ANDOVER NEWS
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
E. E. BACKUS.
AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

VOL. ..., N. Y., MAY 16, 1900 ... 50 a Year in Advance

The department officials are beginning to appreciate the dangers incident to the careless use of calcium carbide in generating acetylene gas. Since the experience of Philadelphia firemen in pouring water on carbide thrown from the window of a burned building, greater care has been given to restrict its use. In that instance the men were enveloped in an immense outburst of flaming gas which extended into the street, injuring their faces and hands.

An over-zealous janitor in the Detroit tax collector's office a few days ago destroyed a basketful of certified checks representing between $2,000 and $3,000 in taxes that had been paid during the day. The city will not lose by the blunder, as the tax stubs show the amounts of the checks and the names of taxpayers, but the tax collector's office has been put to considerable trouble.

"If the bubonic plague ever strikes this country," remarks a man interviewed by the New York Tribune, "our paper currency will beat all records of rate as germ carriers. A dollar bill can do more than two beats" the plea for a more plentiful issue of new paper money, to take the place of the old, is entirely sound from a sanitary point of view.

Boys in Nebraska carry, when hunting, a coil of hose about an inch in diameter, which they pay out down a rabbit hole until the bottom is reached, meanwhile drawing the mouth of a sack over the hole. A cheerful shout down the hose brings the rabbit out at his best pace, plump into the sack.

A traveler tells the New York Tribune of the actual case of a man whose father was English, his mother Irish, who was born under the French flag, in Turkish waters, christened by a Russian, baptized by a Greek skypilot, married an American and lives in Cuba.

The saying that corn is king is shown by the November statement of exports from this country to be something more than a mere rhetorical figure. The figure of this report attest the fact that this wholesome and nutritious product of American soil holds a truly royal place among the food products of the world. It shows that a larger quantity of corn was exported in the 11 months ending with November 30, 1899, and at a higher rate per bushel, than in the corresponding months of any preceding year since 1895. The total export for the period named was 185,522,659 bushels, valued at $74,742,127. In the first 11 months of the year 1894 the total export of corn was only 37,010,232, or only about one-fifth as much as during the 11 months of this year. These figures of export relate to shelled corn. To this must be added the export of cornmeal, which amounted during the first 11 months of 1899 to 798,111 barrels. Most of the corn exported goes to Europe, where it appears to be growing rapidly in popular favor. The British islands received nearly one-third of all sent across the seas, and Germany came next. Thus is coming to pass the prophecy of Joel Barlow, the friend and contemporary of Washington, whose famous poem on Indian corn, published nearly a century ago, has never been excelled in gustatory literature. He predicted that the time would come when hasty-pudding and "johnny-cake" would be the favorite and universal food of mankind. It is certain that a more palatable and healthful article of diet could hardly be supplied.

American Corn for All.

Here is a dialogue that recently occurred between two rural members of the Kentucky militia which brings out some of the curiosities of dialect: "We've bin ordered to Frankfort." "I gad, I hain't goin'!" "I gad, you her to go!" "I hain't, and there's lots more that hain't goin', nuther!" "I gad, youns swored you go, and, I gad, you've got to go!" "I gad, we don't got to go! We hain't got no unicorns and we hain't got no guns and we hain't goin, nohow. We 'most friz last time, and didn't git nuthin' to eat!" "Well, mebbe youns won't go, but if youns don't you'll git found like hell!"

New Jersey wives with quarrelsome husbands have lately taking to dosing them with laudanum when they are in their cups. And yet some cynics aver that women are not of an inventive turn of mind.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS
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Sold by all druggists 25&50cts

To Repair Broken Articles use
Major's Cement
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WAR TO THE DEATH!

PESTS OF THE POULTRY YARD MUST GO!

American Life Destroyer Kills More Mites Lice and Other Vermin in a Day Than all Other Remedies Combined.

