ANDOVER NEWS.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
MOSHER & BACKUS.
AT ANDOVER, N. Y.
ANDOVER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 14, 1900
TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

A Mysterious Functionary.

At a large wedding reception in New York recently the attention of a couple of girls was attracted to a rather fine looking man, whose prematurely gray hair and clear cut features combined in giving him a distinguished appearance. "I see him at nearly every large wedding I go to," said one. "I wonder who he can be. I've asked a lot of people and nobody seems to know. "Yet he seems to be invited everywhere." "Yes, I've noticed him, too," said the other girl. "While he apparently goes to all the big weddings, he doesn't seem to know anybody; or, at least, I've never seen him talking to anybody. He's such an interesting looking man, too. I'd love to meet him. He looks like a man who has lived and—and suffered." A young man standing near, who could not help overhearing this conversation, laughed. "Perhaps I can throw some light upon the identity of your mysterious hero," he said. "Do you know him?" exclaimed both girls in the same breath. "Well, I can't say that I exactly know him," replied the young man, "but I know who he is. He's a private detective. Perhaps you have noticed that he never strays far away from the tables on which the presents are displayed. That's what he's there for—to watch them. You know there are social highwaymen in—" "Let's go downstairs and get some claret cup," interrupted one of the girls.

Necessary Instruction.

The value of teaching of first-aid-to-the-injured is illustrated almost every day, but in no case more aptly than in that of a brakeman on the Erie railroad who fell from his train. A leg was cut off by the car wheels, but, with admirable presence of mind, the man constructed a tourniquet with his handkerchief and knife whereby he stopped the hemorrhage. Even in this condition he built a fire in order to warm himself, and awaited the next train, which he signaled; he was taken aboard and to a hospital. We trust that the time will come, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal, when school children in the upper grades may be taught so much of "applied physiology" as will enable them to act sensibly in the case of the thousand emergencies sure to take place in after-life with themselves or their fellows. It is strange that almost all lay people "lose their heads" in accidents and injuries, and do precisely what should not be done. This is especially true when hemorrhage is present. Many people either faint or are seized with panic at the mere sight of blood—a possible echo of primitive barbaric blood rites and blood frenzies. To supplant this loss of control by calm and intelligent action according to the circumstances and condition is one of the duties we owe to the coming generations.

The wealthy soon become satiated and fall victims to ennui, which is worse than weariness, says John Gilmer Speed, in Woman's Home Companion. See these in their boxes at the opera. Below them and above them enthusiasm runs riot when De Reszke or Sembrich sings. They applaud languidly with dainty fan upon the gloved hand. They do it because they think it is expected of them; but their eyes do not light up, the color does not come into their cheeks, their bosoms do not swell with emotion. No; they are tired, they are worn out, they have gone through too much, and even music cannot move them. They really are to be pitied. In the highest gallery sit men and women who get much more out of the music than these people. They get delight; and of delight those who have too much are soon incapable.

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."

A Spanish immigrant from Gibraltar who arrived at New York last week bore such a strong physical resemblance to Abraham Lincoln that the inspector, an old soldier who had seen the war president, obtained a photograph of the tall Spaniard.

The Cure that Cures
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WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS
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JASPER DEPARTMENT.

NOVEMBER 12, 1900.

Well, we did elect McKinley! How did you like the snow storm?

Thanksgsving day, two weeks from next Thursday. Is your turkey fat?

Roswell Whiting of Bath was in town last week.

Chas. Whiteman has typhoid fever.

Dr. F. H. Van Orsdale and daughter Mabelle of Belmont were in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mabon of Woodhull were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Craig Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Crane of Addison visited friends in town last week.

Miss Maude McMindes and Roy Lent have entered school at Canisteo.

Mrs. Julia Broadwell of Denver, Colo., who has been visiting her brothers, J. W. and Dr. E. E. Walisce, left Thursday for Batavia.

Mrs. Edwin Whiting of Addison is guest of friends in town.

Mrs. Frank Bowen was in Woodhull Saturday.

Misses Esther Smith and Gertrude Knapp attended the teachers' examination at Canisteo last week.

