THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

The Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. C. E. Sutton, at the M. E. church, Sunday morning, before the graduating class of the Greenwood Union School, was a masterly effort and fully appreciated by the large and attentive audience. The reverend gentleman took for his subject the dignity of service, founding his discourse on Mark 10: 43, 44, and 45. He contrasted the humble position of one whose life was devoted to service of others before the Christian era with the exalted position of those of our day who are the servants of all, showing clearly that those who do humanity the greatest service are its chiefest members, and that the object of education is to fit men and women for the service of humanity, and that the great problems of life are to be committed to the hands of the educated class for solution, and upon them consecutives and intelligent service depends the prosperity and happiness of all.

A committee of one hundred of New York's best known citizens have been appointed to raise funds for the benefit of the famine sufferers of India. "This committee has stated the sad situation in that stricken land, and they have issued a pathetic appeal to their fellow citizens of the United States for help. A part of the population of India, equal in numbers to almost the entire population of the United States, need help, and of this vast number at least six millions are now starving, and only live from day to day by the charity of the world. These conditions require continued contributions until such time as God shall send them another harvest. Let parents who see their children gather around their well-spread tables think of those other families who set at an empty board with skeleton frames longing, even dying for what we can and ought to send them. A collection is to be taken for their relief at the M. E. church in Greenwood Sunday evening, June 24th, when all can enjoy the privilege of giving for this worthy purpose.

The question of trusts is destined to be one of absorbing interest in the coming Presidential campaign and it behooves all parties in selecting candidates for public favor, to know whether any of the aspirants toward whom they are looking with favor, has any trust stock which is liable to confront them during a campaign, and if so, to look elsewhere for material for candidates, as no one carrying such a load can squeeze into office next fall, if such a fact develops. A trust is a conspiracy to rob, under the form and protection of the law, and the people are getting worked up to the fact.

Hornellsville city has learned that it is unwise to climb over a hill that can be avoided, and is agitating a highway for the latter purpose. West Union has a case involving a similar question. Would it not be wise for the citizens of Greenwood to make smoother and easier some of the approaches to this village, a new road from the Mullen school-house down the valley for instance?

"We are tired of being bluffed into silence by being asked if we have read the latest book," wearily remarks the Atkinson (Kan.) Globe, with a strong bid for commendation. "We are also tired of the air of pity that follows when we admit that we have not only not read it, but hadn't heard of it before. There is surely something more to living than to be up at daylight to read the newest book published during the night. Do people no longer read good books, or is it only new books that are read?"

Is a paper on political reform in Century, Gov. Roosevelt advises reformers to disregard fanatics. In "It is Said," says he, "that every man who is in politics, as a man ought to be, with a disinterested purpose to serve the public, should strive steadily to reform; that he should have the highest ideals. He must lead, only he must lead in the right direction, and normally he must be in sight of his followers. Cynicism in public life is a curse, and when a man has lost the power of enthusiasm for righteousness, it will be better for him and the country if he abandon public life. Above all, the political reformer must not permit himself to be driven from his duty of supporting what is right by any irritation at the men who, while nominally supporting the same objects, and even ridiculing him as a backslider or an 'opportunist,' yet by their levity or fanaticism do damage to the cause which he really serves, and which they profess to serve. Let him disregard them; for though they are, according to their ability, the foes of decent politics, yet, after all, they are but weaklings, and the real and dangerous enemies of the cause he holds dear are those sinister beings who batten on the evil of our political system, and both profit by its existence, and by their own existence tend to perpetuate and increase it. We must not be diverted from our warfare with these powerful and efficient corruptionists by irritation at the vain prattlers who think they are at the head of the reform forces, whereas they are really wandering in bypaths in the rear."

Cynicism.

The Curse of

With his padded silk upper garment, the Chinese minister goes about his social duties and pleasures regardless of weather, says a Washington letter. The costume is odd, but it has its advantages. Minister Wu has no hankering for the American full-dress. At a gathering not long ago something was said in the minister's presence about a public man who had taken a heavy cold in going home from an evening entertainment, and who was laid up, with the prospect of serious complications. "Ah!" commented Minister Wu, sagely shaking his head, "it is not surprising. That pneumonia shirt did it." And now in Washington society the costume de rigueur passes by the minister's description, "the pneumonia shirt."

