Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1893.

Americans have often marveled that members of the British House of Parliament wear their hats during sessions. Blackwood's Magazine solves the mystery. They have nowhere else to put them.

The census report states that 29.57 per cent. of the farms of Iowa are hired and 70.43 per cent. are owned by the persons cultivating them. The total liens on the farms of the State amounted to $101,745,924, the average rate of interest being 7.36 per cent.

Ex-Surgeon General Hamilton believes there will be more cholera with the coming of spring. There is little or no doubt of it, agrees the New York Recorder. The country ought to be ready for it, and so ought every town and every person in the country.

A funeral on bicycles recently took place in an English town. The dead man, who had been the the captain of a bicycle club, requested, before his death, that his body should be conveyed to the cemetery on bicycles, and, to make the event complete, the members of the club went on bicycles.

Strange stories of fabulous sales of books are very good romance, and withal very popular. The latest is to the effect that on the expiration of the copyright in Russia of the works of the Russian writer Lermoutoff last year ninety editions of his books were immediately put on the market, with 1,000,000 copies.

Economists say that about 1,300,000 persons of both sexes and all ages perished by reason of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; and if one adds to this enormous number the 356,000 men destroyed in preceding wars of the second empire, it is found that the reign of Napoleon III cost France 2,000,000 human lives, not counting the billions of money, the ruins of homes and the dismemberment.

States the New York Post: The astounding news comes by cable that Prince Bismarck by way of proving that he really did cause the consolidation of the German Empire, and that it was not the result of chance, has avowed that he forged that dispatch from Ems which precipitated the Franco-German war of 1870. That the fatal dispatch was erroneous has long been known; that it was forged by Bismarck has been suspected by many.

The uncertainties of life are illustrated in the case of the Governor-elect of Washington, muses the Chicago Herald. Once a happy car-driver joying in the discomfiture of the passenger left at the corner, whacking the flanks of his horses in careless abandon, and with no thought but to make time, he has gradually drifted to politics. Now he has the burden of wealth, he is haunted by office-seekers all day, and insomnia preys upon him at night.

Co-education certainly teaches women to demand their rights as men do, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle. Thus the female students of the Ohio State University, when their complaints about the sanitary condition of their recitation and lunch rooms resulted in no improvement, struck and walked out in a body. This brought things to a head and reform is promised speedily. The incident will probably serve as a precedent in colleges, where too often the just complaints of the students are unheeded.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Jewish Tidings says: The utter destruction of American fur-bearing animals is regarded as a question of only a few years. It is claimed that 200,000 trappers are engaged in the industry, and that their mode of acquiring the furs is destined to wipe our, before many years, the many varieties of these animals. Their capture is accomplished by traps which are decimating the animals much the same as nets are destroying the fish. Some idea of the extent of this industry may be gained from the export trade, which to England alone, during the last year, amounted to over 3,000,000 skins, comprising some 1,396,000 muskrats, 551,000 skunks, 549,000 raccoons, 125,700 fox seals, 12,700 bears, 11,600 beavers and 7,000 others.

LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Trotteth world-wide fancy free;
Trotteth cooing to and fro;
And her coming is command—
Never ruled there yet, I trow,
Mightier monarch in the land;
And my heart it lieth where
Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci—
She hath made a slave of me!
"Go!" she baideth, and I go—
"Come!" and I am fain to come—
Never mercy doth she show,
Be she wroth or frolicsome;
Yet am I content to be
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
She hath grown so dear to me
That I count as passing sweet
All the pains her moods impart,
And I bless the little feet
That go tramping on my heart.
Ah, how lonely life would be
But for little Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
Cuddle close this night to me,
And that heart which all day long
Ruthless thou hast trod upon,
Shall outpour a soothing song
For its best beloved one—
A lullaby of tenderness for thee,
Little Mistress Sans-Merci!

—[Ladies' Home Journal.

MISS BAXTER'S BLINDNESS.

The dining car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of heavy linen, the opalescent glare of glassware, and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter, who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by the lavish waste of color. Meanwhile the insistent sunlight took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it, and edged it with coquettish gold. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw a blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again, and all the painful scene of the evening before came surging back.

