ANDOVER NEWS.

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ANDOVER, N. Y., OCTOBER 3, 1900

TERMS, - - - $1.00 A Year in Advance

A woman has to have a knowledge of business conditions if she expects to get the most comfort for her family out of the least money. For instance, if she makes jelly and jam, and fills up her cupboard and closets with goodies in the summer for the winter's consumption, she should buy her sugar in the spring when the price is low. For just as sure as strawberries come in May, so sugar goes up with the mercury, and it refuses to come down until the frosty pumpkin is in the pile. There is a good deal more sugar used in the summer than in the winter, not only in the factories where fruit is being canned, but in families on the saucers of berries and on shortcakes and pies, and in the fruit put away for the winter. Thus the price goes up, and the people who refine sugar in this country, possibly take advantage of that fact and, as railroad men say, "put on all the traffic will bear." The moral of this is to buy out of season. Buy blankets in July and lawns in January, and Christmas gifts at any time, except just before Christmas, and flour by the barrel when the price is lowest and coal—well, buy coal when the coal men are quarreling and cutting prices. And ice? There is no such ice, no way but to buy it as fast as it melts, pay for it and take it out on the ice man. And be sure he weighs the ice. Yes, and ask the grocer to weigh the sugar before he puts it into the stout red paper bag. That heavy red paper bag is getting special attention from the labor unions just now, who object to paying for it at the pound rate of groceries. And remember that all these little things count in economical living.

There is something about one's personality which eludes the photographer, which the painter cannot reproduce, which the sculptor cannot chisel. This subtle something which every one feels, but which no one can describe, which no biographer ever put down in a book, has a great deal to do with one's success in life. It is this indescribable quality, says a writer in Success, which some persons have in a remarkable degree, which sets an audience wild at the mention of the name of a Blaine or a Lincoln—which makes people applaud long and loud before a word is spoken. It was this peculiar atmosphere which made Clay the idol of his constituents. Although, perhaps, Calhoun was a greater man, he never aroused any such enthusiasm as "the mill-boy of the slashes." Webster and Sumner were great men, but they did not arouse a tithe of the spontaneous enthusiasm evoked by men like Blaine and Clay. A historian says that, in measuring Kossuth's influence over the masses, "we must first reckon with the orator's physical bulk, and then carry the measuring line above his stature there." If we had discernment fine enough, we could not only measure the personal atmosphere of individuals, but could make more accurate estimates concerning the future possibilities of schoolmates and young friends. We are often misled as to the position they are going to occupy from the fact that we are apt to take account merely of their ability, and do not reckon this personal atmosphere or magnetic power as a part of their success-capital. Yet this individual atmosphere has quite as much to do with one's advancement as brain-power or education. Indeed, we constantly see men of mediocre ability, but with fine personal presence, superb manner, and magnetic qualities, being rapidly advanced over the heads of those who are infinitely their superiors in mental endowments. A good illustration of the influence of personal atmosphere is found in the orator who carries his audience with him like a whirlwind, while he is delivering his speech, and yet so little of this personal element adheres to his cold words in print that those who read them are scarcely moved at all. The influence of such speakers depends almost wholly upon their presence—the atmosphere that emanates from them. They are much larger than anything they say or do.

Personal Magnetism.

Devotees to vegetarianism are said to be increasing in America. They claim that the health of humanity is greatly benefited by an adherence to their diet.

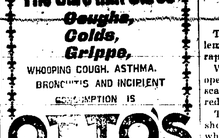
PORTABLE FEED RACK.

Kansas Farmers Think It Is the Best Device of Its Kind They Have Ever Tried.

The two illustrations here given show a portable feed rack as used on a Kansas farm and described by the Kansas state board of agriculture re-

CONSTRUCTION OF RACK.

port. The first cut shows manner of construction, and the second shows it as it appears when completed. This rack may be made 16 or 18 feet long, but the latter appears the most serviceable. It holds half a ton of hay or a ton of sorghum. By hitching a team to one end it can be easily moved from place to place. The framework is made of two four lumber, except the runners, which are two by six inches.



THE RACK COMPLETED.

