Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1893.

THE idea that by constructing war vessels for the lakes Canada or Great Britain reveals an intention to attack the United States is a wide stretch of the imagination. To be sure, the construction or launching of such vessels on the lakes is a violation of treaty stipulations. It is exactly what Canada or England would do if war were designed; but the inverse of this proposition is not true—to wit, that the war vessels disclose a war purpose. The security of the United States does not lie in her own armament or in the disarmament of her neighbors. Her peaceful intentions and her desire to yield to all just demands, her refusal to become embroiled in European questions, are her best guaranty of peace. Add to this her geographical isolation, her resources, intelligence, patriotism, and growth, and the idea of a voluntary assailant becomes an absurdity. If Canada, however, is violating treaty rights she ought to be reminded of it. If her violation should lead up to an abrogation of the treaty it is not likely that evil would result. The United States Government does not particularly need war vessels on the lakes, but the right to float them there would do no harm.

REV. DR. LOWERY, of St. Louis, after bitterly attacking the memories of a number of dead people, declared his willingness to go to the graveyard, take the fleshless jaws of those he had been traducing and shake them till the teeth rattled. Just how this act would tend to raise groveling humanity to the benign and saintly plane of Mr. Lowery, those not partaking of his peculiar goodness may never know. But Mr. Lowery was figurative. The only jaw he will shake much will be his own, an offense only less ghoulish than the proposed grave robbery.

A GENTLEMAN whose superiority of stomach brings into sharp and painfull prominence the lack of superiority characterizing his organs of thought, has undertaken to fast for fifty days. At the start he weighed 130 pounds, and he has been losing flesh at the rate of two and one half pounds per day. Even an amateur arithmetician can figure out that at the end of less than fifty days a light and airy corpse will have been dedicated to the cause of science. But to what extent science will profit is not a problem that any amateur can grapple with confidence.

REPORTS of a recent prize-fight describe the fighters as brawny gladiators, and state that when they got real gory the smell of warm blood drove the spectators wild with enthusiasm. It would appear from these facts that all a burly ruffian has to do to become a brawny gladiator—a much more dignified being—is to enter the ring and have his veins tapped. As to the warm blood at which civilization sniffed in delighted frenzy, more of it and of better quality can be scented in any slaughter-house.

THE microscope recently revealed to a Rhode Island expert that certain bloodstains were of human origin, and certain hairs found in conjunction with the stains were from the whiskers of a man. Detectives scurried hither and thither. They traced all clews faithfully, and ascertained that they centered in the limp carcass of a yellow dog, slain with a brick. The strides of science are often marvelous, none the less so perhaps because not always in the right direction.

AN Iowa man has been selling diplomas of high degree for the reasonable sum of $30, placing them within easy reach of the illiterate and lowly. So great has his business become that the corn crop of the State was being husked by Masters of Art, and swill carried to the pigs by Bachelors of Science. Having accomplished this much for education, the Iowan was arrested, and his whole stock in trade, inclusive of his own thrifty person, is in the hands of a receiver.

SOMETHING was recently published in Punch that had every outward appearance of being a joke. While people were marveling over a circumstance so violently defiant of precedent, Punch explained that the jest had been due to a deplorable typographical error, and that its repetition would be guarded against with the utmost care. So the stain on the reputation of the somber and ponderous journal may be considered effaced.

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not—
These three bloomed in a garden spot,
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
"Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
O thou child with the tangled hair,
And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
Each an offering, passing fair."
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gambolled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams,
Playing and dreaming that was all,
Till once the sleeper would not awake;
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the words the third flower spake.
And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot
The solace and peace of forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;
Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,
When the hands would fold and the eyes would close.
And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep
A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.
Each one serveth its tender lot—
Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not.
—[Eugene Field, in Chicago News-Record.

PROF. MORGAN'S ROMANCE.

BY KATE LEE.

