THE ANDOVER NEWS
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Lovers of the woods and of wild animals know that there has been an alarming decrease in all kinds of North American game, and that some of the noblest species are in imminent danger of extinction. The matter is attracting the attention of state legislatures and public-spirited persons, and has led to the organization of the League of American Sportsmen, the aim of which is to create a standing army of game protectors, with representatives in every state and territory of the union. There are now nearly 5,000 members, says our informant, including such men as Gov. Roosevelt, of New York; Gov. Richards, of Wyoming; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the United States biological survey; Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York zoological park; President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., university; President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins university, and Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, the artist-naturalist. An illustration of the good which the league is doing comes from California. Long before the first white man entered the Golden Gate a vast herd of seals and sea lions played about the entrance to San Francisco bay. Part of that herd still remains—perhaps 30,000 or 40,000—an object of interest, even of affection, to the people of the state. Yet a few months ago the California fish commission decided to have all these creatures killed. Expert hunters and riflemen had already been engaged, but the league took the matter in hand and interested the authorities at Washington so effectually that the herd was saved. The protection of song and insectivorous birds; war against the "game hogs" who disfigure the papers with pictures of themselves posing beside piles of game or before clothes lines full of fish; above all, the creation of a love of wild animals and a gentlemanly and exalted standard of sportsmanship—these are the interests of the league. At present it is working to save the antelope of our western plains from going the melancholy way of the buffalo.

Out of 17,500,000 pieces of one registered mail announced in the United States the loss has been one-thousandth of one per cent., and in the transmission of ordinary letters the loss is but seven-thousandths of one per cent.

A brief telegram the other day recited that one James McMullen had lost

Remarkable Accident.

an arm in a wringing machine in a laundry at Hutchinson. Here is the remarkable story related about the accident by the Hutchinson (Kan.) News: "McMullen stopped at the wringer and held his hands over it to dry them. He got one hand too low, so that the air suction caught it, and his arm from the elbow down was taken off as by a miracle. The wringer is a large circular iron affair, with a smaller box inside it in which the clothes are placed. The smaller apartment is perforated with holes upon the sides, and the whole thing revolves at the rate of several thousand revolutions a minute. The effect is that the air currents within the wringer are as terrific in their power as the center section of a Kansas cyclone. When a cyclone strikes a brick building and hurls it to atoms the force seems appalling and incomprehensible. The accident to Mr. McMullen was equally mystifying. The instant his arm came into contact with the current of air it was parted at the elbow. One part lay on the clothes that were in the machine and the other dangled from his shoulder. There was nothing about the machine to give him even a scratch. The nerve exhibited by McMullen was wonderful. 'It never touched me!' was the first thing he said. The girls in the room were screaming, and McMullen calmly informed them that it was not his head that was taken off and told them to be still. He was taken to a hospital and his arm was amputated close to the shoulder."

The deportation of 800 out of a shipload of 1,085 immigrants, who recently arrived in New York, because of their not having sufficient money to meet the requirements of the law, was an event which may have excellent fruit. Of course the expense of taking the 800 back to Europe falls upon the steamship company whose agents were probably mainly responsible for the immigrants coming here in the first place. This will cost considerable money and may have the result of making the agents a little less enterprising. Such a result would certainly be more gratifying to the people of this country, who are growing alarmed at the rapid increase in immigration from the European countries.

Explicitness in business matters is of the utmost importance, as was shown the other day by a New York mercantile house of high reputation which closed its doors for a day out of respect to the memory of a deceased partner. The fact was telegraphed to another city, which interpreted "closed its doors" as meaning that it had failed. From this beginning the whole country was soon flooded with a report of a great mercantile disaster. Before the report could be denied it had served completely to demoralize the cotton market and had depressed the stock market.

There is a man in Washington who does a flourishing and profitable business in collecting the cartoons of statesmen as they appear in the illustrated daily and weekly newspapers of the country. When he gets together an extensive collection of the caricatures of any particular statesman, he invites the victim thereof to view them, and he usually finds an eager customer at once. It makes no difference whether the fortes or foibles of the subject are illustrated in the pictures—they go at good prices just the same.

