

# Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1914.

Too many scrubs are kept on our farms, declares the New York World. It is a disgrace to American agriculture that in this land of plenty as regards all kinds of fodder and fattening foods there should be such a large percentage of poor farm stock.

In Johannesburg, South Africa, sidewalks have recently been constructed which are apparently a source of considerable pride to the white population of the town. The Kaffirs and natives are forbidden to trespass upon the walks under penalty of ten lashes at the town whipping post.

A new plan which is being tried in many places is that of selecting a third man or umpire to examine a farm at the time a renter takes possession and again when his lease expires. In some instances three men are selected who are required to appraise all stock, grain and machinery which the renter takes charge of and also all that he turns over to the landlord at the expiration of the lease.

One useful fruit of the last Parliamentary session at Westminster, England, was the act providing for the compulsory education of the deaf and blind. It came into operation on New Year's Day. There are about 24,000 deaf-mutes in that country, of whom some 3,500 are in London. The London School Board is providing special class-rooms in the new school being built on the site of Clerkenwell Prison and elsewhere.

The employees of the railroad shops in Milwaukee, Wis., gave an exhibition of practical philanthropy and unselfishness that the Boston Cultivator thinks is worthy of record. Work was not sufficient to furnish all the men full day's work, and they were given the choice of having twenty per cent of their number dismissed, or of all working hours a day for five days in a week. They all voted to continue the shorter-hour system, so as to give some employment to every man.

The Orient is really waking up, observes the Detroit Free Press. The road from Jerusalem to Jaffa is to be extended to Nablus and Gaza, and there is a project on foot for the establishment of a line of steamers on the Dead Sea. The intention is to bring the rich produce of Moab across the sea in a few hours instead of carrying it, as now, around the north and south end of the sea by caravan, a trip of four or five days' duration. The next we will hear will probably be news of an uprising on the part of the camel drivers against the innovation, which is to take the bread and dates out of their mouths.

In Germany all employers are obliged to insure their employees even when the employment is temporary and unpaid. There are special associations for different industries. Injuries include those which are internal, as well as external, loss of intellect, memory or nerve. When compensation is claimed, it is necessary to trace the injury to some specific cause. Generally, the person who is to gain or lose most by the undertaking is held to be the employer. Employers' contributions to the associations are proportionate to the annual expenditure in wages. The amount of compensation is based on the wages received by the workmen during a year. So long as he is completely incapacitated he is to be allowed two-thirds of his wages. For partial disablement he obtains a fraction of that maximum proportionate to the extent of the injury. In case of death twenty days payment (in no case a sum less than \$7.50) is granted toward funeral expenses. The widow, until remarriage, is allowed twenty per cent of her husband's wages, while fifteen per cent is allowed for every child under fifteen who has lost one parent, and twenty per cent if it has lost both. The total compensation to widow and children must not exceed sixty per cent.

Our Presidents have all been lawyers and soldiers, and among them no millionaire or man of excessive wealth to be found.

## HOW TO ENTERTAIN

BY ORAL MICHENER.

John Marshall Jones one Sunday went to see somebody's sister. When leaving she said to him, "I wish you would stay and see my mother."

Now, John was not the man to woud for such a misapprehension. He knew his love was such "would keep for ever, ever, ever."

But when the widowed mother came to greet him for her daughter, He vowed she looked good in a frame— Much better than he thought her.

For there she stood the doorway in, Its frame about her standing, And sorry was for what had been, As stood he on the landing.

"Will you come in?" she sweetly said, When from a flame of motion Athwart the man from foot to head, Because 'twas to his notion.

He took a seat upon a chair, His feet placed on the carpet, And wondered at her wealth of hair— If she alone could part it.

The thought, though downed, at times would rise, When sighed he with its worry, "He'll go," she thought because of these So asked him not to hurry.

Then came a crash of dismal sound, The cat was in the cellar, She thought the burglar was around And hoped he'd look and tell her.

He went, but not alone went he; He went with her attending, He went the burglar bold to see, While o'er her shoulder bending.

But somehow they the cellar misad, Forgot what they were doing, And ere where they were going wist Discovered they were wrong.

They found themselves in circling gait Around the table wedding, And asking that for love to state By sighs and glances sending.

But very soon they also found Their thirst was not abating, When clasp they each the other round, And walked, no longer waiting.

