THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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ANDOVER, N. Y., MAY 23, 1900

TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

Women are just discovering that there is such a thing as too much club. One of the clubs of this city, says the Women's Clubs. Chicago Chronicle, has decided to withdraw from the National Federation of Women's Clubs on the score that the game is not worth the candle. It is found out a little late that money can be put to better use than paying traveling expenses and hotel bills for other women who shed no new light on the practical aspect of affairs in this mundane sphere, but who enjoy the outings and the imaginary glory of such occasions. Federations are costly extravagances, wasteful of time, engenderers of heart-burnings, and that is chiefly all. More time spent in their households and less in meddling with things beyond the reach of amateurish effort will tend to increase domestic happiness and lessen the activity of the federated divorce courts of the country. A statistician has recently invented the phrase "unattached wives" and traced its origin to the fad of "federations" of women who, without always seeking and generally being unentitled to divorce, live practically apart from the conjugal tie, inflict wrongs upon children and send husbands morally adrift. The woman's clubs are not without blame in the extension of social looseness in the United States. Less federation and more of domestic devotion will only enhance the merits of woman clubdom.

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to see glass cases on the **Out of the Ordinary.** graves of children in the cemeteries of the country containing toys and other articles that were the especial favorite of the dead child but James Austin, a fruit tree man, of Elwood, Ind., tells of an instance of this nature that is out of the ordinary. He was making a delivery in the southern part of Tipton county, when he noticed a dog sitting on a grave in a little churchyard. The sight was so unusual that he got out of his buggy and went for a closer view. In the cage was a red bantam rooster, which was quite tame and allowed itself to be petted. There was no stone to indicate whose grave it was on, but inquiry at a house disclosed the fact that the fowl had been a pet of the little girl of John Stover, and when she died the parents placed it in a wire cage on the grave, and they make daily trips, three-quarters of a mile, to take it food and water.

It is estimated that between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 has been spent in this country on museums and archaeological and ethnological collections and explorations. Four bills are now pending before congress to set apart the pre-Columbian ruins existing in the arid regions of the southwest and place them in the care of the bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution for perpetual preservation. If these bills pass the public funds on which are such ancient temples and other structures erected by the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent will be withdrawn from entry and converted into park reservations.

The unfortunate babies born in Great Britain and her colonies this winter will have just cause to rail at fate. Tugela Smith and Bloemfontein Brown, Mafeking Jones and Ladysmith Robinson are names recently conferred upon recipients helpless to refuse. A similar epidemic raged in this country a year ago, and Havana Irving, San Juan Evans and Santiago Nichols peered out among the countless multitudes of Deweys, Teddys and Fitzhugh Lees.

A Chicago paper reports that a resident of the town of Waterloo, N. D., sent a two-cent postage stamp in a letter to Mayor Carter Harrison a few days ago, with a request that he forward by return mail a city directory of Chicago, as the writer intends going there this summer and desires to visit the principal places. The Chicago directory would be a load for a mule.

Among the sights of the Paris exhibition will be the "Horrors of War" building, which M. De Bloch is fitting up with pictures, models and other means of inciting feeling against warfare.

American tourists in Japan number three times the total of all other foreign travelers, and the United States is held in high esteem by the Japanese.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

It Makes Restful Sleep.

Sleeplessness almost invariably accompanies constipation and its manifold attendant evils—nervous disorders, indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, etc. To attempt to induce sleep by opiates is a serious mistake, for the brain is only benumbed and the body suffers. Celery King removes the cause of wakefulness by its soothing effect on the nerves and on the stomach and bowels.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. 3.

To Repair Broken Articles use

Major's Cement

Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

FOUND A GOLD MINE.

IT WAS IN HIS POULTRY YARD.

Man in Iowa Uses a Compound that Makes His Hens Lay Double the Usual Number Summer and Winter. Secret of His Success.

