THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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ANDOVER, N. Y., JUNE 27, 1900

TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance.

The great Republican party held its National Convention last week and adopted its creed for the coming campaign. It pronounces upon almost every question that interests the people and ratified the nominations of McKinley and Roosevelt which had already been made by the party at large. Probably no stronger nominations could have been made by the convention and no better exponents of the Republican faith could have been found. It certainly cannot be claimed by the enemies of the party that the candidates are non committal or that they stand for one thing in one locality and for the opposite in another, for it will be conceded by all that neither candidate blows the trumpet with an uncertain sound. Every voter in voting for McKinley and Roosevelt knows just what principles he is trying to advance in so doing. The Democracy have already nominated the head of their ticket and it only remains for their convention to ratify the name of Bryan, and should Admiral Dewey be put on as his running mate the principles of both parties will be clearly reflected in their candidates. There are to be no straddles but a square battle of principles.

The wonderful growth of the Common School system in this state is a matter of congratulation for all. The advantages of the High school are pratically open to all and owing to the efficient methods adopted by the regents, a thoro high school education means a preparation that admits the graduate to the College and University. Our schools are worth their cost. We think the Greenwood public appreciates the fact.

The Chinese theory of perpetuating their national life by exclusion of foreigners and the seclusion of themselves has run its race, and after a retention of this policy for several thousand years, it has got to give way to more modern ideas; probably this will only come through foreign subjugation.

We spoke last week in favor of improved roads, particularly as to their proper location in Greenwood. Since writing the article, the Republican Convention has taken up the question and has inserted a plank in its platform indorsing this idea. Of course the action of the convention thereon is wholly due to our presistent efforts.

The American people are rapidly acquiring a new trait of character, that of "excursioning," and more particularly in transforming Sunday from a day of rest and meditation into a day of tramping. These Sunday excursions quite often make the day the noisiest in the week, sometimes winding up in boisterous drunkenness. The present tendency is towards making Sunday excursions unpopular.

Changes in Agriculture.

In a recent publication of the Michigan Political Science association Romanzo Adams, of the University of Michigan, discusses the changed conditions of agriculture in that state. The notable feature has been the change from extensive to intensive farming, and evolution in conditions that is paralleled in the other states of the middle west. Until 1890 the wasteful extensive methods were employed. The chief business of the Michigan farmer was not farming, but the making of a farm. He grew wheat lavishly, and thus wasted his rich soil, the temptation being especially strong, inasmuch as of the north central states Michigan is first in its average yield, which for the last ten years has been 15.2 bushels. The usual indications of intensive farming are an increase in the rural population and a decrease in the size of the farms. Neither of these conditions is found in Michigan. The average farm is 80 acres in area, practically the same as in 1860, and about the size of the average farm in New England, New York or Pennsylvania. But the proportion of improved land in each farm has increased from 55.7 in 1860 to 57.2, and the number of farms in the state has been multiplied three-fold. In 1878-'80 wheat and corn, which are the typical extensive crop, occupied 40.5 per cent. of the improved land, whereas in 1891-'95 these two crops were sown on only 27.2 per cent. This means an increased proportion devoted to other crops. The realization of the wastefulness of raising wheat excessively has led to the change to intensive farming.

A speech by telephone was delivered last week by Senator Depew in Washington to the Transportation club, an organization of railway men, in New York. At their annual dinner 60 telephone receivers were passed around, and the chairman announced that, though Senator Depew had sent a telegram of regret, which had been read, a surprise was in reserve. Mr. Depew was heard distinctly, and began thus: "I have spoken to 30,000 people. This is the first time I have made a speech 200 miles long. It is the business of railroad men to annihilate space by steam, and they intend to break down limits by electricity." Applause was frequent, for which the senator, with a receiver at his ear in Washington, returned his thanks. A flashlight picture was taken of the 60 banqueters with the telephone receivers in position.

Recently the pope received eight American sailors from the training ship Dixie, now on a cruise through the Mediterranean, who, after his holiness left the Sistine chapel, sang "Dixie" with great vigor. This astonished and somewhat scandalized the people present, but pleased the pope.

Growing Greed for Wealth.

