THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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A fat citizen of the seacoast town of Eubec, Me., went down a ladder at the side of a schooner to get a hammer that he had dropped overboard. He inserted his body between the rungs of the ladder, that he might reach down and get the hammer from the school water, and became stuck there. The tide was rising, and he was rescued three hours afterward, just in time to save him from drowning, the water having reached within two inches of his mouth.

About a dozen of the birds which are most friendly to farmers are described in the latest bulletin of the Maine board of agriculture. It is stated that the vast majority of native birds are useful or do more good than injury, destroying insects and their eggs. The only birds positively asserted to do more harm than good are certain varieties of hawks and the English sparrow.

A progressive and practical pisciculturist has invented a lymph with which he proposes to vaccinate lobsters to protect them against a peculiar growth which is fatal to young crustaceans. There are "lobsters" in this country who are sadly in need of the lymph. Notably those afflicted with an abnormality of self-esteem.

A Kansas City paper tells about a New York reporter that wandered into a furniture store and immediately wired his paper that he had been in one room in Kansas City in which there were 54 beds.

A Concord (N. H.) judge has decided that soda water is one of the necessaries of life and may be sold on Sundays.

An Atchison (Kan.) man points with pride to the honesty of the inhabitants of that city as exemplified in the fact that a woman left a well-filled pocketbook on a chair in front of a hotel there and went back and unrifled on returning several hours later. A jealous contemporary in a rival town comments on this circumstance as follows: "As a rule people pass along the streets of a place oftener than this. It really isn't so bad as the story would indicate."

Everett Prior, of 159 Green street, Jersey City, N. J., rebelled against his father's orders to wash dishes, cook meals and perform other duties about the house and ran away from home. He was arraigned before Magistrate Zeller, in the Harlem police court. When questioned by the magistrate the boy said he had left home because his father abused him and wanted to make a "girl" of him. Magistrate Zeller told the boy he had done right.

The heat was so terrific in New York a few days ago as to set off an automatic fire alarm in a soap factory. The contrivance is regulated to give an alarm and send down a shower of water when the temperature in the room reaches a certain number of degrees Fahrenheit. There was no fire, but the sun did the business, and the sprinklers nearly drowned out the soap factory before they could be stopped.

The United States supreme court, on adjourning recently for the summer left 204 cases undisposed of on its docket. The same number were left undisposed of on its adjournment for the summer last year. Three hundred and seventy new cases were filed during the term now finished, and in exactly the same number of cases the court heard arguments or accepted briefs.

Something new in the stiff fence folly is reported from Elizabeth, N. J., where an outbreak of virulent diphtheria in a family is attributed by the attending physician to the dampness caused by the house by a fence nine or 60 feet long and at one point 56 feet high, built by a next-door neighbor.

[illegible] in the practice of telling his men patients that they work their brains too hard, and his women patients that nothing but their will keeps them up, is bound to succeed, remarks the Detroit Free Press. A little "conning" now and then is relished by the best of men.

The Livery Stable, a weekly paper printed in New York, charges the tight check rein and the docked horse to "heartless women," and adds that if "ladies will refuse to drive behind docked horses and tight check reins" both abominations will soon disappear.

The artists in types — the story writers, the illustrators and the painters — have applied themselves with commendable perseverance and ingenuity to the task of delineating "the American Girl." It is passing strange, however, that they have failed to hit upon a type equally and as finely representative of an element of individuality distinctly American as the "little red schoolhouse," and as universal. This personage, says Forrest Crilley, in an entertaining way, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, is the mistress of the district school. She is the American sweetheart. How many thousands of American boys have had the first stirrings of sentiment awakened by the charms of "the new teacher," and paid her their earliest adoration? So universal has been her court, so broad her sway, that it is scarcely too sweeping an assertion to say that her subjects have included almost every country-reared man since the old-time "master," with his bundle of birchen rods, stood himself to many masculine pursuits and left the rostrum of the district school to the feminine invader. That the recipient of the bashful devotions has generally been many years the senior of her small lovers has never been known to check their ardor. Years are but trifles unconsciously brushed aside by the boy whose ideal of womanly loveliness is embodied in the girlish creature from the neighboring town or village who has come to establish her throne on the platform of the country school. Not even the taunt of "teacher's pet" is sufficient to deter the boy from heaping her desk with the first wild violets of the season, the odorous plumes of lilacs, and the rosy first fruits of the old home orchard. With awkward ardor he waits upon her, smiles, and receives with bashful joy words of approval and sympathetic caresses. Each change of her apparel is noted with jealous eyes. When, with the coming of spring, she appears in the modest splendor of a starched percale, he sees her clothed in new charms. She makes subtle appeal to all his finer instincts and touches into quick response the secret springs of sentiment that have been shut away from the hands of mother, sister and playmate, and masked by the calloused countenance of boyhood. There is not a grace or a virtue for which the mistress of the district school does not stand in the thought of the boy whose heart she has conquered. To him, and to the rural community, she is the torch-bearer of civilization, the prophetess of learning.