The memory of Caesar, a Great Dane that belonged to Mrs. T. B. M. Coe, of Germantown, but which died recently, is to be kept green by a monument costing $200. Caesar was nine years old and three feet tall and was a great pet among the Cardezas' large collection of animals. The dog was buried in a fine coffin, with real silk lining and silver handles. On the monument, which is now being constructed, will be inscribed the following: "Erected to an old and faithful friend."

A conflict of authority between officers of the law led to the escape of a party of inmates of a disorderly house at Galena, Kan., a few days ago. Deputy sheriffs and policemen arrived at the same time, arrested seven of the girl inmates and then went to quarreling over whether they were state or city prisoners. While the quarrel was at its height the girls slipped out and made their way safely across the state line into Missouri.

According to the treasury estimate, the population of the United States on June 1, 1899, was 76,011,000. If there is the same increase of population from June 1, 1899, to June 1, 1900, the date of the census, as there was from June 1, 1898, to June 1, 1899, the number of inhabitants returned by the enumerators will be 77,622,000 for this year's census—exactly 15,000,000 more than by the census of ten years ago.

When a woman makes up her mind to get into the charmed circle of society there is nothing in heaven above nor on the earth beneath that will check her effort. A story in illustration of this persistency of the fair ones is told by a well-known leader in Washington society, says the Chicago Chronicle. In high officialdom is a little lady, dainty as a spring crocus, who was a member of the inner circle long before she became a part of officialdom. On one of her last reception days she was chatting with cabinet women when the servant announced the arrival of a woman who is struggling to get into things as never a social climber struggled before. The hostess knew her by sight merely and had never so much as had a bowing acquaintance with her, but official people are used to seeing strangers at their receptions and the lady of the house bowed with her usual graciousness. The climber's quick eye took in the situation. She saw the two cabinet women and had seen how they saw her. She rose to the occasion in masterly fashion. "My dear Mrs. Blank," she said, gushingly, clasping her hostess' hand warmly, "I was so sorry not to have been at home when you called on Friday. It was so sweet of you to come so soon and I do hope you'll come in very often, informally, that way." And before the hostess had recovered from her surprise the climber had passed on, well content, for she had appeared in the presence of two cabinet women as the intimate friend of a lady who had never set foot on her doorstep.

Climbing the Social Ladder.

It is reported that the franchises of nearly 1,000 corporations in Texas have been revoked recently because of their failure to pay the state taxes.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Pain in Head, Side and Back.

For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side, and in the small of the back. I was nervous and constipated and could not sleep. The pills and other medicines I tried only made a bad matter worse. Then I tried Celery King. One package cured me and made a new woman of me.—Mrs. Th. Kleinhammer, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

25 CENTS.

TESTED BY TRIFLES.

Man Makes an Idiot of Himself When He Upsets a Small Bottle of Ink.

Flies are great tests of character, son. A man may be cool as an iceberg under extraordinary circumstances of danger or times of intense excitement; he may be calm when, at your request, you order, he is facing a six-gun battery and getting ready to try if he can push a bayonet through a cannoneer before the gunner shoves eight pounds of assorted ironmongery through him; he may assume command and act nobly and quietly when the ship is sinking; he may preserve an even mind when the hotel is on fire; he may even speak grammatically when the ghost enters his room at midnight.

But let that man upset a very small inkstand, says Robert J. Burdette in the Los Angeles Times, with only very little ink in it, on his desk. He upsets his chair on the office cat as he leaps to his feet with a howl like a wild Indian or a baseball coach; he makes a desperate grab at the inkstand and swoops it half way across the desk before he sweeps it off into an open drawer full of unanswered letters; then he sows after his papers and drags them through a little puddle of ink that wasn't doing a bit of harm before he mopped it zigzag and crooked all over everything with his white handkerchief; and finally, after he has smeared the top of his desk, his hands and his gray pantaloons with ink, he discovers that at the first dash he had knocked a much larger bottle of red ink clear off the desk on to the floor, where it has lain, draining its crimson life away in the very heart of the lightest figure on a blue and white carpet.