Autumn Wedding.

CORBETT-WHITING.

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Whiting, when their daughter Anna L. was united in marriage to Mr. James Corbett of Canisteo.

At exactly 12 o'clock the bride and groom, standing under a beautiful arch of evergreens, were pronounced man and wife by Rev. Geo. Sherer. After congratulations a delicious wedding dinner was served. The bride was attired in white silk organdie and wore white crysanthemums. About fifty guests witnessed the wedding ceremony, and the presents were numerous and valuable.

Mrs. Corbett is one of Jasper's most popular young ladies, and Mr. Corbett is a highly respected young business man of Canisteo. We shall be sorry to lose Mrs. Corbett, but extend sincere wishes for a long and prosperous wedded life.

Social Time.

Friday evening the young friends of Mr. and Mrs. James Corbett made them a farewell surprise and took them many useful articles of kitchen furniture as tokens of esteem. About twenty were present, refreshments were served, and the evening was pleasantly spent by all. Those from out of town were Miss Mary Talmage of Belmont, Eldon Conklin of Bennett's Creek and Miner Streeter of Greenwood

Some one has been studying finger nails as an index to character, and, according to this authority, an abnormal development of the nails in a man indicates strength of muscle and character, but in a woman individualism, not to mention sensuality, says a Boston Herald writer. One nail professor has taken the trouble to study the finger tips of sovereigns, and gives the world the benefit of his deductions. Kaiser Wilhelm has a slight hand, a stumpy thumb, flat, colorless nails, which indicate a brain wanting in balance. How clever. I didn't need finger nails, however, to discover that. Then the emperor of Austria has a pair of sensible, rather hairy fists, but the long thumb denotes his blue blood, the nails are pearly hued and much incurved, showing a well-balanced mind. Victor Emanuel III. has a spoon-shaped thumb nail, suggesting a gloomy, relentless character. The sultan, the monster has a lovely, delicate white hand. King Leopold is cursed with a plebeian thumb and a squat and square shaped nail. Of course, the young queen of Holland has a large hand for a woman of her height, with short nails of common mold. It would seem by all this that there is no telling whose blood is blue or whose is red by the hand. The most "aristocratic" hands ever beheld on woman were a perfect pair that did up a package for me in a small shop not many days ago. The girl to whom they belonged didn't look as if she knew they were fine and the above theory instantly went all to flinders in my mind. To all outward appearances she had no right to the lost hands, to say nothing of the lost arms, of the Venus di Mile, but there they were.

Among recent visitors to the capital was an old man from a near-by provincial district who took a deep interest in the comforts provided for the people's servants. "I tell you what it is," he said to one of the doorkeepers, "one of these days I'm going to buy your Furniture when you can save from ten to twenty-five per cent. by dealing with us right here at home. We can save you money. Remember we have no high rents or high taxes to settle, thereby having to demand large profits. Come in and see for yourself.

—F. D. WATKINS,—
Greenwood, N. Y.

gressmen have a mighty easy time of it, don't they?" "Yes," admitted the doorkeeper, "they do." "They are washed free, shaved free, fed free, ain't they?" inquired the visitor. "Yes, yes," answered the doorkeeper, "and they are lodged free, too. Do you see that big building?" pointing to the Library of Congress. "That's where they sleep, and the beds are soft as down." "That's all I want to know," announced the visitor, jubilantly. "I never did take much interest in politics, but I'll be goshderned if I don't go straight home and run for congress."

A man who gives the first reading to all the manuscript sent to a large periodical says that there is more poetry submitted to him than anything else; that it is harder to get good poetry than any other kind of material, and that there is much less of it used. He admits that if the writer is so unfortunate as to be careless as to make one slight grammatical error in the first paragraph his fate is settled so far as that periodical is concerned. The reader goes no further, and the manuscript is returned.

A few of the larger public libraries in the country have added music to their circulation departments, and with marked success. The idea is spreading now to the libraries in the smaller cities. Seattle has first adopted it, beginning with 200 books of vocal and instrumental music. In the Seattle, as in the other libraries which have adopted this feature, the aim is to encourage the taste for good music. Scores of the most popular oratorios and light and grand operas are the chief feature.

