ANDOVER NEWS
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
SCRIBNER & BACKUS.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

W. C. T. U.

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

MRS. G. W. PROSSACO, Press Superintendent

OVER A GLASS OF WINE.

Sparkling Water and Manly Conviction Win a Disciple to the Temperance Cause at a Dinner Party.

They had been introduced, of course, but he spoke to her first at dinner.

"Have you ever a little wine?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said, simply, "a little claret. I drink only claret."

"You don't care for the sweet wines?"

"I don't think I really care for any wine, but this is what we drink at home. You did not pour any for yourself," she added, a moment after.

He smiled.

"It would be for the first time in my life if I had."

"How strange!" She looked at him pointblank with a pair of clear and very kind blue eyes. "Have you scruples? Do you think it wrong?"

"Well"—he drew a long breath—"hardly. Yet, for me, it would be wrong."

The color deepened on her cheek a little. He saw her check back a word from her lips, and the shadow that swept over her face was sweeter than any brightness. But he could not appropriate her unmerited sympathy.

"No—no," he declared, laughing slightly. "It is not at all a temptation to me. I hope never known the taste of any sort of liquor. I think I have a great advantage against fate in this, and—I mean to keep it."

"Then you are afraid, after all?"

"Sometimes we recognize danger though we may not fear it."

"If it be danger, you must fear it. You do, or you would not take precautions."

He looked down and met her earnest glance. She was forgetting her dinner.

"If you were not afraid," she went on, impulsively, 'wine would seem to you as harmless as water. It is because you have a fear that you will not touch it."

He was at a loss just here. It was difficult to match her candor without a touch of seeming discourtesy.

"Suppose I drink to your better courage?" she said. A roguish dimple showed itself. "The deadly cup has no terror for me."

He raised his crystal goblet and drank to her in sparkling water, saying gently:

"But of my cup no one need be afraid."

There was a pause. She had not lifted the wine to her lips. A servant came to remove the course, and some one spoke to her across the table. When he could claim her attention again he was ready with a bright remark about the beauty of some roses in a vase near them.

"Yes—so pretty—pretty," she said, vaguely, and then, with purpose in her tone: "We had not exhausted our topic, I think. May I ask—is it your conviction that liquor should not be used in any form?"

"You are unmerciful," he deprecated. "Think how ungracious it would seem to object to anything amid such surroundings."

"Never mind about being complimentary," she replied, gravely. "I am trying to reflect—to decide. I have never before given one serious thought to this question of temperance. The people I live among—and they are all upright, intelligent and refined—regard a moderate use of liquor as almost indispensable. Surely you must admit that there are thousands and thousands who are not in any way injured by its use."

"I know," he said, quickly, "but there are millions and millions—the world will tell you—the hospitals—"

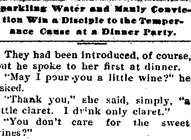
He stopped abruptly.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "yes. But why not take the good and avoid the evil? We need not become drunkards because we use liquor?"

He met the appeal of her earnest eyes with a look as earnest.

"Since you desire it," he answered, steadily, "let me say one word, and then, I think, I will say no more. If you never touch liquor you not only need not, you cannot, become a drunkard. Some of us can never touch the first drop without the danger of becoming a drunkard. The risk is too great for us to take. The stake is our manhood, our—shall I say it?—our souls. There is a long silence between us now. The rest of the guests were talking gaily. Presently she spoke, but so low that he had to bend his ear to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful thought. She laid down her untouched glass of wine, and in the simple act he knew there was consecration."—Madeline S. Bridges, in Ladies' Home Journal.



HE RAISED HIS CRYSTAL GOBLET.

TENNIS.

