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## W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Andover meets the first and third Thursday in each month.

MRS. G. W. PROSASCO, Press Superintendent

## THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter
And its mouth was gaping
Wide; the wine within
had ebbed away
and left the
crystal side,
and the wind
went humming, humming, up
and down the sides
it blew, and
through its reed-like
hollow cheek
the wildest notes
it blew. I placed it
in the window where the
blast was blowing free, and
fancied that its pale mouth sang
the quaintest strains to me. "They
tell me—puny conquerors! the Plague
has slain his ten, and War his tens of
tens and of the very best of men; but I"
—twas thus the bottle spake—"but I have
conquered more than all your famous
conquerors, so feared and famed of
yore. Then come, ye youths and
maidens all, come drink from out my
sup, the breeze that dulls the
brain and burns the spirits up;
that puts to shame your con-
querors that slay their scores
below; for this has dulged
millions with the lava tide
of woe. Though in the
path of battle darkest
waves of blood may
roll; yet which killed
the body, I have damned
the very soul. The
cholera, the plague,
the sword- such ruin
never wrought, as I in
mirth or malice, on the
innocent have brought. And
still I breathe upon them, and
they shrink before my breath;
and year by year my thousands
tread the dismal road of Death."
—National Advocate.

## MOTHER'S MINCE PIES.

### She Thought Brandy Necessary and Nearly Wrecked Her Son's Life.

"Well, I can't make mince pies fit to eat without brandy, and I don't believe anybody else can make them," said Mrs. Anderson.

"Mother's mince pies are always good, I can tell you that," added John, the young husband, sitting proudly at the head of his own table where his mother and the visitor, Mrs. Templeton, were guests.

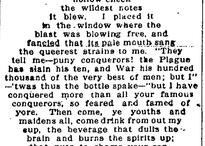
"My mother never used brandy in her pies," remarked Mrs. John Anderson, with slightly heightened color, "and hers were good, too."

"Did you ever try lemon juice to give them a flavor?" asked Mrs. Templeton, with a glance at the white ribbon.

"No," said the elder Mrs. Anderson, "I never heard of such a thing."

The visitor saw the young wife's evident embarrassment at the turn the conversation had taken, so she said no more, and presently the conversation was changed to another subject.

Thanksgiving was near at hand, the first since Meta Anderson had come a bride to this little town, after having spent two years as the village "schoolma'am." Lieut. Robert Anderson was expected home from Manila to spend Thanksgiving, and Meta and John had



THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

invited the whole Anderson family, with several cousins of John's, to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them. Of course, John wished to treat his guests to the best of everything, consequently he cautioned Meta to be sure to get his mother's recipe for mince pies, as Rob would want them like his mother's. Rob, he explained, was especially fond of mince pies.

Meta made no answer, but inwardly determined to dare something for the sake of her principles. Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear with just snow enough on the ground to make good sleighing. Gathered around the handsome table the guests found the turkey well roasted, the vegetables seasoned just right, and the pickles and cranberry sauce exactly suited to their taste.

"Will you have mince pie?" asked Meta of Lieut. Rob, as she held up a plate containing a tempting piece.

"Not—not if there's brandy in it," answered Lieut. Rob, hesitatingly.

"There's never any brandy or anything else intoxicating in my cooking, Rob," said Meta, firmly, casting a shy glance at John.

"All right, then, I'll take two pieces," laughed the lieutenant.

"It's good pie, Meta," "It's splendid," called out the cousins successively, and all did justice to the appetizing pastry.

After dinner there was a merry ride in the big bobsleigh for the younger members of the party, and then as the twilight hour approached all gathered in the parlor where Meta and Miss Holbrook entertained the company with music.

After the music the company grew more quiet, and some one suggested that everybody should jump for things for which they were most thankful.

All had noticed Lieut. Rob's special attention to Miss Holbrook during the day and guessed there was some secret in their former acquaintance. They patiently waited for the denouement which came when it was the young soldier's turn to tell for what he was most thankful.