The village of Neodesha, Kan., was recently visited by a tornado, and at the end of the excitement a farmer living in the vicinity stuck his head from his cyclone cellar and found that his choicest field was occupied by a strange house of small dimensions. He could not identify the building as belonging to any of his acquaintances, and up to date all his efforts to do so have been unavailing.

An eastern exchange says that an Americanized Chinaman living near Bristol, Conn., is making an excellent living by raising vegetables for the use of his countrymen in the nearby cities. His name is Willie Sing, and his farm consists of 1½ acres. Lettuce of a peculiar brand, beans, squashes, citrons and ginger root are some of the products, all being of distinctive Chinese types.

The invention of an automatic spanking machine is another instance of misdirected genius. No well-regulated head of a family will yield his prerogatives of a machine or rob childhood of the joys of woodshed seances. The strap, the slipper and the shingle will be doing business at the old stand when genius is crumbling to dust.

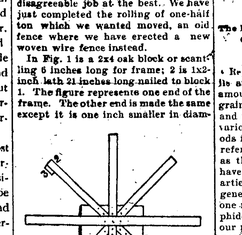
FARM & GARDEN

BARBED WIRE FENCE.

Moving It is a Hard Job, But the Device Here Described Makes It a Little Easier.

Moving barbed wire fence is a very disagreeable job at the best. We have just completed the rolling of one-half ton which we wanted moved, an old fence where we have erected a new woven wire fence instead.

In Fig. 1 is a 2x4 oak block or scantling 6 inches long for frame; 2 is 1x2-inch lath 21 inches long nailed to block 1. The figure represents one end of the frame. The other end is made the same except it is one inch smaller in diameter. Lath 2 feet long are nailed to each spoke and to both ends of the frames as shown at 3, letting them extend outside about 3 inches and nailing them all on the same side. To operate, remove the wire from posts, fasten one end to a stake, stretch wire in straight line, commence at the other end from the stake, roll on the big end of the reel, have an assistant to hold the wire up in front of reel to take out the slack. When the roll is completed, bind it with wire in three or four places, set the reel up on the small end, jar a little and the coil will fall off. Label the coil with the number of rods therein and it is ready to move. To unreel, place the bale back on the reel; it will go down about half way. Put spokes on the reel and unroll along the new line of fence. The space between the spokes being open makes it handy to bind the bale together.—A. S. Forsman, in Ohio Farmer.



REEL FOR WIRE FENCE.

EXIT THE RED BARN.

Variety Is Made Possible to Farmers Nowadays by Cheap Ready-Mixed Paints.

"There was a time," said a paint manufacturer, "when every farmer painted his barn red. The paint used was called Venetian red and was made of oxide of iron instead of white lead and zinc. It was cheap, but it was as hard pan and stood the weather well. The farmer bought this paint dry and mixed it with oil himself, and put it on himself. Now I suppose about one-third of the country barns are painted red, and about two-thirds in other colors, with the proportion of red barns decreasing. This change is due somewhat to fashion and more to the wide introduction of mixed paints ready for use.

"Nowadays prepared paints are put up in simply scores of colors and shades, and many of them are manufactured and sold as cheaply as the old Venetian red was. In the old days if the farmer wanted to paint any color but red he had to mix his own colors. He couldn't get a painter to come from town to mix the colors, unless he could do also the job of doing the painting. Now the farmer can buy paint in any color or shade that he wants from sample cards and when he knows the area of surface to be painted he can ascertain just the quantity required.

"There are distrust fashions in barn painting. It might be, for instance, that in one place the squire painted his barns red and thus set a fashion that his neighbors would follow. It might be that some city man who had bought an abandoned farm would paint the old barns in modern style. Then the neighbors would say: 'I don't know how much Mr. Citymen knows about farming, but he certainly knows how to paint a barn.' And the people thereabouts would be likely to paint their barns more or less like his. Thus you might find districts where the barns would run much alike.

