ANDOVER NEWS.

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## Suicides Last Year.

Bothsuicides and murders were fewer in 1899 than in 1898. The total number of suicides in the United States during the year now closing was 5,540, as against 5,920 in the preceding year. A noteworthy item in the suicide statistics of the year, says the Chicago Tribune, is the disproportionate number of physicians who took their own lives as compared with members of other professions. Thirty-eight doctors committed suicide. Twelve ministers of the Gospel have left their names on the list. The total includes seven prominent attorneys, seven bankers and seven journalists, while only two actors and two college professors took their own lives. The murders for 1899 come to a total of 6,225, as against 7,840 in 1898. There has been a steady decrease in the number of murders each year since 1896. As that date also marks the beginning of the present era of business prosperity there appears to be a close connection between the two facts. Probably the increased opportunities for employment and the decrease in business failures and financial reverses will also go far toward accounting for the fact that there were 580 fewer suicides this year than last. It would be a false analogy, however, to try to account for the increase of suicides among doctors on the theory that there has been less sickness. The suicidal tendency of that profession is largely due to the familiarity of physicians with subtle poisons, notably opium in its various forms.

Every true Yankee should look with a great deal of quiet, internal pride upon the Yankee-evolving south, says the Criterion. That an Englishman under a southern sun should ever become genuine Yankee has often been cespaired of. It is now a startling fact. When the Spaniards called Le a Yankee a year ago it pleased the whole south, though there is as yet a comparatively small spot on the southern map where the Yankee, sprung out of the very soil, threatens to outstrip his own blood elsewhere. This soil out of which the southern Yankee is springing with such robust energy extends from Lynchburg, Va., on the east, and Bristol, Tenn., on the west, to Eufaula and Birmingham, Ala., on the south. It is about 500 miles in length, and from 200 to 300 miles in breadth. It embraces the iron, coal and cotton mill site, and decidedly the most interesting phase of all this energy here is the cotton mill, for this phase is the latest and is developing more of the genuine characteristics of the New England Yankee in the southern man than elsewhere in the country.

Hartford, Conn., has had a man with a marble heart. The heart was partially covered with a deposit of calcium salts, of which marble is composed. It felt like stone, and when struck gave out a sound as of stone. It offered the same resistance a piece of stone or marble would. Calcareous deposits about the heart are common, but no case is known here where so much of the heart was turned into a substance resembling stone. The man who had this marble heart died in the Hartford hospital. He would not tell where he was in pain. Little is known of the history of his case. He was a tailor, 50 years old.

A Boston dentist, about the middle of December, hung out the sign: "Have your teeth pulled out for a Christmas present." Rather a drawing card.

Greater New York estimates its growth during 1899 at 111,154 persons and the total population at 3,550,053.

The year 1900, according to the gregorian rule of intercalation for centurial years, is not a leap year because it is not divisible by 400 without a remainder. The object of this rule is to make the calendar year coincide with the solar year. The last leap year was 1896. The next leap year will be 1904. February of 1900 will have only 28 days.

Chemical analysis shows that in its nature buttermilk greatly resembles koumyss, with the exception of which it is the most grateful, refreshing and digestible of the product of milk.

A Kiowa (Kan.) county man who has more leisure than his neighbors has agreed to assume the offices of justice of the peace, constable, road overseer and coroner.

## W. C. T. U.

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

MRS. G. W. PROBASCO, Press Superintendent

## THE RED ROCK.

### Cast Into the Flames by a Drunken Father It Comes Back in a Transformed Life.

Never shall I forget that cold November night. The wind whistled through the glittering boughs of the bending trees, and scrunched for excess in every crevice of our little cottage. I sat before a poor fire, just finishing a bright little dress I had been making over for little Molly from one some kind lady had given me a few days before. Those tiny yellow stars on the red ground—I see them now. It was to be the prettiest frock Molly ever had, and I could hardly wait till morning to see how she would look in it — bright and sweet, as I always wanted my children to look, instead of wandering around in dull, faded patched clothes always. Johnnie sat by the cradle asleep over his book; and Tom was trying to work out his arithmetic lesson alone. Some potatoes in a covered dish stood by the teapot before the fire; and, when tired of waiting, the door at last burst open. I knew the unsteady step. The children drew up together in one corner, and their father staggered up to me, saying: "Why do you keep on sewing? where's my supper?" And snatching the little red chintz frock from my hand, he threw it, with a mocking laugh, into the fire. With an angry word of impatience, I caught it in time to have saved it, when it was thrust back into the flames, and I was pushed out from the door into the dark night.

