THE ANDOVER NEWS.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
MOSHER & BACKUS.
AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

TERMS, - $1.00 a Year in Advance

ANDOVER, N. Y., JULY 25 1910

Among the many bothers produced by the sudden expansion of our territorial possessions is one which, though not of any vital importance, still deserves a little serious attention, says the New York Times. Hitherto the terms "far east" and "near east" have passed current with all English-speaking peoples in the significance naturally allotted to them by the Britishers. The near east meant India and thereabout, and the far east meant the rest of the orient, including China, Japan, the Philippines, and the big islands lying west of them. Of course, strictly speaking, for Americans the customary use of "far" and "near" has always been wrong, but we had no personal interest in the matter, and for the sake of convenience fell in with the British fashion. It is different now. The far east is distinctly our near east, and vice versa, and something ought to be done about it. Already confusion is manifesting itself, and the trouble threatens to become a real annoyance in the course of time.

For years the male residents of Healdsburg, Cal., talked of certain improvements which the town needed. Nothing came of the talk, and then the women took the matter up and formed a Ladies' Improvement club. This organization has transformed the place, having by their active influence and organized labors procured for the town a municipal water system, a municipal electric light plant, comfortable seats in the plaza, an intelligible name system for the streets, signboards with street names at all corners, a drinking fountain, costing $600. These improvements were brought about without increasing taxes, except for the two purposes first named.

Most forecasts of the twelfth American census have been mere guesswork. In the last North American Review, however Michael G. Mulhall presents some statistics with a reasonable basis in argument and fact. Official estimates in June, 1898, gave the United States a population of 74,400,000, and allowed for an increase of 3,100,000 in the next two years, making a total population of 77,500,000 for 1900. But Mr. Mulhall believes that the actual total will fall short of this figure. After considering the number of school children in 1897 and the natural increase from the excess of births over deaths, he estimates the population at 76,000,000 to 76,200,000, an increase of 13,575,000 in ten years. This includes the increase due to immigration. The birth and death statistics of Mr. Mulhall differ from those of Dr. Billings made in the census of 1890. Dr. Billings estimated the birth rate at 31.5 and the death rate at 18 per thousand yearly. Mr. Mulhall observes that certain states and cities, with an aggregate population of 19,000,000 in 1890 or 31 per cent. of the total population showed a death record in that year of 466,500, or 20.5 per cent. per thousand. Allow a death rate of 14 per thousand for the rest of the union and we get a rate for the whole union of 17 per thousand, thus demonstrating that Dr. Billings' death percentage was not high enough. An increase of 11,175,000 births over deaths is shown to be the annual average in this country at present. The ordinary birth rate ranges from 31 to 33, the death rate from 16 to 17 per 1,000 inhabitants. Because of the civil war the death rate was higher between 1860 and 1870, while in the ensuing decade the birth rate rose—a condition noticeable after wars and demonstrated in England after Waterloo and in France and Germany after the war of 1870. Mr. Mulhall's conclusion, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, is that the increase in the birth rate in the United States is a tribute to the splendid condition of the national health and therefore the favorable climate. He estimates the increase in births over deaths in this country at 14.6 per 1,000 inhabitants. Canada is the only country approaching this it shows 14 per cent. In Italy, Austria and New Zealand the increase is but little over 10 per 1,000 inhabitants, and in France the increase is hardly noteworthy, the death rate there being 22.1 and the birth rate only 22.4 per 1,000 inhabitants.

Sparows have a strange antipathy for robins, and sometimes they become actively antagonistic to them.

CROP-BOUND BIRDS.

Unless a Hen Is Valuable It Is Better to Kill Her Than to Try and Save Her.

When birds are troubled with what is known as "crop bound," various methods may be applied. When it first begins it is best to try gentle moving of the mass from the outside. This may break open its consciousness and cause some of it to pass into the gizzard. In case the mass sours and begins to ferment, it will have to be removed. We have seen the advice given to fill the crop of the bird with water and hold it head down so that the food would run out. The writer has never been very successful in this mode of treatment, but has had birds expire under it. The cutting open method is often recommended, but we cannot say from experience how successful it generally is. The advice is generally given to put a small hole through the skin and crop membrane, pulling the skin over some, so that the cut in the skin and the cut in the crop will not match, of course opposite each other. The cut in the crop should be only large enough to permit the finger to go in and bring out the food. After the sack is thoroughly washed out, the cut in the membrane may be sewed up, and a like operation performed on the cut in the skin. We do not believe this will pay with any but a very valuable bird. Certainly it would not pay on the bird that the farmer has to sell for 25 cents. A bird properly handled will not become crop bound.—Farmers' Review.