The war is on! The days of lice and vermin that have done so much to make the life of the poultryman miserable, and his business unprofitable are over. American Lice Destroyer is the proper ammunition to use! This preparation is wonderful in its power, and vermin cannot exist twenty-four hours after it is applied to the coop or fowls. Every poultryman needs it. It is cheap, reliable and effective, one package being sufficient to protect 250 fowls from mite and lice for one year. When this Destroyer is used, profits at once increase. Lice and vermin do more to kill profits than all other causes combined. You know it. Don't go on losing money every week, but try American Lice Destroyer. You may have tried other things without success, but if this fails you can have your money back. We are in this fight to stay, and will back Destroyer against any number of mites or lice you may have. Don't fool away money on "recipes" or home-made makeshifts. Use scientific means. The American Lice Destroyer has been used by thousands of poultrymen; it has been on the market several years and has been tested thousands of times. We know it is all right, and if it doesn't do the work remember you get your money back. What more can you ask? If your druggist don't sell American Lice Destroyer, he's behind the age. In that case send for $1 00 box at once. Made only by American Manufacturing Co., Terre Haute, Ind. 3

The Real Danger

from heart disease is not the possibility of a sudden death, for they are comparatively few, but following in the wake of this dread disease comes a general breaking down of every organ of the body. Circulation is retarded; digestion is deranged; the blood is contaminated, the nerves weakened and the brain clouded. If your heart is affected begin at once to guard against these dangers. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, has rescued thousands who were given up to die, and it will help you, too, if you try it.

"For several years I was troubled with nervousness, sleepless, palpitation, of the heart, short of breath, smothering spells and pain in chest, back, left side and arm. I was so very bad that I remained in my bed the whole of one summer. Was treated by three physicians, but derived no benefit. Finally I saw a paper advertising Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and Restorative Nervine. I began their use and was so greatly benefited that I am now doing my own housework and enjoy excellent health." MRS. BERTHA KURTH, 996 20th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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

A Keen Clear Brain.

Your best feelings, your social position or business success depend largely on the perfect action of your stomach and liver. Dr. King's New Life Pills give increased strength, a keen, clear brain, high ambition. A 25 cent box will make you feel like a new being. Sold by I. A. Burrows, Andover, and all other druggists.

FARM AND GARDEN

LOADING FARM WAGONS

How One Man Can Handle Sacks and Barrels with Comparative Ease.

Where a man is doing his work alone he is at a great disadvantage when about to take heavy barrels into the farm wagon. A device is shown in the accompanying sketch that will greatly assist him.

LOADING MADE EASY.

To lip down over the same, the wheel and the wagon tender are to grip the wheel rim by means of three hooks. A bent arm serves as a pole, or lever, that has a gripping arrangement of hooks. Arranged as shown in the cut, heavy articles can be lifted over the side from the ground. If the contrivance is turned about, the plank coming outside the wheel, articles can be loaded into the rear end of the wagon.—N. Y. Tribune.

COMBINATION CROPS.

Growing Peas with Corn, Quite a Popular Practice in Some Parts, Not to Be Recommended.

My first experience in planting peas with corn was in 1895. About 30 acres of corn were planted on very thin land in rows six feet apart. The ground was kept as level as possible and when about half through cultivating the corn, the peas were drilled in, using about one-half bushel of seed per acre. At the last plowing the peas had a good start and were perhaps a foot high. This made a most excellent crop of both seeds and vines. The same season another field of good land was planted in corn, the rows being four and one-half feet apart. At the last plowing, when the corn was about shoulder high, peas were sown by hand between the corn rows. The peas were so badly shaded by the corn that they did not amount to much. Another method was observed by the writer two years ago. This was planting corn and peas at the same time and in the same row, following the corn drill with the pea drill. The result of this was that by the time the corn was in roasting ear the peas had almost covered it up and in one field that I saw, no corn was to be seen only the elbows of the stalks where the peas had broken the tops over. I think the proper way to grow peas is to plant them alone. To get the best results they should be sown during the latter part of May, on land prepared as well as if for corn, using one and one-fourth bushels of seed per acre. They can be harvested the latter part of August and hogs and calves turned in to pick up the waste, then the ground is in the best possible condition for wheat.—W. A. Chambers, in Prairie Farmer.

FARM JOURNAL WISDOM.

