Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1893.

The soil in the Orange Free State in Africa is particularly fertile, and the government has encouraged agriculture there, offering money freely for the support of the agricultural exhibitions. Last year owing to a swarm of locusts the crop failed and fruit trees were also attacked.

Notwithstanding the fact that fruit-growers in California, Oregon and Washington claim their own the first, yet it is a fact, states American Farmer, that what the Western fruit gains in enormity of size it loses in quality of sweetness. It is so likewise with their flowers. They grow larger than their Eastern sisters, but they lack perfume.

Reports from Switzerland show that experiments that have been made in the various cantons of the Republic in the form of graduated income taxes have proved successful so far as the great mass of the people are concerned, but that the effect with the wealthy minority has been to induce settlements in other cantons where this system does not prevail, or, in some instances, in foreign countries.

Who would guess, asks the New York News, that so obscure a naval power as Japan should be able to claim possession of the most powerful and fastest of all the armed cruisers afloat? But the claim is well founded. The Yoshino, which has just been built in England for the Japanese Government, is expected to show a speed of twenty-three knots, and is guaranteed to make 22 1-2.

The recent hard times in Kansas have brought good times for some people, and certain recent happenings show that not all Western mortgages are unprofitable, observes the Chicago Herald. A banking company of Atchison took in a quarter section of land in Phillips County, Kansas, during the hard times on which it had a mortgage of $1500. It sold the farm for $4000 cash, a profit of something like $2300, in addition to interest. This company is reported to be selling land every day at a considerable profit.

The New York News thinks that spinisters should naturally favor Hawaiian annexation. The census of the Sandwich Islands shows a population of 58,714 males and only 31,276 females. The disparity between the sexes extends to the white population, in which there are only 8643 females to 11,664 males. Among white Americans, British, Germans, French and Norweigians there men are twice as numerous as females. The least disparity exists among the Portuguese population, which numbers about 8500 of both sexes, and is a more formidable survival of the early settlement of the countrymen of Vasco de Gamo than is generally supposed to exist.

Hiram Maxim, the well-known mechanician, has revived the old idea of constructing a boat to skim over the surface of the water, instead of ploughing through it, declares the New York Post. The notion is supposed to be the outcome of his experiments with aeroplanes, which proved that a considerable weight could be supported in the air by an inclined plane driven forward through it at a moderate velocity. From his patent drawings it appears that he proposes to construct his boat with a punt bow, the under-surface of which is inclined with the view of raising the forward part of the vessel out of the water as it is propelled forward. Near the stern is a horizontal rudder, the inclination of which can be altered at will by suitable mechanism, and which does for the stern of the boat what the punt bow does for the front. To secure proper immersion under all condition, the dead wood at the stern is carried to a considerable depth below the hull of the boat, and forms a support for the propeller-shaft. Engineering, in discussing the model, expresses the opinion that such a boat would be likely to turn turtle, but supposes that Mr. Maxim has taken precautions against any such disaster.

EASILY SETTLED.

BY MRS. M. M'ALLISTER.

"What shall be done with the surplus?"
Is the question that troubles them now;
Dear brothers, leave that to the sisters,
We'll settle it for you, somehow.

A few of us, maybe, have sealskins,
Some have diamonds and gowns of silk;
You know how necessary these things,
We need cream—not any skim milk.

Just give us a chance at the Treasury—
I'll tell you how you can do,
Have our names arranged alphabetically,
And give us a chance to go through.

Now Samuel a secret I'll tell you.
Please bend low your stately head,
To your ear, dear Uncle, be it whispered,
That some of us haven't even bread.

DETROIT, Mich.

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITTS

CHAPTER IX.

AS ONE IN CHAINS.

WE are at Vicksburg, at the end of May, 1861. The place which was in the years to come to fill so large a space in the annals of the war had so far known of the contest only by report. The great river still ran "unvexed to the sea;" there were no fortifications from Memphis to the Gulf. New Orleans was still under Confederate control, and steam-traffic passed up and down as usual. In fact the time was so near the beginning of hostilities that the Union armies had made but a feeble effort to seize the great water-way, and the occasion had not yet come for the Confederates to defend it.

