THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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TEMPERANCE IN NOTES

HOW THE SALOON WAS CLOSED

The Effectual Fervent Prayer of a Righteous Man Availeth Much.

There were a number of saloons in this place, but on by-streets and quietly conducted. This one, however, stood in the public square, confronting three churches. A handsome building, the interior lavishly adorned, and at the spacious, attractive bar experts served drinks plain, or spiced and drugged to taste, while music and flashily-dressed women added their allurements. A procession of tipplers passed into its doors day and night, despite a vigorous temperance sentiment voiced in "union temperance meetings" in the churches Sunday evenings, and "Gospel temperance rallies" mid-week. Thus had it been for two years.

I was the more impressed by the gravity of the evil because, as a resident physician, scenes of domestic discord, want and woe caused by intoxicants often met my eye, accompanied at times by appalling atrocities; besides which the sad career of the saloon keeper had shocked and grieved me. I knew him when a lad of much promise, but indulgence in the wine-cup had led to confirmed drinking, and, failing herein to some money, he built an elegant brick block and stocked it with liquors. He developed into a most odious manhood, bloated, blasphemous, fierce. One would scarcely believe that from the fine-mannered young man-about-town face and disposition so brutish could be evolved. What could be done to save him and close up his infamous business? All I knew how to do was as I passed the saloon on my professional rounds, to lift the heart in silent petition for divine interposition.

A patient of mine was an elderly lady who for five years had lain on her bed awaiting death. She was a remarkable example of the Christ-spirit and of faith in prayer. On asking her to pray for the saloon keeper, she answered: "I am doing so;" and drew from under her pillow a list of her subjects of prayer—the "hard cases" of the town, his name among them. And she said: "Perhaps the Lord is about to use you for the rescue of that poor lost soul. But don't labor with him until God's spirit specially moves you to. Wait for your message. If you go to him in your own strength in a purely human zeal you will anger and harden him."

Weeks elapsed, when one day I was strongly impressed to write to the saloonist, but decided to devote another seven days to seeking grace for the delicate, difficult task. Then, on attempting it, the thoughts came more swiftly than the pen could trace them. Sure am I that the plea that resulted could not have been indited by my own unaided powers. It was terrible in its solemnly graphic arrangement of liquor selling and liquor drinking—yet every line seemed to throb with a more than human tenderness. The letter was sent unsigned. But he knew it, thought aroused: What if he should recognize the handwriting? And as I went by his saloon I expected him to come out and assault me, unless, indeed, our supplications on his behalf had reached the ear of God on high. I thought it singular, however, that whereas heretofore I met the saloon keeper almost daily, now for a long time he kept out of my sight. But one afternoon at twilight the office door-bell rang, and on answering it the burly form of the liquor seller stood before me. Had he discovered the authorship of that letter, and, incensed, had come with ruffianly intent?

He entered, took the proffered chair, was silent a moment, and then said:—

"Doctor, some one thought enough of me to write me a letter. And I have called to say that I have resolved never to drink or sell another drop of liquor as long as I live!"

I sprang to my feet in a mingled tumult of joy and anxiety, saying:

"My dear friend, you cannot do that. The drink-crave has its hold upon you—it is not possible to resolve it away. It will be with you as with hundreds of others—temperary reforms, then fall to sink lower than ever. God can save you; you can't save yourself. If you will truly seek Him in prayer He will fortify your weak will and hold you up. There is no hope for you otherwise."

He dropped his eyes and responded:

"I do pray; I am praying; I feel that God hears me; and I believe I shall conquer."

His confidence was not disappointed. The saloon was closed, and, now for many years he has been a steadfast and honored temperance worker, and a devout church member.

"Some one thought enough of me to write me a letter!" Tears start as I recall those plaintive words! A thousand of our, professed Christians, his neighbors, had visited on him scorn, invective, social ostracism. We had disputed about methods and divided into parties—woman working by herself and man by himself. And the fiery stream of intemperance swept remorselessly on. Ah! we had forgotten that for all moral evils a cure was provided on Calvary and how to apply the cure was shown when, by divine appointment, the first Christian reformers "were all together in one place" praying for "the promises of the Father" to fit them for their work.—Examiner.