Professor Morgan was an antiquarian and archæologist. He loved things that were old and things that had been long dead, and passed all his days among bones and stones and ponderous books. Nothing fresh and living played any part in his life, and he persistently withdrew himself from intercourse with his fellows. His prematurely bald head, his large bumpy forehead and the studious stoop of his shoulders made him appear much older than he really was, and superficial observers imagined him to be as hard and as incapable of emotion as one of his own fossils. It was a rare thing for any one to get a look from the gray eyes half hidden under the prominent brows. To those who by chance did obtain a full, direct glance from them, and who had the wit to read them aright, they were a revelation of the man. They were eyes that spoke, and the intensity of expression concentrated in them gave the lie to his otherwise emotionless aspect. The Professor was, in fact, no fossil. His heart could beat warm and quick, and a romance lay hidden under his outer husk of hardness and reserve.

Ten years ago, Hugh Morgan, solitary, unknown, embittered in spirit and broken of heart, had come from abroad and taken up his residence in a lonely house fronting the sea on the outskirts of a Welsh seacoast village. It seemed an abode as congenial as possibly could be found. The neighborhood for many miles round abounded in antiquarian remains, and the house itself looked out on the Atlantic for three centuries or more. An isolated house and an isolated life. A house with a story to tell, could it but speak, a human life with a hidden untold past. Those were the parallels Hugh Morgan drew between himself and his chosen home, feeling a dreary sort of kinship with it, and half imagining sometimes that it possessed a human soul, a soul that was as sad in its loneliness as he in his. Here year after year he lived in solitude, devoted apparently to science alone, the man to all outward appearances merged in the antiquarian. His tall figure, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat drawn low over his capacious brow, became well known to all the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood around. Now and then it would be missed for six months or more at a time, when "The Professor," as he came to be called long before the title was his in reality, had found occasion to return abroad for scientific purposes. But, as a rule, it was to be met with every day, either pacing thoughtfully beside the wide sea, or passing rapidly across the green waste behind the straggling village, on the way to the mountains beyond.

The years went by. Professor Morgan became a shining light in the world of archæological science; but each year as it passed seemed to bind him down more and more irrevocably to solitude of heart. The shunning of all companionship, which at first had been but the instinct of a wounded and sensitive spirit, became at length a fixed habit, which he was too shy and reserved to break through. Each year increased the stoop of the Professor's shoulders, the baldness of his head, and the terrific development of his forehead. Each year the sad, shy eyes grew sadder and shyer and were more and more rarely lifted to meet the undiscerning, unperceptive eyes of others. Little did anyone divine what bitter hours of heart loneliness the misanthopic, unsocial Professor passed in the grim, museum-like study of his lonely house, or what painful thoughts, quite unconnected with barrows and cromlechs and Druid circles, were his daily companions.

One August day the Professor made a journey miles away among the mountains for the purpose of taking observations of a famous cromlech. He had been for two years at work upon a history of cromlechs, and was at this time gathering material for a chapter on the differences between British cromlechs and those of the nations of Germanic descent. The journey took him all the morning, and when he came within sight of the village on his return the afternoon sun was blazing at its hottest. About a mile and a half from the village the road passed through a rough field, in the midst of which, on a slight elevation, stood the ruins of an ancient British house.

To any but an antiquary the house had the appearance of being nothing more than a shapeless heap of stones. The Professor had a theory of his own concerning its origin and history; and intended one day writing a magazine article about it by way of recreation from his laborious and exhaustive work on the cromlechs.

As he drew near the ruin to-day he saw coming toward it, from the direction of the village, in the hot glare of the sun, two tiny figures in black dresses and white sun bonnets. Between them they bore a hamper, from which a yellow cat raised its head and gazed around with inquiring eyes. The little faces beneath the sun bonnets were crimson with heat and haste, and, as soon as they reached the foot of the mound on which the ruin stood, the two little travelers put down their burden, and sank beside it, panting with fatigue.