The hot sun of that latitude at that season shone down one afternoon on a great fleet of river steamers at the landing, on others puffing up and down the broad stream, and on the fair city, rising from the water up the heights two hundred and fifty feet above, its streets well shaded with ornamental trees. Under the wide veranda of a large brick mansion overlooking the river a family group sat enjoying the shade and the prospect of city and stream below them. An elderly lady, pale, emaciated, and evidently an invalid, reclined in a wheel chair. Opposite her was a corpulent, bald headed man of sixty, dressed in faultless broadcloth, with ruffled shirt front and wristlets, gold bowed glasses astride his nose, reading a copy of the daily paper. His general air and appearance were those of the comfortable citizen, and a fine expression of after-dinner complacency and satisfaction lurked about the fat corners of his mouth.

A third person finished the group. We need not describe her; that has already been done. Could Graham Brandon have looked upon her at that moment he must have owned that his friend's description of Isabel Montford was not overdrawn.

She was not only beautiful; she was stately, splendid, captivating. Her dark hair and brunette face contrasted well with her simple summer costume, and, just now, varying emotions of anxiety, of enthusiasm for the Southern cause, of hope and fear, alternately swayed that expressive countenance.

She held her mother's hand; she looked affectionately at the invalid.

"Dear mother," she tenderly asked, "does not this mild air and bright sun make you feel better?"

"I don't know, Belle," was the languid reply. "I am very weak. I think that if my mind were at ease I should feel better in body."

The daughter's dark eyes lit. "O mother!" she said, "how can you doubt our cause? How can you fear that the South will not succeed?"

"I hope for it, Belle—that you know. But you can't judge of what is likely to come, as I can. I was sent North to be educated; I was for two years before my marriage at a ladies' academy in New York. I learned something of the strength of the North and its resources. I have heard your father read the papers; I remember Lincoln's proclamation, and the response of the Northern Governors. The whole country seems to be aroused! All are taking sides. I fear I may not live to see the end of the struggle."

Mr. Montford laid down his paper.

"Why, madam," he pompously said, "you are very much mistaken. The South is already practically victorious; the superiority of her sons has been demonstrated in Virginia, so it will be everywhere; the Unionists can not prevail against her."

The invalid sat with closed eyes.

"There will be battles fought, and much bloodshed," she said.

"O, very likely; enough to give our gallant people an opportunity to win laurels in the field. But the end is not doubtful; it must come within the year. We fortunate people here on the river will be merely spectators—the course of the war can not reach us; the Mississippi belongs of right to the South; we always shall keep undisputed possession of it. As the fall advances there may be a great battle in Tennessee, possibly another in Virginia; then Beauregard will take possession of Washington, and Johnston of Cincinnati, and dictate terms of peace. Mark my words—by the 4th of July, a year from now, all this will be accomplished."

The speaker rose, waved the paper over his head in his warmth, and walked up and down the veranda with a magnificent air. The invalid sighed deeply.

"Take me in, Belle," she said. "I must lie down."

The daughter rose and wheeled in the chair. In a few minutes she returned.

"Father," she said, "I want to ask you a question."

"Proceed, daughter."

"Is this the twenty-third of May?"

"It is."

She turned away from him an instant, and examined the postmark of a letter that she took from her pocket. It was addressed to herself, and bore the Vicksburg postmark of May.

"I believe," she said, "that our young men here have very generally volunteered for the Confederate army."

"Yes; to a gratifying extent."

She hesitated.

"Do you know if Charles Smedley has done so?"

"Smedley—yes, the son of my late friend the large cotton-planter. Why—do you not know? Doesn't he come here?"

"He did; but for more than two weeks I have not seen him."

"Ah, is that so? Well, my daughter, I rather suspect that you did not want to see him."

She made no answer. Her heart beat fast, but she kept her secret.

