

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1894.

There is church seating capacity in this country for 43,000,000 people. There are 111,036 ministers; this would give to each minister a congregation of 387. Everybody in this country could go to church morning or evening, and one third of the population could go both times, without a single person being forced to stand, estimates the New York Observer.

Mrs. Amelia F. Barz compelled a London publisher to pay her \$3,000 for reprinting one of her novels published on this side. He had overlooked the fact that she was an English subject, and issued it in England without her permission. She made him feel worse with the remark that if he had come to her for permission he could have got the book for \$1,000 less.

The Major General commanding the United States army has approved that part of the new tactics which provides for officers giving commands under certain circumstances by whistles instead of by word of mouth. Whistles for the purpose are to be mounted on the hilts of the officers' swords, and orders have been issued to the armies to make the alteration in the swords as fast as possible.

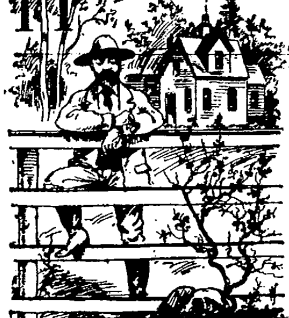
Inventive genius is progressive. The appearance of the torpedoes was at first taken as the doom of the ironclad, for could not these terrible agents of destruction be sent under the hulls of the greatest of ships? But the torpedo net, which would make the torpedo keep at a distance from the ironclads, seem to neutralize the torpedo. Now a German has applied to torpedoes powerful shears which will cut the netting without impeding the speed of the missile. It is now the ironclad's play.

The confused state of the marriage laws in England has caused considerable discussion recently in the law journals. There are five methods at present in which the legal warrant for the celebration of the ceremony may be obtained: there may be publication of banns, a common license, a special license, and other forms of license. Where one of the parties to the marriage lives in England and another in Scotland there are still further complications. Some of the difficulties have been removed by legislation within the last few years, but there is still difficulty about performing a legal marriage in Scotland when one of the parties to the marriage has lived in England until just before the ceremony is to take place, and the enactment of further laws is desired.

Vast and populous as China is, the experience of the present century shows that she is weak for aggressive purposes. She has not the hold on territory adjacent to her borders which she could claim a hundred years ago. European nations are pressing on her, both on the south and on the north. She has been forced to cede a portion of her territory to England, and she has been compelled to avail herself of the help of Englishmen, both for civil administration and for military command. All these things show that an expansion of the Chinese race does not necessarily involve an extension of Chinese dominion. On the contrary, they tend to prove that it is the order introduced by European administration which leads to the multiplication of these industrious people; and there is, therefore, at least as much ground for saying that though Borneo, Sumatra and New Guinea, and the great islands of the Eastern Archipelago, may be ultimately peopled by yellow races, they will be governed by the white races, as for believing that a new Chinese Empire is in process of formation; a Chinese India may, in other words, be developed in these great and fertile islands.

Death of an ex-Priest.
Allentown, Pa., Feb. 8.—Charles Joseph Koch, D. D., a native of Mayence, Germany, died here yesterday, aged 85 years. In earlier life he was a Catholic priest, being ex-communicated when he married his servant girl. He was an ardent devotee of educational and charitable institutions.

HEARTS OF GOLD



OR THE HEIRESS OF MAPLE LEAF FARM.

BY GENEVIEVE ULMER.

CHAPTER I. WHITE VIOLETS.

Maple Leaf Farm lay bathed in the golden sunlight of a rare autumnal day. They had named the place well those sturdy old Forsythes who, for three generations, had drawn from its soil the rich fruits of an inexhaustible fertility, redeeming the broad acres from the wilderness, and building and improving until the square mile of field, timber and brookside resembled some notable English grange.

When the many gabled house stood, the thrifty maples shut it in to a nest floored with golden-hued fallen leaves, and fanned by crimson beauties still pendant to the mother stem, flaunting their gay tints like vari-colored banners.

It was now, when the glories of the harvest still lingered, when each field looked like some swept lawn, and the barn groaned with golden store, and nature, man and beast seemed resting for a later battle with winter and storm, that Maple Leaf Farm looked its best, and it was now that stalwart, iron-knit John Elliott, gazing across the fenced-in paradise of his hopes and ambitions, thrilled proudly.

Ten years ago he had brought his motherless child, Ruth, to the farm, to be welcomed by old Geoffrey Forsythe, his dead wife's bachelor father. "I wrote for you," the old man said, "because the farm was going to ruin, and you have the vigor and the ambition to redeem it. I am falling daily. I give you the use of the place as virtual owner while you live. After that—and he gazed affectionately at golden-haired little Ruth—"she shall be my heiress, and her husband shall carry on the work you begin."