People in the neighborhood of Creston, Iowa, are amazed at the number of eggs that this man drives to market with. When asked what was the cause of his hens being so prolific, he stated that it was all in a certain compound he was using that kept his hens in good condition and furnished them with proper stimulus to egg production. American Poultry Mixture is the name of it, and is made by American Mfg. Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Every man in the poultry business is interested in the health of his hens and their laying capacity. In the eggs lie his profits. This mixture is guaranteed to increase the production of eggs 100 per cent, or money refunded. It will do more than three times as much as the same amount of any other compound. It is concentrated in form and the result of years of practical experience in the poultry business. There is absolutely no doubt as to what it will do, and you are invited to try it at the expense of the company. Send $1.00 for a sample package and if doesn't do the work you get your money back. This is fair and is made to induce practical poultrymen to give it a trial. It is also a sure preventive of such diseases as the terrible cholera and roup which create such havoc in all parts of the country. It acts directly on the crop and gizzard, and is a thoroughly scientific preparation.

The manufacturers guarantee every package or refund purchase money. If your druggist don't sell American Poultry Mixture, he's behind the age. In that case order direct from American Manufacturing Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

Food is Repulsive

to the stomach that is irritated and sensitive. Nervous disorders of the brain irritate the stomach nerves making it weak and easily deranged. That's why so many people who suffer from headache have weak stomachs. All nervous troubles, whether of the brain, stomach or heart yield most readily to

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

"Starting from a small spot in my brain the pain would steadily increase until it seemed that my head would split open. I would be actually sick at the stomach, would vomit terribly and many times have gone from 24 to 36 hours without food or drink. After suffering from these spells for 13 years was completely cured by six bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine." MRS. J. M. WHITE, Williamston, Mich.
At Drug Stores.

Beware of a Cough

A cough is not a disease but a symptom. Consumption and bronchitis, which are the most dangerous and fatal diseases, must have their first indication, a persistent cough, and be properly treated from the start, as the cough germs are easily rooted. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven wonderfully successful in curing these diseases, and has established for itself a world wide reputation and extensive sale by its success in curing the diseases which cause coughing. If you have not tried it, call on your druggist for a bottle. For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and C. N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

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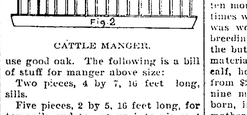
MANGER FOR CATTLE.

It Saves Feed, and Keeps it Clean and is Easily Constructed.

Below find description and cut of best manger for feeding ears or any size that I have ever tried. I have reference to saving and keeping feed clean. Size should be 4 feet wide, 4 feet high and 12 14 or 16 feet long. I much prefer the 16 foot length; 15 to 16 delivered cattle (if not too large) can eat at one of this length and waste no feed. To make one to stand out in feed lot,



CATTLE MANGER.

use good oak. The following is a bill of stuff for manger above size:

Two pieces, 4 by 7, 16 feet long, sills.

Five pieces, 2 by 5, 16 feet long, for top rails and to cut up into pieces 4 feet long to dovetail bottom together, and for end pieces.

Seven pieces, 2 by 2, 16 feet, to cut up in pieces 4 feet long for rungs to be placed 16 to 18 inches apart from center to center and fitted at ends to neatly fit in two-inch auger holes bored in sills and corresponding holes in top rails.

Four pieces, 1 by 10, are boards to nail on outside of frame to form manger. A solid, tight bottom can and should be put in, to feed shock or ear corn. One log 16 feet long, 20 inches in diameter, will make sufficient stuff and one hand can make one in a day. The sill should be rounded off at lower corner to form sled when wanted to move.

The construction is easily seen from the sketches. Fig. 1 is the bottom and 2 the side. Pass wire through holes in sled runners, to pull by when you want to move the manger.—S. M. Phillips, in Ohio Farmer.

KEEPING MILK PURE.

The Only Way to Do It Is to Remove the Fluid from the Stable as Quickly as Possible.

We have no conception as to how long a time it will require for science and experiment to destroy the foolish belief that warm milk will not absorb odors. It is to be regretted, however, that such an opinion exists, for it is the cause of the contamination of large quantities of milk. As the result of some experiments, conducted by the writer, it was demonstrated that warm milk was even more susceptible to the absorption of odors than cold milk was. The samples of warm milk that were used were more fully charged with the odor of manure than the samples of cold milk were, and all the samples were exposed under precisely the same conditions. In other experiments, conducted at one of our experiment stations, it was observed that fresh cow urine tainted the warm milk much more quickly, and to a higher degree, than it did milk that was in a cold condition.