As I proceeded to go to a neighbor's house, I walked on in the darkness until I reached the old maple, a few rods from my home, and there I knelt and offered up a fervent prayer to One who sees all and knows all the miseries of earth. Well for us there is an eye that never sleeps, an ear ever ready for the prayer of the destitute. How long I pleaded and wrestled for strength I do not know; but peace came into my heart—a strange feeling, something above me, and yet of and within me. I had yielded my heart and will in that hour, for the first time, to my Father in Heaven. I could testify to His power over mortal grief as I stole back to the house. I looked in at the window. My husband lay asleep on the floor. I crept in. Molly had not waked; the boys had gone to bed, and I followed them, and, strangely enough, went to sleep.

"Where's Molly's new dress?" asked Johnnie the next morning, before his father had gone out to his work. A slight shake of the head, to command silence, was not enough. "Did you get it done?" Johnnie asked.

"Molly want pretty red frock," put in the little curly-head, who slept through that and many a previous trouble.

"It isn't ready for you yet," I said in a hurried, choking voice, with a stolen glance to see if my husband had noticed the conversation.

His cheek was crimson. He remembered some of the incidents of last evening, then how much I could not tell, but he left with a more tender word of good-by than for many a day before.

When he came home that night he told me he had signed the pledge. A gentleman had met him that day and had a long, earnest talk with him, he said, and wanted his name to the pledge. "I put it down at last, in a bold round hand; but it wasn't his eloquence, Molly; it was fast night's horrid work."

It was a long time since I had seen such a resolute look on John's face. But the news was great and sudden. I knew the pledge alone wouldn't save him, and I burst into tears.

"Don't you believe me, Molly?" he said. "I've done it, and I'll keep it."

I don't know what I said, but I knelt down; and he knelt by me; and I prayed as earnestly as I did the night before under the ley maple tree; and he wept as well as I that night. For three months he kept his pledge, resisting a great temptation, and then the man who had been "hail fellow" of his salary now spent every cent he could raise, and tried every art to win him back to old haunts again. If I should tell this of some one else, I might say he was overdrawn, but it was too true. One night he yielded. I heard his old unsettled step, and voices with him, and when he was brought in I felt undone. Then I asked for faith, such faith as I had to believe that God hears prayer; it took more faith to bring peace now, but it came. I cared for him tenderly that long, bitter night. The next day he looked the most desolate, forlorn, wretched of men. At night I waited for him with a trembling heart. But the next step came, either to bring hope or despair. At midnight I fell asleep over the weary watch. At daybreak he had not come.

Days passed, and then weeks. Without my children, fed them, dir what I could to comfort them, and let the rest with God. At last there came a letter. He had got us a new home in a place where no liquor was sold. He had work, and had not tasted a drop since he left home. I rented the brown cottage, for we owned it, and went to my husband. He had a neat little house ready for us, built on the border of a lake, just out of a pleasant town.

"I could not live," he said, "where I was subject daily to temptation. For your sake I was not too proud to own it—but I could run from the tempter. You will bless God, with me, that there are places to be found where no license can be had to send men to perdition."

The story is a true one. Molly is teaching the village school, and does not know the story of the little red frock—the turning point of her life.—Mrs. J. B. Ballard, in National Advocate.

## MAKING AN ORCHARD.

### Best Plan for Beginners Is to Select Varieties That Have Been Tried with Success.

As an orchard, especially the apple and pear orchard, will, after it has been planted and growth and become established, last an ordinary lifetime, if given proper care, the [illegible] of varieties should be made very carefully. To set out and care for an orchard until it comes into bearing requires considerable labor and expense, and to find out after working four or five years to secure good growth that a mistake in the selection of varieties has been made will prove a costly experience.

Of course there is always a chance of being imposed upon by the nurseryman. The farmer may make a good selection and order them, and receive them properly labeled according to his order only to find out that he has been swindled when the trees commence to bear—too late to avoid the loss.

The only safe plan is to buy only from responsible nurserymen, who will not substitute after accepting the order. There are plenty such so that there is not much excuse for buying of irresponsible dealers.

The best plan is to select for the principal dependence varieties that already have been tried and proved. There is an abundance of these without risking too much on untried or unknown sorts. Because some traveling agent who is interested in selling some high-sounding variety at a big price recommends them is not a sufficient reason for investing.

Difference in soil and cultivation of growth make a difference in the growth and quality of the fruit, and the only safe guide is to take old and tried varieties for the main crop and then if desired a few trees of fancy sorts of unknown quality may be selected to try.