"I have not desired to see our gentlemen," she replied, "unless they come wearing Confederate gray."

"That's the talk, Isabel! Stick to that, my daughter! Show yourself the spunkiest kind of a Southern woman. You'll help the cause gloriously. As for Smedley—I haven't seen him nor heard of him for some time; about the time you name. He ought to be all right; he's a native Mississippian; but he'll have to come out, flat-footed, soon, and explain himself. Shall I inquire about him?"

She hesitated again.

"Yes, for yourself—not for me."

"To be sure. There's a boat just in from above; I'll go down and see if there is any good news from Richmond."

When she was alone she crushed the letter passionately in her hand. She looked at the street; no one was at the instant approaching; she looked within—her mother was already asleep upon her bed. The proud beauty unfolded the letter, smoothed it out, read it—and burst into tears.

"I never wept for any man before," she cried. "Shame upon you, Isabel Montford! why do you weep for him? He has not answered your call; he does not love you well enough to make any sacrifice for you. And yet—yet——"

The remainder of her thought was unspoken. Her face showed that she was tormented by the thought.

Her feelings were too deep to be restrained. Soliloquy was a relief, if not a gratification to her.

"Oh, why, why," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "can I not win him to this cause? He could be almost anything he chose in it. He has ability, experience, courage. I must conquer his scruples."

She glanced down the street and saw a man approaching. He was young, not more than her own age, tall and erect; his face was refined and expressive, set off by a long, drooping mustache, a bright, large eye, and a complexion dark enough to denote the creole. He was fashionably dressed and carried a light cane in his hand.

He came up the steps, raising his hat as he approached. The manner and aspect of Isabel Montford were now all changed. She came forward with both hands extended; she greeted him with bewitching smiles.

"You are a wayward stranger, Mr. Landry," she said. "I have not seen you for two whole days. You promised to keep me well posted about the war-news. I have depended upon you. Now tell me all about it. What are our people doing; what will they do, at once?"

A flush of gratification came to his cheek.

"Pardon me, then, Miss Montford," he said, "that I have not dared to come each day. Gladly will I do so, if you permit."

"Provided only that you bring me good news," she rejoined. "And provided—but that we will talk of further on. Tell me your glad tidings, first."

"There is really little that is new," he replied. "In Virginia, our people are threatening Washington; the Federals are reported as concentrating at Cairo, but they make no move. Nearer home, our General Polk is assembling a large force at Memphis. Everything, it seems to me, goes on well. The war must be brief; there may be a few sharp collisions—and we shall win."

"Oh, that I were a man!" Isabel Montford cried, with flashing eye, extending her shapely bare arm in a gesture. "I would not miss that strife for our glorious cause, short as the struggle will be. In the years to come, when our great Southern Empire shall extend also over Mexico, with New Orleans for its proud capital, I would shame to have it said that I was a grown man, and had no part in the fray that made that nation!"

He stood there and admired her, Abashed and humiliated by her words, feeling their keen sting in every nerve, striving to repress his vexation—still, he had to admire her. He had seen nothing on the dramatic stage like her presence, her passionate outburst of that moment.

She saw his embarrassment; in a breath she was mild and gentle. "Come in," she said. "I have something to say to you."

He followed her into the luxurious parlors. His head was filled with a species of intoxication at her flattering reception. Never had he met with such encouragement from her; his heart bounded with hope.

She placed him on the sofa, and seated herself beside him. Without a tremor she turned her glorious eyes upon him, and questioned him.

"I am a daughter of Mississippi, of the South," she said. "It is for such as I to see that our young men are not wanting at this crisis in their duty. I have urged them to do their part; some of them I am doubtful about. I want to ask you. What do you hear of Mr. Smedley?"

She might have been an actress had circumstances favored; she was acting a part then. She kept her composure.

"Smedley?" he questioned back. "Why—he has gone North."

She started, she trembled. Her sudden emotion did not escape him.