The Professor's interest was transferred from the ruin to the charming picture made by the children and their cat. It was long since he had rested his eyes upon objects so young and fresh, and full of life. His fancy was pleasantly struck with the picture of young life to which it formed a background. His heart stirred, and he stepped nearer to the children, who had been so absorbed in the labor of getting along with their burden that they had not perceived the Professor. Now, as they heard his approaching footsteps, they raised blue, startled eyes toward him, and threw protecting arms across their hamper. The Professor felt irresistibly drawn toward them, and, contrary to his usual custom, spoke.

"I won't hurt your cat," he said.

His voice was gentle, and so were his grey eyes, which were not too shy to meet the innocent blue ones. His broad-brimmed hat was like their father's, the stoop of his shoulders reminded them of their father, too, and his manner invited confidence, so the children accepted his friendly overture and took him at his word.

"Come and look!" cried the younger of the two. She jumped to her feet, and, tripping up to the Professor, took his hand.

At the contact of the little soft confiding fingers a thrill shot through the Professor. He looked down at the child, and catching the sweet look of the innocent round face, it was most strangely borne in upon him that that sweetness of expression, that heavenly blue of the eyes, and that soft fluffiness of the brown hair on the fair forehead were not unfamiliar. As the child's hand drew him along he held it with a gentle pressure, and a musing expression crept into his sad eyes.

The elder child lifted the yellow cat from the hamper.

"There!" she said, "those are Amber's dear little kittens. We brought them here to save their lives because Gwennie said they would all have to be drowned!"

The Professor bent his back and peered into the hamper, where a family of blind, groping, three-days-old kittens lay. The Professor did not find them so charming or so interesting as the children. He looked from the kittens to the child hugging the yellow cat, her blue eyes sparkling under her sun bonnet. Who could those blue-eyed children be? Why should he fancy that they bore a resemblance to a blue-eyed girl whose life had been closely entwined with his own in the hidden past? The Professor put out his disengaged hand, keeping gentle hold of the clinging child with the other, and absently stroked Amber's yellow head. Amber purred approval, and the children's hearts were completely won. They invited the Professor to sit down on the grass with them, and, inwardly amazed and amused at his own unusual proceedings, the Professor did so. The children babbled about their kittens, and he, listening with a rather abstracted smile, turned his eyes ever from one child to the other.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked, abruptly, after a while. The question was addressed to the younger child, who still kept his hand and was leaning confidently against his arm, looking up with curiosity at the bumps on his broad forehead. She was wondering if they had been caused by a tumble down stairs.

"My name is Phyllis," she said, in answer to his question.

The Professor started as if an electric shock had passed through him, and his face burned suddenly red. From Phyllis's face his eyes traveled to her black crape trimmed dress.

"Why do you wear this?" he asked, touching it very softly.

"Because mother has gone away from us," said the child, her lips quivering a little. "She has gone to Heaven, and we shall not see her again until we go there too."

The Professor said no more. He sat silent, looking out with dim eyes across the sunny land. He did not see the fields stretching hot and parched down to the village; he did not see the grand mountains fading away right and left of him into mist. He saw neither the calm sea shimmering out there beyond the village, nor the exquisite sky of turquoise blue smiling like embodied joy above it. He saw a girl named Phyllis, whom in the past he had loved with the intensity of a reserved and yet passionate nature. She had seemed to return his love, and to understand him as few understood the sensitive, reticent student. Assured of her love, convinced by many a token that he was the elect out of many suitors, he had left her one year to join an exploration party in Palestine.

Thither, after a few months' absence, he was followed by news which turned him outwardly to stone, and made his inner life an agony of bitterness and grief. The news was conveyed in a cutting from the London *Times*, sent to him anonymously. It contained the announcement of Phyllis Wynne's marriage with a Colonel Llewellyn, who had at one time appeared to be a favored rival of her love, but who had long since ceased to press his suit. A letter in Phyllis' handwriting followed the announcement, but Hugh Morgan tore it to atoms, unread. A second and a third letter shared the same fate. Then the letters ceased. Hugh Morgan remained abroad for a year or two, and on his return buried himself in the obscure corner of Wales in which he had now lived for ten years.