And then Geoffrey Forsythe had kissed the dead-eyed child who so resembled his dear sister, had retired to the gloomy stone residence he owned in the village of Ridgeway, a mile distant, and dropped out of their lives as fully as though he had gone to foreign parts.

A reclusive, an invalid, once a year he came to the farm, once a month Ruth visited him in the hermitage, where he seemed to dwell only to brood over a broken past.

They told of a love episode in his career that had left him in its wake only heart-wreck and sorrow. She had jilted him, but he could not recognize the coquette in the fair being who seemed an angel to his blinded, longing gaze.

She had wedded another. They had both died, leaving a son, Ralph, and when John Elliott came to the farm old Geoffrey had said to him: "I make but one restriction to your exclusive control of everything. A sense of duty impels me to keep her boy out of the poorhouse. You are to take Ralph, make a man of him, and some day, may be, he and Ruth—"

Jim John Elliott understood, and Ralph had become a member of his family, to all eyes, except the blind ones of Geoffrey Forsythe and John Elliott, developing traits of secrecy, cunning and rudeness that carried out the defective training of a deceitful mother and a reckless unprincipled sire.

Since then the years had gone on, each one adding to the beauty and value of Maple Leaf Farm, and John Elliott might well experience a flush of joy as he surveyed his goodly heritage that bright, glowing afternoon.

"It took time to get the hang of things," he murmured, with self-gratulation, "but I managed it. There isn't a farm in a day's journey that equals this. The last year has mended every broken fence, propped up every crooked barn, and the profits—I shall be rich before I die, very rich!"

down on the fence till it quivered, under the force of a new and overwhelming idea. Black as a thundercloud grew his broad, bronzed face, so lately wreathed with smiles of satisfaction. "Some one is at the bottom of it. Some one's robbing me systematically. It can't be him, but—no, no! He's a stranger; he knows where the keys are, and—I'll watch!"

Muttering, black-browed, the farmer took his way slowly towards the house. The sun had gone under a hazy cloud, the first forerunner of damp weather.

Nature was in sympathy with the dark shadows that the impression of a willful suspicion was about to cast about the peaceful home. Paul Dalton, the young superintendent, all unconscious of the web with iron warp and woof of steel that fate had just begun to weave for him, walked on till he reached the grove of maples lining the road.

Farmer John adjudged him a mystery, and Farmer John was right. One glance at his expressive face, intelligent eyes, expansive brow, daintily shaped hands, told that he had not always been a tiller of the soil.

Something in the half-veiled eyes spoke of a hidden past, of ambition thwarted, of a soul bound to iron-like, uncompromising duty for the sake of others.

Something, too, just then awoke the sentimental in the heart of the inexpressible mystery of Maple Leaf Farm that would have made hard, practical Farmer John stare in wonder, had he been there.

Whistling softly to himself, Paul Dalton, glancing down, saw some tiny flowers growing at his feet. He leaned over and picked two of them. They were violets, late stayers, sheltered by the protecting hedge and nourished by the rich damp soil around them.

"White violets," he murmured with a bright smile, "the first I have ever seen, though from the dairymaids' talk, they are common enough to the faithful lover. Little of that for me," he sighed grimly, "but what superstition shall I fit to them."

"Cross the stile with violets white, Your love shall pass that way ere night. I'll pave the way for some loyal swain Here goes."

He smiled dreamily, the poet's reverie in his fine eyes, as he bound the two pretty flowers with a thread of grass and caught the brittle stems against a splinter in the slanting rail. Then, more serious, as some duty of labor was suggested to his mind by observing the workmen idling about a hay-mow, he crossed the field.

Half way thither, turning he saw Ruth Elliott passing the spot he had just left, a book in her hand, her steps directed toward the grove.

A faint glow came into his cheeks. Perhaps he thought of the violets, and the superstition his ready mind had associated with them. At all events, he thought of the pretty, wild-rose face, and the trim, dainty form, for his eyes grew somber, and he directed the men at their work in a preoccupied, mechanical way.

Some fascination of destiny came into his cheerless life, as at liberty again, he wended his way toward the grove where Ruth had disappeared.

His heart gave a quicker bound as he caught sight of her pretty blue dress through the shrubbery. Then a frown darkened his brow, bitter and distrustful, as he observed that she had a companion.