It would appear that enough has been done on this line to put dairymen on their guard and to convince all that instead of warm milk throwing off odors, it absorbs them. At all events, we have the right to expect that the dairyman will endeavor to avoid danger, and remove the milk from the stable at once. It is not much trouble to do this; and it should not be forgotten that even in the very cleanest stables there are odors that will not help the flavor of milk. It is absolutely impossible to keep a stable clean enough to prevent some odors, and that would be true if the milking were done in the parlor, for the cow herself is the source of odor, more or less distinct, and is liable at any time to create very destructive odors. Keep on the safe side, and remove the milk.—Agricultural Epitomist.

The Weight of Fresh Milk.

It is generally estimated that a quart of milk weighs two pounds. But this is only approximate. Getting down to a scientific basis we find that it is safe to figure a quart at 2.15 pounds. One so-called authority reduces it to a finer basis than this, and figures a cubic foot of milk at 64½ pounds. A cubic foot will make 7.493 gallons; and, taking this as a basis, we have the weight of one gallon as 8.624, and carrying out the division we have the weight of a quart, 2.156 pounds. But milk rich in cream would weigh less than milk containing little cream, for the reason that the cream is lighter than the other elements in the milk.—Farmers' Review.

Danger in Butter Colors.

Reports from Montreal, P. Q., say that a child of Christopher Myers recently died there from drinking butter color. The bottle was left within reach, and the child got hold of it and drank some. A physician was called, but the child died in great agony. Some of the cheaper butter colors contain arsenic, but are represented by the companies that make them as being harmless.

CALVES FOR SALE.

A Profitable Industry Where There Is Skill for Milk or Oil.

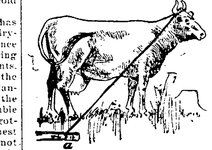
It is not expedient to raise calves for market in the milk and butter regions at present prices, and in fact in the highest dairy districts where there is a great demand for butter and milk this does not prove very profitable. There are many farmers so situated that it is impossible to make the milk and cream. There is a great expense in feeding the young calf if it kept over until three or four months old and then at all times we have found a good calf that was worth more to us for breeding purposes than to sell to the butcher, and we have gained materially to our stock by preserving the calf, however raised. Veal brings from $20 to $25 a ton, dressed, right in the months when feeding small calves is most profitable. Instead of taking a calf from the mother it is allowed to run with her until ready for the butcher. Very often a likely calf at this way can be sold to purchasers in the Island of Jersey for fine cattle, and they will bring far more than if sold to the butcher. For instance, last year we sold one such animal to a neighbor for $35. The calf was from a good grade of Shorthorn, and it had all the indications of developing into a good breeding animal. It was ten months or age and was well worth the money it fetched.

In raising these calves there is little or no expense or outlay, and the gain in the few months they are kept represents nearly all profit. There will be considerable milk and cream obtained from the cows even when the calves are running with them, and one might easily sell enough dairy products to pay for the feed of the mothers if there was any market. Those living in good dairy districts might not find this a profitable way of handling their herd, but it goes to show that one need not be entirely discouraged if the price of dairy products is way down. Last year we had ten calves which we raised until they were from eight to ten months old, and we sold the lot for various prices. The total received was $260.55, which on the whole we considered paid us pretty well. In addition to this we sold about $50 worth of cream and milk and butter and kept a large family supplied with all that was needed of these products. Another year we shall repeat this operation if we cannot get decent prices for the dairy products, which up in this country is not an easy matter.—S. C. Fayne, in American Cultivator.

KEEPS THEM AT HOME.

How Fence-Jumping Cows Can Be Cured Without Cruelty or Resorting to Violence.

To prevent cattle jumping fences and straying, tie the end of a rope around the horns and the other end about two feet from the end of a



FENCE JUMPING PREVENTED.

rail. If the animal does jump the rail will catch on the fence and hold until released. An animal under these conditions will not try fence-jumping very many times. I have seen a large bull kept within lines by this method.—S. Dole, in Farm and Home.

