THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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TERMS, - - - $1.00 a Year in Advance

A St. Louis druggist recently advertised for "an accurate, registered, thin drug clerk, with a mustache." When asked why he wanted an assistant with these special qualifications, the druggist explained that experience had taught him that a young and attractive clerk was of more value in selling to women, particularly those buying soda water. Corpulent clerks, he added, are specially to be avoided in a hot weather.

The employment of the phonograph as a mechanical substitute for the tired "Good Thing for" or "Joshua" Cobble date is likely to be Ham Orators. an interesting feature of the approaching general election. For some years the talking machine has played an important part in the politics of America, where in many instances the candidate has in the retirement of his own home contented himself with breathing his political views into the funnel of a phonograph and allowing the machine to do the rest on tour. In the hands of a capable agent, and under the control of a popular chairman, the meeting of electors takes place just as if the candidates were present in person, and with certain added advantages which many unsuccessful candidates will readily appreciate. For the unpopular candidate the phonograph as a clockwork expounder of political opinions is an unmixed blessing. The hostile constituency may roar itself hoarse with unfriendly criticism, it may refer to the candidate in every unpublished term imaginable, it may even want to throw antiquated vegetables at him, but the machine, deaf, blind and impervious, will go right along, steadily grinding out its proprietor's views on the war or the youthful offenders' act without even pausing to say: "Gentlemen, I am much touched," when a retired egg breaks impotently inside the funnel. By a simple contrivance the phonograph may be made to register the feeling of the audience, so that when the meeting is over the records can be sent back to the candidate, who reproduces the proceedings and perhaps feels gratified that he did not attend in person.

Thirty years ago John Taborn was placed behind the walls of the Ohio penitentiary, where he still remains, holding the record for long sentences. Taborn was sentenced from Delaware county to life for murder in the second degree, and was 22 years of age when he arrived, August 16, 1870. The prisoner was a resident of Cardington, where his mother and sister still reside, and killed a man who was going to a wedding. Taborn's serial number is 8,527, and the number of the last man to arrive is 32,697, showing that 24,170 prisoners have been sent to the institution since he lost his freedom. According to the statutes, a man is eligible to parole who has served 25 years' actual imprisonment, but Taborn prefers to end his days in the penitentiary.

The number of cut roses shipped in the markets of the United States is estimated at 100,000,000 annually, valued at $9,000,000; 100,000,000 carnations, valued at $4,000,000; violets, 75,000,000, valued at $750,000; chrysanthemums, 30,000,000, valued at $300,000. The capital invested in carnations alone is said to be $2,000,000, and an even greater amount in chrysanthemums.

A peach grower near Georgetown, Del., protected his trees from the depredations of fruit thieves this summer, by conspicuously displaying this legend on signs nailed to the fence surrounding his orchard: "Caution! This Fence is Surrounded by a Live Electric Wire." The wire could be seen on top of the fence, strung on glass insulators and no one attempted to meddle with it, but how that he has marketed his crop the owner of the orchard admits that it was a "dummy."

A San Francisco schoolmistress recently married in defiance of the rule of the board of education that declares: "Whenever a female teacher marries her position in the department thereby becomes vacant." This teacher, however, refused to be removed. Accordingly she engaged an attorney, had the case argued before the city's highest legal authority and won it.

Indianapolis is the greatest sunbonnet manufacturing city in the world, and the industry grew out of a model contrived by one of its feminine residents.

A MUSICAL HEART

By Ida Estella B. Smith.

PHILEMON HARVENTH had lived three score and ten years in the quiet village of Aylesbrough. He was a man of undiminished character, was known to be very wealthy and lived in an unpretentious manner. He was a Presbyterian, and his peculiar religious views were the cause of many heated arguments among those of his friends whom he considered sufficiently to instruct in the tenets of his chosen faith. It is to be feared that when the time should come for him to "put on immortality" he would be received on the next plane by a host of bright spirits. As he was charitable, owed no man aught that he could not pay, had kept the commandments and had been as nearly as possible what the world calls an upright man, he believed that a reception of unusual grandeur awaited him.

Notwithstanding this assurance, he seemed to prefer deferring his journey to the "ever-green shore" as long as possible, for a real or imaginary pain in the region of his heart one day caused the good man to make a rather hurried visit to a physician of his acquaintance.