"In modern barn painting the body is of one color and the trim of another. The present prevailing style is colonial, in which the body is of light yellow and the trim white. But barns are painted also in gray and in other colors and in various shades of color and with various kinds of trim; and take everything together the old red barn is being more and more crowded by those painted in modern fashion."—N. Y. Sun.

Points About Belgian Hares.

The color is the red, golden brown, or tan of the thoroughbred Belgian. There should be but very little grey about them. It is not an unusual thing for the hind-quarters to shade off into a slight grizzly cast, but when the animals are several days old it is not to be considered a fault. Our purebred Belgian hares should, when fully grown, weigh about eight pounds. Cobbed or fatted, they will weigh more and may come what in symmetry or form. For this reason they are usually cobbed for their grain ration. He should be long in limb and body, with straight front feet, fine in bone. Add to these the characteristic color, or shades of color, of the Belgian and we know we have good blood.—National Rural.

GRAIN BIN INSECTS.

The Remedy That Has Now Been Most Generally Accepted Is Bisulphide of Carbon.

Reports are current that grain weevils and grain moths are doing a large amount of damage in wheat and other grains stored in bins, and farmers here and there are asking for a remedy. Various times we have published methods for combating these pests; but we refer to the matter again at this time, as there are many new readers that have not had the benefit of previous articles. The remedy that has been generally accepted of late years as the one most effective is the use of bisulphide of carbon. We wish to caution our readers at the start as to the method in handling this liquid. The liquid, is very volatile; that is, it passes very rapidly into the form of gas when it is exposed to the air, and this gas is very inflammable. It will thus be seen that it will never do to attempt to use it at night when lighted lamps or lanterns would have to be in the vicinity of the operators. The gas is much heavier than air and thus will not at first mingle with it. This is one feature that it makes it valuable, for when the liquid is placed in the bottom of a bin through the medium of a gas pipe or other long tube it changes into gas and the gas remains in the bin for a considerable time—long enough to kill every insect in it. It is an atmosphere in which animal life cannot live, but it is not destructive to the growing power of the grain, and in fact affects it in no way.

For 100 bushels of the grain about two pounds of the liquid are necessary, though some think that one pound is sufficient in most cases. It costs in the neighborhood of ten cents per pound, and we think can be had at almost any drug store. If the farmer does not know how many bushels of grain he has, he can measure his bins and find the cubic contents of the bins as they are filled with grain. Then use about two pounds of bisulphide for every 1,000 cubic feet. The amount of liquid to be used will depend on the tightness of the bins. We have given the maximum amount for a bin that is far from tight. If the bins are perfectly air tight only one pound to the thousand cubic feet need be used.

Some operators follow the practice of placing the liquid in soup plates on top of the grain and as it evaporates the fumes sink into the grain. As soon as the plates are set, the persons in the grain house or barn should go out at once and close all the doors.—Farmers' Review.

HEATS UPPER ROOMS.

A Device of Some Value to Farmers and Others Who Are Without Steam Plants.

Fireplaces in a house are both a convenience and a luxury, and it is certain they would be used more frequently if any reliable means could be provided whereby the upper chambers of the building could be heated without the necessity of using separate stoves for the purpose. In the drawing we show a fireplace recently designed by John F. Beck, of Atlanta, Ga., which seems to be a device of heating the upper rooms to a comfortable temperature. It consists of a metallic casing, which is inserted in place of the brick partition usually placed between fireplaces set opposite each other in adjoining rooms. The lower portion of the drum is narrow, and any pattern of grate can be attached to it, while the upper portion flares out over the grate, leaving, however, sufficient room for the passage of smoke through the chimney. Inside the drum a series of plates are so arranged that the air is caused to circulate back and forth in a circuitous route before entering the pipe at the top of the drum, from which it issues at a temperature much higher than that at which it enters through the lower windows. As the air is heated it rises through the pipe to the chambers, causing the fresh air to enter and providing not only sufficient heat for the upper, but also a perfect ventilation of air free from all smoke of the fireplace.—Chicago Daily News.

HOT AIR DRUM FOR FIREPLACE.

Thick and Thin Seeding.