A FEW DAIRY POINTERS.

Use great care in turning to pasture. Give a good feeding of hay in the morning and do not leave them out all day.

Do not leave the herd out in the showers. The rains are cold in June even, and loss will result if careless in this respect.

Take the world over, there are more good cows and sensible men than there are poor cows and fools. The trouble is to get the wise men and good cows together. When we do this fewer men will be complaining that "dairyin' don't pay."

Sour milk may not be relished quite so much by calves at first, but it is a good thing to raise calves on if they cannot have it sweet invariably. A change of food from sweet to sour occasionally is detrimental to growth, and often begins scours.

It should cost you about seven cents a day to feed your cow $25 a year. If you practice good principles of farming, her income should offset the cost of shelter and feed. Now, if you don't get enough to pay for the feed, don't keep the cow another year.

Turnips and Milk Flavor.

When strong flavored foods, like turnips, are to be fed, it should be after milking and not before. The controversy over the feeding of turnips has simmered down to this. In the past many men have refused to feed turnips, believing that it gave the milk a foreign taste. It has finally come to be recognized that the flavor gets into it through the air that is in the stable at milking time, or, at least, if the cows are turned through the cow, it is contended before the next milking the cows around, provided the feeding is done after and not before or while milking.—Farmers' Review.

A mothers' gallery is a feature of the Lincoln Park Baptist church, Cincinnati, O. A nursery, with cots, easy chairs and other conveniences, opens on the church gallery. Women attendants are present to care for the children when they will be content with strangers.

A number of wool growers have leased from the Union Pacific Land company nearly a million acres of land in Colorado, which will be used as a winter range for sheep grazing. This is the largest transaction of the kind which has been made in this country.

HOME duties to many women seem more important than health.

No matter how ill they feel, they drag themselves through the daily tasks and pile up trouble.

This is heroic but a penalty has to be paid.

A woman in New Matamoras, Ohio, MRS. ISABELL BRADFIELD, tells in the following letter how she fought with disease of the feminine organs until finally forced to take to her bed. She says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write to you to tell you that I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think there is no medicine in the world like it. I suffered for nine years, and sometimes for twelve weeks at a time I could not stand on my feet. I had female troubles of all kinds; backache, and headache all the time. Seven different doctors treated me. Some said I would have to go to the hospital and have an operation performed. But oh! how thankful I am that I did not, that I tried your Vegetable Compound instead. I cannot say too much in its praise, nor thank you enough for what it has done for me. I want you to publish this in all the papers for the good of other sufferers."

The wives and mothers of America are given to overwork. Let them be wise in time and at the first indication of female trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice. This advice is promptly given without charge.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, advising and helping by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION TO HOME

Old Age Postponed.

TRADE MARK Palmo Tablets

CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY

The seat of Nervous Diseases is at base of brain the nerve cells at time point weakest. Decline of the system occurs. Nervous Paralysis, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Pain in Back, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of condition. Neglected, it results in Paresis, Insanity, or Consumption. Palmo Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved cells, checking all drains and replacing with strength and ambition. $5.00 a box (with iron clad guarantee) $3.00. Send for book. HALSID DRUG CO., CLEVELAND, O.

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

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and yet 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. Only $7.50 to $100.00. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogue of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

Constipation

Will cause you more trouble than any other disease of the kind.

YOU are apt to let it run along, thinking you will get over it. You get better. Your system becomes full of poisonous matter. It causes headache, bad blood, sallow complexion, coated tongue, foul breath, pimples on your face, and a multitude of other ills.

DON'T

Try to cure Constipation by dosing with violent physics. Take the mild, gentle, tonic laxative

USE

Lee's New Life Pills

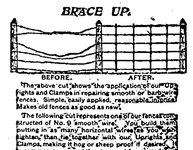
A simple herb remedy, tasteless, easy to take, sweet, never sickens, gripes or weakens. A sample free.

Large Packages, 25 cts.

SOLD BY

L. A. PURROWS.

BRACE UP.



"The above cut shows "the application of our Clamps in repairing smooth or barbed wire fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable, durable. Makes old fences as good as new.