It is not quite 70 years since there was no school in the limits of Chicago. The first schoolhouse was built by a woman, at her own expense, in 1831. Ten years later there were four district schools, with four teachers, each receiving $50 a year. For the last school year the total appropriations were over $7,000,000. There are 250 public schoolhouses, with 5,000 teachers and over 255,000 pupils, including eight high schools, with 8,800 pupils. There are three universities, one of which has an endowment of $4,000,000, and another of $11,000,000.

A queer action at law has been begun in Jasper county, Mo. A woman has sued her divorced husband for $3,000, which she alleged she has expended in providing food, lodging and clothing and schooling for his four children since he abandoned her and left the children to her care. The petition sets forth that they were married February 24, 1880, and had four children; that he abandoned her in 1889, and that she secured a divorce in 1895; that he has done nothing in support of the children since he left her.

The gypsies of this country held a three-days' convention in St. Joseph, Mich., recently, and it is said to have been the first "national" convention ever held by them in the United States. There was a lively struggle in the selection of chief. The balloting lasted all one day, and Gene Ferando, of Indiana, was elected by a two-thirds vote over Gala Marcule, of Kentucky.

The daily progress of the United States during the current decade is briefly shown thus: An increase of 3,300 in population, of 500 school children, of 29,000 acres under farms, of $7,500,000 in wealth, of $1,100,000 in manufactures. Agriculture does not keep pace either with any other branch of industry or with population.

A Cleveland judge has decided that "Any woman is justified in scolding her husband if he comes home drunk and ill-treats her and the children." That judge would not be going too far were he to decide that a woman under such circumstances would be justified in using a bludgeon to protect herself and children.

This Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS

OTTO'S CURE

Sold by all druggists 25&50cts

"Fellow citizens," he said, "I don't intend to keep you long. (Cheers.)

The Political Oratorical Failure. — I have only a few words to add to those that have already been said. (Cheers.) I know you do not care to listen to any further speechmaking after the eloquence that you have heard here this evening. (Tumultuous applause.) You are tired. (Cheers and cries of "Good!" "Good!") It is unnecessary for me to go back over the glorious history of our party. (Enthusiastic outburst lasting eleven minutes.) I will not weary you with a repitition of the arguments that you have heard before. (Hats tossed in the air; handkerchiefs fluttered and wild yells from all parts of the hall.) But, my fellow citizens, the principles for which we are fighting to-day are those for which our fathers fought, and for which their fathers fought before them. Who among us can calmly analyze this matter without arising with the conviction that we are right, and that those who oppose us are wrong? When Washington stepped forth at Yorktown to receive—" But no matter, says the narrator. The hall was empty when he wiped his brow and sat down, two hours and twenty minutes later.

Frank P. Brooks, a painter, of Binghamton, N. Y., claims to have discovered a method for vaccinating trees to prevent their destruction by caterpillars and insects. People in that vicinity are alarmed about the return of tent caterpillars that did so much damage to shade trees and groves last year. Brooks claims that within two days after a tree trunk is vaccinated with his preparation the fluid will circulate through the entire tree, killing any caterpillar or insect that may be on the most remote limb without injuring the tree in any way. Scientists laugh at his claims, saying that his vaccinating system is ridiculous.

When a woman doesn't take any interest in her housework—

When the least exertion tires her—

When her back aches constantly—

her head troubles her—limbs pain, and she feels generally miserable, it's a pretty sure indication that her kidneys are not doing their duty.

That backache is simply kidney ache—

The poison the kidneys should take out of the blood is left in, and is breeding all sorts of dire diseases—

But you can stop it—

Doan's Kidney Pills

Act directly on the kidneys—strengthen them, help them to do their duty

Read what one grateful woman has to say about it.

