ANDOVER NEWS
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
MOSHER & BACKUS.
AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

ANDOVER, N. Y., APRIL 25, 1900.

TERMS, $0.50 a Year in Advance.

The free town library, one of the best educational gifts of the nineteenth century to the world, bids fair in the twentieth century to become still more than it is now a stimulant to intellectual progress. Collections of books for the scholar and the rich there have been from the earliest times; but a library belonging to the whole community, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, laborer and professional man, is purely a product of the last half-century. Fifty years ago, says Youth's Companion, there were about a score in Massachusetts. To-day all but seven of her 353 towns have a free library. In the whole country there are not less than 10,000 such libraries. But a mere collection of books, without a faithful librarian, however valuable, is, like an undeveloped mine, practically of no use. The town librarian is, like the library itself, a product of the closing century, and has become a new intellectual leader in the community. The minister is responsible only for his particular congregation, the teacher for her scholars, the doctor for his patients, the employer for his work-people. The librarian knows no distinction of sect, age, condition or occupation. Through the help which he gives, sermons are better, teachers more stimulating, doctors more skillful. The idle schoolboy becomes an eager student, and the inferior mechanic an intelligent artisan. Through his aid, reading clubs counteract the bad influence of sensational newspapers and poor novels. Interest in local and national history is fostered, and a discerning love awakened for the manifold variety and beauty of field and forest life. A dispenser of light, the faithful librarian is an earnest seeker after light. We know of no body of men and women more zealous in endeavoring to perfect themselves in their chosen profession. Their reward comes in such testimony as was given by the teachers of a Maine city: "We could not teach without the library."

Senator Depew estimates that "fully one-half of all charitable efforts are productive of more harm than good. They increase pauperism, and encourage paupers to remain paupers. The worst form that charity can take is when it pauperizes the recipient." The estimate of one-half of all charity being evil may seem startling; possibly it is exaggerated. If true it is still no argument against a continuance of charitable effort. Not less benevolence, but more discretion in manifesting it, is the rule suggested. The charity that encourages self-help is always good.

Prof. Jordan says the prospect for the twentieth century farmer, from a material standpoint, is good. Not lands are exhausted beyond redemption. Present knowledge will enable farmers to restore waste places and maintain or increase the present fertility of available lands. Prof. Crooks' prophecy of a permanent wheat deficit in 1942, because of a lack of nitrogen, is not seriously taken by many well-informed men. The proposition has not been proved. Science has brought a defense against exhausted fertility.

In a recent case of pneumonia 5,500 gallons of oxygen was used, the sick man was packed in ice, an alcohol bath was given every 25 minutes, and four quarts of milk with three quarts of whisky were administered daily. The Brooklyn paper that tells this story says the patient recovered.

Through the operation of Boston's Sunday eigar law, people who wanted to smoke there on a recent Sunday were compelled to buy a cheap box of matches at a large price, and receive the tobacco, cigar or cigarette as a present.

A shell-fish, known as the pianna, in the Mediterranean has the curious power of spinning a viscid silk, which is made in Italy into a regular fabric. There is a fish that ought to make music as well.

A Kansas paper mentions the death of G. Whizz. He was the gentleman whose name was so universally used by our Christian people as a substitute for the favorite swear words of the sinful class.

The American corn kitchen at Paris will be in charge of a colored woman trained as a cook in Maryland.

A LASTING EFFECT.

This Evidence Should Prove Every Claim.

Relief from the pains and aches of a bad back is always welcome to every backache sufferer but to cure a lame 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.