"You must be mistaken," she said, with an effort. "What could Charles Smedley be doing at the North, among our enemies, at such a time as this?"

"That is the place for such as he, Miss Montford."

"For such as he? I do not understand you. Please explain yourself."

"The explanation is easy. Captain Smedley is recreant to our cause. For that reason he has left us."

She sprang up; she stamped her foot with excitement. Her eyes flamed; her cheek glowed.

"I do not believe it; I *will not* believe it!" she cried. "He has been slandered; he never would betray his own people and their cause in such a way. He has been reluctant to take up arms. Others have faltered, too." And Stephen Landry felt her eyes looking straight through him. "But he will prove true."

"Pardon me, Miss Montford; you are sadly mistaken in him. I have known him well and observed his silence when others pledged themselves to the cause. I saw him take the steamer for Memphis. He bade me farewell, saying that he was going to leave Vicksburg forever and that he hoped I would not reproach him for faithlessness to our cause. I tried to make him explain himself, but he was wild in his appearance and manner and much disturbed. He turned away and would not talk with me. It was in this way that I parted with him. He has not since been seen here or heard from, so far as I can learn. I cannot doubt that he is at the North this moment."

"When did this happen?"

He reflected a moment and answered: "It was the 8th of this month.

The 8th day of May! She remembered that her own letter was sent the previous day.

She tried no longer to restrain her feelings. "O, this is infamous!—it is cruel!" she cried, and sank into a deep-cushioned chair.

Mr. Landry sprang to her assistance. She motioned him away.

"This is of no matter," she said, with a shaking voice. "It moves me, of course, to hear of such treatment of the South by her sons. There—it is past; I will think no more of it. I will never mention the hateful name of that man again."

"He was my friend," said Landry. "Yet his conduct is to be detested."

She turned upon him like a tigress.

"Bad as it is, sir, is it for *you* to blame him? What have you done—what are you doing for the cause?"

He shrank before her, grand as she seemed in anger.

"My heart is in it," he faltered. "But you knew——"

"Yes—I think I know," she bitterly interrupted. "You are rich; you love your ease and your pleasure. You would give your money for this cause—but not yourself. Others are not too good to brave the perils of war for the Confederacy; you *are* too good. Is it so?"

He was hard hit. His dark face flushed, his whole frame trembled.

She stood before him. Her mood was strangely altered; again she was soft and winning; he wondered how he could have thought but a moment before that her heart was yearning for Smedley.

"Why will you not go?" she asked. Her voice thrilled him through.

"Do *you* ask it?" he replied.

"I ask it of you, of every Southern born man."

"But of me, now?"

"Yes—of you."

Her words, her manner emboldened him.

"What reward shall I have?"

"The reward that always goes with duty well done. Perhaps promotion, fame; who knows?"

He dared to take her hand. "You do not offer enough," he cried.

"Go to the field," she said. "Do not come back to me till the independence of the South is secured. Then——"

She averted her face.

"And then?" he repeated, seizing her other hand.

Her struggle was not yet over. There was a moment's silence, and her whisper came.

"I will not say you nay."

He rapturously kissed her hands. "God be praised for this hour!" he cried. "I never thought to dare it. O, my queen, my hope—for you I will endure all!"

She turned her face; it was as marble. His eyes looked imploringly on her; she stooped and lightly pressed her lips to his forehead.

"Farewell, for a season," he said. "To-morrow I shall join General Polk at Memphis."

He went out from her presence as one in chains.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Ditto."

There were three or four unoccupied seats in the car, but he stood for a moment, grip in hand, near the door, and then walked to a seat in which a young lady sat alone and sat down beside her with an impudence that astonished all other passengers. The girl looked up at him and around the car, and evidently realized the situation, for she took pencil and tablet from her reticule and made ready for him. After about five minutes the man turned to her and observed:

"Beg pardon if I am mistaken, but don't you live at Utica?"

She looked up in a furtive way and then wrote on the tablet and handed him:

"I am deaf and dumb."