Life is what you make it, so don't make life miserable.

When the telephone is out of order, there's no use talking.

The man who thinks he knows it all has a great deal to learn.

The fidelity with which you see the cultivator now will largely determine the value of the corn crop in October.

How does the spigot of your expenditures compare with the bung-hole of your receipts? We hope the aspect is pleasant in this regard, and will get pleasanter still during 1900.

Sometimes folks think the hired man has no rights that any one is bound to respect. He is "only the hired man." But after all he is human. And every human being appreciates consideration and right treatment.

Chicks in Damp Locations.

Chicks will have weak legs when kept on damp ground or when they are on a damp place at night, as well as when sulphur is given, but when chicks are apparently healthy, have good appetite and grow rapidly weak legs may be caused by forced feeding, their growth being so rapid that the legs are incapable of supporting their bodies. In such cases no danger need result; in fact, it is a favorable indication as showing rapid growth. Simply feed less, giving bone-meal and plenty of finely chopped green food and using millet-seed in the litter, so as to induce them to scratch.—Farm and Fireside.

How to Plant Popcorn.

Popcorn may be planted closer than any other varieties. One plan of planting is to make the furrows three feet apart and have the corn stand one stalk in a hill, 24 inches apart in the rows. If the corn is planted very early or late it will not suffer so much from the worms as the medium planted crops. Where irrigated, care must be taken in keeping the weeds from the stalks and not give the plants more than two periods of irrigation during the growing season. The poor ears can be fed to poultry with profit and the fodder is relished by the cows, sheep and horses.

HOW TO ... COLDS.

Patience and Perseverance and Treating One Thing at a Time Produce Good Dogs.

A writer in the American Sheep Breeders, answering a correspondent who asks how to break a collie from going to the head of animals he is driving, says:

In the first place allow me to say, on the authority of my grandfather, who spent his life in the uplands of Scotland and was considered one of the best dog trainers, that in order to secure the best results with Cape as workers they should be broken by the one who is to handle them.

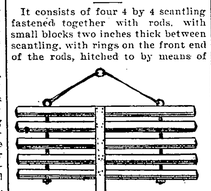
In the first place I would want to know the kind of a pup I was from, and would not if taken from two to four months old, it should be fed by the hands of its master, and should learn to love him. Never kick or strike a collie. Scold him or pull his ear for punishment. And never call him to you for this. Make him "down" where he is and go to him. If you call him to you he is liable to suspect you and make a sulky dog. His first lesson should be to "come here." Use it whenever you call to feed him, and he will get into the habit of coming when called. Next teach him to "down" by saying "down!" and pressing down with the hand. Be very thorough with this lesson and make him keep his position while you go any distance from him and stay any length of time.

He should be taken among the stock from the first and learn to like them. If you keep him constantly with you he will soon try to help in whatever he sees you doing. By petting and encouraging when he does right and scolding when he does not please you, he will soon do as you bid him. But remember "licking" spoils more collies than all other things combined. Never try to teach but one thing at a time, and have that well learned before you try to make him learn another. Patience and perseverance will make a good work dog of any bright and well-bred puppy.

SIMPLE PLANK DRAG.

It Carries Along Fine Dirt, Will Fill Up Low Places and Level the Ground Nicely.

It consists of four 4 by 4 scantling fastened together with rods, with small blocks two inches thick between scantling, with rings on the front end of the rods, hitched to by means of rods and ring or a chain and ring, either. The slat for the purpose of lifting the drag to let out rubbish or stone. This drag carries fine dirt along between the scantlings, that will fill up all low places and level the ground. A drag of this description eight feet long is a good load for a team of horses without a harrow attached behind. If a man wants still more weight he can ride the drag. It does effectual work in leveling and putting the ground in order.—A. S. Forsman, in Ohio Farmer.



EFFECTIVE PLANK DRAG.

Keeping Meat in Summer.