Dr. Elwell was one among the list of possible converts to his spiritualistic doctrine, and as Philemon entered his office he immediately cast about for an excuse whereby he might, if possible, avoid the expected lecture. But there was a troubled look on his old friend's face that quite disarmed him, and a few moments later Dr. Elwell's head was pressed against his side in a listening attitude. At first instead of hearing the heart-pulsations, as he expected, he heard music!

He raised his head and looked about, but could no longer hear it. Once more he pressed his ear against Philemon's heart, and once more he heard the same sweet strain. The music sounded like the soft tones of his own piano, as he had heard his daughter playing before leaving the house, which stood about 20 yards distant.

The doctor walked to the door and listened, but heard no sound. He looked toward the house, but there was nothing unusual in that direction. At the time the thoroughly puzzled physician had listened, first at the front, then at the back door of the office, alternately pressing his ear against Philemon's side, he had removed the old man's coat carefully.

"Anything peculiar about it, doctor?"

"A little unusual, surely."

"Unusual?"

"I wonder if I hear music."

"Well, doctor, I believe there is to be a show in town. I suppose they are having a street parade."

The physician hesitated. If he explained he feared a lecture on the supernatural. If he did not explain he felt that he was deceiving an innocent man.

Philemon continued: "I hope that it will not prove serious, though I suffer considerably at times, and thought best not to neglect it."

"Yes."

"You seem undecided."

"—I never heard of a case of this kind before. I think there must be some mistake, but I certainly hear music every time I press my ear to your heart." He replied, half fearing an explanation of the mystery from his friend's standpoint, and preparing to defend his own belief against all spiritualistic delusion.

Philemon was silent. He looked confidently into the doctor's eyes. "Why, I've not heard a twinkle of it, I guess, but there was nothing of the kind. Indeed, his honest face wore a troubled expression quite convincing to the patient.

Philemon pointed across the street. "I see Dr. Grey over there. Please call him."

A moment later Dr. Elwell was explaining to his brother physician the unusual occurrence, and together they sought an explanation; but to no purpose. Dr. Grey heard music when his ear rested against Philemon's side, as his friend had heard it.

A serious expression rested on the usually happy countenance of this patient as he prepared to depart. He arose, pulled his hat over his eyes and walked out as feebly as though he had grown ten years older. Both physicians were as puzzled over the apparent effect of their communication as they were as to the origin of the sweet strains. Philemon walked down the village street like a man in a dream. A neighbor spoke sociably as he passed, but the old man did not hear. He entered his home, mechanically drew a chair before the open fire, seated himself and rested his head in his hands. His dog stretched himself at his feet, occasionally opening one eye to look up at his master, who had failed to notice the sound of welcome, and the motion had not passed unnoticed by the faithful brute.

A half hour passed. Philemon moved uneasily and the mastiff's tail thumped against the floor reassuringly.

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. Kleinhamer, Cronomo-Hudson, N. Y.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nervous Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases. 2

Uniform Examinations—1900.

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

November 8th and 9th. Friendship Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.

"Amzie!"

The dog bounded to his feet with a whine of pleasure.

"Amzie, my boy, I have much to attend to; very much, for I have this day received a serious warning."

He placed his hand on the animal's head, and in a sorrowful and affectionate manner caressed the only creature left to him whom he believed loved him disinterestedly.

"Yes, Amzie, I have received a warning of the approaching change. I suppose I ought to be thankful that the time draws near, but it is uncertain, after all. You must be provided for, and you shall be. The rascally relatives who anxiously await my final leave-taking cannot cheat you out of your inheritance! You are my best friend, Amzie! Do you understand me? My best friend!"

The mastiff raised one huge paw and placed it across his master's knee as he tried to lick the hand that caressed him. Philemon gently stroked it, and continued: "I have been told that there are animals on the next plane, Amzie; I cannot say whether it be true, but you can come to me if they misuse you. They dare not, sir! They dare not!" he shouted, excitedly.

He pulled the chair toward a rather antiquated desk and wrote several words on a slip of paper.

"Take this to Richard, my boy. If my heart is weak I must save steps; I have heard that walking is injurious if one suffers with heart disease."

