

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1893.

A NEWCASTLE (Pa.) man decapitated himself in the machinery of a sawmill the other day, which incident should recall public attention to the adage pointing to the danger of "monkeying with the buzz saw."

COLORADO courts have just injected happiness into one domestic circle that had long been short in the staple. It was done by changing the name of the family to Miles. It had been Mules, and naturally the family had kicked.

UNKIND things are being said of William W. Astor, who has chosen to betake himself to London. And yet the matter seems to be very much the personal affair of Mr. Astor. Really, America can spare him. It is at least a comfort to know that the august ancestor of the blue-blooded family was not too proud to leave his bones in the country where he had so successfully trapped muskrats.

STRANGE things happen so often in Kansas that the news of the birth of a child in a trolley car at Topeka hardly created surprise. If the child had inquired the shortest way to the capital and started across lots for Congress his advent might have caused a local ripple.

THE head of Atlanta's 400, a bank cashier, has disappeared. So far as his books have been examined they show that to retain the services of an ultra-fashionable young man cost his employers \$70,000 above his salary. A consensus of opinion is that the honor came too high.

A LOT of American female ball players were mobbed in Havana, Cuba, the other day because the game they "put up" wasn't to the satisfaction of the crowd. Here's another avenue for female industry closed and an international complication threatened besides. Gail Hamilton should investigate the matter.

IN East Indian schools "mental arithmetic" is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of the United States. The Oriental mind is fertile in the invention of catch questions, and the multiplication table is swelled into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Tiny, half-naked brown creatures of ten years and under are taught to carry the multiplication table up to the forty times forty, and to complicate matters by the introduction of fractional parts.

A GREAT howl goes up because foreign talent finds such a remunerative field of operation in this country. But it must not be forgotten in this connection that a good many Americans have reaped bountiful shekels abroad. In the list are Mary Anderson, Buffalo Bill, Lotta, Talmage, John L. Sullivan, and Loie Fuller, who has danced her way to fame and fortune in the gay capital of France. Honors may not yet be easy, but a good deal of foreign money has found its way to American pockets.

AN investigating committee avers that nearly every prisoner in the Charlestown jail at Boston is not only supplied with tools by which he might easily make his escape, but with arms sufficient to prevent interference on the part of the guards. If this be so the civic authorities of Boston must make that city's jails most attractive and comfortable institutions. Or perhaps the prisoners recognize and appreciate the great advantages enjoyed by residence in the literary Athens of America, even though that residence be hampered by liberty restrictions.

IT is a singular fact that a class of backbones in Chicago have an association bound by general rules as rigorous as any which prevail in other trade unions, and with an additional ironclad rule against inebriety. This regulation does not enforce total abstinence, but is strong against excesses leading to intoxication. The penalty for a drunk is \$10 fine and suspension from membership. Many of the members of this organization are in favor of a total abstinence rule. There is another association of bartenders, called the White Knights, the objects of which are social and benevolent. This order has not a rule against bibulous excesses, but chronic intemperate habits disqualify an applicant for admission to its ranks. It is a phenomenon that the men standing behind the saloon bars should be members of two very effective temperance organizations.

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITTS.

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS. Major Brandon had joined the battalion some time before the occupation of the city, and his wife now came on from Memphis to join him. This little corps was so largely reduced that it was made part of the garrison, the Major and his wife occupying a house where Colonel Smedley was a welcome guest. Mrs. Brandon, with warm sympathy for the soldiers from her own locality, busied herself in trying to make them more comfortable, in such ways as only a woman's skilled fingers can; and Smedley, on better acquaintance, admired, in a languid way, her homelike virtues and industry.

"That's the wife for a soldier," said the Major one day, with enthusiasm, as he left the two friends and comrades together. "She's true in every way; true to her husband, her country, and her home. I say—Smedley!"

"Well?"

"I don't want to be impertinent; but are you not following a will-o-the-wisp? Is not that old madness on you that you told me about in the mountains? You act like it."