A pretty story has just come from Berkeley, Cal., of how some of the university girls stole a march on one of their number who was about to be married a week before the time set for the wedding, when the bride was "up to her eyes" in work, there came one day about a half-hour before luncheon, a smart pull at the bell, followed by the entrance of a dozen of her classmates, who announced that they had come for luncheon. The natural consternation of the hostess at this unexpected addition to her family was assuaged when each girl produced not only the component part of a most delicious meal, but dainty individual cups and saucers as well. When the merry feast was ended the dozen cups and saucers were left behind as souvenirs of the occasion. Nor was this all. Carefully wrapped in tissue paper and tied with baby ribbon in the Berkeley colors, blue and gold, were all sorts of small kitchen conveniences—egg beaters, potato ricers, larding needles, a set of silver skewers, and the like. These were stealthily tucked into the interstices of the wedding chest which was being packed, as other practical reminders of the happy college days comradeship.

A Bride's Merry Send-Off.

The New York Press has found the pie plus ultra of shockingness—not stockingness: "Moonlight bathing at Narragansett Pier, girls in Brant Rock, Mass., going to the post office in bathing costumes. Larchmont women wearing duck trousers. Chicago women attending church without hats, people eating 'hot corn' where the latter is put up with a paint brush, all these one can believe, but think of 'Seckless' Jerry Simpson yelling himself red in the face for shirt waists for men!"

Some years ago a man ran up a bill of $800 in the Tremont house, Chicago and then ran away without settling it. The trunk which remained in his room was unusually heavy, and when opened was found to contain specimens of ore, brought from the gold and silver mines of Colorado. After waiting out the legal time, the contents of the trunk were sent to an assayer, who returned two bits of metal valued at more than $100 in excess of the bill, after deducting his own fees.

A citizen of Lexington, Mo., claims fame by reason of the fact that on a postal card 3 by 5½ inches in extent he has written 14,685 words, consisting of this mixture: Declaration of Independence, 1,309; constitution of the United States, with preamble and amendments, 5,890; the articles of confederation of the original states, 3,450; the Lord's Prayer, 67; the 119th Psalm, 2,435; 145 lines of Longfellow's "Evangeline," 1,614.

A commercial drummer, who loaned a hard-up stranger $25 not long ago while he was selling goods in Dawson City, and left the country without ever expecting to see the money again, has just received in payment of the loan a check on a San Francisco bank for $25,000. When the stranger reached Nome he struck it rich, and did not forget the man who had befriended him.

The Cure that Cures

Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS

OLTON'S

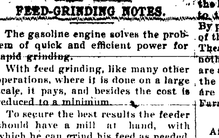
CURE

Sold by all druggists 25&50cts

Uniform Examinations—1900.

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

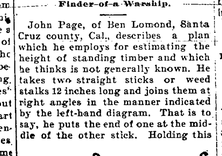
November 8th and 9th. Friendship Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.



MEASURING TIMBER.

A Simple Device Resembling in Essential Respects the Range Finder-of-a Warship.

John Page, of Ien Lomond, Santa Cruz county, Cal., describes a plan which he employs for estimating the height of standing timber and which he thinks is not generally known. He takes two straight sticks or weed stalks 12 inches long and joins them at right angles in the manner indicated by the left-hand diagram. That is to say, he puts the end of one at the middle of the other stick. Holding this



MEASURING STANDING TIMBER.

device up before his face, with A at his nose, he brings the point (C) in range with the stump that is to be. Then he backs away slowly until he can bring D in line with the top of the tree. He says that the distance from himself to the foot of the tree will be equal to the height of the latter.

The Tribune finds it hard to understand how this device can be used as described, unless the upper end of CD leans backward toward the man's head. It would then be no longer perpendicular, and the true principle of it would be sacrificed. But if the sticks were put together as in Fig. 2 greater accuracy would be secured. Then AB would be horizontal and parallel with the earth, and BC would be vertical and parallel with the tree trunk. Under these circumstances, the distance from the man's feet to the tree would be equal to the height of the tree. The principle employed is nearly the same as that used on warships at sea to get the enemy's range.—N. Y. Tribune.