It has been proposed in New York to prohibit by law the publication of scandalous matter

Posthumous Scandals.

found on the persons or in the possession of suicides or of those who have attempted suicide. This, says Youth's Companion, would be a good thing to do. Persons who take their own lives are often insane. If not actually deranged, their minds are in so morbid a condition as to unfit them for calm and accurate statement. It often happens that, with the intention of explaining their act, they leave a letter or scrap of paper which reflects cruelly upon the character of one or more living persons. The sensational newspapers print the letter under glaring headlines, and the injured person has no redress. A mere denial counts for little, and there is no defense against the calumnies of the dead. It would be well if newspapers would voluntarily go farther than the proposed law would compel them to do and would refuse to print the details of suicides. It does not concern the public to know precisely why or in what way some unhappy person has taken his own life. To have the horrors of such deaths enlarged upon and embellished, and perhaps illustrated with shocking pictures, is demoralizing to the public taste. It intensifies the sufferings of the family and friends, whose grief is already heavy; and it does no good to any human soul. Sometimes it unsettles weak minds with a craving for similar notoriety, and so occasions new suicides. It may not always be possible to suppress reports of suicides altogether, but newspapers which have a proper regard for their influence in the community will minimize them as far as may be.

Fine legal points come up in Connecticut. It has just been held in that state that asking for a chew of tobacco is not begging under the law.

Typewriting experts instead of handwriting experts were introduced in a recent trial in New York.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

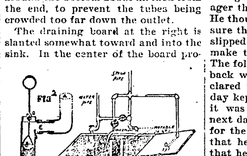
Home of Swamp-Root.

GOOD CREAMERY SINK.

It Helps to Keep Things Clean and Neat and Is a Great Labor Saver, Besides.

This sink is made of wood, is about ten inches deep, divided into two compartments, of any size desired, and lined with galvanized iron. The bottom is tilted slightly toward the drain pipe. Into each of these outlets is snugly fitted the overflow pipe so that when in position the top is 2½ inches lower than the top of the sink. A ring or shoulder is soldered around the bottom about an inch from the end, to prevent the tubes being crowded too far down the outlet.

The draining board at the right is slanted somewhat toward and into the sink. In the center of the board projects a one-fourth inch steam jet regulated by the long-stemmed valve from the front. The left division is provided with a cold water faucet and steam connection. The right division, which is designed for the purposes of rinsing and scalding, is fitted with a combination of steam and water pipes, and with a flexible delivery tube, one form of which is represented in the movable joints in the cut.



MODEL CREAMERY WASH SINK.

Another plan suggested by an engineering friend is represented in Fig. 2. Here the pipe a is attached in place of the movable joints with the tee, e, extending away from the wall; b is a smooth brass cylinder sliding loosely in an outer iron pipe and being packed all around at the union, c. The wire stem with loop is firmly soldered onto the top of the cylinder and passes up through the packing and plug at d. This makes an adjustable outlet which if of proper length can be lowered to near the bottom of the sink or raised for insertion in any tin or wooden vessel without danger of burning one's fingers.—Orange Judd Farmer.

BRINGING UP CALVES.

Method Here Described Is Intended to Lay the Foundation of Strong, Healthy Cows.

When I find a calf dropped I do not let it suck the cow once. I feed it milk fresh from the milker until it is five days old, and then I give it four quarts of milk at a feed—more or less, according to its size—and warmed to the temperature of new milk, or 90 degrees. I teach it to drink by putting two fingers in its mouth, separated a trifle, so that the milk may be drawn up easily, for otherwise the little creature would hold its tongue so tightly to the palate that no milk could be sucked up at all. After one of these lessons, it will sometimes drink fairly well, and almost always after the second or third. If it does not, I do not as a rule, consider it worth raising. Thus started, I increase, with the growth of the calf, the quantity of milk, and in a fortnight's time I feed that which is not skimmed until 12 hours old. The calf then having attained the age of about eight weeks, I give it a handful of crushed oats or a mixture of corn meal and bran, and augment the ration gradually as the animal grows and needs it. Good, strong, healthy, sleek-looking calves are the result, calves that readily bring five and six dollars apiece when only three months old. If part of them should be retained, however, the milk feeding is kept up until they are six months old. In this way a waste product is utilized for economically laying the foundation of strong cows, milk being the very best food for developing the bone and muscle and the full growth of the vital organs, that a young calf can have.—Fred O. Sibley, in Epitomist.