The greed of wealth is a seductive and treacherous aspect of unrighteousness, asserting the falsehood that a man's life consists in the multitude of the things that he possesses. It is the great hardener of hearts, says the Boston Herald. It knows neither justice nor mercy. It befouls charity with insincerity and ostentation. It poisons the ingenuousness of youth, pollutes the wisdom of life, makes age unverentable and death a degradation. Yet the conviction can hardly be avoided that the insane greed has become the controlling passion in the lives of a large and influential body of our people. It sways every aspiration and rules every activity with a presuming and audacious authority never before so plainly manifest. In the senate, the college and the church, as well as in the market, the shop and the parlor, it makes its baleful spirit evident. The worst of the matter is that there seems to be a steady increase of cringing submission to its assumptions and its demands, less independence of its behests, less confidence in the superiority of other motives and other satisfactions, less contentment with modest compensations of industry, less cheerfulness in conscious rectitude in an humble lot, in sobriety, in frugality, in sacrifice, in domestic simplicity, in social helpfulness.

Miss Jennie Creek, of Mill Grove, Ia., who saved a world's fair train on the Pan-Handle from a wreck in 1898 and who was made a member of the French Legion of Honor for the act and recently invited to attend the Paris exposition as the guest of the National Humane Society of France, is financially unable to pay the expenses of the trip and some friends proposed to raise the money by popular subscription and by selling a small book which contained the story of her daring act. Editor Bundy, of the Marion News, asked Miss Creek to visit Marion during the Elks carnival and sell the book from a booth. She replied that she would like to attend the Paris exposition, but she could not consent to appear as a "freak" in order to get the money.

Must the Japanese "go," too? Ten thousand of them are said to have landed on our Pacific coast during the first three weeks of April, and for several months they have been arriving at the rate of a hundred thousand a year, ten times the normal immigration. Some are known to be contract laborers, and they will be deported; others, later on, may wish they, too, had been sent back. It is suggested that many of them flee to this country because they fear war between Japan and Russia; but probably, if they had heard the story of a certain labor war in which the Chinese once figured, they would have preferred to take their chances at home.

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

A physician in Scott county, Kan., recently removed to another part of the state because he could not make both ends meet in his practice; but his services were so badly needed in the old field that the citizens circulated a petition asking the county commissioners to appropriate a bonus of $500 annually to the doctor, on condition that he should return. The commissioners made the appropriation, and the doctor has gone back to his former home.

The citizens of Hiawatha, Kan., are divided into two hostile camps over a curious question. Some time ago a wealthy woman died and was buried. When her will was opened it was discovered that she had left $500 for the improvement of the cemetery in which she should be buried. The managers of the graveyard in which she wasn't buried are trying to have the body moved, and the people have taken sides.

A Chicago girl writes to a friend about her hero, who is a soldier in the Philippines. She says: "I got a letter from ——. He is getting along splendid. He has been assigned to the guardhouse for five days. Says it is a pretty hot place, but, then, you know, he never shirks from his duty. Ma and I are naturally proud to hear of his promotion."

The latest novelty in street railway management has just been introduced by a Chicago road which has placed a supply of whisk brooms and clothes brushes in a cabinet in the front of its cars, with an invitation to passengers whose clothes become dusty to take one of the implements, retire to the rear platform and use it.

"Did they all come out of one egg?" ejaculated a little girl the other day upon seeing for the first time a flock of downy chickens. The child had been for several years in the institution familiarly known as the Beecher orphan asylum, in Brooklyn, and has just gone to her new home, in Woodstock, Conn.

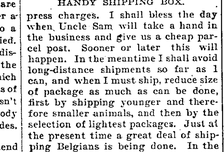
All tired out—
Once a day's work didn't use him up so—
Now he comes home with an aching back, aching head, aching limbs, feeling tired, miserable, discouraged.
It's the kidneys.
The backache is kidney ache, tired kidneys—
They are not filtering the blood as they should—are leaving the uric acid and other poisons in the system—
The kidneys must be strengthened—
Well kidneys make a well man.
Doan's Kidney Pills
Make well kidneys—they are not a new medicine—not an experiment—they've been tested and thousands endorse their merit. Here's a case of it:
Mr. John Mitchell, night baggagemaster at the Erie depot, Hornellsville, N. Y., says:
"Some time ago I handled trunks and baggage as carefully as the most officious passenger could desire. I had to, for my back ached and was painful across the loins. Afraid that the trouble might become more serious and still further interfere with my work, I bought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and took them. The result was all that could be desired, my backache disappeared. I endorse Doan's Kidney Pills."
For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

FARM & GARDEN.

NEAT SHIPPING BOXES.