HANDY HENS' NESTS.

They Can Be Cleaned Easily and Are Just the Thing for Birds That Eat Their Eggs.

I send you my plan of hens' nests. After four years' trial I think they are the nests for hens that eat their eggs, and for handiness in cleaning them, but if anybody has any better I hope he will let us know. I use one-half-inch lumber. The length of two nests is 30 inches, width 19 inches, height 14

HANDY NESTS.

inches, entrance, 7-inch alley back of the nests and entrance 7 inches. That makes the nests 11 inches square. The strip back of the nests I make 4 inches wide. I make the bottom separate from the nest, so I don't nail the nests to the bottom, for when you want to clean your nests all you have to do is to lift the nests off the bottom and scrub them off. I also make the bottom 6 inches wider than the nests, and set it up on posts 18 or 20 inches high, but you can suit yourself about the height.—F. P. Beers, in National Stockman.

CALVES WITHOUT MILK.

Those Raised in This Manner Rarely Develop Into Good and Profitable Dairy Cows.

I do not believe that a good calf can be raised without milk, says a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, and in these days, when good cows are so highly valued, it seems a piece of the worst kind of shortsightedness and mismanagement to try to produce a first-class cow from a calf stunted in the beginning of its life. It may appear like economy to take milk from the calf and sell it to the creamery, cheese factory or milk station, but it is a poor economy. The cows of the future demand that the calves of today be well nourished. Ten or twelve pounds of new milk daily will carry a calf nicely until it is ten days or two weeks old. Then, if the milk is made into butter, there is skim milk to feed. Change from whole to skim milk gradually and at the same time supply the fat by feeding corn meal, making the calf eat it dry. Later add some oats, ground preferred, but whole if ground ones are not obtainable, and bran or middlings. If the milk of the dairy goes to a cheese factory, feed whole milk until the calf is at least a month old. Then feed sweet whey, not the sour stuff which is hailed out at 90 per cent. of the cheese factories. Feed in small quantities at first and increase gradually while the milk is decreased. At the same time feed some grain, composed of linseed meal, bran, middlings or oats and a little corn meal. If the milk is sold outright from the farm and nothing brought back, then keep the calf on whole milk until it is old enough to thrive on hay, grain and water, and see what a fine calf it is! It is a good practice in ordinary dairies, where the milk supply is short, to raise only enough calves to keep the herd up, and those only from the best cows, and give them extra care.

It costs 67 cents to utter a profane oath in Hamburg, Berks county, Pennsylvania.

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

VORTEX IN THE AIR.

The Cause of Dust Whirls and Showers of Queer Things Which Descend from the Sky.

Vortex motion in the atmosphere, though seldom obtrusively patent in England, must certainly be reckoned with, and all ascending currents, from whatever cause, appear of this nature. Dust whirls in spring and twisting columns of dry leaves or hay in summer and autumn are evidences of the existence of such upward currents. But the account can detect them on a larger scale, and penetrating sometimes far aloft. This, says the National Review, is only what might be expected from statistics relating to such phenomena, which they observe in greater earnest in other parts of the globe.

It is classical history how dust showers have arisen on the west coast of Africa and descend again on vessels out on the Atlantic; now Scotland has been visited by a storm of pumice debris which was supposed to have had its origin in Vesuvius; how showers of frogs and of frogs have descended from the sky, having been swept into lofty regions entangled in the bosom of a whirlwind sufficient to bear them whither it listed. The dust of Krakatoa, committed to the lofty winds by the force of its own eruption in 1883, traveled over the globe in outward courses almost without limit before settling to earth weeks or months, or, possibly, years, afterward.

The weather office records in Chicago show that the 25th of April has been clear in that city for 25 years past, not a drop of rain having fallen there on that day since 1875.

The Nebraska train robber who forced a Pullman porter to help him rob the passengers showed very little professional courtesy when he neglected to divide the swag with him.

A New York farmer died very recently who had lived in so much terror of burglars that he often went to jail, paying his board, to enjoy safety.