Miss Carrie A. Miller, of 23 Clinton street, Seneca Falls, says:

"In 1895 I made this statement about Doan's Kidney Pills. At first when I noticed pain in my back the attacks occured at intervals, but as time went by it became constant, very distressing when lying down, and painful to stoop, straighten up or lift anything. I was uncertain what caused the trouble, but I judged, from the symptoms it was rheumatism. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills interested me, and thinking they might help me I got a box at a drug store. The first box did me so much good that I got more. They relieved the backache and convinced me that as a kidney remedy Doan's Kidney Pills are unrivalled. As a proof that my estimate of Doan's Kidney Pills was correct, I positively assert that I have kept them in the house for the last four years, and if I felt the slightest need of them I took a dose without delay. They always do the work."

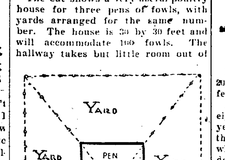
Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers for 50 cents a box, sent by mail on receipt of price. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

POULTRY & BEES.

A THREE-PEN HOUSE.

It Accommodates One Hundred Fowls and Each Flock Has a Yard of Its Own.

The cut shows a very useful poultry house for three pens of fowls, with yards arranged for the same number. The house is 30 by 30 feet and will accommodate 100 fowls. The hallway takes but little room out of



HOUSE AND DIVIDED YARD.

the interior, and yet it communicates with all three pens. The inside divisions are of wire netting, allowing the sunshine that enters at one side of the house to fall into all the pens; but the house should be so located that three sides may receive morning, noon and afternoon sun. The same plan is followed for dividing the yard, only made for dividing the space inside the house. This gives a large amount of yard space, with the yards conveniently located. This building is shingled all over the outside, with the heaviest building paper under the shingles, and may either be sheathed or lathed and plastered inside. — Orange Judd Farmer.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES.

Unless They Are Carefully Observed Beekeeping Cannot Be Made a Real Success.

There are a few first principles that should be remembered by every bee keeper. Here are some of them:

1. Bees when frightened by smoke will immediately gorge themselves with honey and lose all incination to sting.

2. The most vicious colony of hybrids may be controlled by using a little tobacco in the smoke.

3. The prosperity of a colony depends upon the fertility of the queen. If weak colonies have not become populous in one season, kill the queen and give them another.

4. Toads, skunks and mice are great enemies to bees; see that they do not have access to the apiary.

5. Increasing or dividing should be done as early as possible, but not until stores are coming in abundantly.

6. Drones are just as essential as any other bee, but too many are a nuisance. This may be controlled by cutting out drone combs and substituting worker comb or foundation.

7. Drones may be prohibited in objectionable colonies by dividing early in the spring.

8. Keep all colonies strong.—Robert Davis, in Farmers' Advocate.

KILLING POULTRY.

Bleeding to Death Does Not Disfigure the Fowls and Makes the Flesh Nice and White.

It is admitted that poultry when bled to death is whiter in flesh than when prepared in any other manner. Then the question is how to cause them to bleed to death and not disfigure them in any way. This can be easily done by opening the beak of the fowl, then with a sharp-pointed knife make an incision at the back of the roof, which will divide the vertebra and cause immediate death, after which hang up the fowl by the legs until the bleeding ceases. Next rinse the beak out with vinegar and water. Fowls killed in this way keep longer and do not present the unsightly external marks as those killed by the ordinary system of breaking the neck. When the entrails are drawn immediately after death, and the fowl dressed, stuff it to keep its shape; it will keep fresh much longer. It is a mistaken idea to cram poultry just before killing to make them appear heavy, as the undigested food soon begins to ferment, and putrefaction sets in, as is noticed by the quantity of greenish-looking fowls that are displayed in our markets.—Farm and Fireside.

Maine Poultry Experiments. Bulletin 64 of the Maine agricultural experiment station contains an account of experiments in fattening chickens for market and the egg record of the breeding pens for 1899. The results of the fattening experiments show larger total and individual gains and cheaper flesh production in the case of chickens with partial liberty. The custom commonly practiced by English and French chicken fatteners of confining the birds in small coops was found more troublesome and less profitable than maintaining them in small flocks with restricted runs. The age at which fattening begins is very important. Chickens 7 weeks old gained 1 pound for every 3 pounds in three weeks, while chickens 25 weeks old gained less than one pound in the same length of time. It required eight pounds of grain mixture to make a pound of gain in live weight with the older birds and less than six pounds in the case of the younger birds.