Rape for Cow Pasture.

Rape makes excellent cow pasture, but you must be careful about letting the cows eat too much at first, and especially when the rape is wet, writes a contributor to Michigan Farmer. It is as bad, if not worse, than rank clover. It will cause hoven or bloat. If the cows are turned in for a short time only at first, until they become accustomed to the feed, there is usually but little danger. But I would not turn them in when the rape is wet with dew or rain, even though they were accustomed to it, unless the plant is fed down so close that they cannot fill themselves quickly.

CREAMERY TROUBLES.

One of the Biggest Obstacles Encountered Is Dishonesty Among Those Supplying Milk.

One of the hard things that the manager of a creamery or cheese factory has to contend with is dishonesty among those that supply milk. If milk is purchased by the hundred pounds this condition is particularly acute, and it even exists in considerable measure where the milk is purchased by the test. One cheesemaker tells of the trouble he has with his patrons that bring poor milk. He says that one man continually brought milk so near the souring point that it was sometimes impossible to use it, and once or twice it was returned. But the man would always come back smiling the next day and assert that the manager was wrong in sending back the milk—that it kept perfectly for a long time afterward. One day the milk brought was so near sour that the manager thought it necessary to refuse it. He thought, however, that he would be sure that this milk soured, so he slyly slipped into the cans enough rennet to make the milk thick in a short time. The following morning the farmer was back with a new lot of milk, but declared that the milk of the preceding day kept over night, and that some of it was used for making custard the next day. Of course, it was not policy for the manager to give away the fact that he knew the man was lying, or that he had put rennet in the milk. It illustrates one of the biggest obstacles in the way of getting clean milk.—Farmers' Review.

CURE FOR KICKERS.

A Simple Device Which Usually Reduces Unruly Dairy Cows to Abject Submission.

To keep a cow from kicking while milking, tie her in the stall. Tie a rope to a joist and the other end to one end

AN ANTI-KICKING DEVICE.

of a rail. The left leg should be in front of the rail as illustrated. If she tries to kick, she only strikes the rail end and will not be likely to try it many times.—S. Dole, in Farm and Home.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Do you realize that the dairyman who can get 25 cents per pound for his butter the year around need never fear hard times?

Some dairymen complain that they have no time in which to read practical matter relating to improved methods of carrying on their business.

Extra methods of cleanliness are required to produce a natural, wholesome flavored milk from stable-confined cows. Are your milk and butter absolutely faultless in this direction?

Did you ever take a pencil and paper and spend half an hour in figuring whether you were putting more dollars in labor into your dairy than you were taking out in cash? The sequel might surprise you very much.

Because you own cows do you consider yourself a dairyman? You are not a dairyman in the true sense of the word unless your cows are making you financially better off at the end of every year. Are they doing it?—George E Newell, in Rural World.

Intelligence Is Needed.

These are not times when men can go along in a careless, haphazard way; they must think, plan and act, says the Kansas Dairy Farmer. From the selection of the dairy herd, the proper feeding and care of the cows, the delivery of the milk to the creamery, working it up into butter, and so on up to the marketing of the article, the best judgment is needed; and when all these points are looked after carefully and with the constant thought of economy, it is surprising how much more cheaply the goods can be produced than they could a few years ago.

Liver Complaint in Fowls.

Nux vomica is used as a specific for liver complaint. The symptoms of this disease are a sickly, yellowish color about the head, the comb turns dark colored, the liver is larger (upon post-mortem examination), and the discharges are watery and light colored. Liver complaint is supposed to attack birds soon after being on exhibition, or is caused by any sudden change from warm to cold houses, or from overfeeding. If taken in time nearly every case can be cured by giving nux vomica in homeopathic form, allowing six pills three times a day to a large fowl, and less to a small bird.—Farm and Fireside.

