THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

ANDOVER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 21, 1900

TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

It is always wise to add a word of explanation unless you are certain you are understood. A professor of zoology, wishing to procure some trichinous pork for purposes of experiment, went to the butcher and asked him if he ever got any spoiled pork. "Sometimes, but I always throw it away," answered the butcher, with a great show of virtue. "Well," said the professor, "the next time you have any, I wish you'd send me some," meaning, of course, to his laboratory. The butcher was inwardly very much surprised, but knowing the professor to be an eccentric man, made no reply except to say that he would. Three weeks passed, when the professor, growing impatient, again visited the shop, and asked: "Haven't you found any spoiled pork yet?" "Yes," said the butcher, promptly. "I sent up two pounds a week ago." A ghastly look came over the professor's face; he hesitatingly stammered: "Where did you send it?" "To your home, of course," said the butcher. The professor and his family had eaten the pork, but, as no after ill effects were noticed, he consoled himself with the thought that trichinae was not so dangerous as he imagined.

A Story with a Warning.

Among vegetables Lima beans have the highest food value, containing 32 per cent. of nutrients, says the Saturday Evening Post. Sweet potatoes come next, with 29 per cent., green peas next with 23 per cent., white potatoes next with 21 per cent., and string beans next with 13 per cent. Green sweet corn has 19 per cent. of nutrients, beets 12 per cent., turnips 11 per cent., cabbage, cauliflower and spinach eight per cent., turnips, eggplant and lettuce seven per cent., tomatoes and asparagus six per cent., and cucumbers four per cent. Dry beans or rice are about the most economical foods one can buy, containing as they do 88 per cent. of solid nutrient. Fish has very high food value, in fact, is very nearly as nutritious as chicken or turkey. A pound of eggs, on the other hand, yields only half as much nourishment as a pound of lean beef, notwithstanding a well-known popular theory.

The women of 45 who owns to her age and could therefore presume to give advice to others was talking seriously to the comparatively young woman of 30, says an exchange. "Don't ever allow yourself to reach that stage of affability," she was saying, "at which people will call you a good fellow. I know that many a girl likes to have that reputation and men are likely to be attentive to the sort of girl who is called a good fellow. She is generally sure of having a good time. Men will take her out, always be glad to have her in a party, be very attentive to her at dances and make her seem like a belle. All these rewards come to the girl who is a good fellow. But I have rarely heard of a man who wanted to marry her.

Taking in view the northern states, including all from Ohio to the Dakotas, together with Missouri and Kansas, the rate of increase of population has fallen from 28 per cent. in the decade 1880-1890 to 18 per cent. in the last decade. The rate at present is accordingly below the average rate of increase for the entire union instead of above it as formerly. The agricultural prizes of the west have been won and population no longer flows to virgin lands to any large extent, whereas the manufacturing cities of the east still attract population. The central west yields the pace to the older sections of the east.

The census enumerators in many cases failed to realize the importance of mortality statistics. In one of the eastern states an enumerator had only two deaths in a population of more than 1,300 for the entire year, which the supervisor thought was not sufficient, so he sent back the returns. The enumerator responded with the following explanation: "Dear Sir: There were four more people that died, but they was widows."

A Washington man complained bitterly to the district commissioners of the pasting of advertising labels on loaves of bread, and wanted them to stop the practice, but the commissioners assured him that the official chemist's opinion was that the use of these labels on bread is in no way detrimental to health.

JASPER DEPARTMENT.

NOVEMBER 19, 1900.

John Constindine of Cameron was in town Friday.

Prof. Campbell of Hedgesville was seen on our streets Friday.

Mrs. C. V. House of Canisteo was visiting in town last week.

M. L. Drake was transacting business in Greenwood Wednesday.

A. W. Hutchinson had business in Canisteo and Hornellsville Friday.

Miss Edythe Talbot of Canisteo was home over Sunday.

Allen Wallace, who is attending school at Alfred University, was obliged to return to his home last week on account of illness.

M. C. Hollenbeck was in Canisteo Friday.

Ed. Gay and family of South Canisteo were in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hollenbeck and Miss Anna Stephens attended church at Greenwood Sunday evening.