PRIEST SAYS WOMEN DRINK.

In Address Before Temperance Body He Avers Habit Is Growing Rapidly.

Some surprising statements were made at New Haven, Conn., the other day at the state convention of the Connecticut Catholic Total Abstinence union by Rev. Walter Shanley, the president of the organization, in his annual address to the assembled delegates of the state societies. The priest talked on the project of temperance in the state and said that he regretted to state that while habitual intemperance among men was decreasing alcoholism in women was becoming more common. He said in part:

"Considerable comment has been made lately concerning the drink habit among society women and the danger of this growing custom among other women. According to competent authority, drinking is decreasing among men, but increasing among women and among women of the wealthier classes. It is to be regretted that women who are leaders in society imitate the drinking customs of English society and that the old American ideas of respectability in this matter are fast disappearing. It is to be hoped that Catholic women will not be brought to adopt this dangerous drink fashion."

MODERATE INDULGENCE.

"I HAVE RESOLVED NEVER TO DRINK OR SELL ANOTHER DROP OF LIQUOR."

Saloon-Keeper:—"Walk right in, boys; don't be afraid. You needn't go in too deep, you know."

A Sore Tongue's End.

Sorma—I suppose you are getting to be quite a literary woman—belonging to three clubs?

Evelyn—O, yes; I have all the noted authors at my tongue's end. I'm to write a paper for next week on "Charlotte Bronte"—you know that is Jane Evre's masterpiece.—Judge.

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.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Dangerous Kidney Diseases.

Celery King has cured me of kidney disease. The doctor feared Bright's disease, and tried many remedies that gave me no help. Celery King has made me as well as ever in my life, and it seems almost as though a miracle had been wrought in my case.—Jennie O. Belcher, Springtown, Pa.

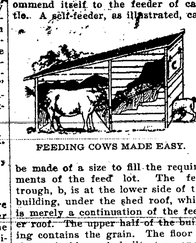
Celery King cures Constipation and Nervous Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. 4

THE DAIRY.

FATTENING CATTLE.

Convenient Self-Feeder That Is Sure to Keep All Sorts of Grain from Being Wasted.

In feeding fattening cattle, there is much waste of grain besides heavy work where it is necessary to keep feeding troughs supplied with grain with the usual method of carrying the grain to the troughs when emptied by the cattle. A method which will keep the troughs supplied and keep the grain from being wasted will recommend itself to the feeder of cattle. A self-feeder, as illustrated, can



FEEDING COWS MADE EASY.

be made of a size to fill the requirements of the feed lot. The feed trough, b, is at the lower side of the building, under the shed roof, which is merely a continuation of the feeder roof. The upper half of the building contains the grain. The floor of the grain bin, a, is built at an angle as shown, so as to slide the grain down to the opening into the trough. This opening extends the whole length of the trough and is about one inch wide—wide enough to allow the cattle to lick out the grain when the pressure above does not force it out. There will be but little of the grain at a time in the trough, but that little will be immediately replaced as soon as eaten. If hogs follow the feeders, openings can be made to allow them to enter the building under the grain bin, which will make an excellent hog house. The door for shoveling in the grain, c, is on the upper side, just beneath the eaves. Grain can be put in by the wagon load.—J. L. Irwin, in Farm and Home.

ADULTERATED FOODS.

Arsenical Butter Colors, Highly Injurious to Health, Discovered in Many Samples.