Meat that has been smoked or dried can be kept in perfect condition through the summer by packing it in dry salt and keeping it in a cool outhouse. A dry cellar might do, but I have never tried it. In packing do not allow the pieces to touch each other nor to touch the side, bottom or any other part of the barrel or box in which it is placed. Fill all spaces with salt. The meat takes no more salt but remains just as it was put away. No bugs, flies or anything of that kind can get at it. It does not mold nor take moisture, neither does it dry any more. I have practiced this method for 20 years and find it entirely satisfactory. The salt is not lost as it can be given to stock.—Prairie Farmer.

The Cultivation of Flax.

I have raised flax for the last 15 years and I find the following to be the best method: First, new ground is better than old, and prairie is preferred. Old pastures are very good, too. After prairie sod is broken up it is best to run over it once or twice with a disc. Then sow your seed while it is dry. Never sow your seed when the ground is wet as it will get covered better when the ground is dry. The rains will come and drive the seed into the soil. It is well to harrow lightly after sowing. You can sow on the prairie from the 1st of April to the 1st of June and get a good crop. Cut as soon as ripe, and let it lie for two or three days if it is dry. Then stack.—W. S. Young, in Farmers' Review.

Corn on Pasture Land.

It is claimed that upon land that is run down will be improved if a crop of corn is grown upon the field, but the beneficial effects from the corn are no doubt more apparent than real. All poor soils that are allowed to remain uncultivated until some kind of volunteer crop (if only weeds) take possession will gain in fertility to a certain extent. Such a system is known as "fallowing," or resting the soil. Growing a crop of corn simply induces cultivation and puts the soil in better condition, although the land will have already been improved by the fallowing.

Spinach is now in high favor as an article of diet. Chemists affirm that it contains more iron to the square inch than any other vegetable. Spinach is one of our remedies." Spinach not only contains salts of iron and potassium, but other salts, which are good for the liver and blood. It, therefore, improves the complexion.

Arbor day is the only holiday which speaks for the future; all others celebrate the past. Yet even Arbor day begins to have a past. Eighteen years ago, during the first forestry congress in this country, the children of Cincinnati marched to Eden park and planted a young tree for each president. Washington would be preouder if his Cincinnati oak than of his mythical cherry tree; and Jackson, would find his hickory harder to break down than was the United States senate.

Science has unearthed an angel-worm in Madagascar that is five feet long. What they catch with it when they fish in Madagascar waters is not known, unless they bait anchors with it and lure the festive whale to his doom. The American boy should hold a convention at an early date and demand that the United States fish commission import some Madagascar earthworms.

WOMEN are assailed at every turn by troubles peculiar to their sex. Every mysterious ache or pain is a symptom. These distressing sensations will keep on coming unless properly treated.

The history of neglect is written in the worn faces and wasted figures of nine-tenths of our women, every one of whom may receive the invaluable advice of Mrs. Pinkham, without charge, by writing to her at Lynn, Mass.

WOMEN WHO NEED MRS. PINKHAM'S AID

MISS LULA EVANS, of Parkersburg, Iowa, writes of her recovery as follows:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been a constant sufferer for nearly three years. Had inflammation of the womb, leucorrhœa, heart trouble, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, ached all over, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. My heart trouble was so bad that some nights I was compelled to sit up in bed or get up and walk the floor, for it seemed as though I should smother. More than once I have been obliged to have the doctor visit me in the middle of the night. I was also very nervous and fretful. I was utterly discouraged. One day I thought I would write and see if you could do anything for me. I followed your advice and now I feel like a new woman. All those dreadful troubles I have no more, and I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash a sure cure for leucorrhœa. I am very thankful for your good advice and medicine."

Old Age Postponed.
TRADE MARK Palmo Tablets
CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.
The seat of Nervous Diseases is at base of Brain. When the vital force is impaired, premature decline of the system occurs. Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration, Failing Memory, Pain in the Back, Sleeplessness, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of this condition. Neglected, it results in Paresis, Paralysis, Insanity, or Consumption. Palmo Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved cells, checking all drains and replacing weakness with strength and ambition. 500 a box; 3 boxes with one guarantee $1.50. Send for book. PALMO DRUG CO., CLEVELAND, O.