"I am very thankful," he said quietly but distinctly, "that Meta did not put brandy in her mince pies and that my new sister-in-law is carrying out her noble resolve to use no intoxicant, however mild, in any of her cooking that could possibly tempt a guest at her table to fall.

"Father, mother, John," he went on trembingly, "you know I was a little wild after I left home three years and a half ago, but you never knew how near I came to ruin. I guess I must have inherited a tendency to the alcohol appetite which was fostered by the use of home-made wine and cider in my earlier years. You don't know, mother, how often I used to feign sick just to get some home-made wine. And how I did love your mince pies with the brandy flavor in them! When I went away from home I was unaware of the taste I had for alcoholic drinks until I got to going out with the boys for a good social time. I went from bad to worse until I was ashamed to come home, for fear of disgracing you all. And then, somehow, this dear girl came across my path and I learned to love her more than anyone else in the world. I tried to keep her from knowing my habit, but she found it all out in spite of me, and refused to marry me until I had signed the pledge and kept it for a whole year. I succeeded in keeping it for six months and was getting on finely when I came home last Thanksgiving.

"I always loved your mince pies, mother, but I never knew how you made them and I didn't dream there was brandy in them until that day. When I first tasted the pie I recognized my enemy, but I thought only a little in pie would not hurt me, so I ate one piece and called for another. At night I ate two more pieces, and the next morning, hurrying back to the city, my aroused appetite so tortured me that I plunged into a prolonged debauch. When I recovered from this I was so discouraged and disheartened I did not know what to do, and so with a desperate desire to go away and hide myself, I enlisted and went to Manila. I was so down-hearted that I attracted the attention of our chaplain, who finally won from me my story.

"Through his influence I gave my heart to God, and by prayer and watchfulness I have been able to keep my pledge for a whole year.

"But, mother, you don't know how I dreaded the ordeal of this Thanksgiving dinner, and I never can be thankful enough to you, Meta, for arranging a dinner that could not trip me unawares.

"And now having kept my pledge for the required 12 months, I claim my bride."

The two were soon surrounded by the entire company, who offered them the warmest congratulations.—Eva. K. Miller, in Union Signal.

### Question of Idleness and Crime.

The Champion (liquor organ) lately quoted at length from Mr. Joseph Deuel, police magistrate of New York city, to show that temperance orators and editors are in error when they claim that drink is responsible for "practically all the crime of the country." The records of the state of New York, says Mr. Deuel, will bear out his statement that 75 per cent. of the crime of this country can be traced to lack of employment—this on the principle that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." We are not disposed to question this statement, but we would like to inquire if Mr. Deuel has gathered any statistics showing what proportion of the "army of the unemployed" can trace their forced idleness to drink? What share has the liquor traffic in bringing about the periodic hard times which, we are told, are so prolific of crime?—Union Signal.

### The Saloons Are Open Again.

In one of the cities of Massachusetts, where no license had ruled for two years, at an election license was carried. The effects were disastrous. Take the following:

A little boy, when in a store, said:

"Well, the saloons are open again."

"Yes," answered the merchant, "and does it make any difference to you, my little man?"

"Well," said the boy, hesitatingly, "we don't have so much to eat at our house when the saloons are open."—National Advocate.

The man who says he can take a drink or let it alone is always willing to prove the first part of his statement.—N. Y. World.

Judge Waterman, of the Cook county court (Illinois) has decided that "Bock on a beer" is intoxicating, and selling it without a license is a crime

## THE CHARM OF LIFE

### Is Lost When the Burden is Too Heavy.

*Life is hardly worth the living with the never-ceasing aches and pains of a bad back. If you would remove the burden of backache, reach the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure sick kidneys, and the cure is lasting. Here is proof of it.*

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### Farm For Sale.

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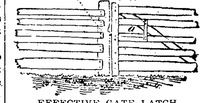
## FARM & GARDEN.