Most common is the remark, "What interesting people one meets in traveling!" One may perhaps be pardoned for differing from this belief, says the San Francisco Argonaut. The interesting people one meets in traveling are extremely likely to keep to themselves. They do not wear their learnin upon their sleeves. Therefore, if they are interesting, that trait is kept for their friends. On the other hand, the fools, bores and boors obtrude themselves upon you.

The real humanitarian has appeared with his offer of a war device. It is a concoction for putting armies to sleep. It is to be fired in shells of any size. The shell explodes, but not to kill. It is of a material that will do little damage with its flying pieces, but exploding it releases a powerful soporific which perforce will compel the enemy to surrender to sleep. Before he wakes he can be handcuffed, and the rest will be a detail of transportation.

To show how little Germany knows of the way Americans have of settling affairs of honor, it is mentioned that students have instituted what they call the "American duel." The parties to a quarrel draw lots and the loser is in honor bound to commit suicide. Some one with a grudge against this country must have invented this idea of the code of honor.

If the craze for automobiles continues they will, before long, entirely supersede the use of the horse at the nation's capital, for not only have they become a fad with society people, but the shops, the express companies and the transit companies are rapidly adopting them.

The king of Sweden and Norway has tendered to George D. Meiklejohn, assistant secretary of war, the decoration of Chevalier of the Sword on account of courtesies extended to Swedish officers who visited the United States during the war with Spain.

A northwestern newspaper correspondent begins an item thus: "Mr. ——, one of our business men, came near having an experience that might have been more serious for him than it was." There is a writer who should be moved higher up.

A Lithuanian in Chicago bears the strikingly suggestive name of John Uppermost Short. It has a very impecunious sound.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

A Great Nerve Medicine.

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 headaches and most other aches.

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

25 CENTS.

To Repair Broken Articles use

Major's Cement

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

HIS HANDICAP.

He wooed her when they both were poor,
'twas then he won her, too;
She cheered him when the days were drear
and toiled to help him through;
She taught him things from books that he
had failed to learn in youth,
She got him to avoid the use of words that
were uncouth;
She took her jewel in the rough, she polished day by day,
And with a woman's patience ground the worthless parts away.

She turned him from a stupid clown to one whose men was proud,
She planted in his heart the wish to rise above the crowd;
She planned the things he undertook, she urged him on to try,
She gave him confidence to look for splendid things and high;
She bore the children that he loved, and toiled for them and him,
And often knelt beside her bed with aching eyes and dim.

She cheered him when the days were dark, and when the skies were bright
She saw him rise above the crowd and reach a noble height;
Her brow is marred by many a line, she's bent and wan and old,
He has a bearing that is fine, a form of noble mold,
And people say: "Poor man, alas! He's grown beyond his wife:
How sad that such a load should be attached to him for life!"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

A celebrated veterinary surgeon declares that nine out of ten of our worn-out horses are only worn out in feet (or in legs) because of some foot disease, and that all but a fraction of that number owe their premature age and incapacity to our system of shoeing—not merely bad shoeing, but the iron or steel shoe.

The combined annual expenditures of the largest states in the union are less than those of the city of New York, and the financial transactions of the latter are equal in amount to one-seventh of those of the national government.

Thomas Poe, of Rushville, Ind., has just been renominated for justice of the peace, and if he serves out the term he will have occupied the office 40 years. He is 89 years old. Mr. Poe has had a perpetual pudding.

PUT TO THE TEST.

Public Endorsement is what Counts.

Everybody has their hour of trouble,
But people having any itchiness of the skin
Have many hours of trouble.
Nothing so annoying. Nothing so irritating.
Scratch it, it becomes worse.
Leave it alone and you can hardly stand the misery.
Itchiness comes in many forms.
Eczema and horrid itching piles.
Relief and cure are here at last.
Thousands have put it to the test.
Doan's Ointment cures every form of itchiness of the skin.
Read the following statement.

Mr. J. R. Laird, tobacconist, of 339 North street, Rochester, N. Y., says: "I used Doan's Ointment, and I cannot sufficiently express my satisfaction, for it was most positive in immediately curing a most exasperating irritation of the rectum. It gave me comfort and removed everything offensive immediately. I tried many preparations, but never got relief until I tried Doan's Ointment."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

THE LADY'S KING
NATURE'S CURE

PERFECT COW STALL.

Ohio Dairyman Says the One Here Described Has More Advantages Than Any Other.