The Breeders' Gazette has been compiling some figures from a report of the Ohio dairy and food commissioner and makes the following exhibit:

Of the total of 1,471 samples of food collected in the open market by the Ohio dairy and food commissioner, under the new pure food law of the state, 919 were found to contain adulterants. In many instances the adulterants were highly injurious antiseptics, and coal tar coloring, which is very detrimental to digestion, was often detected. Of 15 samples of coffee only two were pure. One sample contained only seven per cent. coffee, and another none at all, while in no case was there more than 60 per cent. of the real berry present. Of 58 samples of cheese 19 were not pure. In one sample 80 per cent. of cottonseed oil and lard was found. In a second 80 per cent of foreign fat and in a third no less than 90 per cent. of mixed fats and oils were found. As a rule the filled cheese contained only 30 per cent. of foreign fat. Of many samples of "pure fruit jam" every one of them was adulterated; all contained salicylic acid, and all were artificially colored. Raspberry jelly was found to be made of apples and glucose. The commissioner's report is couched in scathing terms, and it is to be hoped that the punishment of the dishonest manufacturers may be made to fit the crime.

It is to be noticed that the report for the first time rebukes the use of the present arsenical colors found in butter, and justly speaks of its true character. "Presently we shall have more of such reports from other states, and then the country will soon be ripe to demand restrictive legislation. Let the good work continue. Down with arsenical colors!

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

Whitewash the stable once or twice a year.

When you find yourself growing angry lower your voice.

Too many farmers waste at home and buy abroad.

Never allow the cows to be excited by hard driving, abuse, loud talking or unnecessary disturbance.

The secret of making butter that will keep a long time is having the age of the cream and its temperature right before churning. Set in common tin pans in an ordinary cool cellar, the cream should be skimmed 36 hours from the time it was set, and then kept not longer than four days in cool weather and two in hot.—National Rural.

Keep Your Butter Pure.

The farmer that is engaged in making butter, and who desires to make the best, should ponder on the reasons that have tended to make creamery butter a leader on the market. It must not be forgotten that one of the reasons is that the butter made in the creamery is put in a room by itself and kept isolated from all objectionable odors till it is sent to market. This is one thing that should receive the particular attention of the former. We have seen milk set to cream and butter churned in cellars where all kinds of vegetables were kept.—Farmers' Review.

PROFIT IN CALVES.

Rules for Taking Care of Winter-Born Animals That Have Always Brought Good Luck.

Those who conduct winter dairying on a truly profitable scale always have a portion of their herd coming new milch early in the winter months. What should be done with the calves thus born? Some claim that it is an item of no consequence to us in this incident season of the year? It is not wise to kill them for their skins, which will hardly pay for the labor expended in removing the hides; neither is it expedient to attempt to raise them neglectfully. The writer has universally had "good luck" with winter-born calves by adhering to the following general plan:

Male calves not intended for raising, either as steers or bulls, I have profitably converted into veal. There is never a time when a good veal calf will not sell readily for cash or its equivalent. Do not, however, let them suckle the cows, nor feed them on whole milk. This way of making veal is never truly profitable to a dairyman. Feed an skimmed milk with the addition of cooked corn meal or oil meal. If the skimmed milk is fed warm the animals will relish it better and fatten enough faster to amply pay for the trouble involved.

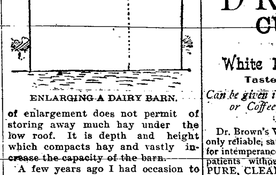
The place in which they are housed will have much to do with a successful result. This should always be apart from the milch cows and where the latter cannot see or hear them. The calves' quarters should be extra warm, as the young creatures cannot stand the same degree of cold that more mature cattle can. A too cold apartment is one reason why many make a failure with winter-born calves. Provide bedding liberally and feed liberally and regularly.

Choice heifer calves not designed for fattening but for raising into future cows, should be kept separate from their veal brothers and sisters, with of course less cleanness and more plenty. Good provided. One's aim should be to keep them in a thrifty, growing condition, which, by right management, can be as readily accomplished in winter as in summer. Calves so reared, when warm weather comes will be in a position to go onto grass and develop into fine thrifty yearlings.—Ohio Farmer.

ENLARGING A BARN.

New York Farmer Describes a Plan That Is Better Than Shoving Out the End and Side.

The plan generally followed in enlarging a barn is to shove out the end and side, and to cover with a flat tin roof connected with the former building at the plate. This gives floor room and some room for hay and grain, but there is nearly always a scarcity of mow room, and this style



ENLARGING A DAIRY BARN.

of enlargement does not permit of storing away much hay under the low roof. It is depth and height which compacts hay and vastly increase the capacity of the barn.