TALK ABOUT COWBELLS.

They Are Made To-Day Exactly as They Were a Hundred Years Ago.

"One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cowbell, which is made now just as it was a hundred or more years ago, and has now just the same peculiar clinking sound as ever," said a bell manufacturer to a Washington Star writer recently. "Cowbells are made some of copper and some of a composition metal; but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast; it is cut from a sheet of metal, which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal cap at the top, through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cowbells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to us and by selection among bells of various sizes, find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

"There are only four factories in the United States in which cowbells are made, and in each case the cowbell is only an item of production among all the things. Cowbells are sold all over the country, just the same as ever, but much the greater number is sold in the south, the southwest and the west, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence and cattle are more apt to stray. American cowbells are exported quite largely to the various countries of South America and also to Australia."

FEED-GRINDING NOTES.

The gasoline engine solves the problem of quick and efficient power for rapid grinding.

With feed grinding, like many other operations, where it is done on a large scale, it pays, and besides the cost is reduced to a minimum.

To secure the best results the feeder should have a mill at hand, with which he can grind his feed as needed, and prepare it to suit the requirements of his special line of feeding.

A sweep mill that will grind from 40 to 50 bushels of dry corn and cob meal per hour, is a pretty good mill.

Grain is valuable as food only when digested and assimilated, and to be valuable for digestion must be crushed, ground and pulverized either before feeding or by the animal itself.

The successful cattle feeder, the one who always tops the market, is the one who can convert the largest amount of crude feed into high-priced beef. Grinding feed is a great aid in laying on fat.—Prairie Farmer.

Burning Out Old Stumps.

The easiest way to get rid of stumps in field or meadow is to burn them out. Dig a trench around the stumps about two feet wide and two and one-half or three feet deep, cut off all projecting roots quite close and remove the soil as well as possible. Then leave the stump for a few days to dry. Gather up a lot of dry sticks, brush, etc., and fill up the trench all around and on top of the stump and set it on fire. The stump will be consumed in a day or two. Even green stumps may be burned out in this way, although it may require a second or third supply of dry sticks on the fire to accomplish it.—L. O. Rolfe, in American Agriculturist.

SCIENCE IN FARMING.

It Has Helped to Make Vast Tracts of Worthless Soil Veritable Garden Spots.

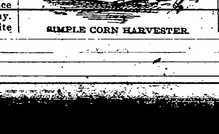
Science is the best ally of agriculture, as has been frequently demonstrated. A case in point is an examination into the cause of unproductiveness in some of the so-called "black soils" of Indiana. In central and northern Indiana there are black humus soils known as "bogus." In a good many cases these were found in places that had formerly been the beds of ponds or else were once marshes nearly always covered with water. The water disappeared long ago, leaving the land in a condition that made it possible to work it. It was asserted by the unskilled and popular believer that these lands contained alkali to a degree that made it impossible to grow upon them any kind of crop. Scientists went to work to ascertain the real facts. A chemical analysis was made and showed that the soil had none of the characteristics of alkali soil. Some of the land was plowed and mixed with kainit and cut straw. This certainly improved the drainage, and crops began to grow. In short, it was found that drainage was the key to the situation. Further investigation and experiment demonstrated that a system of drainage were put in to tap the water-bearing gravel underlying the humus soil and to lower the water level to at least 40 inches, the cause of the unproductiveness would be removed and a permanent improvement would result.

Thus the real difficulty was found to be the high permanent water level. In some of the soils examined the land had been laid at the usual depth in the humus layer of soil without any improvement resulting, due to the fact that the pores and joints of the tiles had been closed by the muck. Underlying the humus layer at a depth of five feet or more was a bed of sand or gravel immediately overlaid by a thin bed of clay mud and carrying a strong flow of water. When holes were dug down to this layer the water usually rose to within at least 30 inches of the surface. It is very easy then to see that if the permanent water level was so high the level during wet periods must be so high as to render the growth of most plants very difficult. On the contrary, the most deep rooted plants root deeply we can easily see how important is the question of water level.—Farmers' Review.

CHEAP CORN HARVESTER.