The dog took the note in his mouth and, as Philemon opened the door, bounded outward. A few moments later he returned, with the gardener closely following.

"You sent for me, sir? Amzie brought the note."

"Yes, Richard; I want you to bring a lawyer here at once. He must be the first one you can find. I am in a great hurry." And the man hurried away.

When the lawyer arrived he found Philemon seated before the desk, busily engaged in arranging his business papers. One drawer after another had been emptied and the contents heaped in considerable confusion before him. He welcomed the lawyer and proceeded to explain why he had called him.

"I have concluded, sir, that a man who has lived so long in this world as I have ought to properly arrange matters before leaving for the next; therefore, I have sent for you to do the work for me."

The lawyer acquiesced, politely remarking that he hoped it might be many years first, and Philemon continued: "I have a large estate to dispose of. I also have a few distant relatives; not one among them would, from genuine sorrow, shed a tear at my grave; but this faithful fellow will mourn." Here he once more caressed the dog. "I want him properly cared for during his life, if he survive me, and I have good reason to believe that he will; and as either one of the rascally set who claim relationship to me would, in all probability, assist him in reaching dog-heaven ahead of time, I wish to leave him in the care of my gardener, Richard Jenkins. He is faithful, and Amzie is fond of him. I wish him to understand that this room, with all it contains, is to be reserved for the use of the dog. The remaining portion of the house is to be used by his own family, and Amzie is to be well cared for. In compensation for these services I will place at his disposal $1,000 the first year, and it shall be increased $200 each year that my pet shall live. A sure incentive for Richard to see that he has good care," he remarked, with a grin of satisfaction, as the lawyer rapidly transferred the old man's wishes to paper.

He then explained minutely how and what the dog was to be fed, and he wished Richard to understand that though he often stretched himself before the fire, at times he enjoyed lying on the broad sofa, which must be left for his use alone.

The lawyer smiled indulgently, and continued to write until the rather peculiar document was finished.

Soon afterward the will was properly signed and witnessed, the lawyer had gone and Philemon was once more seated before the fire.

The evening shadows were lengthening. Philemon seemed to have forgotten that he usually ate a hearty meal at this hour. Amzie, as usual, lay at his master's feet, occasionally looking upward and emphasizing the fact of his presence by the same loud rap of his tail.

The old man remained in this position for some time. He was thinking of the years that had passed since his wife had been taken from him, and now he believed the time short until he should meet her. Save for those who ministered to his comfort, and were paid for their services, he had lived alone, with only the companionship of a dog. Amzie was the third mastiff that had enjoyed the privilege of lying at his feet.

"The time is short," he thought, aloud; and Amzie immediately bounded to his side.

"You are in the habit of going with me for a walk at this hour, sir. Come along. I have a strange errand to do to-night."

Without further conversation with his dumb companion, Philemon walked slowly up the street until he reached the village furniture and undertaking establishment. Here he paused as though somewhat undecided whether to enter. A dim light burned in the rear of the store, though the front remained in darkness. Finally Philemon entered the dimly-lighted building in a hesitating manner. The proprietor came out of the back room, and upon recognizing his visitor cordially welcomed him.

"When he had selected a coffin and given directions as to how he wished it trimmed he left the astonished undertaker and walked toward the home of a fellow psychist.

"After seriously considering the matter, Philemon had decided to visit this man and explain the state of his feelings regarding the spiritual phenomena, as he was pleased to consider the occurrence in the doctor's office that morning. His friend listened attentively until he had finished; then he laughed.

"If you neither saw nor heard anything unusual yourself, my opinion is that those physicians were playing a joke on you," was the unsatisfactory reply. And the matter seemed to have a little less serious an aspect to Philemon, though he had gone too far, and arranged his earthly affairs preparatory to entering the next world with too much genuine anxiety, to cast it off at the first laugh from his friend.

"Should this matter prove to be as I think, you will speak a few words over my remains, will you not?" he inquired, half hoping that his time on earth would end abruptly, if only to convince the man that he was right.

"I will," was the grave reply; and Philemon departed.