$1.00 a Year in Advance

The bicycle has made business for the courts and legislators and the

The Bicycle in Law.

rider and owner of a wheel is now very well protected. Stealing a bicycle is as much of a larceny as stealing a horse. Bicyclists are now protected, too, by laws securing for them the sole use of bicycle paths, and forbidding trespass by other vehicles. Ohio has even decreed that, in sprinkling streets and avenues, a dry strip shall be left for bicycles. At its last legislative session Connecticut passed four laws of interest to wheelmen. The theft of a bicycle worth more than $25 is punished by imprisonment for one year. The use of a bicycle of another without permission is forbidden under penalty of a fine of $50, or of three months' imprisonment. Another act, passed on the same day, forbids bicyclists to ride without alarm bells, or to ride on highways within thickly populated villages faster than ten miles an hour. Another section, however, allows greater speed at specified times. A third law punishes willful injury to bicycle paths by a fine of $50, or three months' imprisonment, and a fourth statute imposes a fine of $20 for the throwing of sharp substances, such as nails, tacks and glass, into the highways; the enactment of the last statute being due to the invention of the rubber tire, which is now applied to other vehicles. New York and Illinois have passed laws to protect wheelmen from their own misguided enthusiasm. In Illinois it is called "An act to prevent long-continued and brutal bicycle riding." It makes it unlawful for any person or corporation to engage or take part in the "conduct a bicycle race of more than 12 consecutive hours' duration, without a rest of six consecutive hours following each 12 hours' riding," and also to rent any building for a bicycle race without conforming to this act. The penalty is a fine of from $25 to $500, or imprisonment from 30 days to one year. This act, of course, does not prevent a man from committing suicide by riding himself to death on the road. Washington, D. C., forbids the use of turned-down handle bars, and the monkey attitude is thus debarred in at least one city.

Women are not cowardly; they are only timid, says a man who claims to have studied carefully the attributes of the gentler sex. While they often display considerable agitation at the sight of a mouse, history abounds with instances of their courage and presence of mind in great emergencies. Why, during the late war with Spain women faced every danger to lend aid to the wounded, and they are now going in large numbers to act as nurses in South Africa in spite of the dangers to be faced.

A Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) woman who died recently left all her money to her lawyer. She probably knew he would get it anyway.

One of the curious sights in Charleston, S. C., is a flock of buzzards which, six days in the week, hover around the streets and alleys, and particularly the market places of that city. They are the public scavengers and are protected by law. They clean the streets of garbage and other filth and work from dawn to sunset in a most energetic and faithful manner on familiar terms with the population.

A society woman in Philadelphia gave a luncheon not long ago and afterward missed a small gold mirror. She immediately sent to each of the women who had been her guests a postal card upon which was written: "Dear Madam: A gold mirror was stolen from my dressing table yesterday. Have you got it?" The mirror was returned, but the owner never found out who took it.

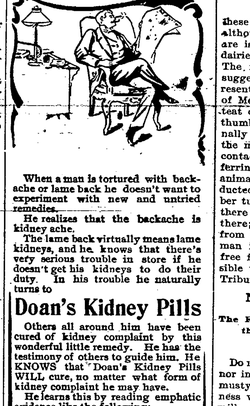
A New York woman started the new year with a century ride, and announces her intention of keeping it up for 12 months, averaging at least 600 miles a week. Her ambition is to beat the record for the national mileage made in a year. It is not a rational ambition in a woman, but she belongs to a class that will risk life itself for transient fame.

The only woman oil operator in the country is Miss Jane Stone, who owns 180 acres in Texas which have produced oil. Miss Stone superintends the drilling of her own wells, and has a thorough knowledge of the way to run an oil plant.

HYGIENIC MILKER.

An Australian Invention by Which Milk Is Kept Pure and Free from Contamination.