"That idler, Ralph Prescott!" he murmured. "What does Mr. Elliott keep that man about here for?" An unwelcome companion was the favorite of old Geoffrey Forsythe just then to the dainty Ruth, however. Paul Dalton knew that a moment later.

For, as he was about to retrace his steps, a fluttering, indignant outcry reached his ears. "How dare you, sir!" Ruth's mellow tones, robbed of their usual gentleness, spoke. The reply grated harshly.

"-dare? That's good, Ruth! Give me the books, I say! I saw; I was watching. You've got them between the eaves. You won't take a keepsake from me! I ain't handsome enough for that, but some other fellow—I will have them!"

"Now, then?" he asked expectantly, glaring in eagerness at his companion. "Now then it is. When I saw that picture I was sort of startled."

"Why?" "I know that man." "You know him?" "Yes." "What of it?" "His name begins with a W and ends with a D. Is that a clever guess?" "I don't see anything wonderful in that. Everybody about here knows that."

"Yes, but I don't live about here. Never was here before, and didn't know Paul Dalton was within a thousand miles of here."

"Well, knowing now that he is, what of it?" "What of it?" repeated the other excitedly. "This of it. If I can tell you something about that man that will sweep him from your path like a hurricane, if I can prove certain facts that once known will drive him from Maple Leaf Farm like a flash, what then?"

Ralph Prescott's face was white with eagerness and hope. "Can you do it?" he panted. "I can. Is it \$50 if I do?" "Yes, a hundred. Out with it. What do you know of this man, Paul Dalton?"

The tramp leaned over. His blowsy lips touched the ear of the eager Ralph. He whispered seven words—words freighted with an intelligence that meant ruin and disaster to the innocent Paul Dalton—heart-break and misery for the girl with the trusting heart and the wild rose face.

Palpitating, his eyes glowing luridly with mingled joy and hate, Ralph Prescott sprang to his feet. "Prove that!" he gasped, hoarsely. "Prove it, and I'll give you, not fifty nor a hundred, but five hundred dollars. Oh, the luck of it! Oh, the joy of it. Paul Dalton, I have you in my power at last!"

"Don't think! The effort might bring on brain fever!" "Don't fret!" flashed out Ralph fiercely. "You'll see what kind of a man this new lover of yours is soon. You're mine, by rights; it was always so understood, and—I'll have revenge."

Happy Ruth laughed at the dark threats and blushed at the idea of a lover. Ralph evaded Paul Dalton, anathematized him at a distance, refused to break bread at the same table with him, and the third night after the altercation stole cautiously into the house at dusk, stole guiltily out again, and made for the distant village much with the excitement and haste of a midnight assassin.

"I've done it," he chuckled, gleefully. "Old Elliott has been suspicious for a week. He'll miss it, sure, and the way I've fixed it—"

Crafty Ralph seemed to feel very sanguine and very joyful over some plot that bid fair to materialize ere the evening had passed away. He reached the village and proceeded straight to its tavern.

Arrived, it seemed necessary for him to prop up his courage, for he drained several glasses at the bar, and then, retiring to an inner room, sat at a table lost in reflection.

"I'll give it time to come to a focus," he soliloquized. "In about an hour I'll go home and witness the explosion. Paul Dalton, you crossed a bad man's track when you crossed mine!"

More meditation, the crafty face expressing varied and fleeting emotions, and then Ralph drew two photographs from his pocket. At one he gazed fondly; it was that of Ruth.

At the other he glared venomously—hated and jealousy held in thrall in one concentrated look. "I stole it from her room. He gave it to her," hissed the self-confessed thief. "How I hate him!"

Paul Dalton's placid eyes gazed up from the picture. Their earnest glance maddened his infuriated rival. He spread it out upon the table; he struck it, he spat upon it.

Then, taking up his pocket-knife, he began to jab at it. "How I hate him!" He burrowed out one of the blades, and with his real throat. And the venomous plotter described a skillful swoop across the cardboard. "There's his miserable heart!" Jab, jab, jab! the blade quivered in the innocent picture, until it was perforated like a bullet-riddled battle flag.

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SUNDAY'S SERMON

OF DR. P. DEWITT CALDWELL, PASTOR OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, ANDREW JACKSON.

Subject: "A Vision of Heaven."

"Now I came to pass on I too among the captives by the river of Chebar, but the angels were opened and I saw visions of God."—Ezekiel 1, 1.

Engrained and in far exile on the banks of the river Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there that he saw the vision of heaven, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of the throne of God, and he dreamed of the throne of God. He dreamed of the throne of God, and he dreamed of the throne of God.

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