Then he says things at the flies of life, and wonders why a man always makes an idiot of himself when he upsets a little bottle of ink. And he may keep on wondering. Because he will never know why. Nobody knows. He just does it; that is all.

A woman who wears a stuffed bird on her hat is liable to a fine of from $5 to $50 by a law recently passed by the legislature of Arkansas.

The newest trick game is called Jopjee and consists of a box containing six marbles, each of which must be placed in a particular hole.

THE LADY

CONSTRUCTING A SILO

Some of the Things to Be Taken Consideration by Those About to Build One.

Let it be air-tight. Your wife hardly expect fine flavored fruit her table had not the glass jars hermetically sealed.

The staves forming the silo may beveled, tongued and grooved. height desired can be reached ends of the staves are properly together, the best known plan being this being to use a metal which when finished is wholly cealed and makes the stave from tom to top as good as if of one piece.

Use round iron for hoops, heavy size at the base, medium middle of silo, and little lighter top. Locate hoops some near gether for large silos than for ones, the average distance spacing about two feet.

On 16-foot diameter silo needs two draw lugs and corresponding nuts. Two lugs answer usually.

"It costs about as much to keep a cow that makes five pounds of butter a week as it does one that makes ten.

"The average price of butter the past year was two and a half cents a pound higher than the year preceding.

"The attendance on dairy schools is increasing, and the capacity of all of them will have to be enlarged before long.

"The well-treated cow evinces a disposition to put her owner and her calf on same footing. That is the best she can do by her owner.—Rural World.

GRADING UP A HERD.

Highly Instructive Figures Which Show What Feed and Management Will Do.

In the grading up of a herd, experiment station work has shown that proper care and feeding count for much in milk production and may do much to improve the milking qualities of otherwise poor cows. Consequently, before a cow is rejected it should be determined that the fault of low production lies with the cow herself, and not with the feed and care she has received. At the Kansas experiment station a herd of 20 common scrub cows, which "were below average cows even of the state," were selected to see what could be made of them by proper handling. The average yield of milk per cow under such handling was 5,707 pounds, the poorest cow giving 3,581 pounds, and the average yield of butter fat was 238 pounds, the poorest cow giving 135.7 pounds. The value of the butter fat averaged $27.75 per cow. To compare this with the conditions in the state, the records were collected of 82 herds in one of the leading dairy sections. The average annual yield was found to be 5,441 pounds of milk per cow, and 104.3 pounds of butter fat, the value of which was $19.79.

The greatest yield secured from the scrub herd is attributed by the station to three causes: First, at all times their rations were either balanced or contained an excess of protein—the material which builds blood and milk—while the Kansas cow usually, when on dry feed, has only half enough protein. Second, kindness and shelter. Our scrub cows were petted, comfortably sheltered, and driven faster than a slow walk, and never spoken to in an unkind tone. Third, a full milk yield was secured through the summer drought by giving extra feed.—Ohio Farmer.

SCREENS FOR STABLES.

Comfort and Health of All Classes of Stock Depend Upon Freedom from Attack by Flies.

On many farms flies are to be found swarming through the barns in myriads, tormenting the horses in their stalls and the cows when hitched up

SCREENS FOR COW STABLES.

at night. Cheap, easily-made screens for stable windows are shown in the cut. Make a frame the size of the window of four pieces of laths, and stretch a rectangle of cotton mosquito netting across it. Have ready four other similar pieces of laths and nail them over the netting, breaking joints with the first pieces, as shown. The netting is held firmly between the pieces. Such screen can be made in ten minutes.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Insulator for Ice Houses.