On the farm plan first to have a full supply all through the year. Then if more is wanted plant good winter varieties that are strong in appearance, as in a market apple appearance is an important factor.—N. J. Shepherd, in Farmer's Voice.

### Hints on Storing Potatoes.

The following plan for preventing them from sprouting in spring will be found useful when many are placed in the cellar for family use; it destroys the eyes or buds, after which they never start, consequently the tubers do not become shriveled and tough: Before placing them in the cellar leave the tubers for an hour in a solution of sulphuric acid, about 1½ pints to 25 gallons of water, the whole being thoroughly mixed; after removing from this bath they should be spread out to dry, then placed in barrels. The solution also prevents decay. Such potatoes will never grow under any circumstances, so those intended for planting should not be so treated.—Farmers' Review.

### Soda as a Fertilizer.

Where the potash supply is limited, the soda is useful to certain plants either as a direct plant food or indirectly by virtue of its liberating potash from the soil, as demonstrated at the Rhode Island station. The results at hand have not yet shown definitely whether or not it is profitable to intentionally limit the potash supply enough to make the soil test not conclusive. The drawn as to the manurial value of the soda [illegible] analysis of the material is completed.

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## Kidney Disease Should Prove Every Claim.

Relief from the pains and aches of a bad back is always welcome to every sufferer. Relief that promises to cure a long weak or aching back is what's wanted. Cure it so it will stay cured. It can be done. Here's the strongest evidence to prove it.

Mr. Christopher Finley, mason, of 512 State street, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I stated through the Hudson newspaper, in the winter of 1896, that Doan's Kidney Pills cured my aching back and other consequents of disordered kidneys. I suffered every pain and ache imaginable both day and night with my kidneys; suffered until I could hardly stand any more, but I got relief at last from using Doan's Kidney Pills. To-day, and it is over three years since I stopped the treatment, I have neither a pain or ache, and I advise everyone who has anything wrong with their kidneys to do as I did, go at once to a drug store and buy a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. They will not be disappointed."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers; price 50 cents a box. Mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name. Doan's, and take no substitute.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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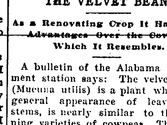
## FARM & GARDEN.

### THE VELVET BEAN.

As a Renovating Crop It Has Some Advantages Over the Cowpea, Which It Resembles.

A bulletin of the Alabama experiment station says: The velvet bean (Mucuna utilis) is a plant which, in general appearance of leaves and stems, is nearly similar to the running varieties of cowpeas. The vines attain great lengths, a growth of 20 feet being usually made and much greater lengths being sometimes attained. The beans are larger than cowpeas and usually three or four are found in each pod. The pods are short and stout, nearly black in color and covered with a coat of velvety hairs. The velvet bean belongs to the same family as the cowpea. It is a legume or leguminous plant, and, like the cowpea, the velvet bean is a renovating plant, having the power to enrich the land on which it grows.



THE VELVET BEAN.

In any comparison of velvet beans with cowpeas as a renovating crop, there is one point in which velvet beans are conspicuously superior. When large crops of velvet beans are allowed to turn under vines of the velvet beans than to plow under cowpea vines. It is not advisable to attempt to grow this bean in the north.

### WANT AMERICAN FLOUR.

In the Course of a Few Years Siberia Will Be a Splendid Market for Our Product.

William Mitchell Bunker, an American traveling in Siberia, writes: "We never saw large loaves of bread until we reached Blagovetchensk. The bakers made them round and square. Eighteen inches square or two feet across are the popular sizes with the peasants. Siberian flour is inferior, very inferior, and to strike an average it is mixed with American flour. After seeing these loaves and seeing Siberians eat them, the Siberian demand for American flour is no mystery. The soldiers are nearly all big fellows, and I was so favorably impressed with their rugged appearance that I asked a Russian officer to name their rations. The soldier gets daily three-quarters of a pound of meat, three pounds of bread, porridge and cabbage soup, and tea or tap. When maneuvering his portion of meat is increased to one pound. So the army also assists in decreasing the Siberian supply of flour and increasing the demand for the American product.

"The Siberian consumption of flour astonishes even after one has seen the sacks stacked at Vladivostock. Every boat and junk leaving that port, and every craft leaving Nicolaievsk, the great distributing point at the mouth of the Amur river, carries to the interior flour brought from the Pacific coast, and every steamer stopping at village or woodpile leaves sacks of flour. At Khabarovik we were puzzled at the flour appearance of steamers, barges and boats and the whitened clothes of roustabouts and teamsters. Our journey on the Amur river solved the problem. The steamers dropped flour every few hours, and peasants who came to the riverside brought for sale loaves of bread, as well as milk and eggs. And the demand for flour must keep pace with the growth of the Siberian population."