### GOOD GATE LATCHES.

#### Three Styles Which, If Properly Constructed, Are Reasonably Sure to Give Satisfaction.

The form of the gate latch or fastening is an important portion of a fence and care should be exercised in making. The form shown in Fig. 1 is very simple and effective. The latch, a, is made of hard, tough wood, 18 inches in length, three-quarter inch thick, and 1½ inches wide. Through the inner end a wood-



EFFECTIVE GATE LATCH.

en pin holds it in position. When the gate is closed the outer projecting end rests in a notch cut in the post, as at S. All the plans shown admit of the gate opening either way if desired. In Fig. 2, a swinging latch is used, which should be about the size of that in Fig. 1. It is suspended by a wire at e. Two wooden pins prevent it from being

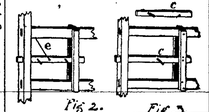


Fig. 2 Fig. 3

DETAILS OF THE LATCHES.

moved too far in either direction. The plan in Fig. 3 is quite similar to the others, and is clearly shown. The latch, c, is shown in an enlarged form. A notch is cut in the lower side, which rests on a pin when the gate is closed, the weight of the latch keeping it in position. Next in importance to the hinges of a gate are the fastenings, which should invariably be made of the very best material.—Farm and Home.

### FARMERS DOING WELL.

#### In the Years of Plenty the Wise Ones Will Make Provisions for the Uncertain Future.

Prices are going up all over the country. Agricultural products are in good demand at home and abroad, at better prices generally than for the average of the past ten years. This means more money for farmers to pay their debts, and to supply their household and farm needs. If they pay off their mortgages, and other indebtedness, capitalists will save more money for which they will be seeking investments. If they buy new tools, new clothing or furniture, carriages or pianos, that means more business and larger profits for manufacturers. This again should bring more steady employment and better wages for the workingman. Perhaps the wages may advance more slowly than will suit some of them, for not every manufacturer or employer feels confident that this improvement in the business outlook is to be a permanent one, but we think that we may now look for ten or twenty years of higher prices, higher wages and abundant prosperity, unless, until people get reckless and begin to feel that they are safe in expending more than their income or spending it in advance. Then may come a panic such as we knew after the close of the civil war, when people began to see the need of retrenchment. We have had many such periods since this nation was established, and the improvident ones have enjoyed themselves in the season's prosperity and suffered when the reaction came. It is of little use to offer advice to those who cannot see the moral for themselves, or will not heed the lesson it teaches. The butterflies will bask in the sunshine and perish in the frost in the future as in the past, while the provident bee will store honey in the summer to provide for the wants of the coming cold weather.—American Cultivator.

### Totals of All Farm Crops.

A further publication of agricultural returns, just issued, shows the totals of all crops for the first time. There are reductions of area under wheat, rye, peas, turnips and swedes, clover and rotation grasses and bare fallow, and increases in barley, oats, beans, potatoes, mangels, cabbages, permanent pasture, flax, hops and small fruit. The total acreage under crops and grass in the United Kingdom is 77,675,572 acres. The great increase is in permanent pasture, which promotes permanent prosperity better than cultivated crops, and especially when compared with the world's competition; the total is proportionately very large, 28,100,672 acres, against 27,913,400 last year. Clover and grasses under rotation, not for hay, show increase, with a decrease of hay area.

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## THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Some day I'll build a little cottage, as neat as could be,
With a little garden parsley, and yard good for me.
A woman was joyously singing at work.
For she did not know that a woman could shirk;
And she said, as she turned the more cloth in the house"
"In some way or other the Lord will provide."
"There's Johnny, and Tommy, and Mamie, and Willie,
With Jessie, and George, and the twins just turned three.
Some think there's too many, but I don't see that,"
And she gave the worn garment a soft little pat.
"We've always enough, though I do turn and make,
So many worn garments, all just for their sake.
But we never have lacked, not since I was a bride,
For in some way or other the Lord will provide."
So she fussed, and she worked, and she cut over clothes,
She mended, and darned, and made over hose.
Yet she always was cheerful, and a right merry song
Often parted her lips, tho' her day's work was long.
She kept her wee home, as spick and as span,
As ever a swift-handed, willing heart can.
And she smiled at old Time, and trouble's swift tide,
Saying soft in her heart: "The Lord will provide."
Her husband he worked in the field all the day,
And he said: "When the sun shines, then make up your hay."
He worked in the garden at morn and at noon,
And working he whistled a bright, merry tune.
He never was idle, he tended his cows,
He hoed corn and potatoes, and kept up his mows.
And he said: "Whatever the time or the tide,
In some way or other the Lord will provide."
So this couple they journeyed the long path of life,
With work pressing sore, yet without care or strife.
They did not sit idly a-wait for the Lord,
To furnish subsistence, although in His word,
He has promised enough; aye, yes, and much more;
From out of His boundless, unlimited store,
We works for our faith all forever able,
Then "in some way or other the Lord will provide."
—Rose Seelye Miller, in N. Y. Observer.