Plum trees like rich soil, and they grow well in a poultry yard where the fowls pick off the insects.

SOME PROFITABLE PIGS.

Excellent Results Obtained in Six Months by Judicious Feeding and Sanitary Surroundings.

Pigs may be easily made to weigh 200 pounds at six months if properly fed.

I give my experience with a litter of eight pigs farrowed on June 6, last year. The sow and pigs were allowed the run of a 15-acre grass pasture, in which was their pen, in the shade of dairy cows. They had free access to a river and plenty of cool shade. The sow was fed twice a day all she could eat of buttermilk, which bran stirred in till it was a thick slop, and the pigs were allowed to eat with her when large enough, care being taken to feed enough so that a very little bit would be left in the trough when they were all full.

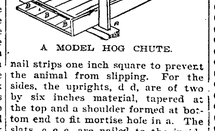
They had nothing else fed to them till two and a half months old, when they were taken from the sow. The milk and bran ration was continued, and one ear of corn for each pig was added. At four months of age the milk and corn were discontinued. The pigs were placed in a half-acre lot and fed all they would eat twice a day for one day, equal measure of bran and corn meal ground fine, mixed thoroughly and wet to make a stiff slop. At five months the pigs were placed in a floored pen, and fed one meal in all they could eat, three times a day, on a dough made of two measures of corn meal to one of bran.

On the 8th of December the pigs were slaughtered. I weighed the one that looked to be the largest, after it was killed, but before it had been dressed. It weighed 230 pounds. I don't think any one of the pigs would have weighed less than 200 pounds on foot. They were not thoroughbred pigs, but were crossed with Yorkshire, Berkshire, Poland China, and perhaps some "scrub." I believe a "thoroughbred trough" is better than a thoroughbred pig. I neglected to say that these pigs had access to salt and ashes at all times; and I will add that I never saw a sick hog that had salt and ashes before it at all times, and had some bran fed to it every day.—R. H. Carson, in Country Gentleman.

HOG-LOADING CHUTE.

A Substantial Device for Loading Swine May Be Made from the Diagram Here Given.

The bottom or foundation crosspieces, a a, may be of cedar or some light wood, about six inches square, with a hole mortised in each end about two by five inches, and as long between holes as the wagon box is wide. Lay on these the floor, b, b, of one-inch lumber, pine being best, eight or nine feet long. Across this



A MODEL HOG CHUTE.

nail strips one inch square to prevent the animal from slipping. For the sides, the uprights, d d, are of two by six inches material, tapered at the top and a shoulder formed at bottom end to fit mortise hole in a. The slats, c c c, are nailed to the inside of uprights, d d. If the uprights, d, are mortised strongly into crosspieces, a, the side pieces can be slipped out of the floor piece and the whole chute hung up in a sheltered, out-of-the-way place, and it will last much longer and be more satisfactory to the owner than if left encumbering the yard and in all sorts of weather.—W. J. Peal, in Farm and Home.

TIMELY SHEEP NOTES.

Every farm where a flock is kept should have its patch of flax grown for the seed for the use of the ewes and lambs.

In the United States we now have nine sheep to every 640 acres. In England they have 244 on the same area of land. There is a chance for improvement here.

As soon as the sheep are sheared the ticks gather on the lambs, much to their discomfort and damage. The easiest remedy is to dip the lambs, or to wet the skin all over with any

Scours in young lambs may be checked by giving them a drop of this mixture: One dram each of tincture of opium, ginger, rhubarb and cordamon seed. It is a cordial and a preventive of trouble of this kind, and should be given in a little water twice a day, or in bad cases three or four times. Give three times as much to the ewes.—Midland Farmer.

How to Fight Hog Lice. H. V. Tellor, in his "Diseases of Live Stock," says: "Flies frequently act as parasites abound on ill-fed and half-sick hogs. Indeed, their presence may almost be said to be a sign that the animal is out of condition. It is not sufficient therefore to destroy the lice with an insecticide; if the cure is expected to be permanent the animal must be kept clean, well-fed, and supported with tonics, such as sulphate of iron, if occasion demands it. As a safe and efficient ointment to kill lice we may use scotch snuff, rubbed up with lard or any other ointment; or we may use one ounce of white hellebore one ounce, water one gallon. Boil to two quarts, and apply with a brush where lice are seen.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 92,642)

"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great suffocating sensation at times. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—Mrs. DELLA REMICKER, RENSSELAER, IND.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and ache has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disregarded.