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

IF
IS a small word that has caused worlds of trouble.
If you have a cough, you do not want to experiment with it. You want to cure it at once.
IF
YOU take our advice, you can.
Dean's Balsam
will cure you quickly, and save you lots of suffering—and perhaps from a consumptive's grave, for coughing leads to consumption.
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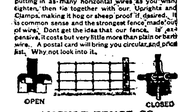
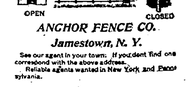


The above cut shows the application of our "Uprights and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable in price. Makes old fences as good as new.
The following cut represents one of our fences constructed of No. 9 smooth wire. You build them putting in as many horizontal wires as you wish eighteen, then tie together with our "Uprights and Clamps, making it hog or sheep proof if desired. It is common sense and the strongest fence made out of 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.


ANCHOR FENCE CO.
Jamestown, N. Y.
See our agent in your town. If you dont find one correspond with the above address.
Reliable agents wanted in New York and Pennsylvania.

GRAY'S 25c BALSAM
DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but disarms it, soothes the soreness and heals the lungs. It is the best known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup and Throat and Lung troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, SLEEP.

Sleep, little baby, sometime maybe, when
The storm shall break,
Birds and bees shall sing to greet you just as you awake;
Rest is sweet when night cometh, dark and downy, too,
Made that fierce light might not waken little baby like you.

Babies, too, get tired at evening just like men and maids,
Sleep, for veils of night have fallen o'er the glens and glades.

Just outside your open window nods a lovely rose,
Keeping watch with breath like incense o'er your sweet repose;
Nightingales sift liquid music through the leaves near by,
Softened by the soothing distance comes the owl's drill cry;
Leaves bend low to laugh and listen as they watch your face,
Whispering softly lest they wake you from that pose of grace.

Surely never mightiest monarch had a sweeter rest,
Never thoughtful love more loyal watched the couch he pressed;
Flowers to glad you when you waken with their bliss and bloom,
Glorifying every corner of the humble room;
Faithful Fido crouching ready at your tiny feet,
One of many hearts which guard you in your snug retreat.

Surely sleep must needs be perfect for a babe like you,
Soul so void of leaks and lying that no sins creep through;
Heart as innocent of hatred as of vicious thought,
Face on which no evil fancies fiendish frescoes wrought.
Sleep without remorse to write its record in the dreams,
Mite to which all faith and fullness means just what it seems.

Would that we could sleep as calmly in untroubled sleep,
No remorseful recollections brooding in our breast—
Sleeping tranquil as the flowerets waiting for the morn,
Nothing to distract our slumbers, like the babe new-born.
Thou shalt wake to love and laughter though thy face be hid
'Neath the flowers which veil with splendor thy white coffin's lid.

I. EDGAR JONES.

VICTOR'S TRICK

"SO WE agree, then, my boy? The girl pleases you?"

"Pleases me? I am fairly carried away with her." and Arnold Friese gazed with rapture at the photograph in his hand. "What loveliness! Incomparable, uncle!"

"That pleases me, my boy; that pleases me. Heretofore all my attempts to persuade you to marry have been fruitless."

"But this is different, uncle. In all previous instances your enthusiasm was by no means justified. What you took for beauty was merely illusion. But here—who could hesitate? One would indeed be blind not to see here the fullest Greek ideal of loveliness."

"But her worth consists not in her beauty alone, my boy. She is a good, gentle girl, and of a lovable disposition. When I first met her, here in Berlin, while on a short visit with her parents, I was enraptured with the girl, and thought at once of you. If it only could be, thought I, if it only could be! To have such a niece!"

"Now, you see, uncle, you shall have her. Not merely because her parents have given their consent through your recommendations, nor that the girl herself is not unwilling to bestow her hand upon me—no; I, myself, who have ever been so hard to suit, and have always opposed your wishes—I could embrace the whole world, at the thought of my union with her."

And in transport of rapture and gratitude Arnold flung himself into his uncle's arms and kissed the old man on both cheeks.

The latter rubbed his hands contentedly. "Good, my boy, good! And now that we are agreed as to the main point, I will give you a few details of the matter."

"Yes, uncle."