## AUNT TABITHA'S WEDDING GOWN

By Margaret Dodge.

THE gown was a pale gray taffeta stiffened here and there with tiny pink rosebuds. It was evidently an old gown, but made in the voluminous middle-of-the-century fashion that would adapt itself easily to the style at the end of the century. Indeed, little Mrs. Vining, kneeling on the floor in her attic storeroom and spreading the lustrous fabric across the top of the big Noah's ark trunk, was already—in fancy, at least—"taking in" here and "letting out" there, with a certainty of success, born of long experience.

For 18 years Mrs. Vining had been making over for a family of three pretty daughters, and, as she said to herself, she could "almost do it with her eyes shut." To-day, however, Mrs. Vining was planning for none of these three pretty daughters. Once, indeed, when she heard the sound of a girl's voice in the room below she started and crumpled the folds of the silk together almost guiltily.

"I don't care," she said to herself when the voice died away. "I don't care, I'm going to have this silk for my very own. It will make over as good as new without a bit of trimming except what I've got in the house, and I do so want something that's pretty and in style."

The last words came with the rush of a long-pent-up stream. Not since the girls had outgrown their baby clothes had Mrs. Vining owned a gown that even remotely approached that ideal.

The Vinings lived in a pretty cottage in a popular suburb, kept a trim maid-of-all-work, gave teas and provided music and dancing lessons for their daughters in addition to the regular courses at the public schools. In fact, they had enough for the comforts of life, with a little left over for the luxuries; but that little, either in whole or part, never fell to Mrs. Vining.

One month it went for a tea table for Ellen, the eldest, who had social aspirations; another month it was absorbed by a subscription to the boat club for Bertha, the athletic daughter, or by dancing lessons for Josephine and Edith.

Then there were always the gowns—gowns for Ellen's whist parties and Bertha's tennis club and Edith's dancing class; gowns of cotton and crepe and silk and muslin, gowns that even when manufactured at home and made over from material that was "in the house" in some way ate up every penny that little mother had laid by for her own modest outfit.

In the end Mrs. Vining always either attended Dawton teas and church socables arrayed in a prehistoric black silk or stayed away altogether. Of late she had always stayed away; and the three girls said that it really wasn't worth while for mother to have good clothes, for she never went anywhere and didn't care.

Being really sensible and sweet natured girls, they probably believed what they said. Indeed, it's quite likely that it never occurred to them that mother didn't care to go anywhere because she had no suitable clothes. Meantime Mrs. Vining said nothing at all.

But just within the last week Mrs. Vining had come to care very much, both about clothes and about "going somewhere." In two weeks there was to be a reunion of the Avery family at the old place in Averytown, N. H., and she had been asked to write the poem.

"You see I haven't forgot the lovely poetry you used to write in the days when you were Grace Avery and the village poet, belle and belle of the fashion," all in one," wrote the homestaying cousin who had sent out the invitations, "and I count on you as my chief attraction." Which letter goes far toward explaining the special disfavor with which Mrs. Vining had eyed the prehistoric black silk when she took it down that morning for the sixteenth course of alteration.

Ana, at the neighborhood sociable that evening Mrs. Vining was present in body only. Even when talking with the rector, or looking over a photograph album with the doctor's wife, she was in fancy, walking up and down the old entrance hall of the Avery homestead, arm in arm with her favorite cousin, or she was sitting at the head of the long dining table in the deer old paneled dining-room; or reading a poem to a hushed audience in the red drawing-room—and always she was clad in a rustling gray gown dotted with tiny pink rosebuds, made up in the latest style.