The unmistakable likeness in the faces of these two children, and the fact of one of them bearing the name of his faithless love, set both memory and imagination at work in the mind of the Professor. These were without doubt Phyllis' children. And Phyllis was dead! It was a strange chance that had brought him and Phyllis' children together—strange and sad, that from the lips of Phyllis' child he should hear of Phyllis' death.

So out there in the August sunshine, at the foot of the old ruin, the Professor read, as he thought, the last page of the romance of his life. But he was mistaken. There was yet another page to be turned.

Unnoticed by the dreaming Professor or by the children, who, seeing their companion's abstraction, had quietly busied themselves plucking the yellow poppies which grew among the grass, there had come along the road from the village a lady in a black dress. She was close upon them before the children perceived her. With outstretched arms and affectionate outcries they flew to meet her, and bending down kissed the little uplifted faces with great tenderness.

"My little Kitty and Phyllie!" she cried; "how you have frightened us! Why did you leave Gwennie? Why did you come all this distance alone?"

The Professor, hearing the voice rose suddenly to his feet. How strangely he was haunted to day? Surely that was the voice of Phyllis Wynne! And yet Phyllis was dead! His wondering, startled eyes devoured the face of the newcomer, and he held his breath. He saw a woman past her first youth, a woman with blue, sweet eyes, and with brown hair touched too early with gray. In spite of the difference the years had made, in spite of the paleness which had taken the place of the peachblossom of old, and the smoothness of the hair which once had curled so softly about the brow, Hugh Morgan could not but recognize her. This was certainly Phyllis. And yet the children said she was dead!

"Phyllis!" he cried aloud, unable to contain himself, and his voice broke as he spoke the name which had not passed his lips for more than ten years.

At the sound of that name, spoken by that voice, the lady started as the Professor had started when the child Phyllis had pronounced it, and a crimson tide of color rushed over her pale face. She loosened the clinging arms of the children, and taking a step toward the Professor, stood with strained eyes staring at him.

"Hugh!" she cried.

Bluntly and confusedly he stammered: "But the child said you were dead!"

The immobility of his face was all broken up with the strength of the conflicting emotions that possessed him, his gray eyes glowed under the prominent brows and his strong hands trembled. Phyllis was scarcely less moved herself, but, woman like, seeing his excessive and almost overmastering agitation, she came to the rescue by controlling herself into calmness of voice and manner.

"The children's mother is dead," she said, gently.

"They are not your children?" said the Professor, passing a hand over his brow, as if to sweep away the mist of bewilderment that obscured his understanding.

"They are my brother's children," said Phyllis Wynne. "He has just been appointed minister at a Presbyterian Church at C——." She named a large town some miles distant. "I have taken care of the children since their mother died a few months ago, and we have come here for a holiday."

"And you—you are widowed, then?" blundered on the Professor.

Phyllis Wynne looked at him strangely.

"I have never been married," she said, simply, and the crimson color again dyed her delicate face.

The Professor stared at her a moment in horrified amazement, scarcely able to seize the import of her words. Then he broke out in a passionate way, his voice loud and stern:

"Then what fiend sent me that false notice of your marriage—your marriage with Colonel Llewellyn?"

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" cried Phyllis Wynne, swiftly, her voice sharp with pain. Through her quick woman's mind there had flashed the explanation of all that had been so incomprehensible, the realization of all that Hugh, as well as she herself had suffered, and with it a contrasting vision of what might have been. "Oh, Hugh! what an awful mistake! My cousin of the same name, Phyllis Wynne, married Colonel Llewellyn?"

"My God!" cried the Professor, "what a fool I was! What a fool!"

A dead silence fell between them. No detailed explanation was necessary just then. Each understood that either through the mistake of some officious meddler, or through the deliberate villainy of some rival of Hugh Morgan's, they had been kept apart through the best years of life, each embittered by the thought of the other's faithlessness. They stood side by side, looking gravely at the gleaming sea. Their hearts were beating with the same momentous thought, but neither yet dared to find expression to it. The children, gathering their yellow poppies and twining them about their hamper, looked up curiously now and again at their aunt and the new friend, and wondered why their faces were so serious and yet so excited, and why, after talking so seriously, they had now fallen into complete silence.