### Carelessness Is Expensive.

We are constantly hearing of batches of butter brought into the market in such a condition that it has to sell far off the regular price to be disposed of at all. Butter poorly packed, poorly salted and poorly worked, is no uncommon sight. In many cases the butter would have been good if properly treated. Over it all seems to be written the word "carelessness." To this word might be added the word "ignorance," and the whole truth would be out. More study and more applications of the lessons learned are necessary if butter is to bring the price it should in the market.—Farmers' Review.

## Mrs. Morris' Letter to EVERY WIFE AND MOTHER.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 14,953]

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with gratifying results. I had been married four years and had two children. I was all run down, had falling of womb with all its distressing symptoms. I had doctored with a good physician, but I derived very little good from his treatment. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do my work and nurse my seven-months'old baby. I recommend your medicine to every wife and mother. Had I time, I could write much more in its praise. I bid you God's speed in your good work."—MRS. L. A. MORRIS, WELAKA, PUTNAM CO., FLA.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I commenced the use of your remedies I was very bad off. Every two weeks I was troubled with flowing spells which made me very weak. I had two of the best doctors, but they did not seem to help me.

"They said my trouble was caused from weakness and was nothing to worry about. I felt tired all the time; had no ambition. I was growing worse all the time until I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I now able to help about the house, and am much improved in health."—MRS. A. WALKER, CALLICOON DEPOT, N. Y.

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## Spraying with Petroleum Was Found Beneficial.

Prof. John H. Smith reports to the association for the advancement of science that he has found spraying with crude petroleum to be a sure method of destroying the San Jose scale. He first tried it on a Duchess pear tree, which was badly infested. In the early part of January, 1896, he painted the tree thoroughly from the tops of the twigs to the ground. Long before spring opened it was easy to see that there was not a living scale remaining on the tree. As it grew well in the spring, about a dozen trees were sprayed with a nozzle to cover them as completely as possible. As they had begun to make leaf growth, he found in some cases foliage injured, and when an extra heavy dose of oil was put on the fruit buds were killed. The tree treated in winter not only blossomed and bore well, but it made a rapid and vigorous growth and the foliage had a color that enabled anyone to identify it as far as they could see it. It was as if an application of nitrate of soda had been made around the tree. The increase in vigor and growth continues up to the present time.

Other winter many trees were treated, including apple, peach, plum and cherry, and with the single exception of the peach they all have so far long been improved by the treatment. In one case where there were three rows of apple trees 30 to 40 years old, the middle row alone was sprayed, and in this row alone was the whitened fruit to be found. The other rows looked sickly by the side of that, and on that the fruit set full and fair.—American Cultivator.

The most unique experiment in medical annals as a cure for insanity has been successfully tried in Philadelphia. The cure is starvation. For 45 days a young girl, whose mind was unbalanced, went without food, and at the expiration of that time she had recovered her reason.

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## A Lesson in Temperance

### Smith Finds a Use for a Stuffed Rattlesnake.

ONE of his friends recently sent Smith, of Brooklyn, a fine specimen of the diamond-back rattlesnake. It was a dead rattlesnake, though it didn't look it; in fact, it was only the skin of the reptile with the head attached, but all the diabolism of the live creature was expressed in the thick, flat head with two glittering black pinheads doing duty for the eyes. It was really a very fine skin, and Smith thought with pleasure how well it would look on the wall of his study, but upon taking it home he found that his household regarded it with mingled emotions. When he appeared with it in his hands Mrs. Smith ramped around the room as if it were a mouse that was confronting her and threatened alternately hysterics and a return to the home of her ancestors. Bridget, the maid, who had come upstairs on the run upon hearing the excitement, retired via the front door to the middle of the street, where she informed an interested public that Mr. Smith had come home to dinner and brought the devil with him; while the family cat, after one casual glance at the deceased reptile, shinned up the back yard grape arbor in a perfect abandonment of horror, and spit till her whiskers whistled.

"This snake's all right in its way," said Smith, "but I'd rather have my happy home, and it don't look as if the two were compatible. I'll give it house room for a day or two, and then present it to some bachelor apartment."