IT'S NO USE—
A man simply can't make any sort of success in business if he's tortured with backache.
That means if his kidneys are out of order.
Backache is really kidney ache.
It is one of the first indications of kidney disease. It's bad enough of itself, but it leads to a great deal worse.
Unless it is stopped.
How?
Doan's Kidney Pills
There's not a form of kidney trouble that this wonderful little remedy will not cure, and the people stay cured.
Mr. J. B. Abbott, cashier Security Mutual Life Association, Phelps Bank Building, Binghamton, N. Y., says:
"I used Doan's Kidney Pills and obtained very beneficial results. I was troubled with pain in the small of the back, the result—I concluded—of imperfect action of my kidneys. Knowing that Doan's Kidney Pills had cured just such ailments as mine, I procured a box at a drug store, taking the pills as directed. The use of the remedy proved my diagnosis of the case was correct, for the pains disappeared very quickly. The use of Doan's Kidney Pills gave strength and tone to the kidneys, and, in this way, benefited me generally."
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 substitute.

GERMAN DISCONTENT.

It Is Fostered by the Agrarians Who Are Actuated by Jealousy of American Farmers.

The German agrarian party, which has been strong enough in the reichstag to impose conditions upon its support of the emperor's naval policy, made up of landowners and farmers whose land is hardened with debt, it represents an agricultural interest which is not prospering on equal terms with the bankers, manufacturers and merchants. It is not badly off, but it is discontented with the meager share which it has in the good fortune of the Fatherland.

The agrarians, having a powerful political organization of their own, are endeavoring to secure legislation which will promote the interests of farming and render it more profitable. They wish to exclude from the home market breadstuffs and meats from America and to force their own products into foreign markets by commercial treaties. They also want more the enactment of laws by which bankers and money lenders will be injured, middlemen and brokers suppressed, and merchants and shippers restricted and hampered in their business.

In reality, the agricultural classes in Germany have had more special legislation than manufacturers, merchants or business men. The sugar industry under the bounty system has been created and artificially developed at the expense of consumers and taxpayers. All the resources of the state have been employed in enlarging the production of beet sugar, and in displacing cane sugar in the markets of the world.

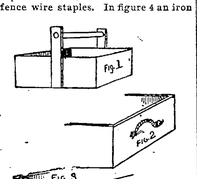
The German agrarians are well organized, and their political support for naval votes and commercial treaties has to be secured by concessions. Every year something is done for them and they persist in making fresh demands.

Discontent like theirs is a disturbing force. It is based upon class jealousy and resentment. National prosperity can never be measured off in equal portions to all the people of a country. There will be less, rather than more, of that prosperity if one class arrays itself in hostility to other interests.—Youth's Companion.

HANDLES FOR BOXES.

They Are of Great Convenience When the Apple and Potato Crops Happen to Arrive.

Empty grocery boxes are convenient for many purposes, and much more convenient if provided with handles. These show numerous kinds that can be put on at home by the expenditure of a few moments' time. Figures 1 and 3 explain themselves. In figure 2 a bit of rope has a knot at each end and two fence wire staples. In figure 4 an iron



HANDLES FOR BOXES.

ring has one side flattened, and is held by two such staples.

If one will take the trouble to hunt up at several grocery stores all the empty boxes of a certain size in which a certain brand of goods is packed, to which some of these homemade handles can be added, he will soon have a collection of uniform boxes that will be of great service when the potato or apple harvest arrives. In any large town or village a large number of boxes in which some particular brand of popular groceries is packed can be easily secured. Select boxes that hold about one bushel, as these are most convenient to handle. The boxes can be filled and loaded directly upon the farm wagon, thus saving bruising.—N. Y. Tribune.

Keeping Drain Outlets Clear.

Frequently it is necessary to place the outlet of a tile drain where there is insufficient fall to insure against clogging of the mouth with silt and mud, and thus impairing the efficiency of the drain. Such trouble may be overcome by sinking a large vitrified drain-tile or sewer pipe immediately in front of the opening, and if stock are permitted access to the place, setting plenty of stone around the outside, so as to make firm footing. But stock should not be allowed to approach the place, because of the danger of their getting into the hole and being injured. Very little trouble will be experienced in keeping this silt basin clean, much less than digging up and cleaning out several yards of settlings in the tiles.

The Bug Poet at Work.