The following illustrations represent a fence constructed of No. 9 smooth wire. You build them by putting in as "many horizontal wires as you want, stretching them tight together with our Ideal Wire Clamps, making it hog or sheep proof if desired. It is common sense and the strongest fence made out of wire. Don't get the idea that our fence, of any extensive, it costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circulars and price lists. 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 BALM

DOES NOT DRY UP but dissolves it, soothes the membrane, stops the discharge, Catarrh, Cold in Head, Whooping Cough, Croup, Lung troubles generally.

MONEY To PATENTEES ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. Subscriptions to The Patent Record $1.00 per annum.

THE WORST TEACHER.

That teacher was the worst we ever knew,
He wasn't so very tall, and he was light.
—It is best to lay your eggs before you've cackled.
Though we never had a notion he could fight.

For he acted sort of meachin' when he passed up the school,
We sort of got the notion he was it—and we tagged cool.
We gave him lots of jolly in a free and easy way,
And worked him how we handled guys as got to actin' gay.
We showed him where the other one had torn away the door
When we lugged him out and dumped him in the snow the year before.
And soon we thought we had him scart, we sat and chawed and spit,
And—I thought we'd run the school—concludin' he was it.

It worked along in that way, sir, till Friday afternoon.
—We hadn't lugged him out that week, but 'lowed to do it soon.
That Friday, 'long about three o'clock, he said there'd be recess.
And said: "The smaller kids and girls can go for good, I guess."
And he mentioned smooth and smilly, but with kind o' greenish eyes,
That the big boys were requested to remain for exercise.

And when he called us in again he up and locked the door,
Shucked off his co't and weskit, took the middle of the floor,
And talked about gymnastys in a quiet little speech,
—Then he made a pass at Haskell, who was nearest one in reach.
'Twas hot and swift and sudden, and it took him on the jaw,
And that was all the exercise the Haskell feller saw.

Then jumpin' over Haskell's seat, he sauntered up the aisle,
A-hittin' right and hittin' left and wearin' that same smile.
And when a fellur started up and tried to hit him back
'Twas slipper-slapper, whacko-cracker, sun. He held the child close, murmuring in his ear inarticulate expressions of endearment.

Tony, on his part, accepted most graciously this tardy homage to his charms. He tugged at the strangely unwatch chain, laughing so merrily that Jenny could not repress a soft echo from her own corner.

The man looked up, transfixed her with the same keen gaze as at his entrance, only that now some new element was added—a questioning almost painful in its intensity. One would have said the man felt his fate hanging upon the answer which the young girl should give to his question:

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Afraid?" repeated Jenny, with genuine surprise. "Why should I be afraid? Surely you wouldn't do any harm to Tony or me?"

"No more would I, so help me Heaven!"

The man rose, stretching himself to his full height, like one relieved from some crushing weight.

"And now, my girl, if you will, you may give me some of the pork and beans you spoke about. They're mighty warming on a night like this."

Jenny sprang to do his bidding with pleased alacrity, setting a bountiful portion upon the table, and drawing a chair beside it.

"I can't see why father don't come," she said, anxiously.

A curious expression flitted across the man's face.

"Don't you fret, child," he answered. The snow's drifted badly, and it would be nothing strange if they had to stop somewhere on the road and wait till morning. But you never mind; I'll attend to everything. You've got cattle and things to look after, I suppose. I'll feed 'em for you, and then I'll bring in another log or two for the fire."

"How good you are, sir! I know father will thank you a thousand times."

"Thank me yourself, child! I'm not doing it for your father. It's long since I've had occasion to be thanked, and the words have a sweet sound."

He opened the door and went out through the blinding snow.

Returning a half hour later, he carefully replenished the fire, raking the coals together till the red blaze mounted high in the great chimney.

Then he caught Tony in his arms once more, making him laugh with a merry story, before Jenny carried him off to bed.

"There's no use expecting your folks to-night," said the stranger, when Jenny reappeared, having left her little charge quietly sleeping. "The storm grows harder every minute. But they'll be here bright and early in the morning, never fear. You go and lie down with the boy, and I'll just camp here in front of the fire."