"Your bride—for such I may now call her, as all seems to be clear—lives, as you know, in Leipzig, and I have written her parents that you will arrive tomorrow."

"Capital!"

"You can start as soon as you like. At all events, you should be there by noon to-morrow, and, indeed, upon a most natural pretext. I will give it out that you are called to Leipzig upon business, and by way of making this true will send by you this silver lorgnette to Frau Brettschneider, which she lost while here in Berlin at the opera, and which she requested me to find for her. And, as you need be in no hurry to return, remain in Leipzig as long as may be necessary to the accomplishment of your mission. I trust that you will not leave until the young lady has given you a definite 'yes.'"

"I will do my very best, uncle, you may be sure."

"And now, success to your efforts, my boy! Telegraph me as soon as the wished-for result is attained, that I may arrange for your wedding."

Wait until morning?

No; Arnold Friese did not relish the idea. The Berlin life was too distracting to permit one to dwell long upon any one thought, however cherished. So Arnold resolved to leave that very evening.

Arrived at the station, he boarded the train, and, possessing himself of an empty coach, took his seat at a window and gazed at the throng outside.

The platform was already pretty well crowded. Were all these people whom he beheld, laden with valises, handboxes, satchels and what-not, were they to enter his coach and disturb him with their bustle and noise? He would so gladly be alone with his thoughts.

How to secure himself from intruders? Ha, an idea! If he should pay for all eight seats in the coach? Plainly, a magnificent scheme, only a trifle costly.

A gold piece in the hand of the porter? No; that secured him nothing, for in case anyone entered that personage had no right to prevent him.

Suddenly a wild idea flashed through his head—a remembrance of his student days.

Victor's trick!

Why had he not thought of it before? That most unique device to which Victor had often resorted to secure a railway coach to himself, and which had never yet been known to fail!

The sad Victor would find himself in an unoccupied coach, and as soon as anyone offered to enter would roll his eyes in fury, loll his tongue and make every conceivable grimace and gesture. The would-be passenger, of course, took him for an insane person and sought hastily another coach.

"Now for Victor's trick!" thought Arnold, "and let the deed follow the thought."

The remedy indeed proved to be a speedy one, and put to flight in rapid succession two stout ladies, an elderly gentleman, and finally an entire family, consisting of father, mother and daughter. All of these beat a rapid retreat, giving Arnold little or no time to study the features of his discomfited victims.

The whistle shrieked and the train started. "Hurrah for Victor's trick!" thought Arnold, triumphantly. And, comfortably stretched upon the cushions of his seat, he was soon lost in sweet, dreamy reveries.

Leipzig!

It was nearly midnight when the train arrived. The best that Arnold could do at such an hour was to obtain lodging for the rest of the night.

The next morning, having made a careful toilet, during which he made a most profound impression upon the barber in attendance, he started out for a stroll. Arnold resolved to pass the time until evening in seeing the sights; but, too much concerned with himself to enjoy in full tranquillity of spirit the beautiful architectural works of the city, he contented himself with a promenade through the streets, during which he gazed attentively at everyone he met, in hope of meeting the one whose image had carried away his heart the previous day.

"That is she," he would think, as, upon turning a corner, he came suddenly upon a graceful figure. And then he would find himself face to face with a well-dressed old spinster or a blushing maiden, who felt flattered at having made such a marked impression upon such a handsome young gallant.

At length the hour of six drew near. His time had come. Hastening to his hotel, Arnold attired himself for the evening and started for the dwelling of Herr Brettschneider.

Having been announced, the servant led him into the parlor, where he found Herr Brettschneider, his wife and daughter waiting his arrival. The young lady was indeed beautiful—the photograph had not done her justice.

With a smile of welcome all three advanced to greet the visitor, when suddenly a cry burst simultaneously from the lips of each.

"My God! The insane man we met on the train yesterday!"

In a moment Arnold grasped the situation. The family, consisting of father, mother and daughter, whom he had driven in terror from the coach must have been the Brettschneiders! He laughed nervously in an endeavor to better the situation, and at once proceeded to give the necessary explanation.