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down. Write at the first indication of trouble.

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.

ST. VITUS' DANCE!

ALBANY, O., Jan. 5, 1900.

Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, 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 Catarrh, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat Irritation, Croup, and Whooping Cough. Lung troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

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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.

Mrs. Bolton's Kindness

By ANNE S. DEAN.

(From the Ladies' World, New York. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

MRS. BOLTON was a widow, "fair, fat and forty," and—as she was wont to say of herself—well to do in sense about her. She was in easy circumstances, was very kind-hearted and had a passion for helping other people—a passion which, as she had no children, she had ample leisure to indulge.

One bright spring morning, Mrs Bolton set out on her cozily rounds of kindness. First on her path came the cottage of old Miss Martha Fairchild in gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, whose hereditary tastes had clung to her through dark days and biting poverty.

What if the china ornaments on Miss Martha's mantelpiece were common, and the fancy-work trifles were faded? The room in which each was invested with a radiance of its own, the lingering reflection of happier days. Collectively, they might have been considered as representing Miss Martha's share of the world's refinement and taste—the pictures and statuary which, had she been wealthy and liberally educated, would have adorned her luxurious apartments.

Miss Martha had opened the door and windows to let in the fresh spring air, and was moving gently about the room, dusting her art-treasures and crooning some old, forgotten love song. At the sound of Mrs. Bolton's loud, decided voice, she started like a guilty thing, and nearly dropped the little gilt china box from which she was so tenderly removing the dust.

"Tidying up, hey, Miss Martha? That's right! Now, see here—I haven't much to do this morning; suppose I go into the room a thorough cleaning for you? Wouldn't you like that?—it will save your poor back, you know."

In vain did Miss Martha protest that the room was clean, and that she swept and dusted it every day. Mrs Bolton merely assured her that she "did not mind it in the least," and went on piling up the fire with Miss Martha's carefully husbanded "kindling." Then she filled the kettle and put it on, leaving a big splash of water on the clean hearth.

"Bless-the-eye, Miss Martha," she remarked as she stood sweeping the fireplace, "it does sound real cheerful to hear people singing at their work; but don't you think that at your age you ought to be singing something different from those light and trifling songs? A hymn now, or one of the psalms, would be so much more suitable."

Fortunately, there was no need for her to answer, for Mrs. Bolton forthwith seized the broom, chased the astonished cat out of the cushioned armchair, and proceeded to sweep and dust and beat and bang until Miss Martha's poor head swam. She made fresh rents in the precious old china curtains, and tore off from the carpet a handful of tatters which, being far beyond the ministrations of needle and thread, were every morning laid deftly back in place by Miss Martha's patient fingers. Next, she brought a bowl of hot water, in which to scrub the best of china knickknacks; and Miss Martha's heart sent up a silent hymn of thanksgiving when she was given the towel and allowed to dry them herself. Poor Miss Martha held her breath when the little china box went down into the bowl; she shivered as the Praying Samuel took his plunge; and she gave a great sigh of relief as she returned the last china dog in safety to its place.

Then Mrs. Bolton turned to the articles hanging on the walls. The sampler (fortunately for it) was framed; but on each side of the chimney hung a trifle or two made of perforated paper. Miss Martha had never known what use these were intended for; but, all the same, they were the pride of her heart—they were "so tasty." On these Mrs. Bolton laid sudden hands.

"I never could see why you keep these dried things hanging up," she remarked. "They are nothing but dust-traps! Don't you think they had better go into the fire?"

"Oh, don't!" cried Miss Martha, piteously; "please don't!"

But it was too late; they were already curling up in the flames.

"I think the room looks very nice," remarked Mrs. Bolton, complacently, as she tied on her bonnet. "Now, be sure to let me know when you want help again."

Miss Martha thanked her feebly, while the tears kept dropping on the package of choice Hyson tea which Mrs. Bolton had laid on the table. And when Mrs. Bolton was fairly gone, and Puss came peeping cautiously in and sprang into her mistress' lap with an affectionate mew, Miss Martha clasped this sympathetic friend to her heart and cried bitterly.

But Miss Bolton went on her way rejoicing. The path to the village lay through a tiny bit of woods, where the ground sloped away to a little hollow. The spring sunshine lay on everything—on the young leaves, on the rocks beside the path, on the little green things pushing their heads up from under last year's fallen leaves. The birds sang gayly, the hum of bees came from the fragrant crab-apple tree that stood like a pink and white cloud beside the way, and a tiny thread of water murmured a glad little song to itself as it hurried over the pebbles. Yet Mrs. Bolton saw and heard none of these things. She walked in the sunshine of a kind deed performed, and heard the inaudible blessings of a grateful heart.