U. McMindes was in Canisteo Friday.

M. L. Drake and family are to move from their farm into Mrs. Miner Shaw's house on State street as soon as suitable repairs are made. Ed. Drake will occupy Mr. Drake's farm house.

Miss E. Mae Craig is at Canisteo, assisting in the Chronicle office.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dennis visited Mrs. Cooper at Andover last Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Howard is a guest of Mrs. D. C. Hunter.

Rev. Theron Moore occupied the pulpit at the M. E. church Sunday morning.

A graveyard in De Kalb county, Missouri, has a headstone with the following inscription, dictated by a sorrowing widower: "With grief I bore my loving mate to took from me though took by one who has a right to call for me when he sees fit." On a tombstone at Wayland, Mass., may be seen the doubtful statement: "Here lies the body of Dr. Howard, a man who never voted, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Here is a true story on one of our hardware clerks," says the Downs (Kan.) Times. "A little four-year-old girl walked into one of the hardware stores some time ago and had a bolt put in her little express wagon. When the job was completed she asked the clerk what the charges were. The clerk informed her that a kiss would pay the bill, and the little lady said: 'All right, mamma will pay you.'"

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Pain in Head, Side and Back.

For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side, and in the small of the back. I was nervous and constipated and could not sleep. The pills and other medicines I tried only made a bad matter worse. Then I tried Celery King. One package cured me and made a new woman of me.—Mrs. Th. Kloehammer, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases. 25 cts.

Church Societies.

The Ladies' Missionary Society met at Mrs. A. R. Crawford's Thursday. They decided to hold a fifteen cent oyster supper Friday evening, in Dr. E. E. Wallace's vacant store.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the M. E. church met with Mrs. R. W. Hilborn Friday.

The Aid Society of the Baptist church held their meeting at the home of Mrs. Albert Wyckoff Saturday.

The Aid Society of the M. E. church will have a meeting at Mrs. Wm. Brotzman's next Wednesday.

A Joyful Time.

Friday morning, while Rev. Geo. Sherer was least expectant that anything unusual was to occur, about 40 members of the G. A. R. and Relief Corps gathered at his home and pleasantly surprised him. The forenoon was spent in friendly greetings, and the noon hour soon came, bringing with it the announcement of dinner. The next hour was occupied in feasting of the "goodies" which had been prepared by the ladies. After dinner, Rev. E. G. Hall of Cameron, in behalf of the G. A. R., with well chosen words, presented Mr. Sherer with a beautiful lamp. Mr. Sherer responded with a few remarks in which he deeply expressed his gratitude and appreciation. The shades of evening soon appeared, and as several of the crowd lived at a distance, they returned home satisfied that Mr. Sherer was glad to receive their visits, altho he did not issue the invitations.

The aggregate investments of the United States life insurance companies exceed $1,200,000,000. This would suffice to pay the national debt, and the debts of several states besides; but it is more pleasing, somehow, to think of the private burdens which, distributed widely and in comparatively small amounts, this great fund will remove. Uncle Sam is neither a widow nor an orphan.

The growth of grass that comes in a long, mild, moderately rainy autumn is said to be far more nutritious for cattle than the spring grass. It is richer.

It is reported that Nebraska has never raised so large a crop of lambs as this year. Texas has its largest crop for eight years.

It is a mean man who will pay his election bets with the cigars that were given him by the candidates.

The game laws are being evaded in the west by sending birds through the mail or else in cheese boxes.

Just as the United States gets through counting votes on November 6 Canada will begin to vote. Thus within 48 hours all of the English-speaking people of the North American continent will have exercised the right of suffrage.

During the last ten years, more than $10,000,000 has been expended in the United States in the maintenance of agricultural experiment stations, $7,000,000 of which has come from the federal government.

Chicago now contains a greater population than all the cities of the United States combined in 1840, and New York now has a greater population than all the cities together had in 1850.

A woman in Topeka, Kan., who is suing for a divorce petitions for the custody of the family cow.

A St. Louis justice of the peace hopes to increase his business by announcing that he will kiss no brides who have been joined in wedlock by him. He must be a very homely man and know it, too.

There has just been started at Steubenville, O., the first American manufactory of glass marbles, which have hitherto been imported from Germany.