The man that counts only on the grain in a crop, and wants big oats for husking, argues for light seeding, but where the object is the best feeding value from an oats experiment shows that we have inclined toward too few rather than too many stalks on an acre of ground. In seeding to grass we are learning that the heavier the seeding the surer the catch, even up to points of doubling the customary quantities of seed per acre. In seasonable years with good soil in fine tilth all this may not apply, but on nine farms out of ten in average years I believe it will apply, and thus bears out the usual results from experiments at the various state stations.—National Stockman.

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DON'T GO

How DUGWAY'S Boy Began His Business Career

"THERE is something about your appearance the last two or three days that puzzles me, Dugway," said Cunningham, as he finished signing the last of his letters and began to hunt in the drawer of the double desk for a cigar. "I don't know that it is exactly," he continued, "because it's largely in your bearing and manner. You seem to have thrown off some of the slough of rurality which has been clinging to you since you went into the suburb; your figure is more erect, your eye has its old sparkle and your clothes seem to fit you better. I haven't seen you since your shore for all of a week. What did you do with those cigars? You don't mean to tell me that you finished the whole box?"

"You'll find some very nice stogies in the bottom drawer," said Dugway, blushingly. "I find that my income won't cover the old brand since I secured your valuable services. Another thing, a stogie is really one of the best and most wholesome cigars that a man can smoke. There is perhaps a little peculiar flavor about stogies at first, but you soon learn to enjoy it. It's an acquired taste, and I know that you can acquire anything that isn't locked up in a burglar-proof vault."

"I'll have to smoke one of my own, then," sighed Cunningham, resignedly, drawing his case from his breast pocket. "I'm reasoning about what you been doing with yourself? Have they put in those electric lights at Lonesomehurst or are they paving in front of the village hall with virgin brick? You seem to be certainly getting a sort of semi-civilized look about you, if the suburb isn't."

"If there's anything that excites my pity, it's the feeble attempt of a brainless yap to josh," said Dugway, hotly. "You haven't been out to Eldercroft more than 6,000 times, consequently you don't know that it has sewer and better lights than any ward in the city and more miles of cement sidewalk than Hdye Park, better police protection—"

"I thought you told me that the policeman was sick," interrupted Cunningham. "Well, what's the reason you've quit this little 25-cent-ride paradise?"

"I suppose my wife told your wife that when she saw her yesterday. But it's quite likely she didn't tell you that I'm going back to Eldercroft next week—and I'm going to take that kid back with me and put a bell and chain on him."

"Vance?"

"Of course; who else would it be? I'll tell you what. I'm seriously concerned about that boy. It has always been my ambition that he should become a useful member of society like his father, but unless something is done to check his mercenary tendencies he'll be a millionaire or something of that sort. He's always out for lucre; and the easier he gets it the better he likes it. I never was that way myself. I like to work hard, and so long as I make enough to provide for my frugal necessities and keep you in stogies I'm satisfied; but Vance isn't ever satisfied, and he never misses a chance to work me. I'm afraid that my liberal disposition has spoiled him."

"Yes, those hundred-dollar bonuses that you are always holding out to the kid if he'll stand on his head for 24 hours or carry the cow in from the pasture without spilling the milk must be having a bad effect on him. Did you ever give him an unconditional nickel in your life?"

"He never strikes me for less than a dollar," said Dugway. "He's got a soul above nickels."

"Then you can make your mind easy, he'll never be a millionaire," said Cunningham.