A few years ago I had occasion to enlarge my barn, which was 26 by 40 feet, with a double-pitch roof. I wanted more room for both stalls and fodder. I added 14 feet to the width, thus making the barn 40 by 40 feet, but instead of putting on a shed roof I lowered one side of the shingle roof and sliding it onto the new plate, raised it to the same pitch as before, and then connected the two sections with a nearly flat tin roof, forming an end view like the one shown in the illustration. The dotted line indicates the former shape of the barn. I have never been able to raise enough to fill this barn. There seems to be no end to its capacity, for the addition is practically in the center and is 40 by 14 by 24 feet. The expense of the alteration was $154.—American Agriculturist.

Strippings Rich in Fat.

The Farmer's Advocate (Canada) says: That there is a marked difference in the quality of milk first drawn from the cow, as compared with that which comes away towards the finish was clearly shown by an experiment carried out some time ago by a well known dairy expert. It was found that 6 lbs. of the first milk gave 1 lb. of butter fat in the first half pint, in the strippings, or the last half pint, amounted to over nine per cent. There was hardly any difference in the percentage of the other solids present in the last drawn milk.

When Drying Off a Cow.

In drying off a cow, the animal should be put upon rather dry food and the quantity of milk withdrawn at each meal should be gradually lessened—in other words, a little milk should always be left behind in the udder. After a few days only as much should be withdrawn as is found necessary in order to relieve the animal of an uncomfortable pressure of the milk glands. In addition to this the cow should be given about half an ounce of powdered alum to drinking water twice daily, and the udder should be rubbed with an ointment consisting of one drachm of Belladonna extract, to an ounce of lard.—Rural World.

Heinrich Graf Heininger, a noted explorer and scientist, tells a remarkable story of his capture and escape from a tribe of Bola Bola people in the wilds of Africa. These people, says the Chicago Record, are remarkable in many ways, but most surprising is the great age, many living to be 150 years, and the average age of 125 years is the average age. Our German friend and his companion soon discovered the cause of this longevity. A few years they made their escape, but, however, till they had learned the secrets of these magnificently preserved people how they prolong life, retain health; in fact, they have discovered a veritable fountain of youth. "Longevity" of, in another column tells you all about it.

WHAT A BLESSING.

Many of Our Readers are Learning to Appreciate.

What a blessing it is.
Sought after by thousands.
Many a miserable man is happy now.
Nights of unrest, days of trouble.
Any itching skin disease means this.
Itching Piles mean it.
Eczema just as bad, and just as hard to cure.

But Doan's Ointment relieves at once, and cures all itchiness of the skin.

A blessing to a suffering public.
Here's proof to back our statement.

Mr. Chas. Nagle, No. 109 Central avenue, barber, Dunkirk, N. Y., says: "I used Doan's Ointment for a cutaneous irritation with which I had been troubled for some time. I do not say that it was eczema, for there was no breaking out yet the itching was most annoying and forced me to rub it until it caused soreness. I was afraid of its spreading, and I applied remedies daily, trying many different kinds, but nothing banished it until I procured Doan's Ointment. It cured me."

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

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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.

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MR. DOBLEY DISAPPEARS

A Mystery Which Became a Laughing Up the Sleeve.

"BEING married is a bore!" said Mrs. Dobley.

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," said Dobley. "When matters are irremediable there is nothing to be gained by dwelling upon them. We should try to cast off our troubles as though they didn't exist."

"That's very nice in theory," said Mrs. Dobley, "but one cannot get away from matrimony so easily. It hampers one so. Everything is so tame and commonplace. And yet to see the papers one would imagine that life was very exciting."

Mrs. Dobley's outburst of ennui had been suggested by a morning paper wherein divorces, prize fights and theatrical openings crowded each other prettily.

"Sometimes I think," she said, pensively, "that I should like to go upon the stage."

"The only really exciting stage life," rejoined Dobley, "is the life of the amateur. It is full of color, adventure and possibilities. A thoroughly bad amateur performance—say, some classic drama in which the actors have to wear tights and togas and carry spears and shields—is more completely satisfying than any experience I know of."