His words had not produced the effect upon his friend that he had hoped, though he still felt convinced of the genuineness of the warning; and with the faithful Amzie walked homeward, repeating a few comforting verses of Scripture, believing it the proper thing for a man to do who expected ere long to take that journey from whence no man returns.

He reached the corner of the street near his home without speaking to the dog. It had been his custom to converse with him in a confidential manner, quite ignoring the fact that he received no reply; but to-night the dog seemed to understand his master's mood and walked on ahead. Suddenly a man emerged from Philemon's gate, and Amzie gave a bark of recognition. It was Dr. Elwell.

"Good evening, Mr. Harventh. I have been searching for you for an hour. I thought you seemed somewhat disturbed over our hearing music this morning, and I wanted to tell you that after you left I we discovered that your uncle had retired against the thin pipe of the speaking tube which communicates with my house, and my daughter was playing the piano. If you were not so hard of hearing you probably would have heard it yourself."

Philemon mumbled something, he scarcely knew what, and the doctor hurried on. But a load seemed to have been suddenly lifted from him. He now realized that he had eaten nothing since morning, and understood that the faint feeling he had experienced was caused by hunger; and ere he sought his supper food he exclaimed: "Never mind, Amzie, you are provided for! I needed a shock."—Woman's Home Companion.

Late reports say there is considerable mining activity in the Black hills, and a number of new mines are being opened up. Compagisons made between the present condition of mining in the Black hills and that of Colorado, Idaho and other western precious metal states are not at all unfavorable to the former. Last year upward of $8,000,000 was taken from Lawrence county mines, one of them being the Homestake. There is said to be not more than one stamp mill standing idle in the county. And yet the Black Hills mining industry can be said to be practically in its infancy, for there are great areas which will ultimately prove of great productiveness that yet remain unnoticed and unexploited.

THE BADY

CAPACITY IN COWS.

External Signs of a Good Milker That No Buyer Can Afford to Slight or Overlook.

When a farmer is about to buy a mower, a reaper or a cultivator he looks carefully about him to find a machine that is best fitted in size, size and mechanism to do the work required. When it comes to buying or raising a dairy cow too many neglect to consider whether the cow, from her general appearance, seems to be fitted to do good work in the dairy or not.

Now, it is to be admitted that you cannot tell certainly whether a cow is a deep, rich milker from her general appearance; but still, so large a percentage of high quality cows of the land have certain external signs that have come to be regarded as the marks of a good milker, that it is folly to overlook these marks when selecting cows for one's herd. One of these special signs that is extremely important may be comprehended under the term "capacity."

WELL-DEVELOPED MILKER.

I have reproduced here the outlines of two cows that are illustrated by photographic cuts in the last Hood Farm catalogue of Jersey cattle, since they bring out in a typical manner the point I wish to make. In order to turn a large amount of hay, grass, ensilage and grain into milk and butter a cow must have a large, deep body, and, my experience has led me a large udder. The cows illustrated show the great, deep bodies and the splendid development of udder that characterizes the big milkers. A cow body is a butter and milk factory. You cannot expect to make much butter and milk in a small factory. The "wedge-shaped" cow has a deep body where depth is needed—where the machinery of the body is at work converting fodder into dairy products. The cow that has little depth from her back down to a point beneath her just in front of the udder has never shown up, so far as my observation has gone, as a heavy milker. I like also to see an udder like those in the cuts. They stamp the cow at once as a producer of large quantities of milk, and these udders may well be taken as model examples, not only in regard to size, but as to shape as well. Notice the fullness of the core part of the udder and how well it runs up behind, with the large, well-placed teats and its general appearance of large capacity. Such an udder, when milked out dry, will fail in loose, soft folds, like an empty bag. It is a good type to breed to.—N. Y. Tribune.

A RECORD BREAKER.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

We cannot afford to run cows on half time.

Cool the milk and keep it at a given temperature.

Cleanliness and cold are the three "c's" of milk production.

Overalls should be clean. Don't have them stiffened with dairy starch.

Don't make a strainer do too much work. Have a fresh one for every ten or a dozen cows.

Manage to have the cows come fresh so as to maintain a uniform supply throughout the year.

The feed does not affect the richness of the milk. You cannot tell by the looks of the milk how rich it is.

To get high grade milk brush the cows before milking, and it is advised by many that the udders be clipped.