It Is the Sled Pattern and Can Be Made at Home at Merely Nominal Expense.

The little illustration shows the very cheapest harvester possible. It is simply a sled with wide platform and sharp cut edges at it. The sled is drawn between two rows of corn. The stalks are cut off by the cutters at a and



SIMPLE CORN HARVESTER.

pump and discharge it into the vat again through a strainer, which allows it to fall into small streams. The exposure of the fat to the air for some time removes the odor.

After the fat has been sufficiently aerated in this manner it is ready for the next step. This is the adding of some moderately as much skim milk as there is fat. A perfect emulsion of the fat and skim milk is made by the same pumping operation, except that the strainer is removed. The emulsion is then run into a vat of ice water, where it is quickly chilled, taking the granular form and looking like butter before it is salted and worked. It is now salted and worked and printed or packed in tubs ready for the market.

It is related of the late C. P. Huntington that a young man once called on him to sell some much-needed rails at $75 a ton. Mr. Huntington said he had rails to sell himself, amused the caller by a half-hour's chat and got him to sell at $66 a ton, with a six months' note for pay. Then before the man left Mr. Huntington discounted the note six per cent. and paid the cash.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Ginerez, Elm Valley.

FEEDING THE CALVES.

Description of a Method That Is Recommended by the North Carolina Experiment Station.

Milk from many dairy cows is too rich in butter fat to feed to calves. Besides being wasteful of butter, so much fat is not needed and may derange the digestion of the calf. Average cow's milk contains about 3.5 per cent. fat. This amount of fat being natural to the calf does it no harm. But the calf can thrive on less fat, which may be obtained from some other source than natural mother's milk. The difference in market value between milk fat and such fat as may be supplied, may be so great as to leave a good profit for the feeder. The substitution of skim milk and "old process" linseed meal gruel for mother's milk by most stages is possible, and has been accomplished at the stage with gratifying results. The young calf is taught to drink freshly drawn mother's milk at one to four days old. The gruel is prepared by scalding the meal in water, using one part of meal to seven parts of water by weight. The change is of skimmed milk for one-fourth pound of old process linseed meal gruel at every successive feed, if the calf appears well and digestion is not impaired. Calves should be closely watched and the amount of gruel or food varied to suit the individual. A few ounces of ground oats and good fine hay should be kept within the calf's reach at all times until it eats both, then regular feeds should be supplied, the same as of skim milk and gruel. A little green food may be offered if possible, or if in summer the calves may be turned into a small shady pasture.—North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station.

ANOTHER DAIRY FRAUD.

What Process Butter Is Made Of and How the Nasty Stuff Is Prepared for Market.

The Pennsylvania experiment station has published the following on how process butter is made:

This product is a comparatively new competitor of creamery butter, and it is country butter of various degrees of rancidness and color (that is, so rank in taste, smell and appearance as to be unsalable for direct consumption). It is thrown into a tank surrounded with water at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit, or over, and melted. When the mass has become thoroughly melted the vat is skimmed, leaving the butter fat at the bottom. It is now removed to another vat similar in construction to the first. The mass at this stage of the process has a very bad odor. The next step is to remove this disagreeable and disgusting smell. This is done by pumping the fat up in a pipe by means of a rotary pump and discharging it into the vat again through a strainer, which allows it to fall into small streams. The exposure of the fat to the air for some time removes the odor.

After the fat has been sufficiently aerated in this manner it is ready for the next step. This is the adding of some moderately as much skim milk as there is fat. A perfect emulsion of the fat and skim milk is made by the same pumping operation, except that the strainer is removed. The emulsion is then run into a vat of ice water, where it is quickly chilled, taking the granular form and looking like butter before it is salted and worked. It is now salted and worked and printed or packed in tubs ready for the market.

The Colt's First Winter.