"Divorces are always exciting," observed Mrs. Dobley, thoughtfully, "and so are mysterious disappearances."

"Mysterious disappearances," said Dobley, "are interesting and easy. One can drop out of view more completely than is generally supposed. I followed him, with very little trouble. A change in the manner of dress, the style of wearing the hair or the fashion of walking is a more effectual disguise than the wigs and beards of the old-fashioned melodrama. I will wager that I can disappear suddenly and that it will be impossible to track me. We have few Sherlock Holmeses nowadays."

"What a lovely idea!" said Mrs. Dobley. "To disappear completely without telling one human being where one was going and see how it seemed to lose one's own identity."

"I will promise you that I can do it," said Dobley. "You will not be able to find even the slightest clew as to my whereabouts."

"Ah, yes, but you'd have all the fun!" said Mrs. Dobley; "suppose we both disappear."

"Both!" exclaimed Mr. Dobley, "can't you understand that the person remained at home following up clews would have the cream of the situation? Fancy the mystery and the novelty of feeling like a detective."

"I can't exactly see that," remarked Mrs. Dobley. "I am not sure that I should like to feel like a detective. But if you really feel that way I shall disappear and you can follow up the clews."

"But where would you go?" asked Dobley, anxiously.

Mrs. Dobley laughed gayly. "Of course I shall not tell you," she replied. "It isn't likely that you would have any trouble finding me. I shall just disappear suddenly."

"Let's both disappear," said Dobley; "absolutely disappear for a week. Leave no traces whatever of our intended destinations. Travel incognito or in disguise if we wish. If possible let one track the other, using any detective ability that we may have, but calling in no outside aid whatever and telling no one of our plans."

"I suppose people would think it queer," mused Mrs. Dobley.

"Not understanding our longing for unusual adventure," said Dobley, "they might think it idiotic."

"Some folks get so attached to their individual suits you can't move them," said Mrs. Dobley. "Yes, it is best that we do not mention the idea of our going to a soul. When shall we go?"

"The ethics of a mysterious disappearance," said Dobley, "call for mystery in getting away. There must be entire secrecy as to the mode and time of disappearing. Within 48 hours, let us say, we shall be gone. That is all that is necessary we should know."

"I think it will be just too lovely for anything," said Mrs. Dobley, delightedly. "I'll wear my—"

"Sh!" said Dobley; "no clews, remember! And yet just a few points that may help you. If I were you, I should attempt no elaborate disguise. It must be done very cleverly; otherwise you will be suspected."

Mrs. Dobley clasped her hands in rapture. "It will be perfectly fascinating," she said, "to be suspected."

"I'd wear a thick veil if I were you," suggested Dobley; "and powder your hair so that it will seem gray. Then you might stoop when you walk, limp a little and carry an old-fashioned traveling bag. This will insure your perfect safety from unpleasant attentions."

"Huh!" said Mrs. Dobley, "I don't intend to disappear looking like a fright! I want to find out how it seems to be alone in the world with no one to lean on. I shall wear no wedding ring and shall darken my eyebrows."

"Well, don't you get into any scrapes," said Dobley, "for if this thing gets out people won't understand, and they will talk."

"Oh, I'll be all right," said Mrs. Dobley. "Will you be home to dinner tonight?"

"I refuse to answer," said Dobley, firmly. "I have some important affairs to arrange before I disappear."

"And I," said Mrs. Dobley, "must call on the tailor about my new gown and do a little shopping. I haven't got an eyebrow pencil to my name."

"Take care of yourself," said Dobley, "and in case of any accident telegraph me—care—"

"Now, don't spoil everything by leaving an address," said Mrs. Dobley. "If anything should happen—why, we can come home!"

"Yes—" yawned Dobley, "one can always do that; but it is so beastly slow."

Mrs. Dobley wrinkled her brows slightly. "It will certainly be a pleasant relief to get away," she asserted. "I get so tired of people sometimes."