Doctors, scientists and agricultural experts are all very much concerned at the present time, about the contamination of milk and the serious consequences that are apt to result from it. In the up-to-date dairy every effort is made to keep the milk from being contaminated by stable dirt or foreign matter which may adhere to the cow's teats or flanks, or which may be floating around in the air in the stable. Among the precautions suggested are mechanical milkers, but these have not come into extensive use, although, in one form or another, there are isolated examples of their use in dairies in different parts of the world. The illustration here presented is a suggestion along this line, and represents the idea of John C. Duigan, of Melbourne, Victoria. It operates teat cups, with finger loops for the thumb and finger arranged longitudinally on opposite sides, which prevent the milker's hands from coming in contact with the teats, and thus transferring dirt or disease germs from one animal to another. The milk is conducted to the milk pail through rubber tubes, and, as the pail is inclosed, there is no possible contamination there; so that, provided the milk is from a good, healthy cow, the dairyman is assured of milk as pure and free from contamination as it is possible to get.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.



NEW MILKING MACHINE.

NOT GOOD FOR COWS.

The Feeding of Musty Hay Injures the Milk Flavor and Is the Cause of Poor Butter.

Do not feed musty hay to dairy cows, nor in fact any kind of fodder that is musty. Some believe that this mustiness will not pass through into the milk, and it may be so, but we are suspicious of the truth of the assertion. It is a fact that there is a difference in the flavor of butter made on June grass and the butter made in the winter when the cows are fed on dry hay. If this difference in feed makes any difference in flavor, why may it not make a good deal of difference if the feed be particularly bad? It is a bad thing to waste second in any case and should be thrown out. Using it as cow bedding is likely to make the matter worse, for the whole stable will be scented with it, and in the morning when the milk is drawn it will certainly be tainted and this taint will be absorbed by the milk. It is not advisable to use this for bedding and depend on airing the barn enough in the morning to get the smell out. This would be seldom done at all, and where done it would generally be done in a very imperfect manner. The presence of spoiled feed is very often the cause of poor butter.—Farmers' Review.

Fallacy of Changing Methods.

The farmers are now reaping the results of neglecting the dairy cows. They thought when the low price of butter came on a few years ago that it would always continue and so became careless of the breeding and feeding of their dairy cows. Some of the farmers bred their cows to beef bulls and got half-beef calves, which they let run with the cows, arguing they might as well save the cost of a hired milker and get a good beef at the same time. Now that butter is very high they are unable to take advantage of the rise. This is always the fate of those that are continually changing their methods.—Farmers' Review.

The Location of Creameries.

When the agents of a creamery concern are trying to place the stock of a new outfit, seeking subscriptions from the farmers of a community, it is not a question of the profitableness of the creamery at Elgin or any other dairy district, but rather a question of the probability of getting a full supply of milk throughout the year for the creamery that is proposed. Many creameries have never been converted into dairymen. It is only when the supply of milk is absolutely assured for the future that these stock subscriptions become at all reasonably safe for farmers.—National Stockman.

Land for Strawberry Beds.

The land for the strawberry bed should be prepared as soon as the berry has done. Plow deep, harrow, apply the fertilizer broadcast, and then again harrow the soil fine. This will admit warmth and encourage the growth of early weeds, which can be destroyed with the harrow as soon as they appear, with the result of having the plat fairly free of weeds when the young runners are transplanted.

DRAFT HORSE POINTS.

Every Feature of the Animal Should Indicate Kindliness, Intelligence and Strength.

Size is an important item in the draft horse, provided, of course, that his disposition is such that his size and strength can be used to advantage.

The 1,200 or 1,300-pound horse cannot draw the load that the 1,800-pound horse can, so that the buyer of a good draft team usually wants them as large as possible, provided they are as good as they are big.

While there will always be a considerable difference of opinion among buyers on minor points, in general the main points will be similar.

The neck should be deep, but not too thick above, and should appear to be a part of the animal rather than stuck on. The head, neck, ears, and, indeed, the whole horse, should indicate kindliness, intelligence and strength. The shoulder should be deep and muscular, and should slope at nearly right angles, as he will then get hold of its load better. In a horse of average horse a sloping shoulder is desirable, but not so in a heavy draft horse. While the leg should be strong below, it should be well muscled above, with strong, well-defined tendons, especially behind, and gracefully thickening and widening up the arm and thigh, until their outlines are lost in a symmetrical arch at their connection with the body. Such a formation sets the legs under the horse, rather than stuck on his sides and ends like the legs of a trestle. A horse may get along if he is a little loose in front, but any weakness behind unfits him for draft purposes. An open gait behind is often desirable in a trotter, but a draft horse must travel with his legs under him, rather than spraddled.