"Ah! By George! Deuced pretty girl to have such a misfortune. Well, I'm left, after all my smartness. Saw her at the window before I got on, and carried out the plan to [illegible] Deaf and dumb, eh?—[illegible] one I ever struck!"

He nodded his head to her to signify that he understood, and he would have been glad to change seats if he could have done so without loss of dignity. As the train thundered on he perused the contents of a couple of newspapers, yawned awhile, and then bought and finished a novel, and finally after a ride of four mortal hours the whistle blew, and he reached for his grip with the remark:

"I'll be hanged if I ain't glad this stupid ride has come to an end at last."

"Ditto," quietly replied the girl, as she turned on him.

"You—you—" he gasped, as he stood there looking down upon her with twelve kinds of emotion galloping over his countenance.

"Good-by," she said, and he backed out and dropped to the platform like a man retreating from a mule's hind legs.—*New York Sun.*

Named After the Cabinet.

LAUREL, Del., March 6.—Mrs. Cantwell, of this place, who gave birth to four boys last Saturday, will name them Grover, Walter, John and Daniel.

Kissing the Children.

Kisses in the morning
Make the day seem bright,
Filling every corner
With a gleam of light;
And what happiness he misses,
Who, affection's impulse scorning,
Departs, and gives no kisses
To the children in the morning.

Many think it folly;
Many say it's bliss;
Very much depending
On whose lips you kiss.
But the truth I am confessing,
And I'd have you all take warning,
If you covet any blessing,
Kiss the children in the morning.

Kisses in the evening
When the lights are low,
Set two hearts a-flaming
With affection's glow.
And the angels swarm in numbers
Round the pillow they are pressing
Who are wooed to peaceful slumbers
By a dear one's fond caressing.

Kisses in the morning
Are not out of place;
Kisses in the evening
Have a special grace;
And it seems to me that this is
For indulgence, lawful reason;
Sweetest tulips—I mean kisses,
Ye are never out of season.

—[The Ledger.

HUMOROUS.

You never can judge a man by his appearance in a wedding suit.

Love may be blind, but he knows when the parlor lamp is too high.

A revolver is no large weapon, but it can be made to cover a very large man.

About the hardest crop to raise on a farm nowadays is the boys in the family.

A new kind of flannel is called "tramp flannel." It shrinks from washing.

"I seem to be on dangerous ground," said the man who was caught with an earthquake.

She—You know you broke your promise to me. He—Never mind, I can make another just as good.

Children's footsteps are light, but when they are pattering in the flat overhead they sound like thunder.

When a man inherits a portion of a goodly estate he has no trouble in finding people ready to take his part.

"Today was prize day at my school," said Jimmie. "And did my little boy get anything?" asked papa. "Yep. Got kept in."

"I declare!" said the missionary wearily; "these cannibals are constantly doing something to get a man into hot water."

Banks—Rivers, how do you suppose that wonderful bird, the phoenix, ever caught fire? Rivers—probably from a defective flue.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,
Though gorgeous their plumage and regal;
But, instead of an oriole, robin or thrush,
Let the bird be a bright, golden eagle.

One day of sickness will do more to convince a young man that his mother is his best friend than seventeen volumes of proverbs.

Jiggles—I hear Scribberly has gone blind. How'd it happen? Giggles—Lost his sight trying to find his articles in print, poor fellow.

Mr. Slowthink—I—er—you have noticed how the days are getting longer and——Miss Pert—It seems to me as though it's the evenings.

"You have been in my head all day, Miss Angie," he cooed sweetly. "Great mercy!" groaned the girl in agony; "can it be that I am as small as that?"

"Well, mademoiselle, isn't he a handsome fellow?" "Yes, he is, but certainly one of his legs is too short." "Too short? Quite the contrary; one of his legs is too long."

Willis—I hear she is going to enter the lecture field. Has she ever had any experience? Wallace—Oh, yes; her husband has been a member of a club for over ten years.