Over 3,000,000 of the American population are said to be in annual need and actually receiving some kind of charitable assistance.

Probably at no time since the civil war have there been so few regular soldiers stationed in the United States as there are to-day. Of the 100,000 officers and men constituting our present army all but 17,000 are serving abroad, mostly in the Philippines.

Houghton county, Mich., which is in the heart of the Lake Superior copper mining region, has the highest assessed valuation of property per capita of any county in the United States. The total valuation for the county is $120,000,000.

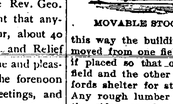
The petrified leg of a giant has been unearthed in Pennsylvania, and the Denver Post suggests that it was pulled off in some prehistoric political campaign.

LIVE STOCK

MOVABLE STOCK SHED.

A Few Poles and Rough Boards Are All the Materials Required for Its Construction.

We have constructed a temporary and convenient shelter for use of stock at pasture. It can be built by anyone having a few poles. Straw was used for thatching the roof. The sills are about 20 feet long and curve slightly upward at one end with holes bored to admit of a chain. In



MOVABLE STOCK SHELTER.

this way the building can be readily moved from one field to another and if placed so that one end is in one field and the other in another, it affords shelter for stock in two fields. Any rough lumber may be used for the sides, or they may be left off entirely. A two-inch auger, an ax and some No. 13 wire that will readily bend is all that is required, together with the poles, to construct this portable shelter.—C. H. Whitcomb, in Orange Judd Farmer.

ESTIMATING QUALITY.

A Man Cannot Judge of Butter Without Comparing with Some Other Man's Product.

Most makers of butter on the farm would be offended if told that they did not know good butter or were not able to score their own butter. Yet such is the case; and it applies also to creamerymen that make a business of making butter. A man cannot judge of butter without comparing it with other butter. The commission men that handle large quantities of butter are able to tell very closely, but even they are often thrown off the scent when they go to a creamery and try to form a correct opinion of butter without means for a comparison. The maker of butter on the farm need not therefore be surprised if he or she fail signally in forming a true estimate of their product. Surrounded by the aroma of the butter and the milk, as well as of the other odors in which the butter is made, it becomes difficult for the maker of the butter to really form a correct opinion of its value. Just as a person coming out of the open air into a closed room can detect odors that the people that have been a long time in the room cannot detect, so the maker in the midst of the odors of butter making has a taste deadened to proper appreciation of true flavors. It therefore becomes necessary for all that wish to make the best commercial butter to submit their butter to the judgment of men that are free from all influences likely to bias the taste.—Farmers' Review.

Bits of Dairy Wisdom.

Fodder cut soon after the corn is in roasting ears is greatly relished by the cow, but the results are not as satisfactory as when fed a little later.

Oats and corn ground together, with a little oil meal added, some bright cut fodder and clover hay make a model feed for the dairy.

"If we fail on a batch of butter our regular customers never see it; it is put in a tub and sent where it is unknown," says a butter maker.

Running the churn for just one minute too long will often do for butter what the most expert butter maker cannot undo.

It is said that pasteurized milk for cheese making must have a "starter" added to it to make well-flavored cheese.

Some scientists say that milk will not take on a "cooked" taste till it has been heated to 185 degrees.

Losses of Butter Fat.

I found during my work of inspection some large factories were losing as much as 87 pounds of butter fat per day; this would be in factories making from 1½ to 2 tons per day. In other factories turning out less than half a ton of butter per day losses of 27 pounds to three pounds were found. The following are some of the causes for such losses: 1. Insufficient speed of the separator. 2. Irregular speed of the engine, caused in many cases by poor and worn-out governors. 3. Boilers too small to furnish sufficient steam for the engine. 4. Irregular feed of the milk and irregular temperatures. 5. By churning mixed cream at different degrees of ripeness. 6. By churning at high temperature, especially with sweet cream.—Dairy Commissioner of New Zealand.

Sanitary Food for Cows.

If the cow has a tendency to be constipated, increase the proportion of oil meal in her ration. If her bowels become too loose, decrease the oil meal and increase the bran. If the cows have a tendency to put on too much flesh, decrease the cornmeal or discard it altogether. If she gets too thin, give her more cornmeal and less of the other foods. If straw and corn fodder are high, limit the feed to eight or ten pounds a day. If these rough foods are cheap, give 20 to 25 pounds a day to each cow and use what is uneaten for bedding.—Rural World.

