

# Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1894.

There are 68,000 postoffices in the United States, and of these 67,000 do not pay the expenses of operating and maintaining them.

**Says Texas Sittings:** Seven out of every ten railroad accidents are settled with an annual pass. Some men would be run over by a whole freight train for the sake of a few free rides.

"Worth its weight in gold" is said to be an inadequate expression when applied to a copy of the first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler." The amount of gold its value represents in England would outweigh many copies.

If the inheritance tax law, just enacted in England, had been in force in this country at Jay Gould's death, his estate would have paid to the Government \$5,600,000. Mr. Rockefeller's estate would have to pay \$10,000,000; William H. Vanderbilt's estate would have paid \$16,000,000.

Supervisor of Indian Schools Moss has sent to the Bureau of Indian Affairs a denial of the statement that "Apache Kid," the noted outlaw, was an educated Indian, which has been used as an argument against educating the red men. While at San Carlos Superintendent Moss inquired about this, and learned that the outlaw was never in school a day. He was a Government scout, and while in that position learned to speak some English.

A novel and extremely interesting experiment is soon to be tried in Ohio, announces the New York Tribune. It is a new departure in road improvement, which is claimed by its author to have points of marked superiority over the building of macadamized roads. The plan is to extend the electric railway tracks from cities and towns into the surrounding country, and to construct the roads in such a way that they can be used for wagons and carriages drawn by horses as well as by cars. Of course there will be a great saving in horse power wherever such roads are used, since far heavier loads can be drawn on steel tracks with the same force. In two counties of Ohio trial will be made of this system the present year. It need hardly be said that the result will be awaited with much interest not only in Ohio, but in other States. The question of road improvement is filling a large place in the public mind nowadays, and anything in the direction of solving it is sure of earnest and respectful attention. Something similar to the Ohio idea was suggested by an English writer years ago, but nothing, we believe, ever came of it.

### Running Amok.

The condition under which the Malays run amok, as described by Dr. Ellis, of the Government Hospital, Singapore, in the Journal of Mental Science, seems usually to be preceded by a period of mental depression, sometimes with suspicion, and the patient, when he breaks out, slashes at, stabs, and sometimes mutilates all who come in his way, irrespective of creed or nationality. The weapons used are a short spear, a Malay kris, or a chopper, and in the old days—even now in the uncivilized parts of the peninsula—it was the custom to have long, forked sticks, which were used against the man who was running amok, to stop him and pin him to the ground. Such men, when caught, are now tied regularly to an asylum; but formerly little mercy was shown them, and they were killed at once, as though they were mad dogs. The condition seems to resemble in many particulars the automatic condition which is sometimes left after an epileptic fit; this, in some cases, is followed by running, or "procurative epilepsy"; and, if we imagine such a patient armed with a knife and imbued with a homicidal impulse, we have practically all the conditions necessary for the Malayan, pathological development. The Malayan, in his sound state, professes to have no recollection of the assaults he has committed. The condition of running amok is becoming less common than it was a few years ago.—Popular Science Monthly.

**RYTER.**  
BY GRACE WIDMANN.  
Sweet, sweet, do my heart are the songs of my youth time.  
The songs of my glad, happy boyhood's bright days,  
When life was sweet, singing with rhythmic rhyme,  
With hopes, expectations, desires all ways;  
But sweetest of these were the singing "how-wows."  
As Rover and I went to drive up the oows.  
The orchard, the meadow, the wildwood, the brooklet,  
The mill-race and dam, where its overflow fell,  
The "wind" of the thread, with a pin for a hooklet,  
The trout and the minnows, as memories well,  
Each sang a sweet song, but less sweet than "how-wows."  
As Rover and I went to drive up the oows.  
There is "Martin," and "Greenfield," and "Pop Goes the Weasel,"  
And "Sweet By-and-By," "Old Kentucky," "Over There,"  
"Old Hundred," and "Spring Time," "The Pencil and Easel,"  
"The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Grandmother's Churn,"  
Each in itself sweet, but less sweet than "how-wows."  
As Rover and I went to drive up the oows.  
Grand, happy old Rover, I can not forget him,  
My playmate, protector, my helper, my friend,  
My constant counselor, comforter, comrade,  
Yes, brother and lover, till reached be his end,  
And ever since then echo sings his "how-wows."  
As fancy assists me in driving the oows.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

# JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

**CHAPTER XIX—Continued.**  
The day was not very old when he received his instructions to arrest John Lee and Arthur Proctor. The last met him half way, laughing.  
"I hear you have an order to take me in charge, Master Hobbs?"  
"It is my duty to do so."  
"Well, well, Master Hobbs, do not look so glum about it. I am prepared to appear before the justice."  
"I wish I could feel as you do, Arthur Proctor."  
"And why should I show faint heart? What cause have I to lower my head? But mark my words, Marshal Hobbs, there are some who will hold their heads low enough before we are quit of this business."  
When Proctor was brought before the justice—there was but one present at his examination he found John Lee there before him. John Lee was bowed with grief. He scarce looked at the young man who was placed beside him.  
"How now, John Lee? What do you say to the tales we hear concerning Martin Lee's body?"  
John Lee looked at the justice fearlessly, and his innocent and simple, direct manner lent him a dignity such as the man who sat next in judgment on him did not possess.  
"Why, this I will say. In the first place, had you no other reason than the report I hear, there is no cause to trouble yourself questioning me, since, had you instructed the marshal to make inquiry, it could easily have been learned that I was not one of my bed since eight o'clock last night."  
"How? Can you bring witnesses to swear to this?"  
"I can; five, if you wish to hear them."  
"All persons who lodged in your house?"  
"None lodged in my house. Since my wife and daughter are not in my house, but in prison, my house is my home no longer."  
"Where do you lodge?"  
"With Mathew Bales. I sent my apprentice and Ann Bigger home; they have borne false witness against me and mine. I slept in Mathew Bales' last night. I have so little reliance in the judgment of some of my neighbors that, apprehending some such inquiry as this, I desired Mathew Bales to fasten the door of my room, so that he and his family could testify they saw me closed in last night."  
"Yes," interposed Master Bales, "and I am here to go bail for John Lee, that he will appear whenever you need him."  
This positive statement, corroborating John Lee's, and the voluntary tendering of his property as a bond, produced the natural effect. The justice waved his hand deprecatingly.  
"I will not erect a bond, friend Bales. My affidavit I have your word."  
Upon seeing how it went with John Lee, Arthur Proctor, who had viewed the proceedings with indifference, said:  
"Since you have been so kind as to listen to Master Lee's statement, will you permit me to say I, too, have witnesses who will tell you I was in the house from nine o'clock last night."  
"Are they here?"  
"They are."  
The justice looked at the witnesses, and then at the handsome young man standing up fearlessly before him.  
"Are you son to Ezekiel Proctor?"  
"He was my uncle; Josiah was my father."  
"But—and these be your witnesses?"  
"My landlady and her daughter will swear that I went to bed at 9."  
"Well, well. It is not necessary to move farther in this matter now. The rumors took such shape it was thought best to interrogate you both. It was not our purpose to confine you now, unless the witnesses should be in a position to testify they do not. I warn you both, however, to be within call, should you be required. This is a strange matter, and one that must be sifted thoroughly."  
When the witnesses were permitted to depart, the justice took occasion to speak to Proctor in private.  
"How comes it, Master Proctor, the son of my dearest friend is in league with a woman charged with witchcraft and murder?"  
"With all deference to you, sir," answered Arthur Proctor, with a rising color that became him greatly—the justice thought he never looked on a young man so comely as this—"she is no more a witch than the sweetest woman you ever knew."