The German dairymen have a stall which seems nearly perfect. The platform is just the right length for the cow, and behind it is a deep ditch of six or eight inches, with a ledge part way down, so that the cow in slipping off does not slip clear to the bottom. The cows soon learn to stand out of the ditch and keep perfectly clean.—Prof. Cooley, in Prairie Farmer.

Deceptive Butter Tests.

"And it seems we should have got more butter, but we did not." There is a whole sermon in these few words from a correspondent, who reports a butter test of his cow. It plainly expresses the fellow's belief that a cow with a butter test is worthy of an indictment. Butter tests represent marketable products, and estimated possibilities are not marketable. The unfortunate experience of the young fellow with a "butter test" cow ought to be a warning against counting anything until you can see it, at least.—Jersey Bulletin.

The Man Who Pails Behind.

The farmer to-day who does not employ feed-saving machines is not making the most out of his opportunities.

A Difference in Results.

The value of a good cow compared with a poor one may be shown by the test made at the New Jersey experimental station. With milk at one cent per pound the best cow gave a profit of $45.75, while the poorest cow gave a profit of only 13 cents. With butter at 20 cents a pound the best cow gave a profit of $46.64, while the poorest cow gave a profit of only $5.84 for one year. The cow, more than the food, produces the profit.

Cuts and Bruises Quickly Healed.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm applied to a cut, bruise, burn, scald or like injury will instantly allay the smart and heal the parts in less time than any other treatment. Unless the injury is very severe it will not leave a scar. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings and lameness. For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, at Andover, and N. E. Coston, at Greenwood.

THE CHARM OF LIFE

Is Lost When the Burden is Too Heavy.

Life is hardly worth the living with the never-ceasing aches and pains of a bad back. If you would remove the burden of backache, reach the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure sick kidneys, and the cure is lasting. Here is proof of it.

Mr. F. E. Cleveland, baggage agent at the Erie Depot, Elmira, N. Y., says: "For two years and a half ago I was annoyed by an aching in the small of my back, accompanied at times by sharp, darting pains and a considerable soreness over my right hip. My health had heretofore been excellent, so medicine and I were comparative strangers. I felt, having heard such good reports of friends being cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, that I should at least give this remedy a trial, for it might prove to be a trusted friend to me. My appeal was not in vain. One box brought me great relief and ended the pains. After ten days light symptoms reappeared and I again took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pains disappeared and the accretions, which were greatly in excess, became normal and regular, thus allowing me to rest well during the night and get up refreshed in the morning. Since then I have not had a touch of backache."

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

CURSE

—OF—

DRINK

CURED

—BY—

White Ribbon Remedy,

Tasteless. Odorless.

Can be given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee, Without Patient's Knowledge.

Dr. Brown's White Ribbon Remedy is the only reliable, safe, quick and permanent cure for intemperance that can be given to the patient without their knowledge. It is PURE, CLEAR, ODORLESS, TASTELESS.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure, or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate or a tippler, a social drinker or a drunkard, White Ribbon Remedy will cure. *It is impossible for any one to use alcoholic liquors after using this specific.* By mail, $1.00. Trial package free.

Dr. Wm. R. Brown, 218 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Feaner's GOLDEN RELIEF!

Cut Brow, Cuts, Bruises, or Any Wound.

INFLAMMATION

Sprains, Sore Throat, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Toothache (3 minutes), Cold Sores, Felons, etc. etc.

"Colic," "Cramps," "Cholera Morbus," "Diarrhoea."

GIVES ANY PAIN INSIDE OR OUT

in one to thirty minutes.

By Druggists. The No. size by mail from Fredonia, N.Y.

To Repair Broken Articles use Major's Cement

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

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LOANS NEGOTIATED.

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G. M. WEBSTER & CO.,

MERCHANTS,

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HOYT & MAYO,

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.

The man whom Blondin carried across the gorge of Niagara on a tight rope is still living in Chicago at the age of 72. His name is Harry Colcord, and his business that of portrait and landscape painting. As the story of his exploit extended only in newspaper and magazine articles, Colcord, in his own account, and it abounds in thrilling details, Colcord in his early days spent four years on a whaler. His physique was well seasoned when he fell in with Blondin, and his weight 135 pounds, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In crossing Niagara his chief part was to forget that he had the power of independent movement. Three times he was carried over on the rope, and that was enough, for the horror of the business grew upon him.