The hind legs are the fulcrum upon which the power and the load must rest in heavy draft horses, and it is important that they be in the best position of correct formation. A deep, well-sprung rib makes room for large, healthy vital organs. A large, sound middle, with a full flank, denotes good feeding qualities, while being well ribbed denotes an easy keeper. A short, strong back and long, heavy, muscular quarters are elements of strength as well as of beauty.—St. Louis Republic.

There is nothing gained in patching up old utensils about a home dairy or manufactory. Like farming tools, the apparatus of a creamery or cheese factory generally deteriorates more quickly in value from neglect than from practical use in its especial sphere.—American Cultivator.

Regular Hours for Milking.

The cow's stomach resembles a clock in one particular—its machinery is arranged to mark time; it is wound up to strike the feeding hour, and it strikes that hour almost to the minute, says the Jersey Bulletin. If the feeding time is changed for even an hour the yield of milk will decline, and the flow of milk once lowered is very difficult of restoration. Regularity in feeding and in milking is of the highest importance with good cows; the better the cows the more important. It makes the difference between success and failure, gain or loss. Select whatever hours are most convenient, but when once selected adhere to them rigidly.

A Poor Business Policy.

Chief of Police Kipley's estimate of the expenses of the Chicago police department for 1900 is $3,708,193, an increase of $327,649 over last year's appropriation. The principal item of increase is for 500 additional patrolmen at $1,000 a year salary. This will bring the number of patrolmen on the force up to 3,000. The amount of revenue derived from saloon licenses in Chicago, or any other city, is not sufficient to pay the cost of caring care of the consequences of the saloon. Indeed, Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistical authority, says that for every dollar that the saloon brings in, it causes an outgo direct, and indirect, of $21.—Union Signal.

A Significant Fact.

It is a significant fact that one of the first steps taken by Gen. Wood on his return to Santiago, toward stamping out yellow fever, was to order the closing of all American bars and saloons in the city, and prohibiting the sale of strong drink to Americans.

When a man is tortured with backache or lame back he doesn't want to experiment with new and untried remedies.

He realizes that the backache is kidney ache.

The lame back virtually means lame kidneys, and he knows that there's very serious trouble in store if he doesn't get his kidneys to do their duty. In his trouble he naturally turns to

Doan's Kidney Pills

Others all around him have been cured of kidney complaint by this wonderful little remedy. He has the testimony of others to guide him. He KNOWS that Doan's Kidney Pills WILL cure, no matter what form of kidney complaint he may have.

He learns this by reading emphatic evidence like the following:

Mr. Leroy White, for the last twenty-eight years with the Fall Brook Coal Co., Corning, N. Y., says:

"I am one of the many among railroad men who are great appreciators of Doan's Kidney Pills. My trouble came from pains over the kidneys, accompanied by unnatural scanty secretions. There was also considerable inflammation of the bladder, as was made manifest by the scalding sensation of the secretions. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at A. R. Holmes' drug store and they quickly corrected all the troubles. I am also a great admirer of Doan's Ointment. It is a wonderful ointment, for all the troubles to which it is applicable, and for which it is recommended."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

THE NEW YORK WORLD,

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly

The striking and important events of the last year have established the overwhelming value of THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD to every reader. For an almost nominal sum it has kept its subscribers informed of the progress of all our wars and, moreover, has reported them as promptly and fully as if it were a daily. With our interests still extending throughout the world, with our troops operating in the Philippines, and the great Presidential campaign, too, at hand, its future is further increased.