Perhaps it was because of the encroachment of these waking visions upon Mrs. Vining's usual hours of slumber that she for once overslept the next morning. At any rate, it was ten minutes later than her accustomed time when she finished her solitary breakfast, crept up to the attic storeroom and threw back the lid of the Noah's Ark trunk.

"I hope I didn't muse it, putting it away in such a hurry," she said, feeling down into one corner. Then, a moment later: "Why, it can't be true—yes, it is—the gown isn't there!" Beyond a doubt it was gone!

Mrs. Vining tumbled the contents of the trunk out upon the floor and looked into and behind it, and finally examined every article that it had contained, from a velvet reticule to a poke bonnet; but nowhere was there a square inch of silk dotted with pink rosebuds.

"Could the girls—"

Without further shaping the question, Mrs. Vining hurried out of the storeroom and downstairs into the blue bedroom, where the two older girls sat sewing.

"Aunt Tabitha's wedding gown!" she gasped. "It's gone!"

Then she stopped short. On the foot of the bed lay what had been the gray taffeta silk, now cut into multitudinous folds and sections.

"You cut it up! You cut up Aunt Tabitha's gown!" she murmured; and then she sat down upon the bed and burst into tears.

In a moment both the girls were at her side. "Why, mother," said Ellen, "do you mean that you wanted that old silk? Why, I never dreamed of such a thing! You know you never seemed to care about clothes, and taffeta is in again, and I thought how pleased you'd be to see Bertha and I had got two nice waists out of the old gown we were always laughing about."

But for once the little mother took no interest in the girls' "things."

"I do care for clothes, I care a great deal!" she sobbed. "Do you suppose that because I am your mother—and 40 years old—I don't want to have things nice? And I was going to make the silk over for the Avery reunion—so that I could have something pretty and in style!"

With these last words there was another burst of tears. The two girls looked at each other across the bowed head with a "you-do-it-first" look, taking the worn little hand in hers, said, gently:

"Forgive me, mother. We've been dreadfully selfish—and I'm afraid it's too late for you to use Aunt Tabitha's wedding gown. But just let us have the black silk and we'll see what we can do with that."

When they did with it little Mrs. Vining never found out. Certainly they made a rush at the lady. Zangwill's ready for him. He had laid down books and doubled up his anguish. Inside of five minutes he had knocked the bully from his times, and in minutes later he had him suing for pardon and begging to be let up.

From that day until he went to college he was severally let alone, and was not until years after that the secret of his victory became known. During all the period of his persecution Zangwill had been taking boxing lessons privately of a prize fighter and did not offer battle until he was reasonably sure of the result.—Saturday Post.

### A Real Good Time.

First Matinee Girl—Did you enjoy playing this afternoon?

Second Matinee Girl—I never enjoyed anything half so much. Why, the wasn't a minute I wasn't crying my eyes out.—N. Y. World.

An amateur gardener finds especial pleasure in watching, by lantern light, the earthworms as they come upon the surface at night. He calculates that some land in England has a total of 50,000 earthworms per acre, the weight this number being about 356 pounds.

A New Jersey woman is suing her husband for divorce, upon the ground that he gave her 72 black eyes in 7 years, which, it appears, she regards as more than a suitable allowance.

It is reported that during the last year Missouri sold $8,000,000 worth of mules, chiefly for war purposes.

It is stated that infectious diseases are unknown in Greenland. So we are told are most of the other things that go with civilization.

## ZANGWILL AND THE BULLY.

### A Boyhood's Encounter of the Now Famous Author and Playwright.

When he was a boy, Israel Zangwill, the author and playwright, was the same thin, long-haired, spectacled person that he is to-day, only then it took more courage to be eccentric in appearance than it does now. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Zangwill was a pupil in the Jewish Free School, Bell Lane, Spitalfields, London. His singular face and still odder manner led the older and

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