In Making Them Lightness Is the Most Important Item to Be Kept in Mind.

My indignation has often been aroused by the excessive rates which I had to pay to the express companies for forwarding packages containing eggs for hatching, rabbits or other live animals, etc. For long distances these rates are often prohibitive. A few weeks ago I shipped a pair of rabbits to Tennessee, and although the animals were not full-grown, weighing scarcely eight pounds together, and the box was made very light, I had to guarantee the payment of over $3 ex-



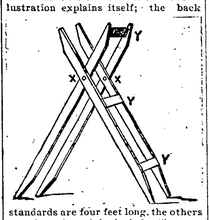
HANDY SHIPPING BOX.

press charges. I shall bless the day when Uncle Sam will take a hand in the business and give us a cheap parcel post. Sooner or later this will come to pass. In the meantime I shall avoid long-distance shipments so far as I can, and when I must ship, reduce size of package as much as can be done, first by shipping younger and therefore smaller animals, and then by the selection of lightest packages. Just at the present time a great deal of shipping Belgians is being done. In the comparatively few instances that I have been shipping rabbits, pigeons, etc., I have made use of a light box, the upper corners of which had been cut high enough to extend sticking out on either side so far as the post hole will allow. On this peg set a three-cornered block that can be nailed both to the peg and the post. This makes an additional obstruction for the frost to lift, and if the water has been turned away from the post, and can get off through the underdrains, the fence will remain firm so long as the post does not rot. When it does rot, it will most likely be at the surface, for there the changes of temperature and from wet to dry are more frequent than they are deeper in the ground. In most post fences the part above ground is much longer than that below. It sometimes pays to take up post and board fences that have been long in the ground, and after painting some diluted carbolic acid on parts that have decayed to prevent further progress, set them with the top part in the soil. If this top is well dried it will be immersed in diluted carbolic acid before being placed in the ground. It will then be much less likely to decay quickly.—American Cultivator.

HANDY BAG HOLDER.

For All Ordinary Purposes It Is Just as Good as the Contrivances Sold in Stores.

I send a rough drawing of a bag holder I have used for some time and find it all that can be desired. The illustration explains itself; the back



standards are four feet long, the others are three feet eight inches. Cleats at Y, bolts at X. The bolt holes are six and one-half inches from top end of back and eight inches on front standards. The width at top should be just as wide as a common scoop shovel, say 11 inches; spread the bottom to 16 or 18 inches, to make it stand rigid.—E. S. Hewitt, in Ohio Farmer.

Death to Wild Mustard.

Wild mustard in small grain is one of the worst weed pests of the Canadian farmer has to deal with. A test of a solution of sulphate of copper was made on the farm of Thomas Shillington, Ottawa, Ont., with encouraging results. A two per cent. solution, that is, one pound to five gallons of water, sprayed on when the grain was from six to nine inches high, blasted the mustard without injuring the grain or the clover underneath. A stronger solution did the work quicker but was no more effective. The same weed is troublesome in some sections on this side of the line, particularly in oats. This hint may help some of our folks to combat it.—Farm Journal.

Set the glass jars in a pan of water full or empty, and with a soft cloth dipped in thick white lead paint give each jar a swipe. You will thus have a blank label permanently applied. The name of the contents, date, etc., may after a few hours be written with the point of a wire nail, not on, but clear through, the label, thus defying time to efface or mold to blur it. A damp sponge or rag can be made to bring the writing out clear even after years of dampness in the cellar, says an exchange.

A bow-legged Baltimore man has submitted to an operation in order to overcome the objections of a girl who doesn't admire the wishbone effect in husbands. Yet there are persons who affect to believe that love is deteriorating.

DRIVING FENCE POSTS.

A Task That Is Accompanied by More Difficulties Than Is Generally Supposed.

It undoubtedly saves a good deal of hard work when building fences where posts are required to sharpen the end of the post and with a huge wooden beetle drive it deeply into the moist soil in spring as far as possible. But the plan has also its disadvantages, which are developed after a year or two, when frost lifts up the post every winter, so that if the top of the fences be heavy the post is soon in a tumble-down condition. The failure of the driving down plan of setting posts comes from the fact that usually the post is only driven down to the depth of the annual freezing in winter. When it comes to the "hard pan," where frost has not penetrated before, the post cannot be driven farther. Its point turns up or the top of the post will be split by the severe pounding it will receive. Yet unless the post is set deeper than the frost will penetrate it is very difficult to make it stand erect until decay has done its work.