After many tests for a good insulator to put into the walls of ice-houses sawdust has been declared the best. A New England house built in 1653 had lasted in its walls to keep out the cold, but when examined two years ago the boards was in a state of perfect preservation. The grass is practically not subject to decay. Eel-grass is well known to every person that has ever lived on the coast. It grows in inexhaustible quantities in the water just below the low-tide line.

It is a curious fact, despite the general knowledge of the deadly power of high-tension electric currents and their well-known use for executing criminals, there is no record of a deliberate suicide by electric shock.

The lot of the discharged prisoner is still anything but a happy one. Here Samuel Seely, released from the Brooklyn penitentiary after having served a five years' sentence for embezzlement, coming forth a free man with just five dollars in his pocket, given him by the penitentiary authorities and finding his former wife married and remarried and his son with her father's name, which the courts have allowed him to take to hide his shame. This, says a local exchange, is the discharged prisoner all alone in the world and with the fates against him.

ROUND SILO WITH ALL

each hoop. They might be of wood but malleable are better, safer.

The lumber should be thoroughly well seasoned and of a good grade. Some kinds are more liable than others to shrink and swell. Let this be a thought of. Experience has taught that cypress and white hemlock are good results.

The willing boy or hired man may be ambitious to handle the silo. Let them occasionally spread some of a suitable wood preservative on the inside surface of the silo, and paint the exterior.

For removing the ensilage from the silo there must be openings in the side of doors, or an open section, such as were formerly used until a much more economical and labor-saving device was devised. The silage being used is produced and so concentrated, economy in labor and cost of handling have the silo that is made with a continuous opening front. The silage is discharged out of the silo at any points down the front of the silo as the feeding season advances.

Ensilage originated from the need of having a low cost and suitable food for winter feeding. It has it served that purpose through the midsummer pastures because the silo is coming to be well adapted for summer and autumn use. This should be remembered when the size of the silo is chosen.—Farm and Home.

THE DAIRY TYPE COW.

Instructive Figures Taken from Averages in a Large Herd for a Series of Years.

Careful experiments show that a dairy-type of cow yields on average 6,500 pounds of milk yearly, while a cow with beef heredity and tendencies yields 4,500 pounds under similar conditions, says the Farm, Stock and Home. When milk brings a dollar a hundred, as is now the case, the net income from the butter from the dairy cow, with a milk average four per cent. fat, is $77, while that from the cow of beef heredity and whose milk only averages three per cent. fat, is only $27. The feeding value of the skim milk giving four per cent. fat butter is worth one-seventh more per pound than is the milk containing three per cent. Adding the actual value of the skim milk of each cow to the returns for butter, we get from the dairy cow $55 and from the other $33. These figures are taken from average herd for a series of years and under the most favorable conditions. Another very important result should be noted in this connection, and that is that the cows having a flesh-forming tendency remain useful in the herd for only half as long as do the dairy type cows, so that the former are more apt to contract disease than is the spare cow.

TIMELY DAIRY NOTES.

In feeding the calves there should be no guess work about the quantity or the temperature of the milk.

Now the census enumerator scurries about with a ready access to all such facts and figures as he may be called upon to secure, urges the Boston Globe. If you have any objection to any of the queries he will ask, officially write to the congressman of your district and let him know. But treat the enumerator and his questions kindly; not so to do would be wrong.

Twenty-four million people attend church in the United States every Sunday, according to statistics recently presented. There is one church for every 337 people in the country.

Two rivers up Yukon way have the names of McKinley and Bryan, respectively.

What a Little Faith Did FOR MRS. ROCKWELL.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 69,884]

"I was a great sufferer from female weakness and had no strength. It was impossible for me to attend to my household duties. I had tried everything and many doctors, but found no relief.

"My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did; before using all of one bottle I felt better. I kept on with it and to my great surprise I am cured. All who suffer from female complaints should give it a trial."—Mrs. Rockwell, 1209 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

From a Grateful Newark Woman.