So to the lounge they loving went, And loving sat together, When seated her mind on nature bent For talked she of the weather.

This ruined all his blissful hope, And burst like bubbles made of soap, He cursed these widow mashes.

"Ha, ha!" the widow shouted then, "I've tried your soul with fire; Come, 'joy what you had hoped to when I welcomed your desire."

"For"—but before she'd said the more, He'd wondered "what now this is," When beamed his heart of every core As poured she in the Mrs.

For on his breast she trembling leaned, And on her breast he gloriéd; As led they on the feast that seemed Of fat things forty storied.

They lived, for life may long be borne Her joy reads it asunder, But their wedding was closely shorn, And of this there's no wonder.

For just then came the daughter home, And heard their mixed and coddled, And got their heads muddled.

So great became her anger then, She uttered some hard saying, When learned she John was, like most men, Most entertained he, if staying.

This cheered the maiden's heart again, She blessed her dining mother, But vowed her heart she'd entertain, Not leave it to another. Chicago, Ill.

# JANET LEE

## In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### GILES ELLIS' TRIUMPH.

The pulse of New England quickened as the waves of superstition rolled over the land. Men and women hitherto respected by their fellows were thrown into prison upon pretenses so trivial that the generation accustomed to the railway, telegraph, and telephone cannot comprehend, much less realize, the extent of the craze that sent thousands to untimely graves in Europe, and overpowered reason, humanity and justice in New England.

Envy and hate, malice and revenge ruled the hour. Neighbors at variance, instead of resorting to the courts, denounced each other as witches. The prisons were crowded with men, women, and children.

At a time when the strongest men yielded to despair, pleading guilty to charges coined by the malignant, cowardly before the ignorant and headstrong, Janet Lee displayed a degree of fortitude and resolution that won for her the admiration of all who knew her, and the respect of the more intelligent was outspoken as her case was discussed. She was as cheerful in Ipswich jail as when she was at home, seemingly.

"Do not give up hope, mother. It is not like the people of Massachusetts to hang women and children. I have more faith in our friends in Salem than to think they will let them hang two women on such slender evidence."

"If we had but told the truth at first," Dorothea answered. "Or if Martin Lee knew now—"

"Hush, mother. Would you bring him to certain death? Dorothea clasped her hands convulsively.

"O, my sweet! My sweet! When I look at you, and think you are doomed to die like Mary Bradbury and Martha Carrier, my heart is like to burst. If they would take and spare you I would be content. And yet you are stout of heart. Oh, why should one so brave be lost to the world?"

"And why should I not be brave? Am I not John Lee's daughter?"

"Alas! John Lee is not what he was. His spirit is broken."

"I am much mistaken if my father does not show the people of Salem ere long the stuff the Lees are made of."

Footsteps approached the door as she spoke, and the jailer admitted John Lee, who clasped wife and daughter in his arms. As he held them off, scanning their features closely, he said bitterly:

"So, this is Salem's return to the wife and daughter of the man who stered

her in her noon. It were better my neighbors were crazed than cruel, but since they are both— He passed, then added between his clenched teeth: "I see them all."

"There! Said I not so, mother?" Janet exclaimed.

"I come to bid you keep up heart," said John Lee, with decision. "I am convinced we are victims of a base plot, and be sure I shall not rest until the truth be made plain. You have seen me overwhelmed. I know your truth. I am myself— I have been indeed did I not trust myself, and 'twould be baser did I permit the magistrates to rest until they,

too, are convinced 'tis a conspiracy— It will all be made clear to them ere long. I have had ear, not of one, but of two of them. Think not I have been idle these five days— since I last saw you here. I have done much. 'Tis little sleep has crossed my eyelids—but now, I think I have well earned rest, as you shall soon see. I may not say more now. The magistrates are even in Ipswich now. They will soon be here, for I took an oath yesterday I would not sleep till I had made an end of this matter. But there are many things to do, and much I do not understand. Tell me truly, what means the story Ezra told of Will's Hill?"

"That shall be explained in good time, father," said Janet, quickly, "have no concern."

"So I have your word. I ask no more. What! Think the spiteful tale of that lying creature lodges in my ears!" John Lee looked at his daughter proudly. "I need have no fear for you, at least. It is well. Now I will return to our friends, who, be sure, are not idle. 'Tis our purpose to bring the magistrates here— be prepared for them at any time, lest I may not find my proof on the instant and be detained. Keep up heart."