She felt half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring his ring while her eyes grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was yet undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor and turned to the menu card. Dining car breakfasts were not timed to wait on the settlement of subtleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made his "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to pass her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crystals.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well-known features gradually took shape before her.

Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it staidly back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however resolutely she shut her lips together. Then he said:

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after—after—last night?" Miss Baxter asked, with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on cross-examination."

"Never mind, Mr. Woodson, you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own career—we've discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have?" she concluded, reflectively.

"A little longer, in fact. I made a mistake and got here half an hour early—read the time table backward—hence the clothes. But now, see here, small girl," Woodson went on with great deliberation, shaking out his napkin into his lap and gazing into the blurred, blue depth of Miss Baxter's glasses. "See here, now do you suppose just because a girl jilts me—" Miss Baxter here interposed a depreciating gesture—"yes, I repeat it. Do you suppose just because a girl jilts me, and I have reason to believe is going to the ends of the earth to get where she will never see me again, that my sense of responsibility ends till I've seen her safely where she wants to go? No, I've made New York uninhabitable for you and I shall make what amends I can by chaperoning you to Colorado or Kamchatka or wherever it is you are going. Now, what shall I order for breakfast?"

"Harry, you're cruel. You know Mr. Fleming was going out there for the color and I thought it would be a good chance to continue my outdoor work."

"Fleming? That prig! Well, I didn't know before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should go now—and stay."

"But I forbid you doing any such foolish thing."

"To tell the truth, Grace, I thought of staying all the time—of going into some business there."

"Why, you never told me of it before."

"Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night." Then it occurred to me that I might go into sheep or cattle or something like that."

"At Manitou?"

"Why not?"

"It's a summer resort."

"So much the better. I'd only want to be there in the summer, anyhow."

"Harry, you're a trifler."

"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow if you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed, taking from her hand the one she was making a sad mess of.

"Harry, I never can forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after a moment's contemplation of the whirling blur of green through the car window.

"Well, I never could have forgiven myself if I hadn't—and there it was," he asserted dispassionately, laying the pulpy, broken sphere of the orange before her.

It is quite a jaunt from Manhattan to Manitou; but one morning they exchanged the cushioned weariness of the train for that blue hollow of the hills, with its gayly-colored roofs and gables showing here and there up the canyon like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life became one long breath of delight. "What color there was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus blossoms were like flakes of flame. A scarlet flower fairly burned into the sight. Grace developed a new enthusiasm every day, and piled her palette with cobalt and chrome. Even Fleming, who had preceded them, grunted out now and then, "Put in your more pure. Make her jump."

So they painted from morning till night, keeping two or three studies under way at once—putting in blues where Woodson saw greens and purples where he saw nothing but nondescript sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done according to the gospel of the luministers.

Woodson sat by and chaffed. He couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke. He parried Grace's occasional inquiring glances by explaining that he was negotiating to go into the cattle business a man was going to bring him a herd on trial.

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top boots, blue shirt, and slouch hat, which became him immensely, and made a sinister impression among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Manitou. Grace was absorbed and satisfied. One day an idea struck him. "Grace," said he, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch and send home, you know. Will you do it—won't you?"

"Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr. Fleming."

"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming!" Woodson broke in. "Fleming is all right in his way, but I want you—your sketch, you know."

The place was quite a distance away, over the mesa. They set out for it next day.

"Here it is," Woodson exclaimed, after a long tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air. "There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' or something like that."

"It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the tips of her fingers together and inclosing the picture in a rosy frame through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes in truly artistic intentness.

"Well, never-mind that; get the character of it. You know Fleming says the character's the thing. That's what I want—the character—the true character of this beastly country."

So Grace donned her big blue apron and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trouble. The quality of that sky, burning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however fresh from the tube. The value of the stretch of plain, tremulous under the flaring heavens, disturbed her, too, and when she came to put in the airy wall of cottonwoods along the horizon the whole thing ended in a painty muddle.

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day," Grace exclaimed, petulantly, wiping her troubled brow with the back of her hand and leaving a streak along her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked with a serious concern, as Grace renewed her struggle with the regulation blues and purple.