In a soil where there is a deep underdrain posts may be set nearly to its depth by driving, and remain firm as long as the post lasts. The plan is to either build a pile of earth around the post as to keep the water away from it, or to bore a hole through the post somewhere near the bottom, and drive a wooden peg the size of the hole through it and sticking out on either side so far as the post hole will allow. On this peg set a three-cornered block that can be nailed both to the peg and the post. This makes an additional obstruction for the frost to lift, and if the water has been turned away from the post, and can get off through the underdrains, the fence will remain firm so long as the post does not rot. When it does rot, it will most likely be at the surface, for there the changes of temperature and from wet to dry are more frequent than they are deeper in the ground. In most post fences the part above ground is much longer than that below. It sometimes pays to take up post and board fences that have been long in the ground, and after painting some diluted carbolic acid on parts that have decayed to prevent further progress, set them with the top part in the soil. If this top is well dried it will be immersed in diluted carbolic acid before being placed in the ground. It will then be much less likely to decay quickly.—American Cultivator.

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To Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 41,897]

"DEAR FRIEND—A year ago I was a great sufferer from female weakness. My head ached all the time and I would get so dizzy and have that all gone feeling in the stomach and was so nervous and restless that I did not know what to do with myself.

"My food did me no good and I had a bad case of whites. I wrote to you and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as directed, I can truly say that I feel like a new woman and cannot tell you how grateful I am to you.

"I have recommended it to all my friends and have given it to my daughter who is now getting along splendidly. May you live many years to help our suffering sisters."—MRS. C. CARPENTER, 253 GRAND ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Over eighty thousand such letters as this were received by Mrs. Pinkham during 1897. Surely this is strong proof of her ability to help suffering women.

To Repair Broken Articles use Major's Cement

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

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 a lots of suffering—and perhaps from a consumptive's grave, for coughing leads to consumption.

DEAN'S BALSAM

is the King of Cough Cures—that's why we sell more of it than any other kind.

Let us give you a sample to try.

Large Bottles, 25 Cts.

SOLD BY

L. A. BURROWS

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Akron, O., Jan. 5, 1900.

Dr. M. M. FENNER, Peoria, N. Y.

"We have sold many dozens of your St. Vitus' Dance Specific, and every case has been cured by it. It has proved a big thing here." ALLEN-CLARE DRUG CO.

SURE AND QUICK CURE.

GRAY'S 25c BALSAM

DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but dissolves it, soothes the soreness and heals 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.

FALL OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

Oh he was the head of a Bachelor Club,
Heigh-ho, my lady!
And he smoked a pipe as he sat with his glass
and his sub-
Heigh-ho, my lady;
"No wife with her wants and her troubles for me,
No blubbering babies to hold on my knee,
But a life that from jarring and jangling
is free."

Oh he was the pride of the bachelor boys,
Heigh-ho, my lady.
And he scoffed at men's visions of marital joys.
Heigh-ho, sweet lady.
He came and he went when he pleased
and he said:
"A man is a man till he's married or
dead"—
But the stubbornest mule to the trough
may be led,
Heigh-ho, fair lady.

Oh she was a maid full of maidenish
wiles,
Heigh-ho, my laddie;
And she frowned but to make sweet
amends with her smiles,
Heigh-ho, my laddie!
What an ankle peeped out o'er the top
of her shoe!
What dimples she had, how she masteered them, too!
What she wished to have done 'twas a
pleasure for you
To do—
Heigh-ho, my laddie!

She chanced to trip past where he loitered one day,
Heigh-ho, my laddie,
And she tossed her proud head in a heart-breaking way
Heigh-ho, poor laddie!
"Men are manly until they are love-lorn!"
Ah let
The scoffer go hang! Love is manlier
yet!
There is crape on the door where the
bachelors met—
Heigh-ho, brave laddie!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HER SISTER'S SECRET

By Owen Oliver.

I HAD vowed never to enter the Dormers' house again; but when they sent word that Maisie was dying I went there as fast as a hansom would carry me. That child had been such friends—the child and I.

She was propped up in bed with pillows, and her pretty face was pale and drawn, but she smiled when she saw me. I took her wasted hand in mine and kissed her cheek.

"I was sure you would come," she said, in a faint, pleased voice.

"Of course," I answered. "Of course, my dear child." She was only 14. "There is no quarrel between you and me." We had remained good friends when the rest of the family was most dead.