He embraced her again as he spoke, and hastened away.

"Did I not say we would hear good news soon?" said Janet, when they were alone; but Dorothea Lee sat with bowed head, and made no answer.

Another footstep approached, and Arthur Proctor entered. He gazed upon Janet with undisguised admiration.

"Were it not for the terrible danger, I could welcome the experience that proves to all the world your courage and self-possession. I come once more to cheer you."

"What say they in Salem, now? Do they believe Ann Bigger's tales, and Ezra's?" Janet asked. "Do they think that we murdered Martin Lee now?"

"There are some who believe it; but, since you speak of that poor wretch, Ezra— I am unable to unravel the mystery. I am perplexed. It lies between you and Ezra. He could not have met both of you on Will's Hill?"

"Was ever mortals as sorely pressed?" said Dorothea, suddenly.

"Did not my father say relief would come to us speedily, mother— bear up."

"I am not sure. Time passes swiftly, child."

"Aye— 'tis time that makes me fearful," said Proctor. "If I could be sure which of you was at Will's Hill, it would help us to clear much away."

"It is best we tell the truth," said Dorothea. "Proctor must be told the truth about Martin Lee at once."

"And bring him in, mother!" Janet exclaimed. "If we had time— then she paused suddenly."

"Then of a truth Martin is not dead. What is this mystery? Though I have conversed with John Lee every day save yesterday, never have I heard him say aught of his brother. True, he has been bent on many things. While he was here, I was there. We've had barely time to cheer each other, and counsel, and plan. We know very well, mother, that you come to us speedily, mother— bear up."

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questioning eyes. "Judgment cannot be long deferred. They have found Martin Lee."

"May heaven preserve him!" said Janet, quickly.

"If they have found Martin then they cannot say we murdered him."

"So, then, you do not know Martin is dead and buried?"

"Dead!" Dorothea Lee sat down with a hand over her heart; Janet caught Giles' arm.

"'Tis false! I'll not believe it."

"It matters not, so long as he is really dead and buried."

Dorothea rose with an effort and approached Giles. He continued calmly:

"Martin Lee's body was found in the sea, when 'tis said you and your family were here. His name was found on a knife in his pocket, and on his arm."

"'Tis in past belief," Janet said, looking at her mother. "If it were true, surely there are those who would have told me."

But her meaning look was lost upon her mother, and Giles Ellis misinterpreted it. He thought Janet was trying to deceive him.

"If you wish the proof ask the jailer." Whereupon Janet immediately went to the door and addressed that individual. The jailer, believing he had a witch to deal with, made instant reply that her handiwork— meaning her uncle's body—

had been "tossed up by the sea and given decent Christian burial" after you witches carried the body there."

Dorothea was crying softly, with her hands over her face.

"I can not look on such suffering unmoved. And yet I have come to say to you that although you are both as good as given into the hognans' hands, I have come to save you. It is in my power to prevent the sentence of death."

"It is all over, Janet. We must die," Dorothea moaned.

"I do not believe it. Our friends are not idle, as you well know. My father bade us be of good cheer."

"He cannot save you," said Giles. "'Tis not in his power. I alone may do that by speech with my kinsman, whom I have an appointment with this night. Know you not 'tis resolved to arrest and confine John Lee and Proctor?"

Now, this Giles Ellis believed was the truth. He had, he thought, planned how they both should be apprehended, without himself appearing in the matter. He had bargained the propriety of arresting them to Marshal Hobbs, and not content with this had written a letter to Sir Thomas Danforth, vaguely hinting at the rumors involving John Lee and Proctor in the matter that occupied so much of public attention. The poor prisoners were dumfounded on hearing this. The fact that the judges were even now in Ipswich seemed to bear out the truthfulness of Giles' assertion. They were suddenly overwhelmed— cast into utter despondency in an instant by the artful story Giles told them. A deathly pallor overpread Dorothea Lee's face. Janet felt her hands grow cold in her own.

"Man!" exclaimed Janet. "Canst look on her unmoved? What can you do? How can you serve us? See! She is fainting."

But Dorothea Lee did not hear Giles Ellis' answer; she had fainted dead away. Janet grasped Giles' arm as she looked down on her mother. "Dost see what thou hast done? Be quick. I say be quick ere she comes to— while I am in the mood. If she should die in one of these faints I will be her murderer. What is it you wish?"