Rev. Mr. Pryor to Rev. Mr. Reticent—And how much does your congregation pay you a year, my dear brother? Rev. Mr. Reticent to Rev. Mr. Pryor—About half my salary, my dear brother.

"Why are you so naughty, Johannie? It seems with mamma worn out and papa with a broken arm, you might try to be good." "Huh!" said Johnnie. "That's just the time to be bad. No one can lick me."

BALLADS OF CHANCES LO

I.

They came too late or else arrived too
These opportunities the god's prov
We were too slow to grasp them, spur
boon.
In some queer fashion we have l
slide.
Now lag we in the race while men der
Still dimly trusting that our look wit
But we must creep where we had
stride.
And struggle somehow onward to th

II.

Here's Jones laments an outing m
June;
Smith, stocks whose values since hi
phed;
Brown moans the college years he pla
foun,
And White, the girl he might hav
his bride;
And some with sorrows much more
Meet all the while 'gainst cruel o
tend;
Brave souls with cares and griefs th
hide,
Who struggle somehow onward to

III.

So many thoughts that ring a doleful
So many reasons one's poor self to
No wonder hopeless mortals sit and
The sad old dirge: "If we had on
We might have gained on time and sa
tune,
And reached the port with strength
to spend;
Now sad and feeble, must we choke
And struggle somehow onward to

"ENVOI."

Ye ... to whom, successful joys de
Experience comes a tardy, testy fri
Take heart, take heed, with patience
guide,
And struggle somehow onward to

SISTER GABRIELL

A Reminiscence of Max O'Rell
the Franco-Prussian Wa

BY HIS WIFE.

When the Franco-Prussian w
on: I was a young girl, and t
news of the commencement of h
made a profound impression
When, four years later, I met
ried my husband, it was one of
delights to get him to tell me "
the war." Of the many remi
of his soldier days, none, perha
ested me more than the story of
nun who nursed him in St. Mal
tal. This is the story just as
for the first time many years
hope it will not lose too much
ing told in French, as it was th
to me.

We were sitting by the bridge
illy, near the Bois de Boulogne,
"There," said my husband,
about the spot where I was
over. We were fast getting th
of the Communards, and my r
warming to the work in gra
when the piece of spent shell hi
some of the fellows carried me
hospital. I remember being
that there should be relatively
a wound of that sort; but the
soon enough when the fever set
doctor of the Versailles Hospit
rough specimen, as army doct
are—in France, at any rate—and
fancy that the groans and moa
other wounded were not soothi
One day the doctor told me I sh
be able to be removed to a cou
pital. That was after I had b
his treatment for six weeks.

"The sights, sounds and sm
place had grown so sickening
I think I could have kissed hin
talked of sending me to St. M
came in one morning, and, in h
way, said, as he probed the
bits of shattered bone:

"'We shall be able to pack
a few days. You would lik
transferred to St. Malo, would
You come from that part of th
don't you? The air will suit y

"He was a brute, but he h
good cigars, and he used to
smoke one when he was goin
an extra go at my wound. I s
hoped the goodness might pr
tions. I used to call him strin
names while he was digging a
work on my arm. Somehow
me, and, truth to tell, he took
good part.

"In a few days, then, I saw
him, and he of me; and glad e
I to find myself in the clean,
attended hospital in the dear
town. There I had a room to
each officer had; and to lie th
sweet, sunny room and hear
but my own was almost lik
heaven. The daily cleanin
wound, still pretty painful, w
mended under the hands of a
geon, who proved to be a ver
low. He and I struck up qui
ship after a while.

"Well, life was, if not exac
any rate once more worth li
brightness and calm were
after the horrors of the Versa
tal, and a serenity filled the
echo of organ tones brough
nuns from chapel.

"The nun who attended to
angel. Don't be jealous.
in St. Malo three months.
month had passed I had gro
her as I should have loved
she had lived. I loved the s
voice, and the touch of her
hands. I would have gone
surgeon's probings without
she might have rebandaged th
wards. But Dr. Nadaud alw