"They are so much alike," said Dobley; "it's a trouble. I have a strange dislike for human companionship at times. Environment becomes a gilded cage; faces are like masks without expression—"

"Dobley, you are tiresome," interposed Mrs. Dobley; "not an original expression, not a thought—why it is positively unbearable!"

There was a perceptible coolness in the Dobleys' parting, and when they met at dinner neither expressed any surprise at seeing the other still at home, and the subject of the forthcoming disappearance was not alluded to. Mrs. Dobley endeavored to act with complete unconcern in order to throw Dobley off the scent. She had ordered a closed cab to wait for her at nine o'clock ten. She had planned to slip out after dinner, putting a traveling cloak on over her gown. She pictured Dobley's surprise at finding that she had obtained the start so cleverly.

Fate seemed to prosper her plans. Just after dinner Mr. Freshington was announced and was shown into the library. Mrs. Dobley thought this would be a capital time for her escape. She waited until Mr. Dobley had gone to greet the visitor and stole gently upstairs. She donned her traveling cost and a hat and veil and went softly past the library door, smiling to herself at the success of her ruse. She listened for a moment to hear Dobley's voice, but there was absolute silence. She waited another moment breathless, but the stillness was uncanny. She peered through the curtains and Mr. Freshington sat alone looking through a magazine. Mrs. Dobley rushed in.

"Where is Mr. Dobley?" she demanded.

Freshington looked up in surprise at this strange greeting.

"I don't know; I'm sure," he replied; "I've been waiting for the last quarter of an hour to see him."

Mrs. Dobley gasped. "Then he's gone!" she said.

"Gone?" queried Freshington.

"Yes—disappeared!" she exclaimed; "Doesn't it seem horrid?"

"He's probably stepped over to the club," said Freshington. "He didn't understand that I was here."

"But he did!" declared Mrs. Dobley. "He saw the card and said he was coming up to see you. It's just a mean trick!"

Freshington had learned to conceal any surprise he might feel at Dobley's doings which were sometimes erratic.

"If I should see him—" he began.

"You won't!" said Mrs. Dobley decidedly. "He's taken the opportunity to get away."

"To get away?" said Freshington. "Where?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Dobley, losing all enjoyment of the situation. "That's just it! He's mysteriously disappeared. And I think he's a mean old thing! I meant it just as a joke!"

Mrs. Dobley dabbed her eyes and sniffed pathetically. "Just think if anything should happen, or if he should get into the house. Oh, I don't know what I shall do!"

"Let me understand," said Freshington, "this is Dobley's joke or what?"

Mrs. Dobley incoherently unfolded the plot to Freshington's amazed ears. "And it seemed such fun," she sobbed, "for me to get off first and I knew he'd follow the cab and then we'd meet and he would think I really intended to go and would beg me to remain or allow him to accompany me. There would be the joke! You see I didn't really intend to go. I am afraid to travel alone. He knows perfectly well that I am, and now he's just gone away perfectly unconcerned."

"He hasn't had time to go very far," said Freshington. "Perhaps we can head him off?"

"The very thing," said Mrs. Dobley. "But then the trouble is we were to leave no clews."

"Bean try at the club," said Freshington, somewhat dazed by the mystery of the matter; "and I'll telephone you."

"No, I shall go, too," said Mrs. Dobley. "I could never stand the suspense. The cab is waiting."

"The cab?" said Freshington.

"Why yes—don't you understand? I had the cab wait around the corner and just as soon as he found I had gone he would immediately telephone the stable, for he knows I always go in a cab if there is any excuse for it. They would tell him the station I had driven to. He would drive there madly and find me waiting for the train and bring me home. I had it all planned so nicely—and n—n—now—its all s—spoiled!"

Freshington and Mrs. Dobley found the cab and drove to Dobley's club, where, however, no trace of him would be found. Mrs. Dobley was nearly in hysterics by this time.

"I shall send out an alarm," she said; "or, better yet, let us put an advertisement in the paper: 'Come home at once. Almost distracted.'"

"That's a good idea," said Freshington. "In the meantime suppose we stop at some of the railroad stations. We may find him waiting for a train."