Sanitation has become a necessity in every dairy. A good, first-class article of butter or cheese is to be produced free of bacterial influence. Nature lays that when a certain positive loss in the milk is unavoidable should at least be counteracted with some absorbent, such day, and twice weekly. Dusting whenever litter has accumulated and stained. The stalls should be kept free from an accumulation of dust and fine straw by being placed in the ditch as an absorbent, thereby readily finding its way into the compost heap, away from the stable. Mangers should also be kept free from any accumulation of uneaten food, either roughage or grains.

The matter of providing stalls is so important that we have given this feature of dairy work many years of study and practical demonstration in our own barn. After using many devices and reconstructing them to do away with imperfections, our plan for "the perfect cow stall" resolved itself into the plan illustrated. I have seen a large number of stalls, but none that has so many good points as this one. Thousands of them are in use all over the country, and wherever put in after the plan herein described, have proven to be more than satisfactory. The floor may be made of wood or cement. Mine is laid with oak with joints broken as laid, allowing a drop of two inches in the 6½ feet. On the platform two three by three scantling are laid running the full length of the stable. Upon this a board or floor 18 inches wide is put down with flange board facing cow seven inches wide. A two by four post five feet high is toe-nailed in one corner of the manger, to which both partition boards and the fence in front of the cow are nailed. The partition is four feet high and 3½ wide from outer edge of the two posts, but it is only one foot high in the mangers past the five feet post, so that any large roughage can be distributed. The opening for both feed and roughage is 18 inches. The grain, ensilage or any cut feed escapes readily into the 18-inch manger, but hay cannot, but rests against the fence and is eaten through it.

Many find the annex of a feed bin in front an easy means of distributing feed to cows. The ditch is made waterproof and 16 inches wide, nine inches deep next to platform and seven inches by walk. The latter may be made any width or depth to suit the builder. The distance from the ditch to the fence facing cow depends upon the size of the cow to occupy. The 6½ feet is the right length for a 1,000-pound cow, with less or more accordingly. The fenging can be placed as far toward the cow as her size demands, so that she may be fenced back to her ditch, insuring perfect cleanliness and at the same time have perfect and absolute freedom with her head, not having to move backward or forward to lie down or rise. Arrangements for watering with pans bolted on sides of partitions can be readily attached.—G. E. Scott to Ohio Dairyman's Association.

PERFECT COW STALL.

FEEDING CALVES SEPARATELY.

Where a number of calves are fed they are put into a stable, and each calf in a stall and fed separately. This insures each one getting a given quantity and no more or less. The illustration shows how the calves are fed on a Texas Jersey dairy farm in a long shed with stanchions for 15 calves.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HINTS FOR SUMMER.

What to Do to Carry the Dairy Cows Through the Hot Season in Good Condition.

One of the smallest sized men in the country, Paul Robinson, died at Beloit, Wis., a day or two ago. He was 70 years of age, and only 40 inches in height, but was a capable, well-educated business man.

From Mrs. Suntor to Mrs. Pinkham.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 76,444)

"One year ago last June three doctors gave me up to die, and as I had at different times used your Vegetable Compound with good results; I had too much faith in it to die until I had tried it again. I was apparently an invalid, was confined to my bed for ten weeks. (I believe my trouble was ulceration of womb).

"After taking four bottles of the Compound and using some of the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, at the end of two months I had greatly improved and weighed 155 pounds, when I never before weighed over 138. I gladly E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever used, and I recommend it to all my friends."—MRS. ANNA EVA GUNTER, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

Mrs. Barnhart Enjoys Life Once More.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been sick ever since my marriage, seven years ago; have given birth to four children, and had two miscarriages. I had falling of womb, leucorrhœa, pains in back and legs; dyspepsia and a nervous, trembling of the stomach. Now I have none of these troubles and can enjoy my life. Your medicine has worked wonders for me."—MRS. S. BARNHART, NEW CASTLE, PA.

THE FALSE GUIDE.

Gen. Gatacre Shot Him Through the Body Before He Could Escape.