The silence could not long be maintained unbroken. It grew too pregnant with strong, struggling emotion. The Professor suddenly turned to the woman by his side.

"Have we met again too late, Phyllis?" he cried. "Is it too late?"

As the question passed his lips his face grew very white, and his gray eyes filled with an intense and painful eagerness. Phyllis kept him in no suspense. Her answer came at once, in a broken cry of love.

"Oh, Hugh! it is not too late—it could never have been too late!" And her blue eyes shining through tears, she stretched out her hands to him.

The wonderful children, pausing in their work, saw their Aunt Phyllis gathered to their new friend's heart. She was held there closely, while soft whispered words passed from lip to lip, and a radiance of unspeakable happiness dawned over both faces. The years of suffering and separation seemed compensated for in that one moment of exquisite and perfect joy.

The stones of the old ruin blazing in the August sunshine gazed at the Professor in amazed reproach. But he paid no heed. The archæologist was lost in the lover.—[Strand Magazine.

How Fishing Is Made Easy.

"The complete angler" is not in it, says the Sheffield Telegraph's London scribe, with "the automatic angler," which is the name an ingenious gentleman has given to his invention of a method of "fishing made easy." All that the easy-going angler need do is to fix his tackle, light his pipe and wait for results. The fish will catch itself. The automatic attachment by which this desirable process is carried out is simply a reel of ordinary dimensions, fitted with a spring coil arrangement, which, by means of a small lever, can be put in and out of gear at will. It is adapted to all kinds of rod fishing—from that of the lordly salmon to that of the socialistic and revolutionary perch or roach. It reduces the chances of losses from breakage of the line and rods, which is always a serious item, particularly in salmon fishing.

The manner of automatic angling is as follows: When set, the line is held in tension by a light pressure trigger, the moment the fish bites the pull releases the trigger, and allows the line to pay out as fast as the quickest running fish can take it. The moment the fish halts for rest the pressure of the trigger ceases, and the process of rewinding the line commences. Should the fish resent this and dart off again, the automatic angler places no obstacle in his way. Deport himself as long and as frantically as he may, the moment the fish pauses he finds himself drawn in. In the long run the mechanical appliance is bound to win, for in the matter of patience the fish is simply not there.

Of course when a fish, by setting the automatic action at work, signals that he has "taken hold," the angler can throw the automatic gear out of action and play with his capture in the ordinary way. The appliance has been proved simple and certain in action, and roisters who have tried it are enthusiastic. Ladies now indulge in the "gentle art," and automatic anglers will enhance the pleasure of the pastime to them.

A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

I went back to my uneasy couch about two o'clock, but I was speedily aroused by an awful explosion. I hastened to my look-out post again. The flames were spreading all over the city. It was an ocean of fire. At 4 a. m. the camps, from sea to valley, were aroused by an awful shock—the destruction of some great magazine behind the Redan. In quick succession one, two, three, four explosions followed. At 4.45 a. m. the magazines of the Flagstaff Bastion and Garden Batteries exploded. The very earth trembled at each outburst, but at 5.30 a. m., when the whole of the huge stone fortresses, the Quarantine and Alexander, were hurled into the air almost simultaneously with appalling roars, and the sky was all reddened by the incessant flashes of the bursting shell, the boldest held their breath and gazed in awe-struck wonder. It was broad day. The Russian fleet was gone, the last of their men-of-war was at the bottom—only the steamers were active, towing boats and moving from place to place on mysterious errands. Thirty-five magazines in all were blown up, and through all the night of the 8th and the morning of September 9th the Russians were marching out of the south side. We could see the bridge covered with them still. At 6.45 a. m., the last body of infantry crossed the bridge and mounted the opposite bank. Yes, the south side was left to the possession of the Allies at last! See bastopol, the city, the docks, and the arsenal, was ours. In half an hour more the end of the bridge itself was floated away by some invisible agency from the south side, and in less than an hour the several portions of it were collected at the further side of the roadstead. Meantime the fires, fed by small explosions, spread till the town seemed like one great furnace vomiting out columns of velvety black smoke to heaven. Soon after 7 o'clock columns of smoke began to ascend from Fort Paul. In a minute or two more flames were seen breaking out in Fort Nicholas. The first exploded with a stupendous roar later in the day; the mines under the latter did not take fire.