IT IS NASTY STUFF.

Destroying Rancid Butter Is a New and Very Dangerous Fraud on Housekeepers.

"Process butter" is one of the new substances which seems to hold a half-way place between oleomargarine and butter. Virtually it is butter without its proper constituent, and the removal of the glycerin involves a story.

"'Process butter,'" said Dr. J. A. Wesner, of the Columbus food laboratory, "is one of the most subtle of butter frauds, for the reason that it is butter—with a difference.

"In the beginning, much of the good butter made becomes rancid for lack of a ready and favorable market. In addition to this, thousands of pounds of butter is bad when it is new-made. These are the bases for the 'process butter' maker. He buys this rancid butter in large quantities and ships it to his plant in the country. He may have a dairy or small creamery in connection with this plant. If so, it is all so much the easier.

"This filled with sweet milk and having machinery for working butter are ready for this rancid stock, and it is dumped into the mixers, where it is washed and mixed and worked thoroughly. This sweet milk bath removes the rancid taste from the butter, but incidentally it dissolves the glycerin that is in fresh butter. This glycerin element is that which causes butter to hold its shape when molded, and it is there that the person using the counterfeit can detect the imposition.

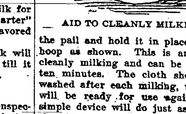
"After this bath in milk, the reworked process butter has only fatty acids in it and these are subject to the slightest degrees of heat. The normal temperature of a dining-room in winter will cause the process butter to lose its shape, while a summer warmth makes it quite flat into a dish. There is a general lack of flavor in this butter, but except for the readiness to melt in low temperatures the ordinary person would be easily deceived.

"On the market, as a rule, this butter sells only two or three cents under the best in the shops. It is inferior in every respect and most persons eating it would turn from it if they knew it came from the cast-off stuff from dairies, creameries, and the retail and wholesale shops."

DEVICE FOR MILKING.

It Is an Important Aid to Cleanliness and Can Be Made in Less Than Ten Minutes.

Get a wooden hoop a little smaller than the top of the milkpail. Put a square of cheesecloth over the top of



AID TO CLEANLY MILKING.

the pail and hold it in place by the hoop as shown. This is an aid to cleanly milking and can be made in ten minutes. The cloth should be washed after each milking, when it will be ready for use again. This simple device will do just as well as the tin tops that come ready to be adjusted to the tops of the milkpails, and the homemade affair will cost nothing.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Give Horses Time to Eat.

Horses should have at least 75 minutes for each meal. If they finish eating in less time, as they probably will, nothing will be lost by giving them a few moments' quiet rest, and digestion will be better if it is well under way before the animals begin work. Fifteen or 20 minutes longer given the horses at meals will be more than made up by quicker and more vigorous action in the field. The horse that has 75 minutes for meals can, and will, do more work than the horse that has only 45 minutes.—Rural World.

Women Like Nice Butter.

One of the absolute necessities on every well regulated farm is something that the women can drive. Too many farmers have plenty of horses without having anything that the women and children can take out alone with the expectation of getting back the same day. Without that women can use are too often so old or so slow that it is hard work to get anywhere with them. Provide the women on something they can drive. They want to go somewhere when you cannot, and they want to get there when they go.—National Stockman.

Milk for Cottage Cheese.

Some people have difficulty in making cottage cheese, and are unable to tell where the difficulty lies. Generally, when poor cheese is made the milk is too sour or is heated to too high a temperature before being made into cheese. Milk falls at an ordinary degree of sourness if it is necessary to heat to only 140 degrees before putting into a bag and draining. The higher the milk is heated the more and harder it will come out, and, we might add, the more unpalatable.—Farmers' Review.

To remove a troublesome corn or bunion: First soak the part affected in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by Blredell & Van Nor, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

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Notice

From this date until farther notice, all paid in advance orders will receive 15 photographs for the price of one dozen at

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Dr. Fahm's KIDNEY and Backache Cure.
For all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Retention of Urine, Gravel, Stone, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Unfailing in Female Weakness.
Per dozen $6, sales by mail on receipt of price. N.Y.