A letter from a corporal in the Second Northumberland fusileers gives some graphic details in regard to the disaster at Stormberg, says the New York Post. He says:

"On the night of the 9th our regiment, the royal Irish rifles, two batteries of artillery and the mounted infantry proceeded from Pieters krall to Molteno, a distance of ten miles. When we arrived it was about nine o'clock, and then we all formed up and Gen. Gatacre informed us that he was going to do a night attack on the Boers' position at Stormberg, and that there was to be no firing and no shouting, and to use the bayonet only. We started off at ten o'clock to march 13 miles to Stormberg, where we hoped to arrive about two o'clock in the morning. We kept marching all night, but never got there. It was broad daylight when we were at the foot of some high, inaccessible rocks, when the guide we had turned to the general and, pointing to the top of the rocks, said: 'There is your position and there is your enemy,' and immediately started to gallop off. But before he had gone two yards Gen. Gatacre shot him twice through the body, saying: 'Man, you have done me, but you are the first to go.' Those are the exact words that were said, because we were told by the general's orderly.

"When the general saw how we were trapped he cried like a child, and said: 'Oh, my poor boys, what have I done?'—so the general's aid-de-camp told an officer."

RAISING DAIRY CALVES.

How the Young Things Are Fed Separately on a Model Texas Jersey Dairy Farm.

On all stock and dairy farms it is desirable or necessary to raise some of the calves. It is not practicable or economical to feed the youngsters on whole milk, even if it were desirable to do so. So skimmilk has to be used.

Constipation

Will cause you more trouble than any other disease at all.

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, fills your face, and a multitude of ills.

DON'T

Try to cure Constipation by dosing with violent physics. Take to

USE

Lee's New Life Pills,

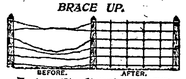
A simple herb remedy, tastes good, never sickens, gripes or weakens. A sample free.

Large Packages, 25 cts.

SOLD BY

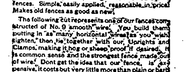
L. A. BURROWS.

BRACE UP.



This above cut shows the application of our "Up" Sights and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable, and Makes old fences as good as new.

The following Kit represents one of our fence stays constructed of No. 9 smooth wire. You build them putting in as many horizontal strands you wish, sights, then, fie together with our Uprights and Clamps, making a long or a heavy fence if desired, it is common sense and the strongest fence made. Got all wire. Does not get the idea that our fence, is dear or expensive, it costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circulars and price list. Why not look into it.



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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 relieves the lungs by promoting easy expectoration and healing effectually. It is the best-known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup and Throat and Lung troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

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

THE WEB OF LIFE.

The web of life is spun—
The loom is manned, the work is done;
And rising from the whirring loom,
We pass within the larger room
From out the weary din of life,
To where peace overcometh strife;
And in the Master's presence await
Lay down our little tasks complete.

But still we'll note with throbs of pain
Where tangled threads made effort vain.
Remembering here grief's heavy seal
Was set, our errors to reveal;
And sadly own, through tear-filled eyes,
That Master hands could never devise
A plan to guide the shuttle right,
Upon this loom from morn till night.

So when, the weaver's heart to cheer,
The Master Workman draweth near
With words of counsel to advise
And patient fingers, skillful, wise,
He draws the tangled threads apart,
And lays them straight and smooth athwart
The bar—then listens, that a call
For help may yet be answered, if all,

Out when the web at length is spun,
The thread snapped off; the work all done;
The weaver hears it from the loom,
Where in the sunlit larger room
The Master sits, all tasks to scan,
And judge the workers man by man—
Pull joy 'twill be if we but hear
The Lord's "Well done," tell sweet and clear.

—Lillias C. Nevin, in N. Y. Observer.

HUGH BAIN'S CRIME

By Julia K. Hildreth.

"HE IS a tyrant! That's what he is—a tyrant; and I would like to serve him as other tyrants have been served before!" cried Hugh Bain, shaking his fist at the schoolhouse door.

"What's the matter, Hugh?" asked a boy, standing near.

"Why," cried Hugh, in an excited voice, "I asked him if I could stay at home this afternoon and he said: 'No—decidedly, no!'"

"Just like him!" cried several of the boys in chorus.

"I hate him," said Hugh. "I'd like to—"

"Hush!" whispered Mark Crow, warningly. "Mr. Carver will hear you."

"I don't care," replied Hugh, with a scowl.

"Where were you going?" inquired Mark, curiously.

"Uncle Milton and ever so many young men are going out to shoot a couple of foxes that have been stealing our geese and chickens," replied Hugh. "Uncle Milton said if I could get off, I might go with them."

Here Hugh broke off, and, with a very savage glance at the door, muttered:

"I wish you were the fox and I had the shooting of you."

"Hush!" whispered Mark Crow again. "You know that you don't mean that."

"Yes, I do," said Hugh, defiantly. "He is a tyrant and I hate him."