The Colonel returned an evasive answer and changed the subject. That night Mrs. Brandon visited her husband with questions, and obtained all that he knew about his friend's hopeless passion.

"It is too bad," she said, with emphasis, "that so fine a man and so good a soldier should be guilty of such folly. Because it is nothing else, for a man who loves his country enough to risk his life for her, to make himself unhappy over a rebel woman."

"I don't know about that, Alice," said the Major, with a mischievous pretense of arguing the question. "If I had happened to wear a gray uniform, I suppose you would have loved me just as well—eh?"

"I would have had nothing to do with you," replied Mrs. Brandon indignantly; and the Major laughed, and said that he thought the women were rather more bitter partisans than the men were.

July passed, and important tidings came for the Mountain Battalion. General Burnside was organizing and equipping an army at Richmond, Kentucky, for the liberation of East Tennessee, and it would soon move toward Knoxville. The record of the mountaineers in the war had become known at Washington, and the General had been authorized to call for this command of the sick and wounded back returned to duty, and all most two hundred could now be mustered. The order for the transfer was read one night on dress-parade, and enthusiasm prevailed over discipline; the line broke forth in cheers of delight. They were going home, after almost two years of absence; home, where the hearts of all men are, but oh, how wholly those of the soldiers! Those that were left, not half of the number that went out, would soon come home as liberators, and probably remain there on duty during the remainder of the war. There was happiness and unrestrained glee in that camp that night, and very little sleep among the mountaineers.

The steamer that would take them to Cincinnati was to be ready in two days. Colonel Smedley had not resumed command, and the Major felt a little awkward in his position. He showed him the orders.

"Of course, Charley, you'll take command, and come back with us? (Gosh!—think of the reception that you'd have there!)"

There was a little hushiness in Smedley's voice. "No, Graham," he said, "my fighting days are over. Some day, when the war shall become a dream of the past, I will come up to East Tennessee and renew the old friendships. Now I am only a civilian. I was mustered out of the service this morning."

The Major tried to speak, and broke down in sobs. At the embarkation the scene was most affecting. The officers and men thronged about Smedley; they begged him not to leave them, and almost shook his resolution.

"Don't urge me, boys," he said. "It is impossible. The surgeon says that my life depends on my leaving the service. My heart goes with you, but my poor, shattered body must stay behind. Good-by, and God bless you!"

Caps were taken off in a silent salute as the steamer passed out of sight of the tall figure on the landing.

Captain Burt Hankins, who had diligently earned both to read and write since his return, began to come to him in the battalion, stood by the guards and chewed tobacco violently and effusively. He was unable to contain the reflections that agitated him, and at once proceeded to announce them for the benefit of his listening company.

"The Colonel's all wrong," he said. "He ought to go with us. To be sure, he's not got over his wound, but he could get along with it, if he would. Things could be made easy for him if he'd only stay. But he won't."

What the matter with him, Burt? one of his old neighbors familiarly asked.

"A woman, of course. Just what makes half the trouble everywhere. Mrs. Major told me all about it; mighty sensible woman she is, I can tell you! The Colonel is in love with a secesh girl here in Vicksburg; old thing, begun before the war; and he can't get her out of his head. I'm a bachelor, you know, and a tolerable old one; all women are pretty much the same to me; but I do wonder at the Colonel making such a to-do over any rebel calico. I'll come back to the mountains. I'll show him a dozen handsomer and better'n this one; yes, sir, and girls that can run, jump, and hide a horse bareback. I do wonder at his choice; and the gal won't have him, neither."

The Battalion reached Cincinnati, and was transported to Richmond. We cannot pause to even mention the incidents of that arduous march of an army over

the mountains, the men nearly all mounted, ammunition and stores being mainly packed on mules, and the whole moving with the utmost celerity. In some instances our Battalion passed by their old homes in the Clinch Range; the people, having heard rumors of the advance, returned to their homes and welcomed their deliverers; the long-promised, anxiously expected Union occupation of East Tennessee had come, and new hopes had arisen among the people of that region.