And yet it was not so strange that one man's soul should revolt from the picture proceedings of those days presented. The justice simply was the first in his position to find that a terrible misapprehension of Christianity was at the root of the fever that possessed the multitude. Perhaps he was one of those observant men who had the ability to get at the truth when his fellows were in a fog.  
"So, Master Ellis, you have miscalculated, for once," said Arthur Proctor, when he was free to return to his lodgings.  
"Twas his purpose to put you both in prison," said his uncle.  
"Aye, and then he could go to the prison and make up with Janet Lee."  
At that instant, as if to illustrate an old saying, they came face to face with Giles Ellis, who was walking so fast that he had no eyes for anything but the road.  
"I have news for you, Master Proctor," he said, turning and looking after them; "I have found a shroud. Perhaps 'twas Martin Lee's."  
The next moment he was gone.  
**CHAPTER XX—THE SHROUD.**  
Arthur Proctor said, quietly, "That will give the people of Salem something to build on. They have so little, even a shroud ought to be welcome."  
As he spoke, they encountered a group discussing the news in an animated manner. The central figure was familiar to them. Ezra Easty was speaking loudly, pleased to find an audience so attentive.  
"We will see whether Martin Lee be really in the sea or not. Mayhap they find a way to the hand that left it where Indian Joe found it. At least, none can say Indian Joe made a shroud up in his mind. I saw it myself."  
"What was it like?"  
"Was it bloody?"  
"Did it look like as if it had been in the sea?"  
"I'll say naught about the sea. 'Twas bloody, though, as all will see when 'tis shown."  
"And where was it found, Ezra?"  
"Why, then, that is the strangest part of it. There's never a man here that can guess."  
"Was it taken from Will's Hill?"  
"Tis more like he fished it out of Wilkins' Pond, with a stone in it to hold it on the bottom."  
"Neither, though they are not bad guesses. 'Twas in the last place any one would think to find a shroud."  
"Come, tell us, then."  
"Twas in a hollow tree."  
"Aye, Ezra, and was there nothing else found in the hollow tree?"  
"Twas enough to find a shroud. Mayhap the next thing they find will be Martin Lee."  
"Not Martin Lee, but all's left of him, Ezra."  
"Tis well you know what I mean," Ezra replied, tartly. "Tis no jesting matter."  
"No," said one; "tis a hanging matter for somebody."  
As he spoke, they encountered the group observing Arthur Proctor, who had just returned. The crowd thinned out on the side next Proctor; his uncle made his way through the group, where many turned and looked at him.  
"Saw you the shroud?" he asked Ezra Easty, looking at him keenly.  
"I saw the shroud, as any one may see it now, in the Marshal's hands."  
"Are you sure it was nobody's gown?"  
"I say it looked like a shroud."  
"And I ask you again: Will you swear the shroud you saw was not somebody's night-gown?"  
The listeners looked at Ezra earnestly. They expected an immediate reply, but Ezra Easty began to look about him. He fumbled in his clothes and was silent.  
"Well, then you are not so sure it was a shroud you saw?"  
"Come," said Arthur Proctor, plucking his uncle's sleeve, "let him tell his story; 'twill do no harm."  
But the sharp questions put to the apprentice, and his slowness in answering, destroyed the impression he had made. The story of the shroud was doubted, and the suggestion that he had confounded a night-gown with a shroud was a ridiculous charge, as some smiled, while others nodded knowingly to each other, as much as to say, "I told you so."  
When Arthur passed on with his uncle, those about Ezra Easty walked away from him and the apprentice was left alone. In sheer desperation the apprentice turned his footsteps to Globe Inn. Meanwhile the story of the shroud circulated rapidly but in so many forms that it was impossible to give a score of times before the inn was closed that night, for the customers who had heard Ezra Easty and Giles Ellis relate it, in their turn related it to others.  
Salem fell asleep that night, after listening to as many versions of the finding of Martin Lee's shroud as human invention could supply in six or eight hours. A shroud had been found in a hollow tree by Indian Joe, and if it was not Martin Lee's, whose, then, was it?  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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**FOR THE SENATE**  
Schedules That Will Cause Much Debate.  
House of Representatives.  
Curtis to Be Remembered.  
Catholic Clergy May Officiate.  
Stronger Shafts Needed.  
Ex-Gov. Price's Funeral.  
Shattuck Sentenced for Life.