Dugway began to chuckle in a subdued way as an amusing recollection of what he proposed to him, and as Cunningham stood this unflinchingly and without manifesting any curiosity he presently said: "He had a loose tooth the other night and he kept me and his mother for the best part of an hour trying to pull it for him. He didn't want it nicely yanked out with a finger and thumb, so I tied a thread to it and attached the thread to the door handle in the time-honored way. I got the other side of the door and jerked it open suddenly, but the kid was too wary and he came too." I said that I would try it again, and tied the thread and gave it a good old yank when he wasn't looking for it. That time the thread broke and he began to weep, and wouldn't let up until I promised him a quarter. At last I just naturally tifted the tooth out, and then he wanted me to make it half a dollar because of his fortitude. The fact of the matter was that he didn't know what I had done until I showed him the tooth. Then he wanted to know whether I wouldn't give him a dollar if he kept the tooth out of the hole for the rest of the evening, and I didn't see any particular harm in that, so I told him that I would. He promptly stuck his tongue out of his mouth and sat down to read. In about half an hour he got up and wrote on his slate that he was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. I told him that it lacked an hour of bedtime yet, and if he went before the deal was off. Of course his mother had to interfere then and say that it was a shame to keep the poor child up when he was so weary that he could hardly hold his eyes open, and the result was that he went to bed, and I had to pony up the next day. I think he must have played the races or something, because he was broke when I came home that night, and he tried to touch me for five to buy a full-blood fox terrier pup that would stand on his hind legs and count up to 20 and had a record of 16 cats.

"I thought it was time to give the young man a good talking to, and I did. I told him that he was big enough to earn money himself by more honorable methods than sticking his tongue out and then lying about being sleepy. I instanced several cases within my experience where boys not nearly his age were the only support of widowed mothers and put their younger brothers through college by selling matches. He asked me whether I wouldn't stake him to enough to buy a popcorn stand, and when I gently but firmly refused he looked injured and wanted to know how he was going to get his start.

"Exercise your own ingenuity, my son," I said. 'You have got 50 cents capital of your own, or you should have; you have youth and health and strength, and a fair amount of inherited intelligence. Apply these and remember that all forms of labor are honorable.'

"He seemed impressed, and I didn't expect to hear anything from him for awhile. I wasn't disappointed; he didn't attempt to touch me for a week, confining himself strictly to his mother, as I afterward heard. At the end of the week I was roused one day out of a nap on the lounge by a ring at the doorbell. It was Thursday evening, and the lady who assists us in our domestic labors had gone on her periodical spree. Mrs. Dugway was in the kitchen, so I went to the door. There was a burly-looking fellow there with a red beard and a gruff voice. He said: 'I want my windows washed.'

"I said: 'That's interesting. When did you first make the discovery? I take it very friendly of you to come and tell me about it. Are they badly caked or is there just an alluvial film over them?'

"'Your name is Dugway, isn't it?' he asked.

"'Vance P. Dugway,' I replied, politely. 'My wife's name is Emmeline Baxter Dugway; we are both American born and there have been no deaths in the family from contagious or other diseases within the last year.'

"'I don't care anything about that,' he said, very surlily. 'All I want to know is whether you can clean windows and whether you will be on hand if you say you will. I have more demand trouble getting some little job done by a pack of—are you working here?'

"'I was resting when you came,' I answered. 'As for cleaning windows, that is where I shine. So do the windows. Won't you come in and take a little dinner with us and talk the matter over? Well, if you won't, you might continue your walk, and as you go along you can feel thankful that I am wearing my slippers.' Saying which I shut the door on his language and went back to the lounge wondering what kind of a lunatic he was.

"We weren't half through dinner when there was another ring at the bell. This time it was a woman, and she asked me if my name wasn't Dugway and my number 2441. She seemed to have an idea that she might be mistaken in her surmise. When I had reassured her she wanted to know whether I couldn't come over to her house in the morning and beat some carpets for her. I told her that I would be delighted to, but that unfortunately I had another engagement.

"'When can you come, then?' she asked. 'Have you got anything to do in the afternoon?'

"'I'm afraid the stoves I've got to black will take up most of my afternoon,' I said, sorrowfully. 'Saturday I have promised to clean a number of cisterns, and Monday is my day for making my rounds with the cockroach powder. You see how it is yourself.'

"She looked at me suspiciously, and beyond me into the hall. Then she said: 'I suppose you think yourself smart?' and flounced off.