After colts are weaned they should be given very good care through the first winter. If neglected, and their growth allowed to become stunted, it will be very difficult to make up for it afterward, even with the best of care. Colts should always be kept in box stalls, as they will become weak jointed if they have to stand much tied up in a stall while growing, without getting necessary amount of exercise, keep stall well lighted in winter. Feed good fresh hay, free from dust. For grain, feed oats three times a day. Oats are the best grain for horses. But let the morning feed consist of two quarts of oats and bran, made into a mash by scalding with hot water and let it stand until cool before feeding. If two pounds of roots can be given daily, sliced very thin to prevent choking, they will aid digestion and prevent constipation by keeping bowels in good order. Carrots and mangels are best. —Lewis Olsen, in Farm and Home.

Science Is What Counts.

"I appreciate the fact," said an old and experienced ante-bellum farmer to the writer, "that scientific farming would have made me vastly more money than my crude but careful methods have given, after years of persistent toil, and I join in the chorus for scientific agricultural education for the young farmers of our country. We old fellows can do little better than make this request of our sons, for most of us are too old to take up a new subject and master it in time to see its fruitage." Another good old son of toil said, jokingly, that if he should attempt to feed a "balanced ration" he feared he would kill every animal that got a portion of it. Notwithstanding his aversion to balance rations he says the coming farmer must feed them.—Farmers' Voice.

Always select a mill that will admit of the largest amount of power being applied directly to the grinding.

SILAS KELLOGG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

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

G.W. Smith,

THINK IT OVER. There's a reason for those pains in your back and sides, for those dull, dragging aches, that listless, "down-in-the-mouth" feeling. The kidneys are to blame. They get sick, can't do their work and the whole system feels the effect, just as a whole town feels the effect of a blockaded sewerage system.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Set matters right quickly and easily. They never fail, even in the most advanced stages of kidney disease.

Mrs. H. C. Penham, of 111 East Hudson street, Elmira, N. Y., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills promptly rid me of the highest value in my case. In the Spring of 1896 I was experiencing a dull, heavy ache in my back. The kidney secretions were scant and unnatural. My son brought home a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, saying they were recommended to him for such troubles. I took them as directed, the pain was quickly relieved and the secretions became normal. It has afforded me pleasure during the three years which have elapsed to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to my friends and acquaintances."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents a box by all dealers, or mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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.

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 patients without their knowledge. It is PURE, CLEAR, ODORLESS, TASTELESS.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure, or destroy the diseased appetite, for alcoholic intemperance. 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. Fenner's GOLDEN RELIEF. THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR ALL INFLAMMATION (Acute or Chronic) of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland, Urethra, Rheumatism, Tonsilitis, Colds, Fevers, Fevers, Grip. CURES ANY PAIN INSIDE OR OUT. Sold by Druggists. For Sale, also by mail 50c. Proctorville, O.

To Repair Broken Articles use Major's Cement. Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

"SIR," said Gen. Green, "you forget yourself, in my opinion."

Admiral Brown bowed. "I am obliged to you for your opinion," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "I do endeavor, to the best of my poor ability, to be unselfish. Now, in your branch of the service."

"I wish you good-day, sir," exclaimed the general, with fresh flame about the eyes, as he snatched up the hat he believed to be his.

"The same to you, and a healthful constitutional into the bargain," said the admiral in his most urbane manner.

"It will be none the less healthful, as you call it, and none the less pleasurable, either, that I take it alone, sir."

"I agree with you. When one has one's rag out, as the saying is—"

Gen. Green stamped hard on the Turkey carpet, and immediately afterward let loose an expressive monosyllable.

"Quite so. When one has the gout one should be careful. Now, if you will do me the honor to take my advice—"

Admiral Brown's smile was like gunpowder on the fire of the general's wrath. "Confound it, sir," he cried. A waiter rushed into the smoke-room, which these two had to themselves.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen; did you call?" he asked, with a look of surprise. The attitude of the two old friends was, for once, not at all friendly.

"Bring some ice," said the admiral. "Certainly, sir."

The general limped to the door, purple as to his cheeks. Half-way he turned and shook his right forefinger at Admiral Brown. "If your son," he said, "presumes to accost my daughter in public again I'll horsewhip him. I'll horsewhip him on the Parade or off it, and tell him what I think of him."

"Gad!" said the admiral, as if he had heard a very good joke, "what a capital show you'd make, the two of you, at the game! 'Pon my word, I'll arrange to be by with my kodak. I suppose you know Eric is one of the champion lightweight boxers?"