"We never have quarreled," she said, holding my hand slightly. "There is not much time to quarrel now. You won't, will you, Fred?" I shook my head. A lump in my throat kept me from speaking. "Promise me before I tell you—something."

"My poor little Maisie!" I cried, brokenly. "I promise!" she had been a pet of mine from the days when she was a toddling baby and I a big, awkward boy.

"It is very secret," she stated, in a slow, far-off voice. "My dear—it is only for Fred." Her mother shook up the pillows and left us alone, but Maisie seemed unable to make up her mind to speak.

"You know I would do anything for you, little girl," I said, soothingly. Her eyes brightened, and she nodded, but the smile died gradually away.

"Turn me over a little," she entreated, "and pull the corner of the pillow over my face. I can't tell you if you look at me." So I turned her very gently and waited, but she still said nothing.

"Well, May?" I asked.

"You used to be fond of me?"

"I am fond of you. I shall never have anyone to replace you, dear."

"Suppose I had done something dreadful? Something that hurt you?"

"I should know that you could not help it."

"Something mean?" Her voice almost broke.

"You couldn't."

"Ah! but suppose I had?"

"Then," I said, firmly, "I should know it was just a slip, like we all make—like I make sometimes. I should not blame you, little one." I stroked her long, silky hair and thought how I would miss her. I had never fully realized before how very fond I was of my fanciful little friend.

"Will you promise to forgive me, dear Fred?" she added, pleadingly.

"If there is anything to forgive."

"There is."

"Then, whatever it is, I forgive you. So you need not tell me now."

"I must," she said, resolutely. "It is about you and Lucy—when you quarreled." She stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" Lucy was her elder sister. We had been engaged.

"You wrote her an explanation—a satisfactory explanation."

"Apparently she did not think so. She never answered the letter that I gave you to deliver."

"She never had it," said Maisie, with a sob.

"Maisie!"

"—I kept it." She buried her face in the pillow. I was too astonished for words, but I kept stroking her hair. "I read it first. Then I burnt it."

"But—why?"

"Because I was a coward," she sobbed; "because I—oh, Fred, forgive me! Don't despise me more than you can help." A light flashed into my mind. I bent over her and kissed her cheek.

"My little Maisie," I said, tenderly. "My poor, loving, little girl! You cared so much as that for me?"

"I thought, perhaps, if you didn't marry Lucy, and we were good friends, and I grew up—oh, Fred, I shan't grow up now!" I put my arms round her and held her close to me.

"If you get well, May," I said, "and grow up I shall like you better than anybody." She laughed faintly. "I believe I always did." I wiped her eyes.

"I shan't," she said. "So—you will like her again, now, won't you?"

I hesitated. My affection for Lucy died a natural death. It had never been very deep. Neither, I fancy, had hers for me.

"Time will prove," I said, slowly. "I doubt if she—"

"She does," said Maisie.

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes."

I frowned. "You have not told her—about the letter?" She shook her head. "Then I never will. It is useless your asking me to do so."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave enough." She buried her face. "I want them to think well of me," she cried, piteously, "when—when—I—"

"Oh, Maisie, don't!" Tae tears were in my eyes.

"But you will be good to her? You will make it up—won't you? You need not tell her about me—only say that you are sorry and want to be friends. Then you can be engaged again, and—some day—" Her lips quivered.

"Marry her?" She nodded. "But if I no longer care for her? If I know that I can never love her as I could love? My dear little playfellow and friend, I am not half so fond of Lucy as I am of you."

"Ah!" She looked at me with big, deep eyes. "I am only a child. There are different kinds of fondness, dear Fred." The wistful affection in the child's face touched me to the heart, and I kissed her frail hands.

"Get better, little one, and see," I said, brokenly. Then we sat in silence for a long time, holding hands.

"I am getting sleepy, Fred," she murmured. "Kiss me." I kissed her several times, and she went smilingly to sleep, with her cheek against my arm and her hand in my hand. Mrs. Dormer came in, but I sat motionless for an hour, till the child's grasp relaxed, and I could draw myself away without awaking her.

"I shall come to-morrow morning," I whispered. Her mother nodded constrainedly, and I went out on tiptoe. Lucy met me at the bottom of the stairs.