"But you won't be comfortable, sir."

"Comfortable! I'll get the sweetest rest I've had for many a long night."

Jenny did as she was bidden. Still dressed, she threw herself upon the bed beside her little brother.

Jenny's Strange Guest

By MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

"YOU'RE sure you won't be lonesome, Jenny?" Farmer John Harmon stood in the glow of the broad fireplace, wrapped in a great coat and muffler, his fur cap pulled down about his ears, and his whip in his hand, while the pawing hoofs of his impatient horses crunched the snow outside. He stooped as he spoke, lifting his little daughter's chin till the clear, brown eyes looked full into his own, with the frank smile which always warmed his heart.

"No, indeed, father! How could I be lonesome, with such a little chatterbox as Tony? Hark! I do believe he is waking now—the darling!"

"I'm very sorry that Manda Lawson couldn't have come to stay with you, but, of course, if Dave's sick, it stands to reason that she can't leave him. But Steve and I'll be back before dark, never fear. Hello! you were right, Jenny. Here comes the little general!"

A chubby boy of three years old appeared in his night gown from the adjoining room, his cheeks rosy and his yellow curls tangled from his morning nap.

The father caught him in his strong arms, and held him, shrieking with laughter, far above his head.

"Father's little man! Waked up to say good-by! And he'll take good care of sister, won't he?"

The young girl held out her arms, and the child leaped into them, hiding his face upon her shoulder.

"Well, good-by, Jenny!" He paused a moment, a wistful look creeping over his strong, sun-browned face. "You're more like your mother every day, my daughter."

"Father, father!" called a cheery voice outside.

"Coming, Steve!"

The door opened, letting in a great wave of frosty air, and as it closed behind him the sturdy farmer clambered to a seat beside his son, and with a crack of whip and jingle of bells the loaded sleigh slipped cheerily away.

Jenny stood at the window, still holding the child. She was just 14, although her slight, childish figure made her seem younger by two or three years. The death of her mother, when Tony was but a helpless baby, had thrown premature burdens upon her slender shoulders—burdens which she had borne with a patient, unselfish courage far beyond her years.

She was quite used to being left alone in the frontier cabin with her little charge, while her father and brother were at their work, and it was with no especial sense of loneliness that she watched the moving sleigh until it was lost from sight at a sharp turn of the forest-bordered roadway. The nearest neighbor lived a mile away, so she would scarcely expect visitors on that frosty winter's day.

She turned from the window at last, and seating herself before the cheerful hearth, proceeded to dress the child, making merry game of the task, as she told over and over on his pink toes the story of "the five little pigs." Then, giving him his breakfast of bread and milk, and placing on the floor for his amusement a box of well-worn playthings, she went briskly about her household tasks.

The market town to which her father and brother had gone was a good 15 miles away, and once there they must wait for the grinding of their load of grain.

"We shall have a long day by ourselves, Tony, dear," said Jenny, more to herself than the child; "but there'll be plenty of work to do, for sister must bake the bread and cakes for Sunday, and father and Steve will be wanting a good hot supper to-night."

"Tony help sister?" lisped the boy.

"Yes, Tony shall help sister, and sister will fry him a doughnut man."

Clapping his chubby hands, the child drew his little cricket to the table, where, by climbing upon it, he could overlook his sister's operations at her molding board, and so, with frolic and cheer, the short winter's day wore on.

Gradually the sky, which had been clear in the early morning, grew overcast with clouds, and Jenny saw from the window the air filled with gray mist.

"It's surely going to snow," she said to herself, a little anxiously. "But father promised to be home early, and, anyhow, Meg and Dobbin are strong enough to pull them together."

A few feathery flakes came floating down as she spoke, which proved true the forerunner of a mighty host, as the storm slowly settled over the landscape.

Hour after hour passed. There were no longer any tracks to be discerned along the narrow roadway, which was the only avenue of approach through the dense forest.

Inside the cabin it grew so dark that Jenny placed a lighted lamp upon the table, and, having finished her work, sat down to listen for the first distant sound of sleigh bells, while Tony curled himself up sleeping upon her lap.