On the 3d of September, with drums beating and colors displayed, the weary, but rejoicing, army entered Knoxville. A surge of patriotic feeling swept like a whirlwind over the little city. The

walks, the windows, the houseposts were lined with exultant people. Men shouted themselves hoarse; women waved their handkerchiefs; the old flag flew everywhere, many specimens of it, large and small, being brought out from secret places where they had been hidden since the war began. It was a grand, a glorious sight.

A seedy-looking fat man, who had for some months been keeping a small butcher's shop at Knoxville, stood on a dry-goods box as the columns marched through the street, and loftily harangued the crowd nearest him.

"Ah, this is the thing, gentlemen and ladies. Glad I am to have lived to see this day! I haven't dared to express my sentiments here before this day. To have done so would have been to prejudice the sale of my soap, starch, and candies—which, by the way, I will continue to sell to you very cheap for cash. But how it does rejoice my heart to see this proud display of the gallant defenders of our blood-bought liberties! It reminds me of the bloody field of Shiloh, where I was in the thickest of the first day's fight, receiving many wounds; and General Grant said to me at night: 'Ithuriel, how goes the battle?' 'Doubtfully, General,' I replied, 'but with the morrow's sun I will accompany you to the field again to do or die for the cause we adore. The weight of my character, the prestige of my name shall always be given—'

The Battalion passing as this climax was reached, the orator was recognized. Major Brandon nodded to one of the sergeants, who left his place long enough to cave in the sides of the box with the butt of his rifle, and Ithuriel Maney, soaring higher and higher in the delivery of his impudent fiction, suddenly found his great bulk rolling in the gutter, greatly to the amusement of the crowd and the soldiers.

The needs of our narrative compel us at this point to part with Ithuriel Maney. He is, or was lately, leading a precarious, shabby, but always good-natured existence in Cincinnati. He is ever ready to accept favors of any description, but is chiefly desirous of those of a liquid nature, with an occasional small coin, and in return therefor he will hold forth eloquently for the amusement of the frequenters of the places that he haunts as to how he, Grant, Buell, Nelson, and a few others, won the second day's fight at Shiloh.

Mrs. Brandon was able to rejoin her husband speedily, and thereafter her home was not disturbed by the war. In that November occurred the successful defense of Knoxville, on which occasion young Dan Baird realized his long-cherished wish of fighting with the soldiers. He was in Fort Sanders at the time of the assault, and behaved well.

Mrs. Baird and her children, happy in the return of their friends, and especially of their benefactress, Mrs. Brandon, thought there was nothing more on earth to be desired. But a great surprise and a great joy was in store for her. The Major's wife had noticed that Captain Burt Hankins was a frequent visitor to the house; but she was not prepared for the announcement that the widow rather than the Major was to be married.

"Well, I heartily congratulate you," said Mrs. Brandon, recovering from her surprise. "I should think it would be a very good arrangement."

"I really hope so, ma'am. I've always known Burt; he was poor Wally's best friend, and I've enjoyed his calls greatly this winter. But I was astonished when the man began to talk about marrying. You don't mean it, said I. 'Why, yes, I do,' he said. 'What if I never do with you and these children?' 'Take good care of you, of course. Nice folks; I know you perfectly well, and can't make any mistake about it. An old bachelor's best not to put it off. An old bachelor's apt to be an old fool, and some young girls are always likely to make a bigger fool of him.' Burt has a dreadful thinging way."

As time passed, and the clamor of the war swelled loud in the distance, Brandon and his wife from this comparatively peaceful retreat looked anxiously for news from Smedley. Not until the summer of the close of the hostilities were they permitted to look upon his face, to grasp his hand again; and in the meantime, they waited in anxious suspense. The letters that he had promised came not; but instead, vague reports that their friend had disappeared from Vicksburg, and that he had re-entered the Union army. Often they speculated upon his fate, and wondered what the next chapter of his life would be.