The motto of THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD is improvement. It strives each year to be better than it was the year before, and public confidence in it is shown by the fact that it now circulates more than twice as many papers every week as any other newspaper, not a daily, published in America. Subscription price, $1.00.

TO THE DEAF—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drum, gave $10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 6942, The Nicholson Institute, 780, Eighth Avenue, New York.

The Cure that Cures

Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS

OTTO'S CURE

Sold by all druggists 25&50cts

G. KELLOGG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

G. M. WEBSTER & CO.,
MERCHANTS,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

W. G. SMITH & CO.
DRUGGISTS,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

WOODARD & YOUNG,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

SHAW & PLAISTED,
HARDWARE,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

C. F. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
GREENWOOD N. Y.

HOYT & MAYO,
FASHIONABLE BARBER.
Rooms opposite Woodward & Young Main St.
Shaving and haircutting done in modern style.

Cordova Wax Candles

Nothing else adds so much to the charm of the drawing room, dining room or nightly table as light from CORDOVA Candles. Nothing else conveys the idea of refinement and the inevitable tea or dinner. The best decorative candle for the simplest or the most elaborate function—for cotillions, receptions, etc. Made in all colors and all sizes. Ask your dealer for them. Insist on STANDARD OIL CO. and sold everywhere.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; $1.50 six months. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER
AXLE GREASE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER
USE THE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

A BIG BARGAIN.

Cut this out and return with $1.00 (money order or currency) and we will order the following "Family Combination" sent prepaid.

N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 1 YR.
THE GENTLE WOMAN, 1 YR.
NATIONAL ILLUST'D MAGAZINE, 1 YR.
AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, 1 YR.
HAPPY HOURS FAMILY MAGAZE, 1 YR.
VERMONT FARM JOURNAL, 1 YEAR.

Our Price $1. Regular Cost $4.

This combination fills a family need. We will substitute the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, Toledo Weekly Blade, Kansas City Weekly Star, Denver Weekly Times, Twice-a-Week Louisville Courier-Journal, San Francisco Weekly Post, or Montreal Weekly Gazette in place of the N. Y. Tribune if desired, but no other changes are allowed. Clubbing list for a stamp.

O. H. JONES, Room 508.
Cir. Manager Vermont Farm Journal,
WILMINGTON, VERMONT.

Dangerous Drugs

Like Opium, Morphine, Chloral, etc., which Enslave and Destroy Are not Used in any Shape or Form in Compounding the Great Restorative,

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

Dr. Miles' Nervine has been before the public a number of years and has earned an enviable reputation by its many wonderful cures of nervous diseases. It is perfectly harmless, as it contains no trace of opium, morphine, chloral, cocaine or other narcotics or poisonous drugs, and may be taken by most delicate people without fear of contracting the drug habit. Neither does it contain alcohol or other stimulating agents which build up false hope for a time and then let their victims down to lower depths of despondency. Dr. Miles' Nervine strengthens weak nerves, rests tired nerves, quiets irritated nerves and cures disease of nerves. It is a brain and nerve food as well as a medicine and induces rest and sleep by soothing the weary brain and assisting the nerves to regain their lost vitality. You run no risk in giving this great restorative a trial, for all druggists are authorized to sell the first bottle on a positive guarantee that it benefits or money will be refunded. Get a bottle today.

"I suffered for a number of years from spinal trouble and extreme nervousness, my sleep was broken night after night by those dreadful spells of restlessness, and it seemed impossible for me to get any relief at all except by the use of powerful drugs. My physician treated me but to no avail and at last I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine. I got relief from the very start and in a few months it had made me feel like a different man in every way. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering as I did."
WM. MILLER, box 147, Dalton, Mass.