An ingenious Philadelphian is making an income out of a very novel source. He is the agent for a number of foreign steamship lines and in a position to get hold of any number of different kinds of labels, such as are attached to trunks and other baggage of passengers going abroad or coming from foreign tours. These he sells to individuals who wish to create the impression when they carry their dress-suit cases in public that they have been abroad. Numbers of young men who have never been out of the country are said to be posing in this way as foreign travelers of considerable experience.

It is time now to get the unused horses in condition for spring work. They should be fed rather lightly at first, increasing gradually to a full ration.

PAINFUL PERIODS NO MORE

MRS. GEORGE OSMUN, of Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J., writes: "Suffering as I had from weakness, irregularities and backache for several years, a release from this suffering was a blessing. Oh! how I wish more suffering women would accept your kind offer and be relieved. There is no need for women to suffer. Mrs. Pinkham's advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will relieve them."

MRS. IDA PETERS, Milan, Tenn., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I wrote to you the first time asking your advice I was a great sufferer. Menstruations were irregular, sometimes a week too soon and then a week or two late, and when they appeared were very profuse; great pain and tenderness in the bowels, pain in back and limbs, leucorrhœa all the time. I was weak and nervous and had no appetite. Burning and choking sensation in my throat. I received your reply and followed all your instructions and now I am cured. I owe my recovery all to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and her wonderful remedies."

ELLA E. BENNER, East Rochester, Ohio, writes: "I have been thankful a thousand times since I wrote to you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I followed your advice carefully and now I feel like a different person. My pains, backache, headaches, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I took four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Pills, one package of Sanative Wash and am now well."

MRS. MAGGIE P. STINE, New Berlin, Pa., writes: "I have suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back for about seven years, and could never get anything to help me. I tried several physicians, but found no help. I have now taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and feel like a different woman."

MRS. H. A., 124 S. Cedar Street, Owosso, Mich., writes: "Nearly three years ago I wrote to you asking advice in regard to my health. I was so miserable; suffered from painful menstruation and backache, was nervous, dizzy and faint. I received such a kind letter from you, telling me just what to do. I followed your advice and I now am recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I thank God for this pain destroyer."

Old Age Postponed.

TRADE MARK Palmer Tablets CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.

The sent of Nervous Diseases is at base of 1 in 5. When the nerve cells in this point waste, a train of the system occurs. Results: Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Pains in Back, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, etc., are very common conditions. Neglected, it results in Paresis or Insanity or Consumption. Palmer Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved cells, checking all drains and replacing weakness with energy and ambition. $2 a Box, 6 boxes (cure guaranteed) $5.00. Sent with medical treatment $5.00. Free book. PALMER DRUG CO., CLEVELAND, O.

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EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and don't cost as much. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—tells stories and sings—the old familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it is always ready. Prices, $7.50 to $100.00. See that Mr. Edison's name is on every machine. Catalogue free. NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 1203 Broadway, Cor. 21st St. Ave., New York.

Constipation

Will cause you more trouble than any other disease in the world.

YOU are apt to let it run along, thinking you will get over it. You get worse. Your system becomes full of poisonous matter. It causes headaches, blotches on your face, and a multitude of ills.

DON'T

Try to cure Constipation by dosing your stomach with violent physics. Take the easy way.

USE

Lee's New Life Tea

A simple herb remedy, tastes good, does good, never sickens, gripes or weakens. A sample free.

Large Packages, 25 Cts.

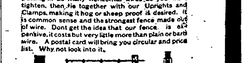
SOLD BY

L. A. BURROWS.

BRACE UP.

The above cut shows the application of our Braces, Plates and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, inexpensive, practical. Makes old fences as good as new.

The following cut represents one of our fences constructed of No. 9 smooth wire. You build them putting in as many horizontal wires as you wish; then, tie together with our Uprights and Clamps, making thing or sheep proof if desired. It is common sense and the strongest fence made of plain wire. Dont get the idea that our fence is expensive, it costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circular and price list. Why not look into it.