RECORD OF THE PAST

No Stronger Evidence Can Be Had.

Look well to their record. What they have done many times in years gone by, is the best guarantee of future results. Anyone with a bad back; any reader suffering from urinary troubles, from any kidney ills, will find in the following evidence proof that relief and cure is near at hand:

Mr. S. C. Stevens, of 17 Atlantic street, Salamanca, proprietor of the leading livery stable, says: "I allowed my experiences with Doan's Kidney Pills to be published in our local paper in July, 1896, and it has appeared again and again under the heading of 'Local Evidence.' I had a weakness of the kidneys, especially during the spring and fall, when I contracted a slight cold. Procuring Doan's Kidney Pills at a drug store, I took a course of the treatment and it removed the attack which annoyed at the time. I have never had a pain in my back nor have my kidneys been out of order since I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I never had anything more satisfactory in the way of medicine, and I can as warmly recommend them now as I could when I gave my testimony over 18 months ago. I am only too pleased to allow my opinions of Doan's Kidney Pills to be published in Salamanca."

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

Proof Against Perturbation.

"Who were the Stoics, pa?"

"Oh, the Stoics were a super ancient people who didn't brag of their ailments and wouldn't stand and listen to any brag about other folks' ailments."—Indianapolis Journal.

Contingent.

Dobson—If you marry my daughter how long will it be before you call on me for sid?

Hobson—That depends on how long it is before she strikes me for cash.—Denver News.

An Anxious Inquiry.

He—Why does your father keep that bulldog?

She—Oh, for company, I suppose.

He (anxiously)—His or—or yours?—Answers.

Like a Railway Switch.

Conscience is like a railway switch. If it is carefully tended it will keep you on the right track.—Chicago Daily News.

DAVID and JONATHAN OF THE HILLS

By William Bachus.

"AY! They were a queer pair—a very queer pair. We called them David an' Jonathan, no' that they were very friendly in public—far frae that; they never could 'gree thegither a meenute. I've seen them fechtin' like twas dogs about the sma'est thing, ca'in' ane anither a' the blackyird names ye could think o'. And syne, when they were feenished, they gaed awa' lookin' quite satisfied.

"Jock Scott was a leeberal, so Wat Dempster had to ca' himsel' a tory. Jock belonged to the Parish kirk, so Wat had to join the Free; though neither o' them darkened the door o' the house of God ony mair, after. They even gaed the length o' ordain unto a different kind o' sheep-dip. Ay! they were a strange pair. But for a' they couldna 'gree, there never were twa truer friends. Ye'd ony body wanted miscal'ed the ane by a word in the ither's hearing—weel, he didna dae it again.

"They were herds away up among the hills. Jock herded the Crammil and Wat the Ruchill. They mairit sisters, and for 15 years they lived about a mile apart. But did ye ever hear how they came to separate?

"I had nae thought the shepherd of Laighlands told me the story.

The cause of all fell out one stormy night in early spring. The shepherd of the Crammil had come to the top o' the hill. He had removed his wet boots and dripping plaid, and had stretched himself luxuriously in the great armchair beside a blazing fire. Outside, the wind howled and the snow drifted; but the mind of the shepherd was at ease, for he knew that his sheep were so safely folded in the lee of the hill that no harm would come nigh them during the night. The warmth of the fire crept through his limbs and comforted him. The whistling of the wind round the cottage sang him a lullaby; and as he drowsed pleasantly his soul was filled with much content.

Sleep had almost mastered him when he was aroused by the sudden opening of the door. He sat up to see what was an apparition, of a small girl with frightened eyes. It was his niece, the daughter of the neighboring shepherd of the Ruchill, with the news that her father had gone up to Jock Shiel's at the Craig Slap. Rin and tell your mither no' to fash hersel', and 'll gang and bring him hame."

Thus he soothed the girl with reassuring words. Then he turned to his wife.

"Quick!" he cried; "my buits and my plaid. There's something far wrang, and there's nae time to be lost."

He slipped on his boots, stuck a bonnet on his head, and vanished into the night, wrapping his plaid around him as he went.

