very large; but from the way in which it contrived to extend itself to accommodate the numerous guests, my belief is it must have been built on the plan of an accordion. I can only account for its capabilities by this theory.

Except from the tiny village which gave or took its name, Blaize was miles away from everywhere; but its resources, so far as amusement went, made it immaterial in what part of the world it stood. The family consisted of Mr. Lighton—called by everyone, even his guests, the Squire; his wife, a fitting companion to him, who shared his pursuits and heartily seconded the welcome he gave to everyone; and two daughters about my own age. These may be termed the nucleus, the standing congregation of the establishment. In addition there were two sons who turned up unexpectedly and at intervals; and two or three cousins were invariably sojourning there. Add to these, again, the floating population in the shape of visitors who came and went, and you will realize that it was a merry house.

Breakfast was just over; we had been longer about it than usual, the weather being too damp and drizzly to tempt us out of doors. Letters were being read with the last cup of tea. The Squire selected one from his pile, and tossed it over to his wife, remarking that she would be glad to hear the good news it contained. Then it went from hand to hand until I had the pleasure of reading:

"MY DEAR SQUIRE: I have just written the delightful word Finis at the bottom of a page, which is the last of my last immortal production. I will do no more work for weeks, but will take the train to-morrow and come to Blaize House, in time, I hope, for dinner. I do not apologize for this short notice, knowing there is even more joy within your gates over the uninvited than the invited guest.

"Yours always, VINCENT HOPE."

Vincent Hope! It must be my enemy. The allusion to his literary pursuits put that beyond a doubt. My time had come! I could not have selected a fairer field on which to mete out the vengeance I had stored up. As I read that letter, I positively blushed with pleasure, so vividly that I feared people might jump at entirely wrong conclusions. I thought of nothing all day but the way in which my enemy was delivered into my hands. The delight of having at last the chance of paying out the critic for his criticism produced a frame of mind which seemed to urge me to go into quiet corners and laugh at my own thoughts. I had plenty of time to mature my plans and draw soothing pictures of the effects of my revenge. I resolved to risk no chance meeting with the foe; my feeling that a good beginning would be half the battle, before six o'clock I went to my room to arm for the fray.

Remember, I am confessing, not jesting. I sent for my maid, and bade her take down my hair and brush it. If, as her deft fingers braided my locks to my satisfaction, I had thought the girl would have comprehended the motive of my toilet, I might have quoted a couple of lines of Mr. Browning's which kept singing through my head:

"Don't crowd me, mind your place, I pray!
I would be at the best on earth, this night
Which I have dreamed of, all my life, dreamed (which
Means, you may guess, I've not been quite asleep)
For this night, at last, I am to see
Lucrezia Tornabuoni—the Florentine
Who married Messer Luca, and died young,
And left a name behind with the popes
As the most lovely and accomplished dame
Of her adoring city."

I turned my person round and round before the mirror, and I felt that I looked very well indeed. It was a comfort to know that, however the mind might be warped, the outward form was still that of a gentleman. Especially the younger one looked, for I was but a boy, and looked younger than my years. I had a way of looking at people from under my eyelashes that I fancied was very fascinating, and I was not sorry that I was to meet a new face that night. I felt in a reckless mood, and was not at all sorry that there would be a stranger present to see me at my worst.

I was late, and when I reached the drawing-room I found the company had gathered round the dinner-table. As I entered, Mr. Lighton was saying grace. I felt very much like a culprit who had arrived late for his own execution, and was condemned to listen to a long sermon before he was allowed to linger over the dainties which were to prolong his existence. As I took my seat I felt that Mr. Hope's eyes were upon me, and I felt my face flushed with the consciousness that I looked my best. I felt that I was the cynosure of all eyes, and that the Squire's long grace was but a device to allow the ladies time to admire my dress and appearance. I felt that Mr. Hope's eyes might be directed toward me, but I knew my own eyes were not to be lifted to his face. I felt that I looked my best, and I felt that I looked my worst. I felt that I was the most fascinating of women, and I felt that I looked like a fool. I felt that Mr. Hope's eyes might be directed toward me, but I knew that I was sitting almost in darkness, while the light was full upon him