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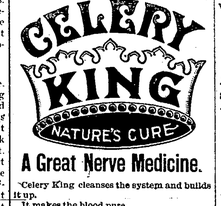
Jamestown, N. Y.

See agent in your town. If you dont find one correspond with the above address.
Reliable agents wanted in New York and Pennsylvania.



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Celery King cleanses the system and builds it up.
It makes the blood pure.
It beautifies the complexion.
It cures constipation and liver disorders.
It cures headache and most other aches.
Celery King cures Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. 1

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DOES NOT DRY UP A COLD but cleanses it, soothes the membranes, effectually. It is the best known remedy for Catarrh, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles prompt to relief. Sold by druggists.

A Million Dollar Fire.

By H. L. Dawes.

WHEN Thomas Proctor entered my office one October morning ten years ago I little thought the day would prove to be the most eventful in the lives of three men.

I had aided Proctor financially in several promising business ventures, and they all wound up in disaster, which was not due to any mismanagement on his part, but to a combination of unfortunate circumstances.

After the last collapse Proctor obtained a situation at a salary which barely supported his family. This went on for about two years, when his employer failed and Tom was again stranded. He had been without employment about a month, when he called at my office that October morning.

I gave him some good advice and encouragement, and what to him was more substantial, some dollars to relieve his immediate necessities.

Proctor expressed his gratitude in his blunt, homely fashion, and added, earnestly: "Perhaps this is the turning of the tide, Mr. Burrows," and I replied: "I hope so with all my heart."

At that time I was a director in a large transportation company, and thinking that possibly I might secure a position there for my young friend we started on a search at once.

On the way downtown we stopped at a wholesale house to buy a hammock to send to a friend in Florida.

The clerk informed us that as the hammock season was over all their stock had been packed away on the top floor, so we ascended to the fifth floor in the elevator and then climbed two flights of stairs, entering a room occupying the whole area of the building.

A clerk was busily engaged with a gentleman whom I recognized as Hon. Amos Oglethorpe, multi-millionaire, the richest man in the state. The clerk went downstairs for something, leaving us alone—a millionaire, a merchant and a poor man.

Suddenly we were startled by the clanging of gongs, a tooting of bugles and a commotion in the street.

We all rushed to the window, drawn thither by the natural desire inherent in the breast of the average American to witness the rush of the fire engines.

"Great Scott! gentlemen," exclaimed Tom, excitedly, "the fire is in this building! I smell smoke! We must get out!"

We all rushed to the door, Proctor reaching it first. As he swung it open he was driven back by a sheet of flame and smoke.

"No chance to escape by the stairs," said he; "perhaps there's a fire escape; you stay here while I take a look," and with that he ran to the front, side and rear windows. When he rejoined our little group the answer was plainly written on his face.

In that time of awful peril and danger Tom Proctor was cool and collected, so we naturally looked to him to find some avenue of escape. Ten minutes before he was the most insignificant person in the room, a penniless bankrupt, realizing his own insignificance more keenly because of the presence of a modern Croesus.

A few moments had changed the standing of the two extremes of our trio, and Proctor had jumped to the head of the class, for we were in a situation where brains were of more account than dollars.

He carefully examined the room, hoping to find a skylight, but was unsuccessful. Then he sought the windows again, thinking he might discover a coping or cornice by which we could reach some adjoining building, but with the same hopeless result.

Then we ran to the windows to see if there was any chance of help from the firemen. A cry of horror reached our ears as the crowd in the street caught sight of us.

The firemen raised ladders against the side of the building, but our hearts sank, for the ladders reached only the window of the fourth floor.

One cry reached our ears, but it sounded like a death sentence. Some one, evidently a fire chief, roared through a trumpet: "Jump! it's your only chance!" at the same time pointing to a group of men holding a large blanket directly beneath us.

"My God!" groaned Oglethorpe; "it's suicide to jump from this height. It makes me dizzy to think of it."

Proctor was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and talked to us as calmly as if discussing a business scheme in my private office.