"But I don't see them so," she murmured, in a moment of absorbed effort.

"Grace," he blurted out almost before he knew it, "I don't believe you see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your career; I don't believe in your independence! You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see everything through Fleming's eyes. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he—well, he sees things that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it, come."

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head bowed.

"I'm a brute—a miserable brute!" Woodson remarked to himself with considerable force, as he watched her striding toward the half-dry creek. "But some one ought to have told. Her art is all foolishness. Look at Fleming, even. He's 40, and I'd like to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same—a heartless brute."

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and after watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper penance on his part to wash her brushes—he had always hated dirty brushes so. Gathering them up he started toward the creek. When he got there he could see no signs of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made him catch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive—capable of any rash move in a moment of excitement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket and he came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.

"Grace," he called, "why, what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh, can't you help me?" she pleaded, and began groping about and feeling aimlessly with her hands.

He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen places.

"Why, what's the matter?" he queried again, as she came groping toward him and stumbled against him.

"Can't you help me at all?"

"Of course I can, small girl; you're all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed tightly around her.

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my glasses?" she exclaimed, pulling away from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight.

"You don't want them; you see better without them, blue eyes. Confess, now, you never really saw before. Give up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent. Come, see your career through my eyes."

But still she held back an arm's length really defiant. His fingers left a white circle where they clasped her wrists. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled instead: "You'll get my glasses if I promise?"

He nodded.

Suddenly throwing her arms about his neck she said: "I always liked your eyes," and pressed a kiss on either lid. "Maybe you were right about my art," she added seriously. "But this needn't interfere, need it?"

"Interfere! Why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle, and we'll turn the whole herd into paint."—[G. Melville Upton, in Kate Field's Washington.

In China Clothes Make the Man.

The clothing of the Chinaman compared with our own, also shows many differences. The rank of the official is indicated by the number of vari-colored buttons on the top of his official hat; and instead of epaulettes, gold braid, etc., his uniform shows upon the breast and back figures of birds and animals. The plume of the Mandarin's hat is not straight, but curved at the end like the tail of a bird. The wearing of bracelets is not confined to women, as men often ornament themselves the same way. Neither men nor women wear gloves, but their sleeves are so long that they often reach two feet beyond their hands, and serve as muffs in cold weather. They are also used as pockets, there being no regular pockets in their clothes. The beard of a Chinaman about indicates his age. Until forty years old, his face is smoothly shaven. Beyond that point he allows his mustache to grow, and when still older, his entire beard. Both men and women wear jacket trousers. While we blacken our shoes, the Chinese paint the thick soles of their shoes white. Black is the color of mourning in the West, while white-grey-blue is the color in China. Women as well as men smoke, and both sexes make use of the fan. If one tears his coat, the tailor puts the patch on the outside.—[New York Tribune.

Dutch Simplicity.

Kempen, a town in Holland on the lower Rhine (the birthplace of Thomas a Kempis), is a favorite residence of people with small incomes. The imagination of these Dutchmen must be as limited as their incomes, judging from the droll stories that are told of them.

At one time a fire broke out, and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire the town officers should carefully examine the engines, pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing voted to double the number of gates.

This same council also ordered the sun-dial to be taken from the court-house common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather.

But of all the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way these droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to *hoist a cow up and let her eat it!*—[Harper's Young People.

Size of the Molecule.

From various laborious calculations and careful deductions, independently made by Joseph Loschmidt (1865), G. Johnstone Stoney (1868), Wm. Thompson (1870), and by J. Clark Maxwell (1873), we are given to understand that the effective size of the molecule is never larger than the five hundred millionth of an inch, and that in some cases it may be found no larger than the thousand-millionth of an inch. Minute as this last dimension is, the "second power" of our best microscopes makes the examination of it an easy task.—[New York Witness

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

THE SICK ROOM.—Do not keep a sick person too long in one room without taking him out and fumigating it. Burn sulphur in an iron or earthenware pan that will stand the heat, and set it on bricks placed in another and larger pan containing water up to the top of the bricks. Set the sulphur on fire; close all the windows and crevices, so it cannot escape. Loosen and hang upon chairs all the clothing to be freshened; keep the door closed six or eight hours; then open all the windows and doors and freely ventilate the room for a day. Nothing rests a sick person so much as to think of the pure, clean room he is lying in.