When he has the nightmare now it takes the form of hanging on Blondin's shoulders and gazing down on the masses of people and swirling waters 270 feet below. Blondin stumbles and he wakes up feeling that the dream effects him more than did the reality.

COMING OF HIS SWEETHEART

De Daisies spread a carpet for de fallin' at her feet—

My honey, my honey, my sweet;

En de Jay birds sing de wedding song

Dat she walkin' ever day,

My honey, my honey, my sweet!

De River stop an say:

"What's de comin' dis way?"

En de Water-Lily dancin' lak he had a holiday;

En de Winder say: "I reckon I mug look out fer de May,

My honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Sunflower tu'n ter meet her in de meddes en de street—

My honey, my honey, my sweet;

En de Mockin' Bird is hyar

"I mus' sing my best" to-day

Fer my honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Win's dey runs a race

A-rompin' 'roun' de place,

En blow de li'l stars out 'cas dey peepin in her face;

En de Honeysuckle tell her dat her lips is sweet ter taste—

My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I heah de bells a-ringin' cross de clover en de wheat—

My honey, my honey, my sweet;

En de Sun rise up an say

He a-lightin' her ter-day,

My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I heahs her footsteps plain

In de pathur er de rain—

En de drapin' er de blossoms in de medder en de lane,

En my heart is fa'r a-swine lak' a silver ban' a-playin'

Fer my honey, my honey, my sweet!

—Fred L. Stanton, in Saturday Evening Post.

CASHIERED.

By Andrew Balfour.

I.

THE lieutenant was but a boy, a product of the English public school and of Sandhurst, with an incipient mustache and a face which six months before had been fresh and ruddy as the winter air of Christmas tide. But the dreaded west coast had done its work, in part at least; and it was a haggard, weary, yellow visage which, with a pair of field glasses swept the dull green fringe of the relentless bush, and then turned to the little garrison. The lieutenant gave an order, pointed with his finger, and from a loophole in the stockade came a flash, a sharp report. As if in answer to a summons, a black shape sprang up from the edge of the forest cover, screamed wildly, and with convulsive twitchings pitched out into the open, rolled over and over, and lay still.

"Ready, lads," sang out their officer; and the men of the frontier police prepared to do as they had done every day and many a night for the past six weeks.

They were a dusky lot, in ragged uniforms, with cheek bones which told a tale of want of food, parched lips which were evidence of the muddy, brackish water that could scarcely moisten them and yet was all their comfort, and fierce, wild eyes which spoke to wakeful nights and dread uncertainty. Day and night, night and day, had they watched and fought and suffered, and still the old flag drooped idly from its staff in the simmering heat, and still they waited for relief with a hope which waned within them.

The lieutenant looked to his revolver, and with fingers which trembled a little rolled a thin cigarette and tried hard to muster up a cheery smile. It was a sorry attempt, for his nerves were going way, and there was that in his blood which saps all joviality and makes the liver in very truth a seat of melancholy. There had been little loss in men, for the stockade was strong and high, and lead-coated stones and pot-legs though ugly missiles, are none too efficient as regards the searching of loopholes at 80 and 100 yards; but to the lieutenant the searching sun's rays, the empty stomach, the dry and burning throat, the want of sleep, and the utter loneliness were as bad—nay, worse—than the loss of half a dozen black fellows, faithful to the death though these might be.

It was his first experience of war, and there was no glory in the business. If he failed, few would ever learn that Port Mutl had held out so bitter end against terrible odds, and fewer still would care. Men's minds were busy elsewhere, for the west coast was but one of many fronts in Africa, and there was swarming with men of another color and another clime. For all that, the lieutenant had done his duty, and much more than he imagined, but many things unknown to him depended on the safety of his outpost.

"Here they come!" he cried suddenly, and from every quarter of the encircling forest darted white puffs of smoke, and noises innumerable filled the air—the sharp, sharp crack, the heavy boom of the musket gun, the bang, bang, of flintlock muskets, and then the battle yell of a savage foe. There was no answer from Fort Mutl. Its defenders could not afford to waste powder on the scrub, but now came the rush. A horde of savages, their hair frizzed out into fantastic patterns, their bodies naked save for the loin cloth, bounded into the open and passed towards the palisades.