"It's a case of roast or jump," said he, as we came together for a final conference, "that's the whole thing in a nutshell. The only redeeming feature in the case is that each of us can choose the way it suits him best to die. Personally it makes little difference to me. Death by fire isn't really so horrible as it appears, and as for jumping you will lose consciousness long before you reach the ground. After all, my case is much worse than yours, gentlemen. Your families will be well provided for, but God only knows what will become of my wife and children when I'm gone."

"See here, young man," Oglethorpe exclaimed, grasping Tom by the arm, "I can't be roasted in this hell-hole like a rat, and to jump is still worse. Why, man alive, I'd give a million dollars—a million, do you hear?—to be landed safely on the ground!"

I glanced at Tom—for an instant forgetting our perilous situation—and noted that, unmindful of Oglethorpe, he was gazing intently to one side; then suddenly his face lighted up with a gleam of hope.

"All right! I accept the contract. No time now for any business formalities. Shake hands on it. You witness this, Mr. Burrows," said he, nodding his head in my direction, at the same time extending his hand to Oglethorpe.

They hastily grasped each other's hand, and I bore witness of the strangest business transaction on record.

"That's as binding as if drawn up by a regiment of lawyers," exclaimed Oglethorpe when the simple ceremony was completed. Then he added: "My word is good for that amount, never fear, if I get out of this place alive."

Pushing the millionaire aside roughly, Proctor ran to a case of drawers under the counter a few feet away. On the upper drawer was tacked a white card which bore the simple legend: "Fish lines." It was only the work of a second to pull the drawer out and select a heavy, strong line, about the size used in codfishing. The drawer underneath was labeled "Sinkers," and from this he grabbed a lead sinker, which he deftly fastened to the end of the line. From the wall he tore down a sign which read: "No smoking allowed;" on the back of this card he wrote in plain letters: "Hitch on a rope, quick!"

Making the card fast to the line near the lead he rushed to the window followed by Oglethorpe and myself.

We watched the descent of that white messenger with breathless interest, for our lives were in the balance and time was precious. Three souls hanging to a cord and a piece of common everyday cardboard.

A man on the ladder seized the card and read its message. Waving his hand upward to signify that he understood, he ran nimbly down the ladder, darted across the street to a ladder truck, and with the help of a comrade seized a coil of rope, which they flung on the ground directly under our window.

To prevent the line from chafing on the stone trimming under the window sill, Proctor leaned far outward and carefully obeyed the command to "haul."

"This is a kind of a fish-worth fishing for," cried he, with enthusiasm; "sort of a goldfish, hey, Mr. Oglethorpe? Ah, my beauty, now I've got you fast!" he exclaimed, as the end of the rope slipped into his hands.

I believe that Tom had been to sea a couple of voyages when a youngster and evidently the old sailor instinct returned the moment he got hold of that rope.

He yanked it in over the window sill hand over hand till it fairly hummed. When the last fathom fell at our feet Tom grabbed it and with a quick turn of the hands tied it to something which I think sailors call a "bowline." Slipping this bowline over Mr. Oglethorpe's head and down to the hips, he said to him, tersely: "Now, then, Mr. Oglethorpe, you're to sit in this bowline; hold onto the rope with a death-grip. Don't be afraid; you can't fall out if you try. Mr. Burrows and I will lower you down, and all you have to do is to keep yourself away from the building with your feet. You may bark your shins, but that's nothing. Lively now, there's not a moment to lose!"

After a few more instructions and no little urging, the man of money laboriously crawled over the sill; we slacked away on the rope and his head disappeared from view. We had a turn of the rope around a steam pipe and had no difficulty in holding Oglethorpe's weight, although he was a heavy man.

Presently we heard a tremendous cheer from the crowd below, which told us that Oglethorpe was safe. Running to the window, we saw him descending the ladder with the help of a fireman.

Tom hauled up the rope again and in an instant I was ready to descend. His instructions to me were the same as to Oglethorpe, only he added: "If I don't get out of this alive, Mr. Burrows, you see that Bessie and the babies get that million." He glanced uneasily over his shoulder to the rear of the room, where the flames were just beginning to break through.