LIMITATIONS OF MEDICINE.—Think not that the doctor is omnipotent. In an address to professional men, Prof. Herrmann Nothnagel, of Vienna, himself one of the world's ablest physicians, said that the various diseases of the blood, ailments that pass through different phases and stages, the host of diseases of the nervous system, to this time have furnished no more opportunities for real cure than the soil of Alaska for the cultivation of the date palm. Infectious diseases must run their course. Diseased conditions may be arrested in initiatory stages sometimes, but after they have culminated, never. Pain may be temporarily relieved; disease must heal itself. The painful symptoms are nature's efforts to right the system and put it to working correctly. The doctor, while nature does this work, can only endeavor to sustain the patient by dietetical, hygienic and climatic influences, and removal of excitants.

A VALUABLE HINT CONCERNING JELLY.—"My husband," said a physician's wife not long ago, "chanced to see one day, standing on a shelf outside our kitchen window, some molds of jelly cooling for the dinner. They were uncovered, as they were out of the reach of cats and in full view of the cook's watchful eye. But he questioned me about them, and asked if it were our usual custom to leave jelly thus unprotected. I was obliged to reply that, so far as I knew, it was. Then he said: 'Don't you know that when we medical men want to secure minute organisms for investigation we expose gelatine to the air or in places where we have confined malignant germs? The gelatine speedily attracts and holds them. I'm afraid your flavored gelatine does the same. Cool the jelly if you must, but cover it with a piece of sheer close muslin, or, better, if you have it, some pieces of glass taken from some broken window pane.' And we have always done that since then." It is to be feared that kitchen processes are sources of illness more often than is imagined. In many city houses the little kitchen annex, where stands the refrigerator, and where various eatables are kept, is directly against a drain and a closet. Yet here stand daily uncovered milk, butter, often custards and puddings, and various other absorbents. The average cook is absolutely ignorant of sanitary cause and effect, and the eternal vigilance of the house mother is the family's chief safeguard.

INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN WITHOUT ENTIRE LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.—A French physician who has given much attention to the subject of administering chloroform and ether is quoted as stating, first, that any one who is anaesthetized by chloroform or by ether risks his life, and, second, that the risk is five times less with ether than with chloroform. At the same time he found many disadvantages connected with the use of ether alone, and in all operations of long duration he gives a subcutaneous injection of one-sixth to one-third of a grain of morphine. He finds that this calms the patient, notably diminishes the quantity of ether necessary, and sometimes produces, after a few whiffs of ether, a remarkable condition of analgesia, or insensibility to pain, without loss of consciousness. The latter condition is undoubtedly the ideal anæsthetic state. The injection is given to the patient in a quiet room, and he is encouraged to close his eyes and to sleep. In about twenty minutes he is carried to the operating table, where, in quietness and without excitement, he is etherized. Julliard narrates seven cases of analgesia with ether and one case with chloroform. In all these cases the patient was conscious, but felt no pain, and in several he was able to aid the surgeon by voluntarily making convenient movements. In conclusion Dr. Julliard denounces the method of giving a concentrated vapor of ether at the beginning of the inhalation with the view of producing anæthesia as being likely to cause any or several of the accidents of ether administration. He also views with disfavor the method of giving chloroform at the beginning and of continuing the anæsthesia with ether, designating the method as the combination of the dangers of chloroform with the disadvantages of ether.

For the Worms.

A farm editor received the following story and sent it to the curio column collector, who returned it because he knew it stated facts and not fiction. A horticulturist had missed many apples every night, finally he set a watch, expecting to trap his neighbor's boys. In the dim night light he saw limbs of apple trees shaking, and then he heard the fruit falling. He had seen no one enter the orchard. Nonplussed, he crept up close to the shaking tree. He saw a hedgehog descend from the tree, roll over the apples until its back was laden with the fruit attached by the quills, and wabble off. The farm editor didn't doubt the story, but wondered what an insect-eating animal wanted with apples. "For the worms," triumphantly explained the curio man.—[Indianapolis News.