"Some time ago our daughter, Mrs. Eliza beth Topping, was so badly afflicted with nervous prostration that she nearly lost her mind. She was unable to do any work and suffered so much that she got into the habit of using morphine to quiet her nerves. This condition lasted nearly three years, and she was almost a total wreck in body and mind when a lady told us about Dr. Miles' Nervine and we began giving it to her. A few bottles of this wonderful remedy cured her of the morphine habit, and removed the trouble which had been the cause of her suffering. Since then she has been a well woman."
MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. RICHEY,
LIZZ TOPPING, McKinney, Texas.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold at all druggists on a positive guarantee. Write for free advice and booklet to
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE place known as "Larry's Lunch" is a narrow hole in the wall between two frame houses. The buildings are so old and weak that they lean toward each other in their decrepitude. The street in front is muddy and cobbled. Street lamps are far apart. They burn low, as if there was not the oxygen in this neglected air to feed a cheerful flame. The sunken and rotting sidewalk of wood is slippery to the foot.

A kerosene lamp propped in the front window of "Larry's Lunch" showed as a mere smudge of light behind the dirty panes.

John Hazen lifted the loose iron latch and there came into his nostrils, like the breathing from a foul creature, the smell of poverty, frying grease and bad tobacco.

But he had to eat. He hal not eaten for 24 hours. A Jew dealing in pawns and junks had given him ten cents for his pocketknife, the last of his convertible property.

At "Larry's Lunch" he could get meat, bread, potatoes and coffee for ten cents. He ordered and then leaned forward on the rough table, with his chin in his hands, while the meat sizzled in the pan and a rancid smoke filled the low room.

His uncle had been right.

"You take your share of the money and go to Chicago and you'll be broke within six months," the uncle had said. "You're a fool with money. Any man's a fool with money, unless it's money he's earned."

"I know my business," he had said to his uncle.

After which they had parted, with the understanding that if John Hazen ever needed money he would not come to his uncle for it.

Yes, his uncle had been right. A fool with his money? Diamonds which he had worn clumsily—bravado betting at the racetracks—loans to new-made friends—experiments at the bucket shop. Hazen had kept everything but his pocketknife that he had just left behind in the place.

Oh, what a triumph for those who had warned him—those who had told him he was a fool with money! What rejoicing there would be at home when they heard of it—and they would hear of it, because in small towns they hear of everything. They would be glad, he was sure—all except Aunt Ella.

"She was the only one who ever cared for me," he said, half aloud, grinding his fists on the table. "But I don't care."

Then, because he didn't care, he let his head fall down into the angle of his right arm and there in the darkness which he had made for himself he cried. He was only 22 years old.

The front door clicked and slammed. Larry, who was both cook and waiter (in a red flannel shirt chopped off at the elbows), brought the meat and coffee. John Hazen pulled himself up from the table. Before him, talking to Larry, stood a very small young man, with square shoulders, a pointed nose, jet black eyes and a mouth twitching into a smile whenever he spoke. This young man wore a plaid cap, with a short peak. His coat collar was turned up, and within it was a blue and white handkerchief knotted closely around his neck.

"If he comes around here, you tell him I want to see him," this young man was saying to Larry.

"All right, Eddie."

At that moment the young man named Eddie looked down and saw John Hazen's face, streaked with tears. Possibly he was surprised to know that a man may weep. Let it be assumed that he was prompted by impudent curiosity. He spoke to the young man

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't the steak suit you?"

"You'll have to excuse me," said Hazen, trying to laugh. "I'm hoeing a pretty hard row just at present. I s'pose I was kind o' weak from not eating or I wouldn't have—" and he stopped.

"What do you think of that?" asked Eddie, speaking to the proprietor, who had gone back to his stove.

Larry nodded wisely and smiled. Eddie stood and watched Hazen tear at the fibrous strip of meat and take long gulps of the hot coffee.

"First to-day?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Hazen, who was divided between shame and hunger.

"How did you get the price?"

Hazen looked doubtously and made an effort to smile.

Eddie threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"This is one o' the times," he said, calling to Larry. "Is it any wonder they start out?" Then to Hazen: "Why didn't you stop some fellow and ask him to let you have a nickel or two?"