"My good friends, I see the cause of your alarm. An awkward blunder of mine, but when I have explained the plot of the comedy—"

"A dangerous case," whispered Herr Brettschneider to his wife, in tones plainly audible. "When an insane person attempts to explain his conduct it is a sure sign of his incurability."

The young lady had hastily sought refuge behind her father, and was trembling all over.

"Oh, I assure you, sir, I am not dangerous," observed Arnold, in a tone of irony. "I have not injured a single human soul, and if you will do me the honor to listen to me a minute you shall see that I can at least speak rationally. I see that Victor's trick has been the unfortunate cause of this misunderstanding."

"Victor's trick?"

"Certainly; an old friend, whose example I have imitated only too well. However, he carried it further than I did. He used to remove his boots and place them before the door of the coach."

"He is indeed quiet for a moment; still, he may break out at any time," whispered Herr Brettschneider to his wife. "Send quietly for the police."

"Mein herr," turning to his guest, "judging from your description, this Victor must have been a charming, amusing young fellow, and I would very much like to make his acquaintance."

"In the act?" queried Arnold, taking this for a witticism. "Would you really like to meet him?"

"Most certainly! Such a fantastic, talented person! I would like to have him for a friend," replied Herr Brettschneider. "One must agree with him in everything; that is the only way to avoid a crisis!" whispered he to the rest, as he left the room.

Although assured that he had succeeded in convincing his host as to his sanity, Arnold could not but feel that his arrival had been protesque. The young lady might well hesitate in accepting his suit. He must, therefore, at any cost, endeavor to remove this bad first impression.

"My uncle has spoken much of you, Fraulein Brettschneider," he began.

"Indeed, sir?"

"And if you could only know in what a flattering manner he spoke."

"Your uncle is indeed all too kind."

"And you, all too modest; for if all the qualities—"

Unfortunately, Arnold was not permitted to finish the polished speech upon his lips, for at that moment three men noisily entered the room, followed by Herr Brettschneider.

Arnold turned around in surprise. Perhaps some visitors or relatives of the family. At any rate there was a friendly look upon their faces as they advanced toward him.

But Arnold was not allowed to carry his thoughts further, for at a sign from, Herr Brettschneider the three strangers seized him.

"But, mein herr," protest d Arnold in utter astonishment. "Mein herr, what is the meaning of all this?"

Wasted effort! He was promptly handcuffed, bound and transported from the room by six strong arms.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Herr Brettschneider, as he beheld the removal of his strange guest. "Now both he and ourselves are secure."

"It is almost incredible," said the daughter. "Such a charming young man! And only to think how highly his uncle spoke of him!"

"What use is it all, my child? Very likely the poor fellow has become suddenly insane while traveling. Such things happen every now and then."

"A pity," thought the young girl. "Such a pity! In his rational moments there was in his manner something so sympathetic!"

Arnold's uncle, to whom Brettschneider had telegraphed the sad news, hastened to Leipzig by the next train, and lost no time in hunting up his nephew.

"My poor boy, can it be possible?" cried he, in tones. "Such a sudden misfortune!"

"Oh, uncle, only tell me what it all means."

In a few minutes all was clear to the uncle, and an irrepressible laugh broke from his lips.

Such a misunderstanding!

Indeed, the whole proceedings were so serio-comic that Arnold fell to laughing heartily over his adventure.

"And now," asked his uncle, "shall we see the Brettschneiders?"

"Certainly. I owe them an explanation. And besides, the daughter is lovely—lovely! She will forgive me, I know, when she learns that I set the whole comedy in motion through a desire to be alone with her in my thoughts."

Arnold is now the fortunate husband of his heart's idol. And both make frequent visits during the year to their parents in Leipzig. But no matter how many passengers may chance to crowd into their coach, Arnold is careful never to resort to Victor's trick.

The jest is too hazardous.—Translated by C. B. Gilbert, from the German of E. Vilmar, in Baltimore Sun.

HOUSE WAS OUT OF COAL.

How Buffalo Bill Legislated a Red Lodge (Mont.) Hotel Cue Cold Morning.