"Sax 'ours!" he muttered to himsel' as he strode through the snow, "and it's been dark for fower—and sic a nicht! Dod! if he should be—" He shuddered, and the bare thought lengthened his stride as he swung onward into the teeth of the storm.

For a moment Jock Scott halted at the burnside to determine his course. But in such darkness of night there could be little choice; for all the tracks were nearly equally bad. The only feasible plan was to strike the Ruchill at its highest point and search the hill downwards. So he crossed the burn and struck up the leeside of the Crammil. In the snow and darkness no mortal could pick his way, not even the shepherd who had herded on the hill for 15 years, and knew each inch of the ground. The blackness of the pit closed around him. Several times even at the outset he almost lost his bearings. No earthly object was visible save the dim round of shadowy grayness at his feet. Shut up within his narrow circle of vision he stumbled upward through the snow, guided only by the bleating of the sheep in the fields below, and by the varying steepness of the hillside.

Never in all his life had the shepherd experienced such a night. Even to this day the memory of it is fresh in the countryside, and many are the stories I have heard; how whole flocks were lost; how sheep were buried under snow-wreaths, and a few discovered only by their bleating; and how more than one shepherd had lost his life in the work of rescue.

But, in spite of all, he struggled on. Up till now the faint hope had clung to him that the shepherd of the Ruchill might be safely housed somewhere; it was just possible he might have gone to the Craig Slap. But as he crossed the march-dyke between the Crammil and the Ruchill that hope was shattered, for suddenly out of the darkness the form of a sheep loomed dimly before him.

Jock Scott halted in despair. "Dod!" he muttered, "his sheep's no bielded." There could be no doubt now that some act had befallen his friend, for nothing else would have prevented him from folding his sheep on such a night. Somewhere on the hillside he or his body must be lying. But where? There was no possibility of a systematic search; all landmarks were hidden under the drift, and in the black darkness and howling storm even the shepherd stood bewildered. The sense of locality had almost left him; moreover he was stiff with cold, and his whole body ached; and worse, his hands and feet were becoming numb. In his weariness and utter wretchedness he was tempted to give up the search in despair. But as the thought of his friend lying on the hillside in the snow rose to his mind, with a gasp and a sob he once more set his face to the storm, gripping his staff firmly to guide and steady his steps.

The story of the friendship of the two shepherds is one of the commonest in the countryside. The tale of that dreadful night is the property of all; but the details you will not hear where. Indeed, the shepherd of the Crammil never could remember them himself. His recollection of the search was merely one of growing numbness and helplessness and ever present despair. He had lost all hope of rescuing his friend; but it was his duty to continue the search so long as he could stumble on. And that was enough for him.

It must have been after about two hours of weary, hopeless wandering that at last he tripped over something soft at the foot of a high rock. Whether he was on his knees and had scraped the snow from the body, he never could remember. But he was at two o'clock and had not yet returned.

The shepherd of Crammil started up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes with his fists.

"Eh!—what!" he cried.

The little girl repeated her story.

"Never! Twas o'clock, ye say? And it's eight noo. Sax 'ours on the hill! Surely—" He caught sight of the frightened little face and checked himself. "But there! dinna be feared. There can be naething wrang. He'll just ha' gane up to Jock Shiel's at the Craig Slap. Rin and tell your mither no' to fash hersel', and 'll gang and bring him hame."

Thus he soothed the girl with reassuring words. Then he turned to his wife.

"Quick!" he cried; "my buits and my plaid. There's something far wrang, and there's nae time to be lost."

He slipped on his boots, stuck a bonnet on his head, and vanished into the night, wrapping his plaid around him as he went.

"Sax 'ours!" he muttered to himsel' as he strode through the snow, "and it's been dark for fower—and sic a nicht! Dod! if he should be—" He shuddered, and the bare thought lengthened his stride as he swung onward into the teeth of the storm.

For a moment Jock Scott halted at the burnside to determine his course. But in such darkness of night there could be little choice; for all the tracks were nearly equally bad. The only feasible plan was to strike the Ruchill at its highest point and search the hill downwards. So he crossed the burn and struck up the leeside of the Crammil. In the snow and darkness no mortal could pick his way, not even the shepherd who had herded on the hill for 15 years, and knew each inch of the ground. The blackness of the pit closed around him. Several times even at the outset he almost lost his bearings. No earthly object was visible save the dim round of shadowy grayness at his feet. Shut up within his narrow circle of vision he stumbled upward through the broken limb was set, the doctor had left the cottage and the shepherd of the Ruchill was restored to consciousness.