"He will give up that old folly at last," said Brandon. "A man cannot always pursue a vision that mocks him."

"I read him differently," replied his wife. "I tremble for him. If he does not win her at last, he will miserably wreck his life somewhere."

And the sturdy Captain, recounting to Mrs. Hankins some of the stirring events of the last two years, usually wound up with wondering whether Col. Smedley was seeking a girl.

The last chapters of our narrative will relate what fortune still lay before the man to whom these hearts were so warmly drawn.

CHAPTER XVII.

CRAVING IN FETTERS.

After the departure of the Battalion Charles Smedley rested quietly at Vicksburg for some time, so far as his body was concerned, but his mind was in a condition of unrest. He had not seen Isabel since her abrupt farewell, and of course had not ventured to call at her house, but he had been much upon the streets, hoping to be passed by her or hear from her. One day he was closed and saw that it was before the door. As quickly as he could he got there Smedley went to the headquarters of the police in the city, where he was well acquainted. He asked

the Adjutant the reason for what he had seen.

"Brick house, well up the hill. And up and guarded?—Montford?—O, yes, I remember. That's a remarkable case, you might say one in a thousand. The house is owned by an handsome and proud woman as you'll find along the river—and as bitter a rebel. Her parents died, we learned, before our occupation. Well, it seems that Miss Montford devoted herself during the siege to the care of the wounded, and was antiring in her efforts, day and night, to alleviate their misery. She even gave linen from her own beds for bandages and turned over about all of her delicacies to the hospital. The Confederate surgeons, and indeed those of our boys who were wounded and prisoners, say that she never discriminated, but gave one ride just as much attention as the other. So when she expressed a desire to leave here we felt bound not only to aid her all we could in getting away but also to protect her property during her absence."

"Where has she gone?"

"She had transportation to Jackson. While we could not well inquire as to her intentions, and in fact did not care, she being a woman, I have reason to think that she has gone on into the Confederacy. They say she's a Tarlar for Southern rights, although a most handsome woman."

So that it was as she told him it would be. She could not rest under his flag. They were, indeed, under; battle lines and picket posts were between them. His strength was slowly returning, but his "mind diseased" left him no peace and but little rest. As soon as he was able to mount a horse he rode back to the hills, traced the long lines of fortifications, and surveyed the spot where he had dashed at the works at the head of his mountaineers.

"Perhaps it would have been better if that had ended it for me," he mused.

Five miles back was his great cotton plantation, inherited from his father, where his own childhood and youth had been passed. He rode over to visit it. More than two years had gone since he had viewed that familiar and beloved scene, but it had lived in his airy dreams from Shiloh down to Vicksburg. He had pictured a day when, the war being over and gone, he should come back to this beautiful home with Isabel. Life would be something worth living then; he would be one of the largest planters on the river; his "people," as he called his hundred slaves, would never leave him, bond or free; he would raise great crops of the staple, and accumulate wealth for Isabel to enjoy; perhaps part of the time they would live in her house at Vicksburg, and an occasional long visit to New Orleans and Cincinnati would give them variety and help to make life go on smoothly and prosperously.

As for the dreams that were! Already they had been rudely shattered by that fatal interview with Isabel, and even the poor fragments were now to be swept away. The horseman drew rein by the white entrance to the grounds and looked sadly up the broad avenue of oaks. Only blackened ruins marked the spot where the noble mansion once stood; outbuildings, cabins, all had been consumed.

A lent and decrepit old negro hobbled up, and grasping the rider's boot-heel, uttered cries of joy.

"Why, bless my pore ole soul, Mas' Charles, wha' yo' been so long? Dey said yo' was dead."

"I've been fighting for the Union, Jeremiah."

"Yo' las? Good! Ise powerful glad yo' come back. Now dey's quit fightin' 'round 'ere, wha' yo' build up de ole place? De boys an' girls will come home—some ob 'em—when dey know yo' heah. Dey've scattered all 'round 'now."