The boys were standing about the schoolhouse after noon recess, waiting for a signal to enter.

The bell sounded just then, and Hugh took his place in a very bad humor. He was so sulky and stubborn that at last Mr. Carver became impatient, and indignantly ordered him to apologize at once or leave the school until he thought fit to do so.

Hugh, without a word, accepted his hat and rushed from the room.

But when he stood outside of the schoolhouse, his anger cooled as he remembered it would be impossible to keep this disgrace from his parents. Hugh was in no hurry to go home now, and so, when he came within sight of the village, he turned into a little by-path which led to the woods. As he walked slowly along, picking up the dead leaves in his path absently, he caught sight of a pair of sharp eyes, watching him from behind a large stump, and the next moment a gray fox bounded across the road, and was lost to sight among the bushes.

At the same time Hugh heard the barking of dogs and the shouting of men, and his Uncle Milton, followed by half a dozen of his friends, came running toward him.

"Which way?" cried Uncle Milton, too much excited to be surprised by Hugh's appearance. "Did you see him? Which way did he go?"

Hugh pointed in the direction the fox had taken, and away they all went, helter-skelter, pell-mell, dogs and men, and Hugh followed.

At a short distance from the path, and surrounded by a fringe of tall bushes, the party came upon the wall of a deep ravine.

Over this Uncle Milton threw himself without a moment's pause, and with no other support than the bunches of dry grass and weeds growing among the rocks, made his way rapidly downward to the gully below, and went scrambling up the other side. All followed. But one unfortunate young fellow stumbled and lost his footing, and Hugh saw him roll to the bed of the ravine, and lie among the stones, motionless.

Hugh hurried back to ascertain if he were very much hurt, and found him sitting up, rubbing his arm, ruefully.

"Are you injured?" asked Hugh, helping him to arise.

"My arm is either sprained or broken," replied he. Then, pointing to the fowling-piece on the ground, he added: "That belongs to your uncle. If you will give it to him, I'll go home. I have had enough of fox-hunting for one day."

As Hugh slung the weapon over his shoulder, feeling pleased and important, the young man stalked moodily away, holding his injured arm.

"Now," said Hugh, as he hurried after the hunting party, "if the fox shows himself again, he won't get off quite as easily as he did before."

He went out of his way quite often, to follow some stalking animal among the bushes, and when at last he determined to follow the others, all sounds had ceased.

Then he discovered that it was growing dark, and also that he was dreadfully hungry, so he turned his steps homeward.

Before he reached the border of the wood, it had grown really dark. When he came to the little stream which separated the woods from a corn field which belonged to Mr. Carver, he hesitated; for that gentleman objected to the boys trespassing upon his ground.

So Hugh stood still, uncertain whether to cross the little bridge that spanned the stream or take the longer way around through the woods to the road.

There was a half-moon that night, but it gave only a fitful and uncertain light. The sky was covered with heavy, fast-flying clouds, and a high wind was moaning dismally through the tops of the trees.

As Hugh paused with one foot on the bridge, the moon came from behind a cloud, and shone clear and bright for a moment; and Hugh saw, on the other side of the stream, a form the same probably that Uncle Milton had been chasing all that afternoon. He was gone in a second, but Hugh caught a flying glimpse of his brush as he bounded over Mr. Carver's corn field toward a wall.

"What a glorious thing it would be," thought Hugh, "to be the one to carry home the fox, after all!"

He darted across the bridge and on toward the wall. Just before he reached it, however, the clouds again covered the moon.

But he crept softly along by the wall, and presently he heard a slight rustling among the bushes close to him. Hugh softly raised his weapon to his shoulder, and at the same moment, whack! came a blow upon the top of his head.

The boy looked up in amazement, and saw in the dim light an arm extended above him, and the next instant it struck his upturned face, half blinding him.

"Look out!" cried Hugh, angrily. "You have no right to strike me. Don't do it again!"

His antagonist made no reply. Instead, he once more swung his arm around in a very threatening and energetic manner.

Before it could fall, Hugh sprang away; but in doing so he stumbled on the rough ground and fell backward. The gun he held slipped from his grasp.

There was a sudden flash of fire, a sharp report, and a heavy body fell headlong to the earth.

Sick with terror and trembling from head to foot, Hugh struggled to his feet again. He gave one hasty look at the black silent heap on the ground, snatched up his hat, which had fallen from his head, and ran on.