A fortnight had passed. Except in the rifts and crannies of the hilltops all traces of snow had disappeared, and once more the green pastures and red plowlands lay open to the eye. The stillness of winter had gone, and overhead a bright sun shone warmly on the clear freshness of a spring day.

Along the banks of the snow-swollen stream which seemed the glen with a steak of foam a stalwart figure moved slowly toward the cottage where lay the shepherd of the Ruchill. In his look and gait there was something strange. His figure had lost its usual buoyant confidence; his long, sweeping stride had become an indeterminate step which was ever slower as he advanced; his eye had an anxious and troubled look, and every few paces he would halt and gaze in profound thought into the turbid waters.

Jock Scott was on his way to visit the shepherd of the Ruchill for the first time since the dread night on the hill. Somewhere on the hillside he had misgivings about his reception. Never before had these two strange men met in such circumstances. Neither had ever before conferred such an obligation on the other; and now Jock Scott, shepherd of the Crammil, was torn with fears as to the possible behavior of his friend.

Slowly and shyly he walked till he rounded the corner of the house and came in sight of the cottage. Then, as a sudden resolution seized him, he set his face to a stern, forbidding aspect and strode across the greensward, asked leave to enter the cottage and flung himself into a chair by the bedside.

"Well," he demanded, gruffly and defiantly, "hoo are ye?"

The sick man started in surprise at the sudden entrance of Scott, and instinctively the usual retort courteous rose to his lips.

"Dod, man, ye gi'e a body a fricht," he began; but, remembering, checked himself. "Fine," he answered, gently.

The visitor grunted and looked suspiciously towards the bed. At heart no one could have been more truly sympathetic, but to put his sympathy into words was what he could not do; and almost before he was aware he had broken into the old recrimination.

"Dodsake! ye maun be as blind as a bat. Man, where in a' the warld were your e'en your sarch when ye fell? And ye maun be a very silly body to lie sae long efter a bit clout ower a rock amang some saft snaw. Look at me—never in a' my life have I lain a day in my bed; but there you've been lying a fortnight already—and the lambin' time coming on, and a' the puir sheep that should be sae weel look't efter wandering about the hills like craws in a mist."

The first attack, however, failed miserably; the sick man refused to be tempted. He knew that his sheep were as conscientiously looked after as if he were present; he knew himself, moreover, he was watching for an opportunity to express his thanks in some way. So he made the soft answer that turneth away wrath

"There's nae doubt it was very stippit o' me," he said. "and I'm very much ashamed o' myself. But I'se warrant it'll no' be long afore I'm up and at the sheep agan."

The other's worst fears were realized. He had hoped by his own example to draw his friend to his old self again. But here he was returning good for evil; there was no saying what he might do next.

"What!" he cried, "wad ye offer? Ye blackyird, if ye daur to rise out o' that bed till that leg o' yours is better, not anither o' your sheep will be lookit by me."

There was a short pause. The shepherd had come to the end of his tether. He could think of nothing more to say, and he sat silently awaiting the dreaded moment. Then, slowly and in a hesitating voice, the sick man began:

"About that—that nicht, ye ken, I wad just like—" But the sentence was unfinished, for at the first word the shepherd of the Crammil sprang to his feet, rushed to the window, and in a loud and unnatural voice drowned the feeble attempt.

"Just what I was feared o'," he shouted. "Man, we live in a maist rideekolous climate; se day we're smoored in snaw, and the next plotted wi' heat. There's nae lippening to this kind o' weather. Now I'm sure there's a storm comin', and I'll ha'e to be aff to bield the sheep. Div ye mind—"

"Sit doon, ye stott," interrupted the invalid, surprised for a moment from his gentleness; "div ye no' see the sun?"