"The war is not done yet, Jerry; I can't tell when it will be, or how I shall feel about the old home then. How was the place turned?"

"Lus' Janniver de fire catched. I dunno how, only dat night de sejas was all over de house, buildin' big fires in de chimbley places, and risin' de debil, as usual. Oh, I tell yo', Mas' Charles, eber since yo' lin away dese sejas most broke my nose. Leat wiv dese drefful doins! Sometimes de Lincum boys come, sometimes de rebels, an' I declar to goodness I tink one lot 'bout as I declar to goodness I tink orders de niggers 'round, on de chairs for killin', an' pulls up de carpets to see if dere's money hid in it, an' steals some ob de dishes an' smashes de rest, and dey makes great charcoal pictures on de walls ob de debil, sometimes holdin' Ole Abe in his claws, sometimes Ole Jeff, Oh, it was gawf! But eber since de fire dey's been nothing to come fer, an' Jerry an' Ole Mammy libed in peace ober in de ole pig-pen."

Smedley gave the old fellow some money, comforted him with the assurance that he would return some time, and rode away.

More than ever, now, he felt alone, cut off from human ties and sympathies. He was always welcome at post headquarters and at the mess-tables of the officers of the garrison, but he felt that his days of usefulness were over, and that he had nothing to live for but the past. He thought it would be a relief if he could go back to the army, and again share its strange, wild life. There would be no life in that at least.

Activity, excitement—perhaps rest. When near the end of that September, he read in the newspapers from the Northwest the story of Chickamauga, with its alternate tides of defeat and victory, his spirit was roused again as at the blast of a bugle. With the paper in his hand, he caught the Post Surgeon, who had lately had charge of his case.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Austria, 14 years for both sexes.

In Spain, the man at 14, the woman at 12.

In Germany, the man at 18, the woman at 14.

In Belgium, the man at 18, the woman at 15.

In France, the man at 18, the woman at 15.

In Russia, the man at 18, the woman at 16.

In Saxony, the man at 18, the woman at 16.

In Switzerland, the man at 15, the woman at 12.

In Hungary, Catholic, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Protestant, the man at 18, the woman at 12.

THE SPRING LONG ADOO

Count down, O sun—O south wind, And to the winter's captive freed, Where are the springs of long ago?

Drive under ground the lingering And up the greenward legions lead, Come near, O sun—O south wind, And to the winter's captive freed, Where are the springs of long ago?

Are these the skies we used to know? The budding wood, the fresh-blown rose, Come near, O sun—O south wind, And to the winter's captive freed, Where are the springs of long ago?

The breathing furrow will we sow, And patient wait the patient seed, Come near, O sun—O south wind, And to the winter's captive freed, Where are the springs of long ago?

The grain of vanished years will grow, But not the vanished years, indeed, Where are the springs of long ago?

With sudden leafage, lying low, They for remembrance faintly plead, Come near, O sun—O south wind, And to the winter's captive freed, Where are the springs of long ago?

—Edith M. Thomas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Humbug—Bumble bee.

Buy words—How much?

A shining light—Jupiter.

A spokesman—The wheelwright.

A pronounced failure—Stuttering.

"I am willing enough to work," said young Steer, "but I can't find anybody to work."

Cholly—"What kind of a balance do me wawtsch?" Jeweler—"Probably an unpaid one."—Jeweler's Weekly.

George—"I thought you were studying oil wells in the West." Fred—"I gave it up; it was such a bore, you know."—Exchange.

Criticus (looking at a picture of the impressionist)—"If that's high art, then I'm an idiot."—Cynicus—"Well, that's high art."—Tid-bits.

Extreme loquaciousness seldom goes with an air of prosperity. The more a man talks through his hat the shabbier it gets. —Washington Star.

Crinoline or corset? Which one will it be? To sweep the western continent In eighteen ninety-three! —Detroit Free Press.

She—"Really, now, aren't you married man?" He—"No, Why?" She—"Oh, you have such a settled look." He—"Yes; I've been refused by thirteen girls."