"Give it them, men!" yelled the lieutenant, and they got it. It was the old Martini which served the black police, and the Martini bullet has driving power. At such a range, in such a mass of humanity, each leaden messenger found a plethora of billets both temporary and permanent, and the assailants found things too hot for them. A few, fanatics all, escaped the deadly hail and sprang at the defenses, only to be dashed to earth with the butt or run through with the bayonet.

"The children of the white devil" had conquered once again. It could not last, however. The enemy had shown more boldness than hitherto, the cartridges were woefully less, and a fresh attack was clearly impending.

The lieutenant's heart sank within him, and yet he spoke a few words of praise and encouragement to his men. His speech was never ended. Distant but distinct there rang out a bugle-call, and then from the green depths around came the rattling crash of a fusillade and the constant pop, pop, pop of the ubiquitous Maxim.

Fort Mutl was relieved.

"Splendid, my dear boy!" said a major of the line ten minutes later. "You have done capitally, and if I can manage it you'll have the D.S.O., for you deserve it if anyone does. Now take a pull at this."

Perhaps he guessed that the lieutenant was on the verge of disgracing his manhood.

II.

Three weeks had come and gone, just half as long as the ordeal at Fort Mutl had lasted, and the traveling column was cutting its arduous way through the dense bush to yet another isolated post whose fate hung in the balance.

The lieutenant had been offered his chance to return to the coast or to accompany the expedition, and, like a boy, he had chosen the latter alternative. His feeling of malaise—those shivers down his spine, that dragging pain, slight, but never absent from his left side—should have warned him. The surgeon did so; but the lieutenant merely laughed at him, and threw about him and in his eyes, for the surgeon was wounded and sorely so keen at a diagnosis as was his wont. So the lieutenant journeyed with the rest, and was whose was vast herds of antelope had roamed, in whose rapid waters the lion had oftttimes quenched his thirst, now swept as a dividing-line between the invader and the advancing force.

The low hills were full of armed Boers, the intersecting valleys patrolled by their horse, every point of vantage crowned by their heavy Krupps and far-reaching Creusots. Thousands of Mauser riflemen lay biding their time—rude, rough dwellers on the veldt, but stubborn foes and deadly marksmen. With keen eyes they watched the preparations for the British infantry attack, and marveled at the courageous folly of the hated "rooinieks."

To the south of the river the brown battalions were mustering, every man keen to get to close quarters with an enemy which loved cover as the prowling beast of prey loves the shade of rock and bush and scrub. Bugles and cavalry trumpets sounded loud and mellow, company after company stood to arms, troop after troop clattered joyfully to their appointed posts; while the eager artillerymen, brave to rashness, whirled, bounding and bumping, to the front, their teams straining at the harness, the white dust whirling from beneath the wheels of the gun-carriages.

A mounted officer spurred quickly to where the imperial scouts were drawn up in a long double line, two lines of steel and khaki upon two other lines of restless horses which smelt the battle from afar. He was met by their commander; a few brief words passed between them, and the cavalry were at once put in motion and trotted towards the river's brink.

Fording where they escaped the fire, they learned that a chance had been vouchsafed to them. The ford had to be tested, for the brilliant Irish brigade had been ordered to cross the Tugela and storm the kopjes. There was a call for volunteers; but every man was willing. A half-dozen, named by their comrades, received the order, and amongst them was a young trooper who had found it hard to pass the doctors, and yet had managed to enlist, for men were wanted who could ride well and shoot straight, and he had given ample evidence that he possessed both accomplishments. His sallow face was lined and weary; trouble was marked upon his brow; he was old for his years; but in his eyes was a fiery glitter and his teeth were set. This time he would not fail his country.

"You are to search the ford, cross if possible, and return and report," was the command, with an additional: "Good luck to you, my lads."

It had to be a dash, and a dash it was. Into the level stream rode the half-dozen, and a hail of bullets came swishing past their ears, furrowed the earth about them, scattering the dust which rose like water-jets on a pond when a thundershower pits its surface.