"When I wrote to you I was very sick, had not been well for two years. The doctors did not seem to help me, and one said I could not live three months. I had womb trouble, falling, ulcers, kidney and bladder trouble. There seemed to be such a drawing and burning pain in my bowels that I could not rest anywhere. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and following your advice, I feel well again and stronger than ever. My bowels feel as if they had been made over new.—With many thanks for your help, I remain, L. G., 74 Ann St., Newark, N. J."

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Akron, O., Jan. 8, 1900.
Dr. M. M. FENNER, Buffalo, 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 blessing here."
ALLEN-CLARK 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 Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, 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.

Constipation

Will cause you more trouble than any other disease.

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 headache, blotches on your face, and a multitude of complaints.

DON'T

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

USE

Lee's New Life Tea,

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

Large Packages, 25 cts.

SOLD BY
L. A. BURROWS.

INDEPENDENCE

Thine the rush & roar & rattle,
Thine the strident tones of battle,
Smelly powder, bray of trumpet & the throbbing of the drums!
Thine the plaudit of the masses!
Fathers, mothers, lad & lassies,
Crowding every street & by way
where the glad procession comes.
Now the drums are coming nearer,
Clear the piping fife & clearer,
And the banners grow in numbers 'neath the blue & smiling sky:
Oh, the column marching proudly
Past the people cheering loudly,
And the dainty kerchief welcome to the veterans drawing nigh!
Hear the cannons roar and bellow
Faith the day hath not its fellow
'Mong the golden gartered holidays that star the perfect year:
Gladness every where & trace
In the freedom-loving face
Of the pleasure-giving thousands, that the Kindly Ages envy near.
Mark the soul inspired singing,
Thy August name doth ringing,
"Independence!" Strength of nations, nerve & muscle be of the free!
All we are or all we hope for,
All we long for, all we grope for,
All we fight for, bleed for, die for,
hath a champion in thee.

Charles Eugene Banks.

ROYALLY LOYAL

A TRUE FOUNTAIN OF JULY STORY

BY MANDA L. CROCKER

THIS was the third of July? Yes; with one elbow on the corner of the grey lichened post, she stood by the gate, gazing down the old clay road in the hollow.

To-morrow would be the Fourth; yes, but she was not thinking of it as the anniversary of independence, as people the Declaration. Not one in all the countryside knew that Marie Sweetland meant to keep the day differently from most people.

She was patriotic; she had proved that a year ago down in Cuba, but she had proved more. And she meant to be right royally loyal all her life to the Stars and Stripes.

People said that she was not the same vivacious Marie since she returned from Santiago that she had been before. She was more than neighborly gossip in this observation and none knew it better than she did, for had she not left her heart with the occupant of cot No. 20? But nobody knew, not even he; so of a necessity there it would end.

At the foot of the long hill the old clay road crossed a rustic bridge; and the bridge spanned a brook which had all it could do to keep the troops of willows and alders alive that huddled along its sides and bent over for a cool breath.

Somebody was coming around the bend just beyond the bridge. Yes; that was father and Ceil. Father would always be a soldier and a boy, and she smiled a little, thinking of other soldiers, as Ceil arched his neck to the music of several tiny flags flapping from his bridle.

The elbow slipped off the lichened post. "They are late," she said, folding her hands in her big apron after the quaint fashion of her own, "but father is getting old and it takes him longer to make the trip nowadays; then Ceil is older, too."

Another thought flashed through, the blinking heat: "And I am older, too!"

With a sigh she turned back toward the house, still musing. They had brought him in terribly wounded on the 3d of July and the next day she stood by his cot. The handsome sufferer of No. 20 seemed sensibly nearer this evening; her heart gave a great throb and stood still. But, of course, it could not be, as she did not even know his name and he had not obtained hers. He simply knew her as "Nurse Marie" and she knew him as "No. 20."

Nevertheless, she gave him her heart when he looked up, his splendid eyes full of agony asking his poor wounded body, and in a pleading voice said: "Pray that I may live for mother's sake!"