They drove to one station and questioned the man in charge, describing Dobley minutely.

"A man took a train a few moments ago," he said, "but he had gray whiskers and walked with a cane."

"A disguise," horsely whispered Mrs. Dobley. "He most probably would have a disguise. Oh, this is dreadful!"

"Did the man act queerly?" she asked, excitedly.

"He ate about a quart of peanuts while he waited for the train," said the agent. "I don't know whether you'd call that suspicious or not."

"He's perfectly wild about peanuts," said Mrs. Dobley. "Can't you see? An old man with gray whiskers eating peanuts—why, it's just as plain!"

"Then I'll telegraph to the first station the train stops at," said Freshington.

"But whom can you telegraph to?" moaned Mrs. Dobley. "He'll think it is a trick to find where he is going. He'll never admit who he is."

"Wait a minute," said Freshington, taking up a telegraph blank.

"Man With Gray Whiskers, Train No. ——, Arriving——:

"Come back at once. Your wife is almost insane."

"That's a splendid idea!" said Mrs. Dobley. "He will understand that and return."

"I am very much surprised at Dobley doing anything so extremely foolish," said Freshington. "I can't understand it."

"He said—h—home was slow," wept Mrs. Dobley. "B—b—beastly slow, he said. That's just the way with you men!"

"But he thought you were going, too, didn't he?" asked Freshington.

"But I didn't really mean to go," said Mrs. Dobley. "He might have known that."

"Well, there's only one thing to do now, and that is to go home," suggested Freshington, "and wait for him to return."

Freshington left the address of the Dobley home with the agent and told him to direct the gray-whiskered gentleman there should he come back on the train. Then there was a mournful return to the club, where more inquiries were made without avail.

Then back to Dobley's. Mrs. Dobley rushed weeping violently into the library, followed by Freshington, who had concluded to send out a general alarm for Dobley if the telegram brought no result. Mrs. Dobley shrieked and threw herself into a chair, alternately laughing and crying, when she observed Mr. Dobley, seated, calmly smoking a cigar at the library table.

"Well," she said, "I knew you'd never call."

"Where have you been," asked Freshington. "We have been chasing all over the town after you."

"A very peculiar proceeding on your part," said Dobley.

"I thought you h—h—h—had disappeared mysteriously," said Mrs. Dobley, "and we went hunting for c—c—clues."

"I've been here the entire evening," said Dobley, calmly.

"Oh, come now," said Freshington; "we know better than that."

"We didn't leave here until after ten o'clock," said Mrs. Dobley, "and I had to tell Mr. Freshington all about our plan to disappear, and he thought you had gone to the club."

"Yes," said Dobley, "I had the pleasure of hearing your wild conjectures and absurd deductions before you went away."

"You heard!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley, "and never said a word! Oh!"

"There was no one in the room," said Freshington.

"I beg your pardon, I was," said Dobley.

"Where?" asked Mrs. Dobley and Freshington in one breath.

"Under the piano," said Dobley.

"I knew you were hiding around somewhere," said Mrs. Dobley. "That's what I said all those things for, just so you'd hear."

"I was pleased to learn that I should be missed," said Dobley.

At that the bell rang loudly. A servant came back in some alarm. There were loud voices in the hall.

"There's a man down there with two policemen," said the servant. "He's making a time."

"He seems disturbed about something," said Dobley.

"I want to know why he was brought back here to town by a telegram about his wife," explained the servant. "He's awful mad."

Freshington looked at Mrs. Dobley in horror.

"What kind of a man is it?" she asked.

"An old gentleman with gray whiskers," said the man. "A queer sort of person."

"Great Scott!" said Freshington.

"You'd better go and see what the poor man wants," said Mrs. Dobley, to her husband. "He may be in trouble."

Dobley went out of the room. Once more the eyes of Mrs. Dobley and Freshington met and they smiled sweetly at each other.

"Peanuts!" said Freshington. "I'm sorry for Dobley!"

"I'm not! Not one bit!" said Mrs. Dobley, as she unpinned her hat. "It will serve him just right."—N. Y. Sun.