With some difficulty and after repeated assurances that the object of her terrors was quite dead, Smith persuaded Bridget to return to the house and her duties. Mrs. Smith was somewhat reconciled by learning that at any time the serpent could be turned into a handsome belt for herself, if she so desired; and consented to try it first as a wall ornament for a time. The cat refused to come back, but told all the other cats about it until the neighborhood quelled their comments and interjections with handy bric-a-brac.

Upon arriving at his office the next morning Smith found a note from his friend Bixby, setting forth a sad case, to-wit, himself. Bixby had recently returned from the arid south, whence he had brought a large hand of information regarding the noxious insect and reptilian life of the region, a reputation for a leaning toward revolver practice, and an abounding thirst which all the strong waters in New York couldn't stanch—he hadn't tried the other kind. Bixby wrote:

"Dear Smith: I've been going it for the last week of year or something. Been trying to put the Raines law out of business by drinking all the booze before Sunday. I'm pretty much on the aboriginal bum in consequence. They haven't got me yet, but I saw one of 'em last night. It had long, pink, wriggly ears and I thought it said, 'I'll I saw the hoofs on it. It's a clear sky doesn't matter, for it doesn't seem jes' right.

An' th' sun gits outer kilter in a-kinder murky fashion,
Jes' cause th' sky jes' won't whistle th' songs they uster do,
An' th' world is one big desert
When a feller's
A feelin'
Kinder blue!

Plague on it! th' grou'ry store seems like a church t' you,
An' yer collar sets oneasy an' a-pinchin' jes' yer shoe;
An' yer don't laugh at them stories jes' like yer uster do;
An' th' world is one big desert
When a feller's
A feelin'
Kinder blue!

Th' dog, too, mopes in sympathy, th' house seems like a barn,
Th' furniture ain't no use for you, they hev so much t' darn;
An' "Uncle Tom" an' "Topsy" is a torture t' go through,
An' th' world is one big desert
When a feller's
A feelin'
Kinder blue!

By George, I think that I shall go an' see the Poly Gray
Who allus seems so chipper wit'her laughter bright an' gay;
Perhaps she'll cheer me up a bit jes' like she uster do!
Fer there's nothin' like a woman
When a feller's
A feelin'
Kinder blue!

—Harold MacGrath, in Syracuse Herald.

"If anybody just have been read, Bixby," he said.

"Bixby groaned.

"You'd never have known the difference," said his host.

Bixby groaned again and pressed some ice against his head.

"Bixby, I'm ashamed of you," he said.

"I'm ashamed of myself," said Bixby groaned.

"You've proved it," said his host.

Bixby groaned again and pressed some ice against his head.

"Bixby, what time did you get home?" asked the persistent Smith.

"Eh?" said Bixby, dully. "Do? Oh, my head! You're sure that thing was there, Smith? You aren't fooling me?" I wouldn't look into that room for a thousand."

"Oh, it was there," Smith assured him. "I fixed it myself while you were dead to the world." But don't you think it's time you whistled down brakes on this gay career?"

"Smith," said Bixby, after a long pause, "I'll buy you a new snake. You give me that one as soon as I feel well enough to stand its company. Did you teach it to fly yourself? I-I-I-I-mean-I guess I'm not very steady yet. I want it as a memento to remind me of what it can do if a man goes too far, you know."

"You'll get it as soon as you prove that you are fit company for a sober and decent snake," said Smith.

"Don't you fear," said Bixby, solemnly. "This is the end. Three drinks per day after this is the limit. Look at that goes, too. That isn't the common or garden variety of next-morning-never-again. Bring me out my gun, old boy. I don't feel steady enough to go in there alone yet."

When Mrs. Smith got home, which was after Bixby had left, there were certain matters to be explained to her. First, there was the snake. Smith said he had did it. Then there was the bullet-ridded ceiling; he couldn't say that the cat did that, but he explained that it must be the work of rats. Bridget had reported hearing shots fired. Smith said yes, that Bixby was unstrung to a very right; he had heard them himself, and they seemed to be very near at hand. Mrs. Smith doesn't tell all she knows, or even all she believes, and Smith appreciates this spirit. She now enjoys the possession of a handsome snakeskin purse and a cardcase to match. Bixby has the rattlesnake, cleverly put together by a taxidermist, mounted on a panel in his room. Regale it was for him to open his eyes again, but he did it, and this time his head gave a jerk. Smith trembled a little with excitement and the prodigy with shocked breath; then shut his eyes slowly and tubbed them gently inward. Watching him from the crack of his eyelids, Smith saw his lips move.

"Bixby pressed.

"You'd never have known the difference," said his host.

Bixby groaned again and pressed some ice against his head.

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"If anybody just have been read, Bixby," he said