O, the bugs, moths, flies and weevils,
Curculios and worms; the beetles and the borers and bacteria and germs!
The air is full of microbes, webworms 'em and 'then sneeze; ten thousand thousand million float by in every breeze. San Jose is a scaly bird; he gets upon our trees and sucks the juice right through the bark; he doesn't with great ease. Young cabbage plants just out the ground succumb to the black fleas; the cutworm interviews the corn to drop without a wheeze. The rose bug's shell's so thick he laughs at pieces spray rebukes; and that striped varmint there's the bug that gnawes the cukes.—Rural New Yorker.

Advantages of Green Manuring.

The advantage of plowing under a green crop consisting of the use of fertilizers is that when the land is covered there is a formation of humus. Rotation of crops and green manuring is maintaining the soil as thoroughly as with the barnyard material, but the practice should be permanent. Fertilizers give quicker results, but green manuring will be less expensive. Cowpeas grow quickly and will always return to the soil more than similar crops. Crimson clover, if sowed in August and plowed under in May, will be a valuable crop at a small cost.

Mrs. Col. Richardson
SAVED BY MRS. PINKHAM.
[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 74,856]
"You have saved my life, started me from the brink of the grave almost, and I wish to thank you. About eighteen months ago I was a total wreck, physically. I had been troubled with leucorrhoea for some time, but had given hardly any attention to the trouble.
"At last inflammation of the womb and ovaries resulted and then I suffered agonies, had to give up my profession (musical and piano player), was confined to my bed and life became a terrible cross. My husband summoned the best physicians, but their benefit was but temporary at best. I grew to believe I should be cured of the morphine habit under their care, if my common sense had not intervened.
"One day my husband noticed the advertisement of your remedies and immediately bought me a full trial. Soon the pain in my ovaries was gone. I am now well, strong and robust, walk, ride a wheel, and feel like a girl in her teens. I would not be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is like water of life to me. I am very gratefully and sincerely your well-wisher, and I heartily recommend your remedies. I hope some sufferer somewhere may be helped to health by reading my story."—MRS. COL. E. P. RICHARDSON, RHINELANDER, WIS.

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 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.

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.

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FASHIONABLE BARBER.
Rooms opposite Woodward & Young Main St.
Shaving and haircutting done in modern style.

G. W. Smith,
has located in the building south of WOODWARD & YOUNG'S on Main street, Greenwood, N.Y. where he keeps a line of
Drugs,
Toilet Articles,
Patent Medicines,
Confectionery,
Ice Cream,
Tobacco, Etc.
He also has on hand a supply of the German Medicine Company's Medicines.

A New York paper reports that Charles G. Steiner, an artist of that city, and his wife lately died in Mexico, where they went some time ago, when Mr. Steiner received an order to decorate the walls of the palace of Chapultepec. His success had led to their making their home in Jalapa. There was a visitation of smallpox in that town, and Mr. Steiner, disbelieving in vaccination, would not be vaccinated when his wife was, and he was taken with the disease and died May 7. Mrs. Steiner died of grief, twenty days later.

A Topeka primary teacher, in giving a class of small boys instruction in arithmetic, used the regulation Topeka beefsteak for an object lesson. "Now, children," she said, "if I cut this steak in two, what will each part be?" "A child," came the chorus of answers. "If I cut it into four pieces?" "Quarters," fewer of them said. "And if I cut it into five pieces?" All dropped out but one boy, who jumped up and yelled out: "Has I?"

ST. VITOS' DANCE
Akron, O., Jan. 8, 1910.
Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.
"We have sold many dozens of your St. Vitos' Dance Specific, and every case has been cured by it. It has proved a blessing here." ALLEN-CLARK DRUG CO.
SORE AND QUICK CURE.

"WILLIE BAREFOOT.

There's dirt upon the carpet and there's mud upon the floor,
And there's mud inside the porch and kitchen, too,
There are streaks of muddy footprints everywhere that Willie goes,
For he tracks mud in the house the whole day through.
He keeps his mother busy cleaning mud from every room,
And the hired girl kicks up an awful fuss—
Warm weather here and boyhood's days are brimming o'er with fun.
For little Willie's going barefoot now.

It does no good to scold him,
Though fifty times you've told him
To stop and clean his feet, but yet, somehow
He flies in through the door,
Leaving footprints on the floor,
For little Willie's going barefoot now.

There are slivers every evening that his mother has to find,
And stone-bruises that she has to doctor, too,
There are toes that have collided with a rock which she must bind,
And with arnica and liniment make new.
There are scratches by the dozen where the thorns and briars took hold,
When he scooted through the pasture for the cow,
And there's music in the gloaming when his mother calls for him,
For little Willie's going barefoot now.