Gen. Green put his hand to his forehead.

"Come, old chap," murmured the admiral, moving on his part towards the door, "let's be sensible. At our time of life—"

Down stepped the general's hand. He was an excellently preserved soldier, barring his gout, which was intermittent. He dyed his hair, wore a corset, drank brandies and sodas, and rode a bicycle.

"I—I'll give him a week to apologize," he said, tensely; "and if in that time I get no apolgy I'll give him his lesson."

"I'll tell him what you say. Anything more to give him?"

"No, sir," roared Gen. Green. "Our—our friendship's at an end—blasted by that iniquitous young puppy. And I'm glad of it, sir—glad from my heart, sir."

"Wish I could say the same, old chap."

The general seemed "to relent, but only for a moment. "There, sir," he said, "I've given you my last words. Good-day." He turned to the door and smote the carpet with his stick.

Admiral Brown's mouth twitched mirthfully. "Well," he said, calmly, "I've given me a good deal in the course of the last 15 minutes. Suppose now you give me my hat."

The general started as if he had been pricked, and glanced at the hat in his hand.

"Just then the waiter appeared with the ice.

"Take that hat to the gentleman yonder," said the general.

The waiter seemed more perplexed than before. He said: "Certainly, general," yet stared.

The admiral took his hat, smiled with the utmost sweetness, considering what a bronzed and wrinkled old fellow he was, and observed: "The ice is not for me. Gen. Green is rather warm. Take it to him."

But the general hurried from the room, with growls that would have done credit to a small menagerie.

"All right, John," then said Admiral Brown, "I'll have it, and some whisky and a cigar." He slung himself into the easy chair nearest the window and became grave. He grew more grave as he watched his old friend enter down the club steps and across the road to the Victoria gardens, shaking his head as if he were somewhat pained.

"Poor old Green!" he said, with real tenderness. "He's certainly not the man he was a year ago." He was still musing, not altogether gayly—for he, too, was in the sixties—when the door opened and a handsome young fellow entered.

"Thought I'd find you here," he began; but he broke off with a "Hullo! what's the matter?"

Admiral Brown had jumped to his feet, and there was neither sweetness nor light in his eyes now. He fanned his son with squared chest and clenched hands.

"Now then, sir," he cried, "I've a tough bone to pick with you. What the dickens do you mean by kissing Helena Green in a public place? Do you know what you've done, sir? You've—"

But Eric Brown's face arrested the further flow of his father's rhetoric. It was grinning in the coolest imaginable simpering way. "No, I don't, shame on it, either. "Why, hang it all, dad!" he said, blandly, "she asked me to."

"Asked you to?"

"Point-blank. You know what a jolly girl she is, and I confess I'm awfully fond of her."

"I know nothing about her except what I see of her. But you must be out of your mind."

"I thought she was—at first," said Eric, still smiling.

"Tell me the circumstances. Was she drunk, and were you, too?"

"Neither of us, I'll swear. Helena drunk! My hat, dad; you're pretty rude."

"The circumstances, sir?" cried the admiral, as if he were again on the Audacity, yelling to a subordinate in a storm.

"The circumstances? Oh, we were just together by chance, you know, on one of the benches at the Pump-room end of the gardens, and she was saying how she loathed that beast, Sir Titus—"

"The man she's going to marry! A nice little baggage, hang me!"

"Well, yes, sir, if you put it that way. He showed up, white waistcoat, strut, eyeglass, red nose, and all the ugly rest of him. He was quite a hundred paces off, you know. We'd been talking commonplace till then, but she changed her manner all at once. 'I want you to do me a favor,' she said, suddenly. 'I'll do it,' said I, as any fellow would. Then she blushed red and whispered: 'Kiss me—just once—on the cheek.' There wasn't a soul in sight except that brute. It knocked me silly. 'Will you or will you not?' she went on. I'd no idea she could be so fierce. 'It is a matter of life or death.' Well, I couldn't stand that, of course, and so—I—did it."

Admiral Brown rubbed his nose-tip. "She asked you?" he murmured, as if bewildered. "I thought—that is—You're not yarning, my boy?"