I made a feeble protest—I meant it, too—that it was only right that he should go next. He replied almost angrily: "Stop your nonsense, Mr. Burrows, and get out of that window! I'll take two turns around this steam pipe, so as to hold you all right, and you'll be on the ladder in a jiffy."

I have a dim recollection of twisting and turning, at the same time falling down, down, till it seemed as if I was dropping into a bottomless pit in the internal regions. Before I knew it I was standing on mother earth once more with Oglethorpe shaking my arm off.

We looked upward, expecting to see Proctor climb down the rope. To our surprise of every one he pulled it up a third time. "What's the fool doing?" exclaimed the fireman standing near by. "Why don't he slide down that rope? Guess he's lost his head."

"He knows what he's about," said the millionaire. "Look!"

To our amazement the rope dropped from the window with knots in it about six feet apart.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the chief, "that's a trick worth knowing. Wonder how he did it in such a short time."

We saw Tom's feet come through the window, where he had to maneuver a moment to wind his legs around the rope; then he slid down from one knot to the next easily and gracefully, disdaining to use the ladder, and finally landed within our midst with the cheery salutation: "All present or accounted for!"

I heard Oglethorpe whisper to the chief a contribution to the firemen's relief fund of $1,000 for the possession of that rope, which was duly accepted, and it was afterward generously divided with Tom and me.

Tom called to see me the next day, smiling and happy.

"I've got the million all right, Mr. Burrows," said he, "and have been walking on air ever since. Have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. The papers laid it on so thick that I had to sneak through the back streets to get here, people stare so at me."

In the quiet of my private office he explained to me some of the details of the escape from the burning building, which show that brains count in an emergency.

"It was this way," said he. "When our position seemed hopeless and it looked as if we were doomed to a horrible death, Oglethorpe lost his head and acted half crazy, and you, Mr. Burrows, were in a trance, dazed like.

"Twice before in my life I had looked death square in the eye, and learned by experience that one stands the best chance for his life by keeping cool, with his wits on the qui vive to take advantage of any favorable method or means of escape.

"Unless the fire was gotten under control within a short time, a rope was our only hope. Then I remembered a story. You may think it a queer time to think of such a thing as a story, nevertheless it did its part toward our salvation. It was the tale of a prisoner confined in a high tower. A friend outside shot an arrow through the window; attached to the arrow was a silk thread, to the thread a cord, and to the cord a rope. All these the prisoner pulled up successively, and when he secured the rope his escape was easy.

"About the instant that story was running through my brain Oglethorpe offered the million dollars and I caught sight of the sign 'Fish Lines.' That solved the problem. You know the rest.

"But right here I would like to justify myself concerning that million. I don't want you to think I took advantage of Oglethorpe because his life was in danger; I merely profited by his generous offer. It was a matter of business, pure and simple, and the fact that he paid up like a man is proof that he considered it a square deal."

"How about that matter of knots in the rope?" I asked. "I'm very curious to know how you did it, and so are some of the firemen."

"Oh, that's a simple trick I learned at sea," he replied. "You make a coil of half hitches, pass the end of the rope through the center of the coil, and it comes out with knots about a fathom or so apart."

"By the way, Mr. Burrows, that was the turning of the tide, after all."

And I answered: "Well, I should say so!"—Boston Globe.

Personally Concerned.

Two men were arguing upon the question of the need of a general and immediate spelling reform, and the discussion waxed earnest.

"Look here, Ferguson," said one of the two, at last, "why are you so bitter in your opposition to reforming the language?"

"Because," replied the other, bringing his fist down with emphasis, "I have just invested $12 in a new dictionary!"

Mr. Ferguson's argument, it may be added, is not without force. There are many other persons ready to back it up on the same ground.—Youth's Companion.

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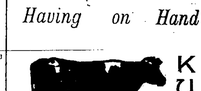

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