Doctor—"I really believe you have some kind of poison in your system." Patient (Gloomily)—"I shouldn't wonder. What was that last stout you gave me?"—Judy.

A—"Hello, old chap! Congratulations! I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune?" B—"No, I married a fortune with an independent lady."—Vogue.

Daggs—"What are you reading there?" Seaguss—"The story of 'Who Must Be Obeysed.'" Daggs—"Oh, yes; the romance of a hired girl."—Somerville Journal.

Borker—"Spoodle has married a girl who knows half a dozen languages." Nagger—"Poor fellow, I pity him! My wife only knows one language, and I find that one too many."

Love peeped into the cottage, And the building seemed all right, But a scanty supply of potatoes Made him quick to take his flight. —Frank.

Family Physician—"Well, Mr. Appling, what is it now? Any fresh trouble on hand?" Caller—"No, I don't think you could call it exactly a fresh trouble. Doctor. It's salt rheum."—Chicago Tribune.

A stump orator wanted the wings of a bird, to fly to every village; and he wanted in the broad land; but he collapsed when a man in the crowd sang out: "You'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."—Tit-Bits.

Miss Poetique—"How dreamily delightful is the soothing sound of ocean's waves rolling up in the moonlight upon the silver sands!" Mrs. Practical—"Yes, I always did like to hear the water sloshing around on the beach."—Somerville Journal.

A man can grow sad, melancholy, depeptic, bilious, hollow eyed, pale, dejected, tired of life, cynical, dispirited, repellent and too dangerous to be at large, and still he will laugh to see a fat man chasing a street cat that goes three feet to his one. —Detroit Free Press.

"Want to buy some of those apples?" inquired the grocer's clerk. "No, thank you," said the hopeless-looking customer. "I haven't seen you for a week; where have you been?" "I've been home ill as anything," replied the Major. "You! Why you were always as healthy as could be. What is the world made you ill?" "Well, I tried to follow some rules on health I saw in the paper."—Drake's Magazine.

Emperor William of Germany has much to the disgust of his subjects, suggested the practice of having all the people killed at the imperial shooting parties sold for the highest possible price. Hereafter it has been recommended for such of the game as was not required for the royal household, or for presents to the various charitable institutions.

THE RUSSIAN TREATY. Denied that its Withdrawal is Contemplated by the President.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—At the House the positive statement is made no steps toward the withdrawal of the Russian treaty are contemplated. Shortly after the treaty was ratified the Senate it was signed in duplicate by the President and Secretary of State, copies were then forwarded to St. Petersburg for signature and exchange of ratifications of the Russian government. Summed that the treaty has reached White at the Russian capital.

When it is signed there one copy retained, and the other returned to the State Department.

Until the copies of the treaty are and thus formally exchanged, neither government could withdraw its action.

THOSE HIGH SALARIED CLERKS.

Secretary of State Gresham Tells Mission That They Will be Supplied.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—In view of statements which have appeared during the last two or three days concerning the proposed withdrawal of the Russian treaty, the Secretary of State has sent to the mission in Paris a letter in which he says: "Neither the State nor the Treasury is responsible for mischievous action. The administration will continue in its power to maintain the United States and to support and counsel before the tribunal of nations."

Venezuela to Have Columbian Stamp.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The American Republics is informed government of Venezuela will issue postage stamp, similar in form to the new Columbian stamps of the United States, upon which will be represented the late President of Venezuela in the year 1493.

Three Out of Twenty-two in Hospital.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—For weeks the examining board of hospital has been investigating files of twenty-two applicants for assistant surgeons in Of these but three passed a satisfactory examination, John W. Branham, Esq. Sprague of Maine and hazkn of New York.

A New Naval Regulation.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The regulations for the government of the navy, provide, among other things, that officers shall not act as correspondents. This is not the of the provision in question, but that effect.

Prize Money.

Prize money of \$100,000 was offered for the capture of the rebel ship "The Rebel" and its crew. The prize was offered by the United States government.