And, with the noise of battle in their ears, his hand sought hers, and two prayers succeeded as one.

But old Ceil had jogged around the drive to the dining-room entrance, and her father was full of the plans for the morrow. "My! Sara," he said to the mother, who was looking after the unloaded parcels, "we're going to have a Fourth without a firecracker this side of the woods. The Union City band has come after all, and, as I am on the committee of entertainment, I'll skirmish down to the depot and get one of 'em for the night. It's all right, isn't it, Sara?"

"O, yes, yes," answered she, glad for an opportunity to get in a word. "Did you get any letters?"

"No, not this time," he replied, as he turned old Ceil's head toward the country depot and left mother and daughter looking proudly after "one of the committee."

"No letters." Of course not. Marie expected him to say just what he did. Thoughtfully she began the preparation of extras for tea.

Well, she was glad of one thing, that it was a stranger this time, and for once she could have a certain date detested by Harvey Nellis. Father and mother had a tender chord in their hearts that young Nellis thrummed on occasionally, and the memory was sweet for her, but there was no room for another; the inner sanctuary was occupied and no one else ever would be admitted.

"Marie!" called her mother from the hallway, where she stood talking with a neighbor, "Mrs. Bates has another of her bad spells with her heart and wants you to come over for awhile. I guess you would better go; I can manage."

"Yes, mother," answered Marie, putting down the eggs she was beating for a custard and taking off the big gingham apron. "I will come in a minute."

All the way to the Bates homestead Marie thanked a kind Providence for the break in the long, trying afternoon, even though Auntie Bates had to suffer for it.

The new moon stood like a sword on the crest of the dark woods as the girl opened the hall door at home, and looked back at it over her right shoulder for luck.

"I am glad this day is done, at any rate," she said, turning the key in its place. The old-fashioned clock struck ten as Marie came into the sitting-room.

Pussy Muggins stretched her two white feet across the one faint ray of the setting moon on the window seat, and meowed a soft rhythmic welcome to her mistress.

"It's a notion to be cross," cogitated Marie; "but there's no one to be cross to; they've all gone to bed, haven't they?" smoothing Muggins' furry coat. Going over to the mantel she groped along its length for the matches. Finally she struck a light.

There in a corner stood a corset, a bright shaker instrument, with a hand book beside it and some other paraphernalia of the profession. Curiously she went over to the shining object, lamp in hand, and Muggins joined the inspecting party with important airs. On the back of the hand book she read: "J. H. Merrill, 1st corset, Union City band."

Well, what of it? It was nothing to her whether J. H. Merrill was first or second corset, or whether he played with the Union City band or not. She doubtless would hear him discourse to-morrow; that would be sufficient.

Muggins purred an assent, and went back to her favorite window-seat, and Marie yawned and went slowly upstairs to bed.

"Marie," said her mother the next morning, "as they have prepared the early breakfast, 'your father has fairly fallen in love with that young cornet player; he was a soldier in Cuba, you know; and I think myself he is the nicest looking fellow I ever saw."

Marie grained in astonishment; then a spirit of mischief flashed from her eyes.

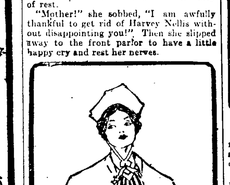
"It may be that Cupid has indeed folded his wings over the Sweetlands and it may be he, the cornetist, will fall in love with me. I move you, mother, that you invite him to spend the remainder of the summer with us and thus checkmate our bonnie Harvey Nellis."

This outburst was not like Marie. What had come over her? Mrs. Sweetlands paused over the muffins ring she was filling to think.

"Why, my daughter," she said, in a deprecating way, "if you cannot care for Harvey, there's an end of it; no matter if father and I do like him."

The revulsion of feeling in Marie's bosom was wonderful. "If she could not care." Well, she never could. The circumscribed horizon widened and lost itself in the valley of rest.