Thud! crash! One was down; but on they galloped. It was a marvel they were not swept away by such a storm of lead. Another horse plunged and shrieked in agony; another man pitched backwards and trailed one foot in stirrup upon the ground.

It could not be done; every man of them was wounded, and every horse but one. Its rider, a mere boy, shot in the shoulder, with a useless left arm, careered forward alone. He reached the water; with reckless spurs he forced his maddened steed into the stream. On and on they pressed; the river swirled about them. It was the ford, but now would scarce be called, for the foe had dammed back the waters, which rose to the horse's withers and threatened to sweep the hoofs from under him. The drift proved—there was a desperate struggle, then it shoaled.

Those who watched shouted aloud in admiration. Although they knew he could not hear, they now cried now the venturesome trooper to return. He had crossed—the first man to cross—and the brigade was to follow him, to the death if need be; but it were a pity if he should now fall.

"Heavens; he must be mad!" exclaimed a staff-officer, as through his binoculars he saw the horseman force his jaded beast to take the slope—saw him, alone and unprotected, face the impregnable position. "Come back, you fool!" he cried; and suddenly the horse came, and its rider with it.

Struck on the neck, the dripping charger wheeled in fright and dashed back upon its trail. Struck in a dozen places, the trooper reeled, clutched at its mane, and then, as they floundered from ford to pool and from pool to deep and rushing current, he lost his hold and was swept away.

Swinging upon the bosom of the Tugela, sweeping to join the buffalo and the sea, wildeyed and blood-stained, drifted the shot-riddled corpse of Trooper ——, whom none knew to be an ex-lieutenant.—Chambers' Journal.

Journal for Theater Physicians.

In Paris a journal is published for theater physicians. Nearly every special branch of medical service now has its own particular organ.

CELEBRATED HIS WINNING.

Sporting Man Makes $5,000 and Drinks a Glass of Buttermilk on It.

"You talk about your cold feet—I saw a couple the night of the Prize-fighting fiasco, and—but—I digress. I was a bookmaker for a week," said the barkeeper in a Sixth Street wet goods house to a Chicago Chronicle man.

"Did they give you lung trouble?" put in a customer.

"No, but they made me feel like the ice man or a frosty morning in Spitzbergen."

"What was cold. How did it come about?"

"Well, you see, we have a ticker in here and during the fight got the rounds as they were pulled off. Early during the game a man drifted in here and took up a position before the ticker. He was seated and had his eyes glued to the ticker all the while.

"Whoop!" he yelled as the sixth round was over. 'I've won nearly $5,000 on the fellow who escaped the fire.' I was where I could see the tickets. In addition to the five hundred dollars in cash, I had been unable to find a taker.

"What happened then?" a customer asked.

"He bought a glass of buttermilk and slipped out."

"Is that how you pay your bills, rent, light and insurance?"

"Not on the money of a fellow like that," and the bartender's countenance brightened at the thought that, within him.

CARELESS WITH JEWELRY.

Many Women Leave Watches and Rings Around Where Thieves May Get Them.

A majority of women, though careful to a degree in other things, are notoriously careless about their watches and jewels. They lay them down wherever they chance to be when changing their raiment, and as not infrequently the valuables are carried off by a dishonest servant or guest. In other respects the feminine recklessness as to consequences is displayed. Of course, it doesn't injure a ring to put it on a cold marble slab at night nor to drop it occasionally to the brick pavement, but it does ruin the setting of the jewels to have a tight glove pulled on over them; yet there's hardly a member of the sex, unless she wears so many finger ornaments that it's impossible to get a glove over them, who does not subject them to such severe treatment, and wonders any mourns when she loses a stone she values.

"One young woman always ties her rings up in a corner of her handkerchief when she puts on her gloves, and then tucks her handkerchief up her sleeves, and she considered this a very good way until she lost her handkerchief with the contents of four the other day, when she began to believe she'd been a little thoughtless with her treasures.

It is said by the porters of sleeping cars and the matrons of various public places, however, that fewer rings are left now on washstands than was the case a few years ago, and this is probably because a large proportion of womankind seems to have made it a rule to keep such ornaments in their mouths while they bathe their hands.

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