His mother says she'll whip him;
The hired girl won't skip him,
There's bound to be an awfully sorrowing row.
The mischief is to pay!
There'll be trouble, so they say,
'Cause little Willie's going barefoot now.

He muzzes up the clean white sheets upon his little bed,
With his dusty, grimy, mud-becovered feet,
And everywhere he chases, from the cellar to the roof
His little muddy footprints you will meet.
He never stops to wipe his feet—the saucy little minx!—
He says his daddy never learned him how,
And there's jawing in the kitchen when the mop is brought into play,
For little Willie's going barefoot now.

His father says he'll bless him;
The hired girl will "dress him;"
His mother says she never will allow
Such footprints on the floor—
Oh, there's trouble in the store,
For Willie, since he's going barefoot now.
—E. A. Brininstool, in Rochester Herald.

Spirits of Killarney Lakes

By Martha Young.

From the National Magazine, Boston. Reprinted by Special Permission.

THERE are no more beautiful violets the world over than the violets of Lakeview beyond the Highlands of Birmingham, most bustling city of Alabama. Pale they are, and faintly blue; there are none like them under the sun, unless they be the pale bog-violets (viola ralustris) of Ireland. Up the mountain sides that roll back from lake and dummy line they bloom.

Mistress Maloney descended from the step of the car and in lusty brogue directed her son Pat about her sundry packages. These they carried to the peak-roofed shop on the edge of the lake. It looked under the shadow of the mountain for all the world like a toy Noah's ark.

"Hey, Nora, we're back," called Mistress Maloney to the girl who stood inside the store door. You kep' store good for me. Well, Birmingham is warming up. Them pavements was warm! But this is good. Just a dreep, Nora!" Molly Maloney was saying apologetically; "just to keep the heat out."

"It was just to keep the cold out last time."

"Hey? Was it then? Well very like—"

The coolness from hill and lake, the pleasant sense of home-coming combined to make Mistress Maloney feel very well with the world.

"Nora, now, this is like the old country! Close your eyes never so little and yonder's Killarney—that there lake—and if ever there was a mountain like old Glenaa it's that one. Just take an inch for a mile, you know—ah, but the old country, it was good!"

"This is better," declared Nora, as she helped Pat with the packages.

"Where your sweetheart is that's the best country—hey, Nora!"

"Well, well."

"Has there ever a body been here, Nora?" asked Molly, her eyes out on the waters that she chose to-day to call like Killarney of the old land between its mighty hills, Glenaa and Toomies.

"Yes. And is here yet."

"You don't say!"

"A slip of a girl; says she is from Killarney side—"

"You don't say then!"

"Sh! Sh! I'll give you and Pat both a blast for daring to turn."

They talked of many things ere Nora could bring herself to speak of what had brought her there.

"I'm wondering, Mike, if you ever loved any girl but me?"

"Now! I'm wondering, Nora, what put you to wondering next!"

"Say, now, in the old country—didn't there love anybody like you are loving me?"

"No, never the same, Nora."

"Then I'm wondering was it more?"

"Not more, Nora. It's just you and me in the world, Nora; and nobody else in it if my thinking of them had to make 'em."

"I knew it, Mike," she sobbed. "I knew it." But, with a woman's persistence: "Was there anybody near Killarney side you loved just a little?"

"The old woman."

"Not your mother, then?"

"Well," Mike hesitated, "as our wedding day is so nigh, I don't mind telling you, Nora, there was a girl in the old country, and we were sweethearts."

"You were promised?"

"Well—yes, but that was four—five years ago—and never word in all that time have I written to the old country."

"She'd never be following you out across water, Mike?"

"Never a bit. But funny you got to talking of this. I've been thinking of that old time to-night, like I haven't been thinking in years—it must be the little people out May Eve—if they have come 'cross the water after us—that set me thinking. Tut, Nora, I don't want to go back to living her nor nobody but you—"

"Was she called Itta Maguire?"

"Same name. How did you know?"

"Maybe it's the fairies telling me—but I must be going. I just came to say—" she went hesitatingly to the door—"Come, Pat!" She looked back to say: "I came to say I'd be coming to Mis' Maloney's in the morning as you are leaving your watching?"

Mistress Maloney sat at the foot of the cot where the tired girl still babbled of old days.