"I want you to wife," said Giles, curtly. "'Tis all I ask." There was a faint tinge of color in his sallow cheek, but his eyes gleamed with triumph.

"So you bring me an order giving us our freedom, I promise."

"You promised Proctor also."

Janet's figure seemed to rise above him.

"I did. But were Proctor here, he would not ask me to keep my promise. He would bid me save my mother's life."

"Something more than thy promise is needed ere I move. Swear thou wilt marry me."

Janet looked up, and clasping her hands, said: "I swear in the sight of heaven to be thy wife if thou wilt bring me freedom for those I love—but not otherwise." Then, looking him firmly in the face, and with cheeks as white as her mother's, who lay like one dead beside her, Janet Lee added, fiercely:

"Now, go."

"So saying, she thrust him from her presence, knelt over her mother, and yielded to tears for the first time since she was imprisoned."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old Lace.

Many of our girls do not know why old lace is so much more valuable and generally so much more beautiful than new lace. The fact is, that the old lace is all woven in lost patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the four Gospels to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all work of this kind was interrupted for a time. After the storm had subsided the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands, and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one; and this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrine, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there were instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in gold.

It is a poor thing to raise the wind.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The skin of the cicada plant is as tight.

The apple has a larger proportion of phosphorus than any other fruit.

There are no known means by which the scars made by smallpox may be removed.

Giants usually have weak constitutions, and are shorter-lived than dwarfs.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

A Frenchman has invented an electric mosquito bar which electrocutes insect pests which come in contact with it.

A microscopic examination of a hair will determine with almost infallible certainty to what kind of animal it belonged.

Scientific men have demonstrated that a speed of 200 miles an hour can never be attained by anything that moves on wheels.

Electric pianos, which play themselves, the keys being depressed as though by some unseen hand, are now being manufactured.

Plants are affected by various substances, just as animals are; electricity will stimulate them, narcotics will stupefy and kill them.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty-pound shells have been burst asunder as though made of pottery.

An astronomer calculates that if the diameter of the sun is daily diminished by two feet, over 3000 years must elapse ere the astronomical instruments now in use could detect the diminution.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sandwich Man.

The London sandwich men are a distinct class peculiar to the great metropolis. They are the peripatetics who advertise the latest novelties in theatres or wardrobes, and they spend their lives, so to speak, between the boards. They are for the most part, broken-down folk, who have lost other employment through evil habits; but there are some of a better class who are thoroughly respectable and trustworthy. They are selected by bill-posting agencies, which make a business of supplying employers, and the applications are always in excess of the demand. A general election is always a time of harvest to the sandwich man. In London at a Parliamentary election as many as a hundred of them have been employed by each candidate, and an instance is mentioned by the Graphic where "each side sedulously sought to make the sandwich men who were proclaiming the virtues of the opposition candidate disgracefully drunk. Both sides succeeded, and two hundred drunken sandwich men were on an exhibition that day in the constituency, to the amusement of the frivolous and the horror of the serious-minded among the lieges." The pay on election days is doubled, and hence if four hundred men are required at least eight hundred can be had. A nobleman, a member of an old British family, recently won a wager by parading Piccadilly as a sandwich man, dressed in a shabby coat and battered hat. Frank Leslie's Weekly.

It is a poor thing to raise the wind.

# CARNOT ASSASSINATED

to the Heart by an Anarchist.

## THE MURDERER CAUGHT

He is an Italian, 21 Years of Age.

The Deed Committed in Lyons I.

Night Just After the President Fled.

Left the Board of Trade Bank.

Entered His Carriage To

Driven to a Theatre—The Assassin

with a Dagger Concealed in

Newspaper, Jumped on the

and Plunged the Blade Into

President's Side—The Governm

Stops All Despatches of the Tr

edy—The News in Washington.

Paris, June 25.—Sadie Carnot, port

of the republic, was stabbed mort

at 9:15 o'clock last evening in Lyons

Carro Santo, an Italian anarchist, 21 y

President Carnot went to Lyons to v

the exhibition of arts, sciences and in

He left the chamber of commerce

at 9 o'clock and walked to his carriage, w

was waiting in the Place de la Bourse.

and hardly taken his seat when Sant

seized his hand, pressed thro

the crowd and sprang upon the carr

step.

President Carnot started slightly. Sa

atched dagger from