Suddenly she heard the muffled beat of horses' hoofs upon the snow, a shadow darkened the window, and a moment later a heavy knock resounded upon the door. Jenny opened it, holding Tony in her arms.

The visitor, who had dismounted and stood holding his horse by the bridle rein, was a large, powerful man, in hunter's dress, carrying a brace of pistols, and a long, sheathed knife sticking in his leathern belt.

A little city-bred maiden might have fainted with fright at sight of so formidable an apparition, but Jenny was too well accustomed to the rough exterior of the backwoodsman to be easily startled.

The stranger looked at her keenly as the glow of the open fire lit up her little figure, with Tony's golden head upon her shoulder.

Then he said:

"Can I stay all night? I've been caught in the storm."

The young girl hesitated, but only for a moment.

"We're all alone, sir—I and the baby. My father and brother went to town this morning, but I expect them home every minute, and I'm sure they wouldn't like me to let anyone go on in the storm. So you're welcome, sir; and you can put your horse in one of the empty stalls in the stable yonder."

The man made no reply, but having led his horse away in the direction indicated soon returned, and, taking his place in front of the fire, began to dry his wet garments.

His face, which might once have shown fine lines, wore a hard and bitter expression, as the flickering shadows played over his bent head and averted eyes.

A vague sense of discomfort crept over the spirits of his little hostess.

"I wonder if he is in trouble, poor man?" she thought. "He looks so miserable!"

Then she said aloud:

"If you haven't had any supper, sir, I can give you some of the pork and beans I'm keeping hot for father and Steve."

"I don't want any," he answered, still without looking up.

Little Tony, who by this time was broad awake, had slipped from his sister's arms, and stood with great, blue, wondering eyes fixed upon the stranger.

It was something wholly new to Tony's short experience to be ignored quite unnoticed by a visitor, and he was evidently pondering deeply the problem of this unsolved personality.

He walked slowly up and down the room, at each turn approaching a little nearer the grim, silent figure before the hearth.

At last he paused, and laid a little, rosy hand on the man's knee. Still there was no response.

The child's breast heaved, his breath came quickly, and a grieved expression curled his pretty lips.

"Man," he said, with tremulous baby accent, half breaking into a sob, "why don't 'oo love little boys?"

The man started, and a spasm of uncontrollable feeling passed his bearded face. He turned upon the child, whose golden hair shone in the firelight like a halo, and with a swift, irresistible motion, swept him into his arms.

Some marvelous change seemed to have transfigured his face, and the hard lines softened like ice before the sun. He held the child close, murmuring in his ear inarticulate expressions of endearment.

Tony, on his part, accepted most graciously this tardy homage to his charms. He tugged at the strangely unwatch chain, laughing so merrily that Jenny could not repress a soft echo from her own corner.

The man looked up, transfixed her with the same keen gaze as at his entrance, only that now some new element was added—a questioning almost painful in its intensity. One would have said the man felt his fate hanging upon the answer which the young girl should give to his question:

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Afraid?" repeated Jenny, with genuine surprise. "Why should I be afraid? Surely you wouldn't do any harm to Tony or me?"

"No more would I, so help me Heaven!"

The man rose, stretching himself to his full height, like one relieved from some crushing weight.

"And now, my girl, if you will, you may give me some of the pork and beans you spoke about. They're mighty warming on a night like this."

Jenny sprang to do his bidding with pleased alacrity, setting a bountiful portion upon the table, and drawing a chair beside it.

"I can't see why father don't come," she said, anxiously.

A curious expression flitted across the man's face.

"Don't you fret, child," he answered. "The snow's drifted badly, and it would be nothing strange if they had to stop somewhere on the road and wait till morning. But you never mind; I'll attend to everything. You've got cattle and things to look after, I suppose. I'll feed 'em for you, and then I'll bring in another log or two for the fire."

"How good you are, sir! I know father will thank you a thousand times."

"Thank me yourself, child! I'm not doing it for your father. It's long since I've had occasion to be thanked, and the words have a sweet sound."

He opened the door and went out through the blinding snow.