"My word! no. Only, you know, this is between ourselves, dad."

"Between ourselves? Why, certainly. Bless my soul!" He seized his hat. "I—I'm going to the Pump-room. Don't come with me. Bless my soul!"

It was blessed his soul yet again when he was on the club steps.

Admiral Brown came upon Gen. Green in the neighborhood of that little temple arrangement near the Pump-room. There was a lady's statue under a stone canopy in the temple. The lady's name was Hygeia. The general was still exceedingly irate, and there were latent feelings of remorse in him, which increased his anger.

"What the mischief has that to do with it if we have been friends for five-and-forty years?" he was asking himself, while he wiped his forehead with a large sulphur-colored silk handkerchief. Then he turned, for Admiral Brown had addressed him as "Gen. Green."

"It's my go now," said the admiral. "I have done with you, sir!" exclaimed the general, pettishly. "I wish to hold no further communication with you, even by letter."

"Dare say," said the admiral. "You brought an accusation against my boy just now. Well, you've got to apologize."

"I'll see all the Brown family in Hanover flat, sir!"

"Unfortunately we have no estates there. Allow me to tell you that your daughter is a liar."

"A what, sir? Out with it. After that you'll say I'm one, I suppose. There's Sir Titus also; perhaps he's one as well. Robert Brown, I'd never thought you, of all men, would have gone out of your way to call me a liar."

"No, nor I. But I've come here expressly to tell you you're something else. You're a silly old fool, Hill Green—that's what you are."

"A silly old fool! Old fool! Thank you. And now perhaps once more you will give me the great advantage of your absence."

"By no means. Where is the minx?"

"Minx, sir?"

"That daughter of yours. She's not fit to pick up my Eric's tennis balls for him. How dared she do such a thing? You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, my friend; and, by Harry! I'll warn you up before I've done with you!"

Gen. Green sat down on one of the temple steps. "The Lord give me patience!" he whispered.

"Precisely. You'll want all the stock you can get, anyhow. Who told you my boy had kissed your enchanting daughter—who, sir?"

"Who, sir? The best witness in the world, Sir Titus Beach, the gentleman who is about to become my son-in-law. I want no more credible witness, sir."

"Poor devil!" exclaimed the admiral; "the most sincerest sympathy. And yet, no; on consideration, he's well quit of her. The young woman who would deliberately sacrifice her own character and compromise that of one young man in order to insult her fiance can be no great catch for anyone."

The general's hands began to shake; also his head. There was a lackluster look in his eyes as he fastened them upon Admiral Brown, and his breathing was very rapid.

"Well, what does he say, this fellow Beach? What's he going to do?" proceeded the admiral.

"Do, sir? He says he has half a mind not to have anything more to say to her!" The general shot out these words as if they were his ultimate degradation.

"Bravo, Beach! Green, I'm really sorry for you. If you feel like yourself again and will take me on at piquet to-night as usual, I tell you what I'll do. I'll keep it all as dark as—"

There was a weird cracking sound. The general had drawn one of the deepest breaths in his experience.

"My dear fellow, what has happened to you? Was it a rib?" asked the admiral, with real concern.

"Rib! knock-kneed little upstart!" cried the general.

"Father dear!" protested his daughter.

"I'll be 'deared' by no one, miss," continued the irascible old man. "'Pon my word, I'll not be answerable for my senses! Here's one fellow charging you with making that young man kiss you in public, and—"

"It is true, papa," said Helena Green in a whisper. Her cheeks were as pink as her dress, but her mouth and eyes were steady.

"True! You did—did you?"

"Take him to a seat, Eric!" said Admiral Brown, quietly.

The old warrior had collapsed, and was held up apparently by his daughter at one side and Eric Brown at the other. He allowed them to guide him to a bench, where he breathed in heavy gasps.

"Papa, dear!" lamented his daughter, "what is it? Is it your heart?"

The general raised his eyes towards the admiral. "Heart be hanged!" he said, faintly; and then, with yielding in his gaze: "Head that, then, Brown."

"Well, well—well! well!" said the admiral when he had read the telegram; then he looked at his son and at the general's daughter and smiled.