"I have something to tell you," she said, "if you will spare me a minute." I bowed and followed her into the empty dining-room. She sank into an armchair by the fireside, and I stood by the mantelpiece, looking down upon her. It seemed strange to be so near to her and so indifferent to the fact. For one thing was clear to me—that if I had ever really loved Lucy Dormer, I loved her no longer. We were quite unsuited to one another, and if I married her it would merely be a useless sacrifice of two lives.

"I treated you badly," she said, abruptly. I raised my eyebrows. After Maisie's confession there seemed no reason for the admission.

"There were things," I said, slowly "that needed explanation."

"Some things are beyond explanation."

"Perhaps they are better left so."

"One can ask forgiveness." There was a faint note of entreaty in her voice. I fidgeted impatiently with a little ornament on the mantel shelf. If I asked for forgiveness she would give more.

"If one desires forgiv[illegible] at length. It sounded [illegible] might avoid worse thi[illegible]

"Oh!" she cried, "I do.

"You!" I said, with astonishment. "You! What have I to forgive you?" She toyed with her handkerchief.

"I thought Maisie would tell you. The child was always fond of you." So she knew.

"Maisie has told me," I said, gravely. "Lucy, it is right to be frank. I have discovered that my little playfellow, child as she is, has the best love that I can ever give to anyone." She looked at me in surprise. Then she laughed scornfully.

"I see," she said: "You want an excuse. You might invent one without taking my poor little sister's name in vain."

"It is no excuse," I said, firmly. We looked at one another for a minute in silence.

"Then," she said, "I did not hurt you. I am glad." She stamped her foot passionately. "No, no, I am not! I am sorry—sorry, do you hear?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"There is no more to say?" I suggested.

"No more to say," she echoed faintly. I walked to the door. "Fred!" she cried, abruptly, "I must say it. Listen to me, if you will not forgive."

"Forgive?" I asked. "What have I to forgive?" She looked at me in apparent bewilderment.

"Do you not know that I never told my people of your explanation? That I let all the blame rest on you?"

"My letter!" I cried. "My letter?"

"The letter you sent to Maisie?"

"She gave it to you?"

"Of course she gave it to me," said Lucy, opening her eyes wide. "Why not?" I ought to have known. My brave little girl!

"Maisie told me that she never gave you the letter, Lucy; that all the blame was here." I walked to the window and looked out for a time in silence, broken by Lucy's sobs.

"She told you—that—just to—screen me," she said, brokenly.

"Yes." I could not say more for the moment. Presently I walked back to the fire. "God bless her!" I said, softly. "Let us say no more about it, Lucy, and be friends for her sake."

Lucy wiped her eyes and looked into the fire. Then she spoke with her eyes averted from me.

"When we quarreled it was only what I had, for some time, intended."

"Your reason?" I asked, mechanically. I did not really care.

"Some one else was a better match. I—I did not like him so well." I bowed. It was immaterial. "I knew that my people would disapprove of my breaking our engagement for this reason. They were fond of you."

"I was fond of them." Their behavior had hurt and surprised me. In the letter I had particularly asked Lucy to show them my explanation, whether she accepted it or not.

"Consequently I was glad — or thought I was—when I heard something about you which gave me an excuse to quarrel."

"It was false, as I told you in the letter."

"As you told me in the letter. Therefore I did not answer the letter or tell my parents, but let the blame rest on you." She shivered.

"Do not trouble about it any more," I said, not unkindly. "The bitterness is over now."

"Yes," she said, "it is over. I refused him, after all. You do not ask me why. Perhaps you do not wish to know?"

I shook my head.

"I do not wish to know." She nodded to the fire. "But I forgive you, Lucy." She nodded again. There was nothing more to say, since I could not say what she wished. So I turned to go. But there was a knock at the front door, and I heard some one say "The doctor." So I waited to hear what he pronounced.

After a few moments he came down the stairs talking to Mrs. Dormer.

"It is a natural sleep," he said. "The pulse is steadier and the temperature more normal. The odds are still against her, but there is hope."

The tears came to my eyes at last, and Lucy came and put her hand on my shoulder.

"You can win her back to life, Fred," she said, "our little girl. Stay till she wakes." I had already resolved to stay.

I went upstairs and sat with my elbow on her bed and my face on my hand, watching my little favorite. Presently her mother came and knelt beside me.

"Lucy has told me all, Fred," she whispered. "You—you will not tell the others?"

"I will not." I promised.

Special Sale At Coston's.

Beginning Saturday, June 23d.

For the benefit of our customers, we will place on Special Sale, Saturday, June 23d, and continuing 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 any thing 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.

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