Returning a half hour later, he carefully replenished the fire, raking the coals together till the red blaze mounted high in the great chimney.

Then he caught Tony in his arms once more, making him laugh with a merry story, before Jenny carried him off to bed.

"There's no use expecting your folks to-night," said the stranger, when Jenny reappeared, having left her little charge quietly sleeping. "The storm grows harder every minute. But they'll be here bright and early in the morning, never fear. You go and lie down with the boy, and I'll just camp here in front of the fire."

"But you won't be comfortable, sir."

"Comfortable! I'll get the sweetest rest I've had for many a long night."

Jenny did as she was bidden. Still dressed, she threw herself upon the bed beside her little brother.

It was long before she slept, for as the snow beat against the window panes she could not repress a sharp anxiety for the safety of those she loved.

"What should I have done if this man had not come?" she asked herself again and again. "He seems so strange; but he is very, very kind."

She lost consciousness at last, and when she awoke, the sun was already shining in at the eastern window.

She sprang up hastily, scarcely able to collect her scattered memories of the night of storm.

Hark! Could it be? It was!—the sound of slowly tinkling bells approaching through the still air.

"They are coming!" she cried, joyfully, running to the door to meet them.

It was empty, and the fire smoldered low upon the hearth. Her visitor had gone, unannounced and sudden as he had come.

"And he had no breakfast," mourned poor Jenny. "How shameful of me to sleep like this!"

She flung open the door just as her father's sleigh appeared in sight, the stout horses struggling bravely through the unbroken drifts.

A cheerful halloo rang out, answered by her own joyful voice.

The sleigh reached the door, and in a moment Jenny was in her father's arms.

"My poor little girl! Thank God, you are safe! I was wild with fear for you—all alone in the stormy night."

"But I wasn't alone, father. A man came here, and he was so kind! He fed the cattle, and made my fire; but—only think!—I slept so late that he went away without any breakfast."

The father and son looked at each other.

"What is that?" cried Jenny, glancing at the table. "I do believe he left a letter! Yes—and directed to you, father!"

Mechanically the father unfolded the bit of paper, and this is what he read:

"I knew of the money you took from the express office last week at Millville. I have been watching my opportunity, and when you rode away to-day I followed you, and cut down the big trees which you found across your road back.

"I did this to gain time, for I knew you could never cut your way around before morning.

"I came here to rob you. Your children trusted me. The boy is like one that I remember. If they had been afraid of me, I should have found your money and gone away. You will think it foolish, but it came to me that if there was something left in me that an innocent child could trust, perhaps it was enough for the beginning—just the beginning—of a better man.

"JACK CARNIGAN."

The father's face grew ashy pale, and the paper fell from his hand. Stephen picked it up, glancing hurriedly over its contents, and the two gazed at each other without power to speak.

The signature was that of a desperado long the despair of the officers of justice, whose name had been for years a terror among the homes of solitary settlers all the country round.—Golden Days.

Industry in Ireland.

There is an industrial awakening observable at present in Ireland. The passing of the local government act has benefited then in many ways, and as a result of its operation a syndicate is now in the course of formation for the opening up and working of granite and slate quarries in certain districts throughout the country.—N. Y. Sun.

Poetic Justice.

A Chicago man has killed a hold-up artist with the latter's own gun. It will be seen, therefore, says the Chicago Times-Herald, that poetic justice continues occasionally to find terminal facilities.

Sam Beswick, a charity patient in the Baptist hospital at Chicago, died Sunday. When his clothing was examined it was found to be lined with gold and silver certificates. Currency amounting to $2,035 was ridden in the linings of his coat and vest, and sewed behind an inner vest pocket were fifteen hundred dollar bills. Bonds and real estate mortgages thought to be worth about $3,000 were sewed inside a leather pocketbook that was stitched to the lining of his coat. A long, narrow leather purse, containing about $200 in gold and silver, was ripped out of his coat collar. Beswick was 60 years old and a well known character about Chicago.

Some questions as to the gymnastical accomplishments of the trial judge, says Case and Comment, seem to be implied in an appellate court's ruling that "legally, if not grammatically, the jury was fully and fairly instructed."

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