"Don't you want to lie down a bit, Mistress Maloney?" asked Nora.

"It's as fresh as Whitsunday air you're looking, Nora," cried Molly, with a start; "but it's not me ail'd ye't the poor creature. It's a doctor she ought to be getting in the morning, but I don't know how she'll be getting money."

"I'll get her one," said Nora.

"Eh, Nora, it's the good heart that's in you then."

Nora sat in the doorway to share the watch.

"Visions of bright times and gay days—and always it was the same name over and over.

"As the first glimmer of gray dawn crept over the earth, a great quietness came to the sick girl.

A wind began to shake the trees on the mountain side. A faint luster of rose exhaled from the east. Its light fell across the face of the sleeping girl. She opened wide her blue eyes, she rose on the couch, she looked eagerly out of the open door.

Nora put her arms about her, a warm, steady support.

"La na Beal tina! May morning!" whispered the girl; "am I home again? That's lake Killarney—it's near sunrise—is it good luck this May morning?—is it blessings this year?—Spirit of Killarney — to see you once!—"

A whirl of wind struck the lake as it had never been struck before; from its center rose a wave, steely in the gray morning, white with foam as the wind whirled it over the lake.

"It is good fortune!" whispered the girl, ecstatically, "for I see him—Spirit of Killarney, prince of la na Beal tina—noble O'Donoghue!"

She sprang forward, her eyes on the lake. Nora could hardly hold the slight form palpitating with joy while the girl's voice fluttered on with her happy imaginings. "I see him. He rides a mighty horse and the mane that blows in the wind is white—he is all glittering in steel—his white plume is waving. He is like the old iron men in the hall of Drogheda—"

"Is O'Donoghue, prince o' good luck she's seein'—and raw—" sobbed Nora: "I'm seein' nothin' but gray water and white foam—and no luck at all—"

"They are with him—the men and the maidens—they are dressed in green—pale as new willow boughs—and some are in white—and they've garlands then—they are coming towards me—O'Donoghue rides bravely among them—"

"And it's me," sobbed Nora, "that see nothing but water and new-leafing trees, and blooming dogwood on the mountain side, and shining again in the lake."

"Blessings the year it is then," whispered the girl, falling back into Nora's arms.

The wind lulled, the little lake lay quiet between the hills. Just as the sun dispelled every memory of darkness, the two girls looking out at the doorway saw Mike, the night watchman, coming with blithe step toward them.

The radiance of the morning sprang into Ita's eyes. She forgot the weary way she had traveled. She forgot the clasp of the arms that had supported her all the dark hours. She only knew that Mike lived and that she had found him.

Mike looked steadily at him as he came whistling to the shop. She noted with unflinching eyes the wave of surprise that surged over him, the renewal of old love that swept over him at sight of Ita's rare beauty, and at her bliss at seeing him.

Molly Maloney awoke with a start. "Who is it that is going for the doctor?" she cried.

"Who's wanting a doctor then?" said Mike.

"It's a priest they are wanting then," said Nora. "Mister Killibrew, have ye a wedding ring you've got in your pocket for somebody?"

Mike, stupefied with the stress of events and emotions, could but obey Nora's clear glance, and fumbling in his pocket, laid a bright ring in Ita's thin hand.

"It is me that will go for the father then; I, Mr. Killibrew," persisted Nora.

"Nora," whispered Molly, as the girl passed her; "it is the good heart that is in you then, Nora."

"It was to be," whispered Nora; "she saw the O'Donoghue riding on the lake this morning—and me, I saw nothing at all, at all, but the same little lake—"

"You don't say then, Nora!—Same as the old folks say he used ride on Killarney lakes?—the Prince of Good Fortune. She saw the spirit?"

"Eh, she saw him," said Nora, hurrying off.

"Oh, it's the good heart that's in her," murmured Mrs. Maloney; "and this poor child she saw the old Ghost o' Killarney!—and Nora awake and just seeing common things—I wisht I'd a-had my eyes open; I'd not a-missed seeing him—not luck to me to be noddin'. And wa'n't I just a-sayin' last evenin' that that lake looked like Killarney, and yonder hill like Glenaa, and yonder slope like Toomies!"

Wearing of Men's Attire by Women.

In France women are allowed to wear men's attire, but they must pay for the privilege. The amount of the tax which a woman pays for wearing masculine garb is ten dollars a year; but her willingness to pay the tax does not insure her the right to wear these garments. As a matter of fact the right is conferred by the government as a tribute of great merit.—N. Y. Sun.