"I told my wife that it was some foolishness of yours and not to answer any more rings that evening. That was how it was that we missed your kind call, I suppose. There were about 18 rings altogether, and finally I got tired and went out for a walk to compose my nerves. When I got back there was another man standing on the steps and leaning up against the bell button. It appeared that he wanted some carpets beaten, too. I think I lost my temper and said some ungentlemanly things to him, because I know that he wanted to whip me, and he was going to try to gratify himself when a policeman came up. Then he explained and produced his card in justification of his intrusion on the privacy of my home."

Dugway tossed the card over to his friend. It was inscribed:

VANCE P. DUGWAY.
Carpits been, windows washed,
and setrer.
Call at 241 Champel avenue.
ALL WORK DUN PROMPTLY.

"Yes, if was Vance," said Dugway. "One of his friends had one of those little printing presses, and he got little printed up the passage by which he had entered. After three days and two nights of incessant labor he succeeded in reaching the surface of the ground. This exploit raised him in the dignity of a medicine man who successfully defied the evil spirits.

As chief medicine man he had a dream in which he was told that he could fly like the eagle. He spent years in gathering together the various herbs and fetishes he was instructed to use in order to make him float in the air. The old fellow had faith in his medicine and never took the precaution to try it on a moderate elevation, but went to the top of a cliff and, after properly anointing his body, jumped off and began flapping his arms as a bird would its wings. But he fell to the ground and was picked up for dead and his funeral rites again solemnized. Again he took the arrow dancers by reviving and lived until a few days since, when the hailstorm finished him.

When a young man he was with the young braves, was engaged in diving, in which he excelled. The young Sioux dove from the bank with the avowed intention of crossing a pond 100 feet wide. As he failed to appear upon the surface again, his companions reported him as having been carried away by evil spirits. The camp was accordingly moved, the sorrow dance and mutilation of relatives resorted to, and the medicine man of the tribe was importuned to allay the evil spirit. Three days later Two-Nose came into camp in a half-starved, wholly exhausted condition. He had actually dived across the pond and entered the submerged passage of a beaver den. Twice he essayed to rise to the surface and each time struck the top of the passage; finally, in a state of strangulation, he reached the air chamber where the beaver slept. In the inky blackness he was unable to again find the passage. He accordingly began digging his way out with a piece of wood he found in the den, and had soon completely filled up the passage by which he had entered. After three days and two nights of incessant labor he succeeded in reaching the surface of the ground. This exploit raised him in the dignity of a medicine man who successfully defied the evil spirits.

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A TIP TO A SCHOOLBOY.

Canon Farrar Testifies to Enjoying the Company of an English Lad.

When Dean Farrar, then only a canon in rank, was traveling in a third-class compartment on an English railway he opened a conversation with his fellow passengers on a familiar topic. The conversation soon became general, but a youngster of 13 returning to school was seated in a corner listening to all that passed, but too shy to join in. The canon espied him and good-naturedly addressed a remark to him from time to time. At an intermediate station the compartment was emptied of all but the clergyman and the schoolboy. Then the conversation veered promptly on to sport and athletic subjects. Over half an hour elapsed, the canon shook hands, smuggling a five-shilling piece into his palm. To the eternal glory of our schoolboy be it recorded that he hesitated to take the tip. "I've enjoyed the talk, sir, and I never knew that parsons were that sort before," he said. The compliment, though vague, was genuine. "You needn't mind taking it from me," he rejoined in reference to the tip, adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "it's sure to come in useful."

More to the Point.

Mrs. Potts—Where were you last night, Jack?

Jack Potts—I—eh—was with my uncle. He was very ill.

"Is that so? And how was the ante?"—Harlem Life.

MONKEY ACTS LIKE A MAN.

Almost Human Intelligence Displayed by an Orang-Outang in Indiana.

Prof. V. P. Wormwood, the oldest animal trainer in the United States, and who was connected with the Cincinnati zoological garden years ago, is now teaching a dog and monkey school in Kokomo, Ind., says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Murphy" is the name of the oldest and best trained orang-outang in his collection. When Murphy retires at night he removes his clothing, hanging the garments on hooks beside the bed. When he gets too warm he arises and pulls off his night shirt, and returns to bed with only such apparel as nature provided him. On the contrary, if he is too cold, he goes to the clothing chest for another quilt, which he spreads over the couch with as much care and skill as the most proficient chambermaid.