"Mother!" she sobbed, "I am awfully thankful to get rid of Harvey Nellis with out disappointing you!" Then she slipped away to the front parlor to have a little happy cry and rest her nerves.



HE WAS A SOLDIER IN CUBA.

mother about it many times, and she always says tearfully: 'Find her, Heston, find her, can't you?'"

Marie's face was like the sunshine as she released herself and proudly looked him over. "Your wound did not leave you a cripple," she said: "I was afraid they would."

"O, yes," he answered. "See! I limp a little." And he took a turn about the room; "but I have regained my health and am well and—so happy!"

He was close beside her now, and she said in a hushed manner: "This day is the anniversary, dear, the Fourth."

"I had forgotten everything but you," he answered; then, reverently: "It is; so different, but not more loyal." Then he turned and saluted the clear old flag as it floated out on the summer air.

"Father, mother," began Marie, as they went out to breakfast, "this young soldier whom you both fell in love with last evening belongs to me." She put her arm through his confidingly and hid her glowing face on his shoulder.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Sweetland, dropping the programme of the day and coming around the corner of the table.

"What?" echoed Mamma Sweetland after him, rising from behind the coffee urn. "Marie, do explain!"

After Marie had explained, they gradually recovered from their surprise. And Mr. Sweetland, who had been thinking deeply, burst out with: "J. H. Merrill; named after your father. Bless my old eyes! Why, my boy, I fought alongside your father under Sherman!"

But the surprise was reserved for the countryside people, when the first cornet of the Union city band came onto the grounds with Marie Sweetland on his arm. Then everybody composed a romance dating back to "last year at Santiago," but most of them were awfully "at sea."

When the Union City band started for home that evening the first cornet did not go; he handed a note to the second cornet for his mother instead.

And the note read in this wise: "Mother, dear, I am not coming home for a week. I have found Nurse Marie; and she is royally true to me! Three cheers for the old flag, mother, and the loyal girls of the blessed land of the free!"

The Glorious Fourth.

Teacher (class in history)—Now, Patrick Henry Butts, what happened on the Fourth of July?

Master Butts (enthusiastically)—We little brother got his eye blowed out, and pop singed off all his whiskers!—Puck.

Two William McKinleys are on Uncle Sam's pay roll. One draws a salary of $4,166 a month, as president, and the other $100 a month as engineer in the Louisville custom house. There are 48 Bryans, and three of them were christened William. There used to be two Grover Clevelands in the public service, but there is only one now. He is assistant farmer at the Fort Peck Indian agency, and receives a salary of $180 a month.

Cat-o'-Nine Tails for Drunkards.

South Carolina having abolished the saloon and substituted the dispensary, she now proposes to establish hospitals for drunkards, where thirst will be treated as a disease. If along with bromides and tonics the cat-o'-nine tails should be prescribed for inebriates who neglect or abuse their wives and children, the innovation would work wonderful cures. The one danger of dealing with drunkenness as a disease is that it may be forgotten that drunkenness is also a vice.—Philadelphia North American.

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

Weighty Opinions as to "What Is a Food" and Whether Alcohol Is a Food.

I. WHAT IS A FOOD?

1. H. A. Hammarsten, professor of physiological chemistry in Upsala, University of Sweden: "Those bodies are designated as food which have no injurious action upon the organism, and which replace those constituents of the body that have been consumed in the exchange of material (metabolism) or that can prevent or diminish the consumption of such constituents."

2. Dr. Gould, compiler of the Medical Dictionary, defines food as "Anything used for the nourishment of or formation of tissue," and defines nourishment as "Anything that enters into the formation of living tissue."

3. W. H. Howell, as editor of the American Text-Book of Physiology and professor of physiology in Johns Hopkins university, defines food thus: "What we eat and drink for the purpose of nourishing the body constitutes our food. . . . The food is utilized to repair the wastes of the body—i. e., the decay of the body material which goes on at all times. . . . And in addition it serves as the source of heat, mechanical work and other forms of energy liberated in the body."

II. IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

1. Robert Koppe, M. D., in an address before the International Medical congress in Moscow in 1897: "The opinion that alcohol could be a useful source of heat energy in the human organism in consequence of its combustibility is not scientifically justified. The consideration alone that a substance will burn in our body is no wise justifies its dietic use as a source of heat and energy. Morphine, as is well known, burns in our bodies into oxydi-morphin. Hopefully, however, we have not yet conceived anyone to proclaim morphine, for this reason, a proper source of energy for the human organism, as is unfortunately done in the case of ethyl-alcohol."

2. Prof. H. W. Conn, of Wesleyan university: "A physicist could experiment with gunpowder and prove that it is easily oxidized and gives rise to a large amount of heat and energy. From this it might be argued that gunpowder is a most useful kind of fuel for cooking stoves. Such a conclusion would be hardly less logical than the conclusions that have been drawn from these experiments with alcohol, and which regard it as a useful food for the body. Gunpowder is a more unsafe fuel because of its secondary effects, and in the same way the food value of alcohol cannot be determined by its power of being oxidized, but must include the consideration of its secondary effects as well."

3. H. F. Hewes, M. D., of Harvard, says of Prof. Atwater's experiments: "These experiments merely show that the body can derive some energy from alcohol. This does not in itself entitle alcohol to be placed among the food substances in the hygienic sense of the term, which is the sense in which the schools and people in general use the term food. If it did, such a violent poison as muscarine, the active principle of the poisonous plants of the mushroom family, would have to be classed with the foods, since it also is oxidized in the body with liberation of its contained energy."—Union Signal.

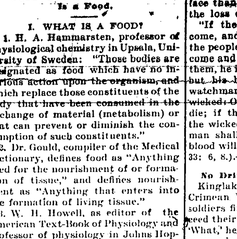
NOT FOR SALE.

A Young Minister and His Bold Stand Against a Pew Holder Who Was a Liquor Dealer.

A young minister, on going to a new church last spring, was informed by the official brethren that his salary would be $1,000, and that as every summer a wholesale liquor leader visited the town with his family and paid regularly $50 for a pew in the church, it would be policy for the minister to touch the liquor question gently, to avoid giving offense. The reply of the young man was:

"Take $50 off my salary, for I want to get a shot at that pew."

Soon after he fired his "shot," but the recoil of the gun was not so bad as had been anticipated, for the liquor dealer, pleased with the young man's courage, doubled his subscription, making it $100 instead of $50. Whether he did this to relieve his conscience or to quiet the minister we cannot say, but we are strongly of the opinion that the safest thing a preacher of the Gospel can do is to tell the truth; and if there is any man who needs plain preaching at the present day, it is the man who deals in intoxicating drink and then hires a seat and comes to church to hear what the minister



EVERYTHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

decidedly stupid that when he started for home he lost the road, fell in a ditch and broke his leg. The weary days that followed gave plenty of time for thinking. Good Mollie, faithful wife that she was, never reproached him, but when Sam one day told her that he had done forever with beer, she told him that she was glad he had come to his senses; that all his trouble could be laid to beer, and that it wasn't fit for anybody to drink. They tried to reckon up how much that night's spree had cost him—the time lost from his work, the heavy doctor's bill, the many extras always required in sickness, to say nothing of the pain, weariness and sleepless nights to both. But those days are past, and here sits Sam, talking to himself: "Yes," he says, "we've everything to be thankful for. Here are Mollie and I with a good home, which she keeps as neat as a pin, no debts staring us in the face, no big doctor's bill to keep awake at night thinking how we shall pay it. We fare better, I look better and feel better than I used to, and if anybody asks me what I think about beer drinking, I tell him plainly he is better off without it. With such good milk as old Mooly gives, and cold water from our well, what can a man want better? Fill the pitcher, I say. No jug for me now and forever."—National Advocate.

Pleasant Duck and Blush Pigg are much to be prized patronymics of two estimable Missouri gentlemen. Where did they get them?

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