"We're well quit of him, sir!" exclaimed Gen. Green, suddenly.

"That may be," said the admiral, pensively. "But my boy's character has to be considered now. When a young man is wild and intents and purposes kissed in public—"

Helena Green blushed divinely.

"Shut up, dad!" said Eric Brown.

"Once for all, let's settle it," interrupted the general, sternly. "Was there anything between you here or hereabouts yesterday afternoon?"

Eric Brown said not a word, but Helena Green spoke out like a hero.

"It was Eric's birthday, papa," she explained, "and I—I said he might kiss me."

"You said—do you mean that he asked if he might—"

But the admiral intervened with a boisterous laugh that cleared the air like a thunderstorm.

"My dear Green," he said, afterwards, "that settles everything. Fate's stronger than a couple of old hulks like you and me. And, by Harry! I'm not sorry. There's no one's daughter I'd sooner see Eric married to. He's not a pauper, either. Get's his poor mother's money, you know."

The general was beaten completely. His astonished eyes wandered from one to another of the three. But the mention of Eric Brown's pecuniary circumstances recalled him to himself.

"She's in the same case," he murmured, nodding at Helena. "My wife's property was entailed, you know."

At these words Admiral Brown stooped and linked his arm into that of his friend. "Come along, old chap; we'll just leave them together," he said.

"The titled nincompoop," muttered the general, yielding to the admiral's movement.

"Ay, he's all that," said the admiral. Then, turning to the girl: "Fie, fie, my dear! but you've made us all happy."

"Come, Brown," exclaimed Gen. Green, impatiently, "I'm quite ready for a totter; and, if you feel in the humor, I—I'll challenge you to a game of piquet this very minute."—Chambers' Journal.

A man at Coldwater, Mich., has wagered that if Bryan is elected he will support his confessant's mother-in-law for life.

Educated young men should grasp the fact that service alone brings results. Brain, muscle, material, and money are the factors of civic and industrial organization. The great philosopher, Lyman Abbott, in Success under the caption, "No Success Without Service." As to the first, nature only gives us the raw material. We must take from her the things that is useless, and make them minister to life. The former does not labor only to feed himself, but to serve bread to others; the miner does not dig up the coal and iron for himself, but to serve others; manufacturers put things together, not for themselves, but to serve others; the engineer discovers the great forces of nature, and converts them to the service of others. Service is the measure of all business success and organization. If the service and the effect are to enlarge production, economize expense, cheapen products, or build up the community, it is a good organization, and is a service. If the organization does not take away from life, but rather and render no service, it is a parasite, and one may describe it as the boll weevil and cotton, as well as many others in this country we talk about independence, but there is not much of it in reality. We are all dependent on one another. Think how many people help to prepare our breakfasts. Farmers in Japan serve us tea, farmers in South America serve us coffee, our near neighbors feed us with beef, or milked the cow, some people in Chicago sent us meat, and in Colorado others raised the cattle for market. Successful business men are those who are striving to render the best service to the people. In the next place, service is the test of social or political organization. The question of government is not a matter of consent of the governed, nor of the rulership of the majority. The laws that govern nations must be Divine laws, and the most the legislator can do is to discover and obey them or suffer the consequences. Manhood suffrage is right, but the manhood comes first, for manhood is the prerequisite of suffrage. The boss rules for what he can make out of the government. Spain ruled her colonies for what she could make out of them. She impoverished both herself and them. In the public service is the test of all individual work; the test of the physician, the journalist, the teacher, the humorist who amuses us, and the pulpit to lead us.

Eli Gaffield, who owns 1,000 acres of land near Indian Head, adjoining the United States naval ordnance proving grounds, in Suffolk county, N. Y., has enjoined the inspector of ordnance from firing shells across the farm and from dumping chemicals in the water and killing the fish. The farmer says that his life is in constant danger owing to the explosion of big shells on his land, and that his house has been shaken nearly to pieces and his wife's nervous system shattered by terrific explosions. The farm was purchased a few years ago for $10,000 and it is said the government offered $15,000, but the owner refuses to sell.

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