He uses his knife, fork, spoon, napkin and finger bowl at his meals and smokes a briarwood pipe when the use for cigarettes or cigars ceases. Of Murphy's intellectual ability Wormwood said:

"The flatness peculiar to a man's head is changed with training. In a few months' education, and with human society the face goes up and has elongated, and the flat head or forehead rises perceptibly.

There are several athletes in the monkey school, and the gymnast puts on the mitts and gives a respectable fight of several rounds with his own people as seconds and timekeepers. The monkeys have been taught the art of housekeeping, preparing food for visitors, waiting on tables, etc. They do a fine military drill, and understand the manual of arms to perfection.

AN INGENIOUS MINISTER.

A Preacher Among the Cowboys of the West Who Has Won Unbounded Popularity.

The ingeniousness of Rev. Harry A. Haadle, rector of St. James mission, Meeker, Col., constantly evolves entertaining features for the old and young, attracting interest to the mission, writes Stanley Stokes of "A Minister Among the Cowboys," in Ladies' Home Journal. He is an accomplished artist and photographs for everybody. An immense see-saw, swings and other entertaining features have been erected by him in the rectory yard, where everybody is welcome to play them. The preacher spent part of his earnings for a phonograph with a set of 50 rolls, which drew big crowds to the rectory, some coming 100 miles to see the wonderful talking machine. Nearly every day when the stage comes in, Mr. Handle changes his working clothes and goes to the hotel to acquaint himself with the strangers arriving, and invites them to the rectory, all of which is unusual and unlooked for on the frontier. And that is one of the ways by which so many people in Parish, which is of greater area than the states of Delaware and Rhode Island combined, have become acquainted with the popular "Little Minister of Rio Blanco," as he is called.

WAYS OF WOMEN ARTISTS.

How Brave Girls from the West and South Learn to Paint in New York.

There is much information about the ways of women artists from the west and south who study in New York, in "The Bacillus of Beauty," the new novel by Harriet Stark.

The reader is introduced almost at the outset to Kitty Bird, a red-headed girl from Cincinnati, who is just doing up a flat parcel of drawings of animals to take down town, and who bases a demand for extra strong tea upon that fact.

"I'm starting for the Star office," she says, "to find the photo-engravers routing the noses and tosses off all my best beasteses."

Kitty is the "animal artist" of a Sunday newspaper—which might be a portrait from the life, since more than one New York paper has employed such a specialist at a high salary. She invitates the readers by breaking into a promising tete-a-tete between the heroine and her lover from the west and dashing back within five minutes to sketch a "Hippopotamus Comte" that she thought of on the street.

CHINESE LANGUAGE LOGICAL.

It Becomes Exceedingly Simple When You Understand the Common Characters.

Every word in the Chinese language has a logical reason for its existence and peculiar formation, and each word consists of either one or more individual character or a number of them combined in order to make a complete word. Take the word field, a square divided into sections or lots, writer Frederic Poole, in Ladies' Home Journal. When the word man is written by the word field the combination makes the word farmer, indicating the avocation of a man who is associated with fields and agriculture. Still more suggestive is the Chinese word for truth, sincerity, faithfulness, honesty. It is formed by the combination of a man and word, thus expressing that one form of honesty consists in a man standing by his word. The word for box is indicated by a square having four sides of equal length, while a prisoner is literally a man in a box, a fact which is often grewsomely illustrated in China when a criminal is sentenced to death, and the place of execution is a square box.

TWO-NOSE'S TAKING OFF.

Indian Killed by Hailstones After Having Been Twice Danced Over as Dead.

Word comes from the Rosebud reservation of the death of Two-Nose, one of the old blanket Sioux, who has had a varied career, reports the Minneapolis Tribune. His death was caused by hail while in an unprotected meadow labor had gone on her periodical spree. Mrs. Dugway was in the kitchen, so I went to the door. There was a burly-looking fellow there with a red beard and a gruff voice. He said:

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$1 a Box. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of $1.
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Of the Three Hundred, Grant but Three.—Byron.

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