"Because I'm not a beggar."

"That's the way to talk," exclaimed Eddie, and he laughed again. Hazen looked up at him, much puzzled.

"Where you goin' to-night?"

"I don't know. There are two or three places where I'm going to call again to-morrow to see about a job."

"The job you stand a chance of getting to-morrow or next week ain't very much help to you to-night, is it?" asked Eddie, with a quizzical grin.

"This is a new experience for me," said Hazen: "I've heard about fellows being up against it this way, but I never thought I'd come to it."

"You don't care much for it, as far as you've got, do you?"

Hazen looked up again, undecided whether Eddie was sympathizing with him or taunting him.

"I wish I had the money I had six months ago," he said, bitterly. "They wouldn't take it away from me this time."

Eddie leaned over the table and gave Hazen a hard but playful blow in the ribs.

"You're all right," he said, laughing again. "I'll just stake you to a bed to-night."

When Hazen had eaten the last crumb of bread and drained the last drop of coffee he followed Eddie across the muddy street and up a dark stairway into a room that held a bed, a table, a chair and a zinc-bound trunk. The bed clothes were in confusion.

"Roll in there next to the wall an' dream you've got all your money back," commanded Eddie, who had squatted on the trunk, giving the only chair to his guest. Hazen slept soundly. Eddie had slight and went to breakfast with him next morning, at a 15-cent place.

"If you don't strike anything today, come around to-night," said Eddie.

Hazen did come back that night to get food and a resting place. They were on their way to the room when two big men stood before them at a corner. One grabbed Eddie and the other held Hazen by the wrist before he had time to dodge or retreat.

"Hello, Mullen," said Eddie to the man who was holding him.

"Hello, Eddie," in a growling voice. "You can't stay away, can you?"

"Why should I, when this is my home? This is the drag-net again, I suppose?"

"I don't know. They told us to bring you in if we found you. Who's your friend here?"

"If I do me a lot o' good to tell you, won't it? If I say he's a young fellow that's gone broke and that I just happened to meet him an' stake him for a day or two till he could pick up somethin' of course everybody over as the station'll believe me?"

"They may if you tell it 'good. Come on."

A few minutes later there were Hazen and the Good Samaritan bumping over the granite blocks on their way to the police station. Hazen was surprised to find himself indifferent to the shame of arrest.

He concluded that Eddie was known to the police and that anyone walking along the street with Eddie was already a criminal in the eyes of the police.

"I'm sorry to get you pinched, young fellow," said Eddie, through the gloom of the covered wagon. "I ought to have told you you was takin' a chance when you went around with me."

"I don't blame you," said Hazen. "What right did they have to arrest either one of us?"

"Eddie laughed and remarked: "You don't half know this town."

The wagon policeman whose huge bulk was a barrier between them and the narrow door, gave a disgusted "A-w-w-w," in token of the fact that he could not be deceived by their talk. He was possessed of a brutal unbelief, which, he thought, was a fine quality of discernment.

At the station they were separated. Hazen gave his right name to the man in the cage, much to Eddie's amusement. The man in the cage did not have to ask for Eddie's name.

Eddie threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"Hello, Mullen," said Eddie to the man who was holding him.

"Hello, Eddie," in a growling voice.

"You can't stay away, can you?"

"Why should I, when this is my home? This is the drag-net again, I suppose?"

"I don't know. They told us to bring you in if we found you. Who's your friend here?"

"If I do me a lot o' good to tell you, won't it? If I say he's a young fellow that's gone broke and that I just happened to meet him an' stake him for a day or two till he could pick up somethin' of course everybody over as the station'll believe me?"

"They may if you tell it 'good. Come on."

A few minutes later there were Hazen and the Good Samaritan bumping over the granite blocks on their way to the police station. Hazen was surprised to find himself indifferent to the shame of arrest.