The next house she reached was that of Mrs. Skelton, whose little boy had been very ill, and was now mending slowly. As she entered the gate, a maidservant carrying a tray with a tiny covered pitcher, came out of the house opposite. Now, the arrival of this dainty little tray—which never failed to come over a sick-room door in the event of Johnny Skelton's day, and the contents of that altogether delightful little pitcher formed his most enjoyable meal—Mrs. Bolton knocked loudly and walked in, as she was wont to do, but as she turned to shut the door she saw the servant, and stopped to take the message.

"Wait a minute, Jane," she said, "and I'll give you back the pitcher."

"No matter, ma'am. Mrs. Trumann expects the tray to go up to Johnny as it stands."

"Well, I'd rather empty the pitcher; there is always a chance of getting things broken."

So she turned into the dining-room, and poured the contents of the pitcher into one of the children's thick china breakfast-mugs, returned the pitcher and tray to Jane, and went triumphantly upstairs with the mug in her hand.

Mrs. Skelton met her at the door. "Oh, is it you, Mrs. Bolton? Excuse my not coming down—I thought I heard Jane's voice, and called to her to come up."

"Jane was there; but I gave her back the pitcher, and brought the stuff up to save trouble. Here, Johnny, don't you want your corn-starch?"

It was pitiful to see how the thin little face fell, and what a piteous look came into the big eyes as the number and magnitude of his misfortunes dawned upon Johnny. No peep into the mysterious little pitcher, no folding up of the edged doily, no studying of the wonderful Japanese tray while mamma poured the cornstarch or the soup into his own little pink cup—but instead this horrid old chipped mug of Dicky's!

"Don't put in any sugar, Mrs. Bolton!" exclaimed Mrs. Skelton. "Johnny doesn't like things sweet."

"Oh, children always like sugar," rejoined Mrs. Bolton, calmly, dipping up a spoonful from the little sugar-dish on the mantel-piece and stirring it into the cornstarch. "Come, Johnnie, drink this now like a good boy."

Poor Johnnie took the cup in his trembling hands; but the mouthful of thick china and the sickening sweetness of the food were too much for him—he held the cup off despairingly and burst into tears.

"Never mind, son," said his mother, taking the cup from him, "I'll make you something else."

But Johnny shook his head. He wanted that, not something else—and it was all spoiled!

"Are you not ashamed to be such a naughty little boy, Johnny?" sternly demanded Mrs. Bolton, while his mother tenderly stroked the pale little face half-buried in the pillow, from the depths of which a stifled sob heaved up now and then.

"Well," said Mrs. Bolton, after waiting in vain for an answer, "if there is nothing else I can do to help you, Mrs. Skelton, I will go on and see how Mary Caruthers is. Good-by, Johnny. I hope you mean to be a good boy, and not worry your poor mother so."

Johnny's tears burst afresh as the door closed behind her.

"I didn't mean to be bad, mamma; but I couldn't help it!"

"I know you couldn't, darling," she replied, and stood silently stroking his hair and wondering how she could make up for his disappointment. A gentle tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Trumann entered, bringing another charming little pitcher with a butterfly for a handle.

"Jane told me that Mrs. Bolton had taken the tray," she remarked, smilingly, "so I went directly into the pantry and made Johnny some more!"

Mrs. Bolton, meanwhile, pursued her way; but the summer of her content was not quite so sweet and warm as when she had left Miss Martha's. Johnny's ingratitude had rather upset her, and she felt disposed to take gloomy views of the selfishness of human nature.

She turned into the gate of a pretty cottage, and being admitted—not with the best grace in the world—by the red-armed cook, betook herself to the nearest door, tapped at it, and entered. Two girls were the only occupants of the room—a dainty girl's room, as fresh and fresh as the owner's heart. One of the girls, evidently an invalid, lay on a lounge, the other sat on a low chair, sewing. Mrs. Bolton drew a chair close to the lounge, and, after minute inquiries into the invalid's ailments, inquired:

"Where is your mother, my dear? I hope she has not broken down from over-fatigue?"

"Oh, no!" quickly replied Jessie Caruthers, heedless of her sister's warning frown, "she has only gone to the picnic for an hour or two; we thought fresh air would do her so much good. When she comes back to take charge of Mary, I am to go."