Matter of Honor.

Gambling debts are preeminently debts of honor in China, and they are more willingly and speedily paid than any others. To pay them a Chinaman will pawn all his property, and even sell his children. For doing this he is regarded by the public as worthy of all praise, and the relatives who allow themselves to be sold are treated as models of filial devotion. Moreover, a tradesman to whom a debt is due may starve or go bankrupt.—Golden Penny.

Limit of Age.

No British soldiers under 20 years are to be sent to South Africa.

Will Not Allow Female Lawyers.

The supreme court of Tennessee has barred women as attorneys.

Taking the Census of India.

In many respects for taking of the census of India is the last gigantic undertaken. The population of India, according to the census of 1891, was 287,400,000 persons, or one-fifth of the population of the world. The census was taken in a single night and within five weeks thereafter the result was published. Only six in 100 persons in India can read and write, so that all the operations have to be prepared by one agency. In order to facilitate the census work the enumerator fills up his schedule with the required information for all the inhabitants in his beat before the census. Then, on the appointed night, a moonlight one, he brings this information up to date by a second round, during which he strikes out all who have died or are found absent, and enters all found on the premises who were not there when the preliminary visit was paid.—Washington Star.

RESENTED BY THE BRITISH.

Bitterness Was Shown Hot Thing.

The porch of the Speaker's chair was a favorite meeting place for notables engaged in the Irish war while Lord Rosebery was occupied the town. Here Mr. Dillon and a few quarrels took place, as London paper. It was quite a sight to see the different little groups that assembled there every evening, engaged in earnest conversation. One evening a group of well-known correspondents, among them Bennett Burleigh, were talking together, when Winston Churchill suddenly appeared on the scene and rushed up to Mr. Burleigh to congratulate him on that brilliant stroke of his in getting away from Ladysmith just at the right moment. He began by saying:

"Mr. Burleigh, that was the best thing you have ever done in journalism in the whole of your life—it was simply great."

This was kindly meant, but, unfortunately, it was one of those things that, as Punch used to say, "might have been expressed differently." The experience it only nettled the great war correspondent, who replied:

"Boy! it is presumptuous in you to tell me what is the greatest thing I have done in my life—you, a lad, just beginning your career!"

CONVICTS IN PARLIAMENT.

There Have Been Many Members Who Have Served Terms in Prison.

Michael Davitt is the most conspicuous of the present members of the British parliament who have occupied seats in that body after having served terms of penal servitude, says the Chicago Chronicle. His sentence in his case was 15 years. His experience is by no means exceptional. J. F. X. O'Brien, one of the members for Cork city, was in 1867 sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, a sentence that was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life. James O'Connor, who sits for West Wicklow, was condemned to seven years of penal servitude in 1865 and spent several years in convict prisons. In 1848 John Martin was removed from the dock in Green street courthouse, Dublin, to a penal cell in Newgate prison, preparatory to undergoing a sentence of ten years' transportation. Mr. Martin was afterward, from 1876 to 1887, member for Meath, and it was on his death in the latter year that Mr. Parnell stepped into parliament for the first time as his successor in the representation of Meath. Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, who sits for North Meath for a little time after the 1882 election, was, like Mr. Martin, sentenced in 1848 to ten years' transportation.

SHE GOT THE SEAT.

How a Clever Woman Makes a Man "Give Up" in a Philadelphia Street Car.

"In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time, in minor affairs, at least," said a man who is in business downtown, and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening, relates the Philadelphia Record. "I usually get a seat, for I take the car way down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slyly and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was she caught my eye and that was my finish. Smiling broadly, she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed: 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks?' I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really, I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.' But she had the seat and she kept it. It was a clear case of bunko."

A young man from Bowling Green, Mo., applied for work in a store located some distance from his home. He presented the following letter of recommendation and was engaged on the spot: "I have found him industrious, truthful, intelligent and sober. I have observed also that his services about the house were satisfactory to my wife, and anyone who can get along with her is a peach."

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Of the Three Hundred, Grant but Three.—Byron.

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