He never knew how he reached home; but as he opened the door, the sound of cheerful voices coming from the dining room seemed strange and unnatural. In an agony of terror, he ran quickly upstairs to his own little room.

He found a match and lighted the candle, which stood upon a table near the bed. Then he pulled off his hat and threw it down.

As the light fell upon the hat, he gave a cry of horror. It was not his; it must have belonged to the man whose life he had taken!

Hugh turned it slowly around, a cold chill creeping all over him as he noticed the small hole near the band. Suddenly his eyes rested upon the lining. He gave a low cry, and the hat fell from his shaking hand, for printed upon the somewhat soiled and faded red silk was the name—"Richard Carver."

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" moaned Hugh. "Poor Mr. Carver! Oh! oh! oh!"

Presently the silence of the room began to be unbearable, and he thought:

"I can't stand this. I will go and find father and tell him."

He crept down the stairs softly. The house was very quiet now, but a light was shining from a half-open door. Hugh looked in, and saw his mother rocking backward and forward in a rocking chair, singing softly to the baby in her arms. There was no one else in the room.

"I couldn't tell her! I wonder where father is?" thought Hugh, as he stole toward the hall door.

Then he remembered to have heard that Mr. Bain was going to call upon some one in the village.

He ran swiftly along the road, so occupied with his own dreadful thoughts that he did not notice a boy who was coming toward him, until his arm was grasped, and Mark Crow exclaimed:

"Hallo, Hugh! Where are you going?"

"To the village," said Hugh, struggling to free himself.

"I say, what is the matter?" cried Mark, without releasing his arm.

The unhappy boy broke down all at once, and sobbed out:

"Oh! oh! oh! I've shot Mr. Carver."

"Shot Mr. Carver?" repeated Mark, shrinking from his friend in horror. "I know you said you hated him, but I never thought you meant to kill him."

"Of course I didn't mean to!" cried Hugh. "I fell and—and the gun went off, and he tumbled down without a word!"

"You don't expect anyone to believe that," said Mark, quickly. "Why, as many as ten boys heard you say you hated him, and would like to do all kinds of things to him only this morning. But if you are really sorry," continued Mark, after a pause, which Hugh filled with sobs, "you can go to Judge Winter and give yourself up. And I'll go with you, for fear you might be tempted to run away, you know."

"I tell you I did not mean to!" protested Hugh, wringing his hands. "But I will go with you to Judge Winter's if you think that is the right thing to do."

"Of course I do," replied Mark, decidedly.

The two boys hurried on toward the village very silently. As they went they met a number of people, to each one of them Mark officiously whispered:

"Hugh Bain has shot Mr. Carver—our teacher. He said he would this morning, and we are going to tell Judge Winter."

These people invariably turned, no matter which way they had been going, and accompanied the two boys. So, by the time they reached Judge Winter's residence, there was a large, horrified crowd surrounding Hugh.

Mark knocked at the door, and on seeing the crowd and hearing the news, the girl who had opened it flew back and acquainted the judge with what had occurred.

He came out instantly, and after asking where and when the shooting had happened, and telling Hugh to lead the way to the field, they all started off toward the scene of the crime.

Presently, Hugh felt his hand grasped, and, glancing up, saw his father. Even in the dim light he looked white and troubled.

"Father, father!" whispered Hugh, "you believe I did not mean to shoot poor Mr. Carver?"

His father silently pressed his hand, and through all the rest of that dreadful journey kept close to him.

Hugh felt as though he were in a dream, and that Mark Crow was the blackest of all the shadowy phantoms in that dream, and kept repeating:

"Yes, he did it—Hugh Bain did it!"

Hugh heard murmurs of pity from the men who were following as they passed Mr. Carver's little cottage.

Some one was playing the piano and singing a gay little song—his daughter, probably.

The tears started to his own eyes as he thought what misery he had unintentionally brought upon this happy home.

On they went. Now there was but a stone wall between him and the awful sight, and Hugh's limbs trembled under him at the thought of having to face it.

He climbed over, however, the judge and all the rest following him in profound silence.

As Hugh pointed to a dark, motionless object on the ground, the judge said, in a low, solemn voice: "Stand back!" and taking a lantern from one of the men, went carefully forward.

The crowd drew back and formed a semicircle, and many removed their hats and stood bareheaded under the wan moonlight.

The judge bent forward and raised the lantern. As he did so, the thick bushes near the wall were parted, and a familiar voice broke the silence:

"What's the matter? What are you all doing here?"