Voluble Extremities.

It is little wonder that Sousa's ragtime melodies have become a popular craze in Paris. People who live close enough with their hands, says the San Francisco Call, to welcome a diversion with their feet.

FACTS AND COMMENT.

Hazen, Ark., has gone "dry." There will be but four saloons in Prairie county, this year.

Of 7,100 men who entered one of the state prisons in a given time 6,000 admitted that they were drunkards.

Under the "Indiana plan," 13 paid "evangelists" are devoting their entire time to prohibition party work in the Hoosier state.

Through the efforts of members of the Senior Loyal Temperance legion, two saloon keepers of Ilion, N. Y., have been indicted and one of them convicted for violation of the liquor tax law. The other one is yet to be tried.

The mayor of Philadelphia says that hundreds if not thousands of women in that good old Quaker city, women of position and respectability, are addicted to the opium habit. "To this end," says Mayor Ashbridge, "our laws need to be radically amended."

Dr. John Madden, professor of physiology at Rush Medical college in Chicago, and president of the Illinois State Physicians and Surgeons association, is the protégé of Mrs. Ella A. Stewart, a Chicago theosophist, to do what she calls the suppression of the liquor traffic in western Christian Advocate.

Out of 520 towns and villages in Maine, 457 effectually prohibit the saloon. Out of a population of 768,000 there are 400,000 who never touch with a saloon. Even in the outlawed, they are almost unknown by a stranger not hunting for them.

ATWATER DISCREDITED.

His Investigation to Prove That Alcohol Is a Food Subjected to a Most Searching Inquiry.

It will be remembered, says the Christian Work, that widespread discussion was caused by certain statements made by Prof. Atwater, of Wesleyan university, a year ago in regard to the nutritive value of alcohol. As a result of an extended series of experiments the professor came to the conclusion that alcohol has value as a food. This conclusion being contrary to a generally accepted idea, aroused a great deal of comment, much of it adverse to the position taken by Prof. Atwater. The question created so much interest that a committee was appointed at the Northfield summer conference of Christian workers, August 11, 1899, to investigate the statements of Prof. Atwater, and bring in a report. This report has just been issued in a 16-page pamphlet entitled "An Appeal to Truth." The committee acted in cooperation with the advisory board of the National Temperance societies, the Presbyterian Woman's Temperance association, the permanent committee on temperance of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, the permanent committee on temperance of the Presbyterian church, the National Woman's Christian Temperance union, the Massachusetts Total Abstinence society, the national department of scientific instruction and the Non-Partisan National Woman's Christian Temperance union. Under these auspices the data furnished by Prof. Atwater as the result of his experiments at Middletown were subjected to a searching analysis by leading experts in physiological chemistry, and the following deductions were made:

First—Prof. Atwater says his experiments proved that alcohol is oxidized in the body. This is not denied, but it is denied that Prof. Atwater's claim proved alcohol to be a food. Many poisons besides alcohol are oxidized in the body. The Middletown experiments are said to prove that alcohol is being oxidized in the body furnishes heat and energy. This again, is denied. But the assertion is made that the claim proves nothing in favor of alcohol, because its injurious action at the same time far outweighs the value of the heat and energy it liberates, as is the case with other poisons oxidized in the body.

Second—Prof. Atwater in his experiments proved that alcohol protects the materials of the body from consumption just as effectively as corresponding amounts of sugar, starch and fat. But eminent scientific authorities testify that these statements are not supported by his own figures in the tables of his first official data, bulletins published by the department of agriculture in 1897. This is the testimony of professors occupying the chairs of pathological chemistry in the university and Bellevue Hospital Medical society, New York; of physiology in the Medical school of Northwestern University, Chicago; of hygiene in the Medico-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia, and of a former professor in the Philadelphia Polyclinic and College for Graduates.

Third—These scientists, after careful study of Prof. Atwater's report, come to the same conclusion, viz., that his tables do not show that alcohol protected the body material, but show, on the contrary, a distinct loss of nitrogenous material when alcohol was administered. The outside testimony in "An Appeal to Truth" does show that, according to his own tables, Prof. Atwater's costly experiments have produced no evidence to sustain his claim in support of the current temperance teaching that alcohol is not a food, but a poison.

When a cog shows his teeth and snarls you may be sure he's one of the cross cogs.

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