"What picnic? I never heard anything of a picnic."

"It is quite an informal thing," said Mary Caruthers; "just a few families that have agreed to spend the day together in the woods just outside the village."

"Oh, that's where Lawrence Steele was dashing to this morning, with his road-cart full of flowers! I might have known something was on hand! What a pity that you can't go, Mary—you would enjoy these things so much! And now here you are, shut up in a sick-room, while the other young people are walking about and gathering wild-flowers."

"I must not think of it," said Mary, gently; but her eyes filled with tears, and for an instant a wild longing seized her—a craving such as only those who know the world from the outside world can know—for the free breath of the hillsides, and the tender green of the spring woods, and the gurgle of the running stream.

"It does seem a shame, too," Mrs. Bolton continued, "that Jessie can't spend the whole day in the woods when she can enjoy it! Stop, I have it—Jessie, run and put your things right on; I'll take care of Mary for you. Then you can tell your mother not to hurry, you know."

"I don't quite think mamma would like it," said Jessie, hesitatingly.

"Oh, nonsense! Run right off and get ready; your mother won't mind."

"I knew that her mother would 'mind;'" but Mrs. Bolton's words had called up a vision for her, too—not so much of "trees and babbling brooks" as of a certain handsome dark head, bending low to catch her lighter-colored.

"Would you mind it so very much if I went?" she asked, leaning over her sister's couch. "You have had your beef-tea."

"Go if you like," was all that Mary could bring herself to say. It was horribly selfish, she felt, to wish poor Jessie to stay away from that glorious outer world; but then, it was hard to be left alone with Mrs. Bolton.

But Jessie was glad of any permission, and hurried off.

Mrs. Bolton spent the next 10 or 15 minutes in "straightening up the room," as she called it—a process which nearly drove poor Mary frantic. Then came the sound of rapid wheels in the quiet street, and Mrs. Caruthers entered, saying:

"Put on your hat, Jessie; Lawrence is waiting for you."

"Jessie has gone, mamma; didn't you meet her?"

There was nothing to be done but to go to the door and tell Lawrence Steele that the bird had flown. Jessie must have gone by the foot-path, and so could not be overtaken by a vehicle.

"I suppose Miss Jessie did not care to go with me!" exclaimed Lawrence, testily. "She must then know I was sure to come for her." And giving his horse a sharp cut with the whip, he dashed off.

For, unfortunately, the possessors of handsome dark heads are not always the possessors of angelic tempers, and in general do not like to have their little plans interfered with.

As Mrs. Caruthers reentered the room, Mrs. Bolton rose to go.

"I believe I will step on and help them at the picnic," she remarked, as she put on her bonnet. "I daresay you can spare me now, Mary, since your mother has come. But I won't dine there, of course, as I was not invited."

Good-bys were exchanged, and off she went.

"I am so sorry about Lawrence," said Mrs. Caruthers, when she heard the front door slam. "He seemed really hurt. I think he admires Jessie, and it would be such a good match for her; unexceptionable in every way."

"It is too bad!" responded Mary; and the mother and daughter remained gazing gloomily at the floor—much as they might have done if the best china teaset lay there in fragments before them.

Our friend journeyed complacently on; but the way was long, and when she reached her destination she was chagrined to find that the preparations for dinner were nearly completed. Two or three ladies were unpacking the last basket, and assured her that there was nothing more to be done.

"What a pity that I came so late!" she said, regretfully. "Still, I'll walk around and see if all is right. Somebody may have forgotten something."

The ladies were so sure that nothing had been forgotten that they allowed her to walk around unattended. And in the course of her perambulations she came upon a dish of crisp lettuce leaves, set away in a shady place that seemed to do duty as a side table. Near it reposed a smaller basket, containing a pretty of the cream mayonnaise, on which Mrs. Vaneer so justly prided herself. Mrs. Vaneer had taken charge of the salad, and had made up her mind that it should be served in her style.

"Now, just see!" said Mrs. Bolton to herself. "The chicken salad is not even cut up! and as for the dressing! It is entirely too thick. It ought to be thinned down with at least a pint of vinegar."

A knife and fork and a large dish of sliced ham were temptingly at hand—Mrs. Bolton was a quick worker—and in a very short time the ham was gathered, saturated with the mayonnaise and the lettuce were cut up, mixed to noise (which had been duly "thinned down" with the contents of the vinegar bottle), and patted neatly into shape in the big bowl, in which it rose like a smooth, round pudding, topped, green and pink hill.