The judge stepped back, with a shout of laughter. The owner of the voice scrambled over the wall.

At that moment, the moon suddenly peeped out bright and clear, and revealed the form and features of Mr. Carver himself!

Hugh sprang forward, as did all the other spectators, with exclamations of amazement.

There, lying at his feet, Hugh saw an absurd-looking object, dressed in coat, trowsers and shoes, but with a head made of straw!

"What have you been doing with my scarecrow?" said Mr. Carver, in a puzzled tone. "And what does this crowd mean?"

A loud burst of laughter drowned the answer.

Judge Winter explained the mistake. Then there was another loud laugh, in which everyone joined but Hugh, who had passed too many miserable moments to forget so quickly.

He went up to Mr. Carver, and, seizing his hand, cried:

"When the gun went off and it fell, I thought I had killed some poor old tramp; but when I saw your hat, I felt sure it was you—and I am so glad it was no one! And, Mr. Carver, will you please forgive me for my conduct this afternoon?"

So, after all, Hugh apologized publicly, though he had quite made up his mind not to do so.

The crowd dispersed, laughing, and for many days Hugh Bain's murder was a standing joke in the village.

Carver was a long time before Hugh could hear it mentioned without living over again the misery of that evening.—Golden Days.

The Wren's Breach of Custom.

Mr. Le Gallienne writes of Nature as a lover, but his poetic fancy does not disguise from us that he was bred in cities. In his chapter on what Nature brings to beautify the graves of the little dead he writes:

"The wren will sometimes bring her sky-blue eggs for a gift * * *"

Perhaps a wren may be permitted to do this sort of thing in a "tragic fairy tale;" in everyday life she would have to purchase them from a commercially minded hedge sparrow, for her own eggs are pearly white, with reddish brown spots.

In any memorial concerning Mr. Dick it is impossible to keep out some mention of Mr. Richards Le Gallienne's hair. Two literary friends of his were recently speaking of the disproportionate amount of adverse criticism he occasionally received. One said: "His work is often excellent; he is 'slated' because of the length of his hair. And yet that helped him at first."

"Ah," said the other, "it began as a boom and ended as a boomerang."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The greatest singing contest ever known will be held at Brooklyn July 2 and 3. Two hundred and twelve German singing societies will attend this meeting, which is called the National Saengerfest, and is the nineteenth gathering of the kind. The grand prize, to be awarded to the society that sings the song "Das Deutsche Lied" in the best manner, is a $10,000 silver statue given by the emperor of Germany, and other prizes worth $25,000 will be given. On the evening of the 3d 10,000 people will sing "My Old Kentucky Home," at the Thirteenth regiment armory, and in addition there will be a chorus of 5,000 women.

Ashorn ewes must positively be clipped about the udder so that the lambs may get their milk easily. Weak, newly-born lambs should be incubated. Wrap the lamb in a warm blanket and put it in a box or basket kept near a fire.

Special Sale At Coston's.

For the Week Beginning Saturday, June 23d.

For the benefit of our customers, we will place on Special Sale, Saturday, June 23d, and continuing one week, at the following cut prices:

No. 1. Six dozen men's fancy shirts. Regular price 50 cents, special 40 cents

No. 2. Ten pieces yard wide dimity. Regular price 15c, special price 10 cents.

No. 3. Three dozen men's fancy straw hats. Regular price $1.00, special 50 and 75 cents.

No. 4 On hosiery and gauze underwear we are offering special inducements. Look over prices on same.

No. 5. Corsets for summer wear, 25c.

No. 6. One bolt of yard wide muslin, worth 6c, now 5c.

No. 7. A few dozen pairs curtains worth $1.50, closing out at $1.00.

No. 8. A job lot of edgings, 5 cents per yard. Some of these are actually worth 15 cents.

No. 9. In neckties we will offer gent's ties for 25 cents. Just look them over if you need anything in the line of neckwear.

We also call attention to our fine line of Dress Goods, which we have selected with great care, and are offering at extremely low prices.

In Ladies', Gents' and Children's shoes we invite you to examine our line and prices, knowing that we can make it an object for you to take advantage of the bargains we are now offering.

Do not forget that we carry a full and complete stock of all other kinds of goods that can be found at any establishment in the country, all of which we are determined to put at prices that will please you.

Very Truly Yours,

N. E. COSTON,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

Insure Your Life With

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.