The retreat of Gortschakoff was effected with masterly skill.—[Scribner.

BUTLER LAID AT

The Last Rites Over t of the Dead Gene

LOWELL CROWDED WITH

State Officials, Distinguished Militia, Veterans, and Mas Unite in Paying Respect—Th in State Yesterday and This

LOWELL, Mass., Jan. 16.— services over the body of Gen F. Butler are being held to-da event is the greatest one that t ever witnessed. The militia, dignitaries, Grand Army pos Lowell societies swell the fun sion to enormous proportions.

Gov. Russell and his Smith of New Hampshire and delegations from the Legis Boston and Lawrence city g are present.

At Gen. Butler's late reside videre Hill, private funeral se held yesterday morning. Re John Chambee of St. Anne Church read the office for th

The body was in the dra President Harrison's wreath of ferns and lilies were la coffin.

Among the people presen such leading men of this city friends of the family, and th kinsmen, Messrs. Plympton water, Cadet Butler Ames of Gen. Ames, Frank L. Wash Barrett and others. There w and no address by the clergy

Comrades bore the body fro to a hearse drawn by four ho wind was blowing from the hill. The veterans suffered man sought shelter. As th carried from the portals of t drums of the band rumble were dipped, and the compan

When the march to the ha up, arms were reversed, and fell to the rear of the detach streets were crowded as th nded by dirges the passage eral's body from the house to hall, where the body was to

A great crowd was waitin mitted to the hall. In the h in was placed in the middle from the ceiling to the floo black extended. Grand guarded the casket.

On the coffin rested th epaulettes that were worn fr the Gulf and back again in t the negro was made a contr by the brain that lay at r coffin lid.

Behind the catafalque res flowers that had come fr Harrison, from the convicts prison, and from all classes tween those extremes.

President Harrison's wreat on the coffin in Washingto Hawes, Chandler, and Ha soll, Hon. Frederick Dou companies, societies, and fr ll, Boston, New York, hicago, and other places se took up one side of the hall.

When the crowds were ad hall, they almost carried t their hinges. They struggl and ran over the police, restrain them. Shouts and the echoes of the hall where lay.

Huntington Hall, whe Butler appeared there in lif ight scenes, but those of y passed anything ever seen old hall. Down in the stre pressed forward when they open. All the afternoon a of people poured in, but the wanted to get in did not di

The exit was on Shattuck stream of people poured door. No impression could the mass that clamored for the other side of the hall.

Late in the afternoon t closed and the officers had It was designed to close o'clock until this mornin o'clock they were opened time the people were beat and more order was mainta o'clock, when the final clos

Hundreds left the place w in and many others who out of the jam, were forced be swept into the hall by t

There was another clash as those who failed yesterd The rush was almost as b yesterday.

OLD NEVADA PAPER

Mark Twain, Joaquin Mil Were Reporters on it at

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., Territorial Enterprise, the paper in Nevada, control Mills of New York and the fornia, has suspended.

The Enterprise had the lag as a kindergarten fo noted California writers. ception of Bret Harte, all this Nevada paper. Mark T Miller and Dan De Quille in the bonanza days.

BURNED IN THE

A Schooner Destroyed O No News from the

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Ja known schooner was bu harbor here last night. made to reach the vessel, boats got to the scene the out and nothing could be Lighthouse Keeper McN boat and when several m empty oil barrels floating trace of any of the crew.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—T typhus and four new case for the past twenty-four h