"I only had some sliced beets and turnips and some hard-boiled eggs!" she sighed, "how prettily I could trim it for them! But I've done the best I could—I must slip off now before they try to stop me. Goodness gracious, Jessie Caruthers! what a start you gave me! I thought you'd be yonder with all the young people. 'Too tired,' eh?—wy, wat else could you expect if you walked here? And if you'd only had waited a little while, you would have got a ride with Lawrence Steele. He brought your mother home, just after you started. Well, if he isn't carrying on with that Anderson girl—I shouldn't wonder if he was engaged to her before the day is over. He's real mad with you, though. I can tell you! Good-by—I really can't stop to dinner."

Mrs. Bolton went home a happy woman—happy in the thought of a day spent in doing kindness to others; and when she laid her head upon the pillow that night, it was with the serene consciousness of being both useful and beloved.

In his recent annual address to the national congress of the Argentine republic, President Roca announced that students had been sent to the United States to devote themselves to the study of agriculture and industry. This, says the Chicago Tribune, is but a single instance of a growing practice on the part of foreign governments to study the methods which have advanced this country to the forefront in agricultural development and industrial achievement. European governments which already feed the arsenals of our industrial competition are investigating American methods, such as their commercial representatives, Mr. Charles Stephan, a member of the French board of trade, has reported to the French government from the City of Mexico that articles from the United States are better known in the Mexican market than those of any other country. This is due, it is said, to the fact that Americans have adapted themselves to the intelligent wants and the demands of the Mexican market. One of the most characteristic American methods which have been adopted and announced to the consumer is that of not in the trade journals alone, but in newspapers and by other means, to reach the consumer directly. The secret of American success respecting this is the lowest terms is a happy combination of inventive genius and practical common sense. Residents of the old world as well as of our sister republics are free to employ the same facilities and remodel their agricultural, industrial and commercial enterprises after our patterns if they prefer to do so. As imitation is the sincerest flattery, Americans will hardly be disposed to resent the efforts of foreigners to earn something to their advantage out of the open book of American success and, so far as they choose, to Americanize their own institutions.

During the last two years the day's news has largely come from remote parts of the earth. The center of excitement shifted to the Philippines, thence to South Africa, and is now in China. Telegrams from all parts of the world are laid before the readers each morning in increasing number, and with remarkable fullness. People discuss problems of government on the other side of the globe with keen interest, and with the weight of public opinion on such questions is quickly shown. News is flashed from every corner of civilization, and yet cable communication across the Atlantic was not established until 1866. The development of the modern newspaper might well be used as an example of how the growth of human institutions goes on by a natural process. In its newspapers the United States has become a cosmopolitan country, and any day's issue of a metropolitan newspaper is equivalent to a lesson in general geography.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, makes more speeches and grants more interviews than any other diplomat at Washington. But Mr. Wu knows his business, says a Washington correspondent. He issues no signed statements. The newspapers and the magazines have tried him for matter over his name, and have found him impossible. The minister shakes his head at the first suggestion of anything of the kind, and he sticks. "It might offend my government," he says. "But you grant the interview," is argued. "Ah!" replies the minister, "the reporter is responsible." "You make speeches. How can you explain them, if your government objects to what you have said?" "The reporters make mistakes," said Minister Wu, with a broad smile. Then he added: "If my name is signed there can be no explanation."

The writer of an article on "The Passing of Birds," in the New England Magazine, says that "in the localities yet favored by great flights of geese, ducks, crane and plover during the migrations, it is not a matter for unusual comment when a single individual brings down 30 birds in an afternoon; and for a party of half a dozen to bag 300 or more in a day is a record that is repeatedly achieved. Indeed, an effective style of advertising now adopted by some western railroads is the publishing of photographs of literal wagon loads of dead game birds in a single day's hunt at some of their resorts."

A well-to-do New York lawyer has gone into training under a professional pugilist, and wishes that after a bit his instructor will hit him a "knock-out." The lawyer has been retained in several cases where the meaning of "knock-out" has been in question, and wants to obtain personal knowledge of such a visitation.

Swinging a scythe is fine exercise just after sunrise, if you can avoid everything save the grass, says an eastern contemporary, who probably knows. The legs and feet seem to have a quiet knack of getting in the way, and it's bad for them.

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