He concluded that Eddie was known to the police and that anyone walking along the street with Eddie was already a criminal in the eyes of the police.

"I'm sorry to get you pinched, young fellow," said Eddie, through the gloom of the covered wagon. "I ought to have told you you was takin' a chance when you went around with me."

"I don't blame you," said Hazen. "What right did they have to arrest either one of us?"

"Eddie laughed and remarked: "You don't half know this town."

The wagon policeman whose huge bulk was a barrier between them and the narrow door, gave a disgusted "A-w-w-w," in token of the fact that he could not be deceived by their talk. He was possessed of a brutal unbelief, which, he thought, was a fine quality of discernment.

At the station they were separated. Hazen gave his right name to the man in the cage, much to Eddie's amusement. The man in the cage did not have to ask for Eddie's name.

"Some time ago our daughter, Mrs. Eliza beth Topping, was so badly afflicted with nervous prostration that she nearly lost her mind. She was unable to do any work and suffered so much that she got into the habit of using morphine to quiet her nerves. This condition lasted nearly three years, and she was almost a total wreck in body and mind when a lady told us about Dr. Miles' Nervine and we began giving it to her. A few bottles of this wonderful remedy cured her of the morphine habit, and removed the trouble which had been the cause of her suffering. Since then she has been a well woman."
MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. RICHEY,
LIZZ TOPPING, McKinney, Texas.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold at all druggists on a positive guarantee. Write for free advice and booklet to
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

"I had severe female complaints causing terrible backache and nervous prostration; was dizzy most of the time, had headache and such a tired feeling. I now have taken seven bottles of your Compound and have also used the Sanative Wash and feel like a new woman. I must say I never had anything help me so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I sleep well at night, and can work all day without feeling tired." I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all the credit, for I know it has cured me of all my troubles. I would not do without your remedies for anything."
MRS. E. PURTON, of Meade, Mich., writes:

"Two years ago I was troubled with constant backache and headache and was very nervous. I resolved to try your medicine and took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and on taking the third a tumor was expelled. I was a little frightened and sent for the doctor; and he said that it was fortunate for me that it came away. I got quite well after that and have your Compound alone to thank for my recovery."

Multitudes of women suffer constantly with backache. Other grateful multitudes have been relieved of it by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays. Loud and clear enough to be heard in a large room. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—sings songs, plays music and speaks stories and sermons. Anyone can operate it. Anyone can hear it. Prices, $7.50 to $100.00. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

Big Slaughter In Robes and Blankets.

We are determined to close out this class of good regardless of cost, and we now offer a large fur robe, well line, for $3.50. Other goods in proportion.

We are also closing out our stock of fine cutters at prices that defy competition. It will pay you to buy now for next season's use.

DON'T FORGET

That we have the cheapest and best stock of

HARDWARE

in these parts.

SHAW & PLAISTED
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

Old Age Postponed.

Pulmo Tablets

CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.

The seat of Nervous Diseases is a diseased stomach. When the nerve cells at this point weaken, decline of the system occurs. Nervous Prostration, Atrophy, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Impotency, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of this condition. Neglected, it results in Premature Insanity, or Consumption. Palmo Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved nerve cells, checking all drains and restoring the system with strength and ambition. 50c a box, 6 boxes with iron-clad guarantee $2.50. Sent by mail. Book FREE. HAZEL DRUG CO., CLEVELAND, O.

For Sale by Benedict and Van Noy, Andover, N. Y.

WANTED—Honest man or woman to travel for large house; salary $65 monthly and expenses, with increase, position permanent: inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. MANAGER, 330 Caxton building, Chicago.

MONEY To PATENT it may be made by our aid. THE PATENT RECORD, a 32 page monthly, illustrated, devoted to the interests of inventors, sent on trial three months for 25 cents. Subscriptions to The Patent Record, $1.00 per year.

If You Want Printing Done, Come to Mosher & Back

Andover, N. Y., And Have it Done as it Should be, at Prices within Reach of All.