"Bill" McCune, well known as one of Buffalo Bill's firm friends and chief lieutenants, tells a story in the Omaha Bee, of how Col. Cody regulated a country hotel. "It was at Red Lodge, Mont., last winter," said McCune, "and the weather was just about as cold as it ever gets. He arose at five o'clock in the morning, as is his custom. Going to the hotel office he found a man-of-all-work engaged in scrubbing the floor. There was not a particle of fire.

"Col. Cody wanted to know how soon there would be some heat. The scrubber told him it was an indefinite proposition as the hotel had suddenly run out of coal. Meanwhile Cody sat in a chair shivering. The man who wielded the mop stick scrubbed away as though it were summer time, and coming close to Cody, he gave a wide swath with his mop, completely enveloping the colonel's feet. A moment later the man was kicking about in a snow drift in front of the hotel. The colonel had thrown him out.

"Cody was mad. He bolted out of the hotel like a whirlwind, and finding a coal dealer, woke him up and ordered a ton of coal sent immediately to the hotel. When he returned he went into the dining-room, thinking it might be warmer than the hotel office. He was vexed to find that the man he had pitched into the snowdrift had picked himself up and had meantime scrubbed the dining-room. The waiter froze on the floor until it was like a skating rink. A timid little woman, who was nervous for fear she would miss a train, got up early and, falling to find a fire in the office, peeped through the dining-room door and asked: 'Is there no fire here, either?' 'Fire,' replied the gallant colonel, 'no, madam, there is no fire. These people seem to be running a skating rink, and before you venture in here you will do well to buckle on a pair of skates.' After awhile the coal arrived and Cody did not cease until he saw a red-hot blaze in every stove in the house."

What Justice Is Like.

While M. Constans, the artist, was spending a day with President Loubet at Rambouillet he was asked by his host upon what subject he was now engaged. "M. le President," said the other, "I am painting a big canvas symbolizing justice." "Indeed, and how do you conceive her?" Whereat the great painter began to describe his ideal in glowing words, speaking from the heart as only an artist can when delivering his soul to a sympathetic listener. But the president quietly interrupted him with a twinkle in his eye. "Is that how you conceive justice?" he said. "Parfait! And, how would you like to know what she really is, in point of fact, and in actual life?" He rummaged in his pocket and produced a coin, which he spun in the air. "Head or tail!" he said. "That is justice!"

GREAT SCHEMES.

I'm going to write great poems some day,
Exactly when I will not say,
Just now some things are in the way:
I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint;
My plans, as yet, are a little faint,
But my notions are really new and quaint,
As you'll see a week from Wednesday.

A great drama I have in mind,
As soon as I a plot can find,
Striking, original, refined.
Perhaps a week from Thursday.

I hope to form a stock concern,
Enormous dividends I'll earn,
Till coupon bonds I'll have "to burn,"
About a year from Friday.

Or, no—I'll just invent a toy,
Some simple gimcrack to give joy
To each enraptured girl or boy—
I'll work on that next Saturday.

I can't decide which scheme to choose,
Each idea seems too good to lose;
Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze—
To-morrow's only Monday.
—Tudor Jenks, in the Woman's Home

COSTON'S COLUMN.

At our place you will find
Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Parmalee's Sarsaparilla,
Foley's Sarsaparilla,

KILLMER'S SWAMP ROOT,
Kilmer's Heart Remedy.
Kline's Nerve Restorer,
Miles' Nerve Cure,
Greene's Nervura,
Campbell's Curo Compound.

COD LIVER OIL,
SCOTT'S EMULSION,
PHILLIP'S EMULSION,
PURE NORWEGIAN.

Paine's Celery Compound,
Cuticura Resolvent,
Kennedy's Medical Discovery,
Kennedy's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Dissolvent,
Searl's Althrophorus.

Parmalee's Bitters,
Atwood's Bitters,
Hostetter's Bitters.

COUGH REMEDIES.
Chamberlain's,
Forestine,
Foley's,
Jackson's,
Pisco's,
One Minute,
Shiloh's,
Ransom's,
Kemp's,
Brunson's,
Chase's,
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