The attempt to create a diversion had failed. Unwillingly the shepherd returned to his seat and resigned himself to the inevitable. Again there was a short pause. Then:

"As I was saying, I'm—I'm muckle obleeged to ye for—for what ye did that nicht. And as I said afore—no, I didna just dae that—but what I meant to say was, that I'm—"

During this short speech the face of the visitor wore a look of intense pain. Every word was a knife to him; he could stand it no longer, and before the sick man could proceed he had leapt to his feet again, his face blazing with suppressed feeling.

"It's thae devils o' dougs at it again," he cried. "I never saw twae animals that could not 'gree like yours and mine. I doot we'll ha'e to part wi' them. I maun off noo and redd them up."

The fiction served its purpose. It lasted him as far as the door, so that the sick man could not trouble it to speak him. For a moment he stood grasping the handle, in doubt whether to close the door behind him. Then he turned back.

"Quite so," he said, as if answering a question. "I understand perfectly what ye mean; and I would just like to say that I hope—I hope—ch!" (but it would not come). "See and sune be better," he growled.

Then, shamefaced, cursing the world in general and himself for the greatest fool in it, he strode out to vent his rage on an imaginary conflict of two innocent collies which at that moment were peaceably sleeping at their own firesides.

When the shepherd of Laighlands reached this point in his tale we had come to the parting of our ways. He told me the rest leaning on his staff, while the sheep cropped the roadside turf and his faithful dogs kept watch with one eye to the flock and the other to their master.

"Ay," he said, "some folk in this world are made different frae ithers. Wi' ordinar' mortals like you and me a thing o' that sort would just ha'e made us greater friends; but no' thae twa herds. That nicht o' the snawstorm pit an end to their friendship. It's a queer thing, but they were never the same again. Ye see, it was this way. Wat Dempster, frae a kind o' gratitude, couldna just exactly use Jock Scott o' the Crammil the same as afore. When the herd o' the Crammil tried to rouse him he just paid nae attention. Jock had a' the quarreling to himsel', and for fair shame he couldna continue it. So, through time, they fell into a kind o' strained civility to ase anither. I mean they'll be very glad to see ye. It's a queer world," concluded the shepherd, "ond queer folk bide in it."

So he departed amidst a tumult of white-fleeced sheep, shaking his grizzled head over the strangeness of human affairs, and the last I heard of him as I turned away was an apostrophe to his overzealous dogs, which for vigor of language even the shepherds of the Crammil and the Ruchill would not at their best have despised.—Chambers's Journal.

Remains of Tudor Palace in London.

Enfield post office, which is shortly to be removed to a new site, at present occupies a building which possesses some remarkable traditions. It was Queen Elizabeth's palace. A portion of the center and south wing of the Tudor structure still remains, and within there are richly ornamented ceilings, oak paneled walls and a massive chimney piece, standing on Ionic and Corinthian columns; and here are seen the letters "E. R.," with the arms of England and France quartered, the rose and portcullis, the lion and the gryphon, and the motto, "Soia salus servire Deo, sunt alterne fraudes." At the back is a gigantic cedar, which is regarded as the first of these trees ever grown in England, as unquestionably it is the largest. The story runs that it was reared from a seed brought over from Mount Libanus.—London Telegraph.

England Venerates the Oak.

It is only too true to say that our state forests have been neglected and mismanaged in the near past. Alice Holt and The New Forest are a point. These have to be [illegible] which has also suffered [illegible] way. In many places [illegible] grown where there was no [illegible] their ever becoming good [illegible] oil was unsuited to these trees [illegible] capable of growing excellent [illegible] plies. There are plenty of [illegible] the south of England, the [illegible] rity of private individuals, where [illegible] found in oak-stick, yet the [illegible] make no attempt to permit any [illegible] sort of tree. A tree which is now [illegible] common throughout Surrey and other counties is the lonnel tree, or sycamore.—London Express.

Mieadite's Equable Climate.

As illusion in the minds of the [illegible] informed is that the climate of the Klondike is such as to make life unendurable. The fact is that the winter from November to March is no harder than in the northern part of New York, Minnesota or Wisconsin, and better than the blizzard-stricken states further west, on account of the deep snowfall. While it is true that the thermometer will go as low as 40 degrees below zero for four or five days during the winter, the weather is uniformly comfortable enough to allow outdoor mining operations during the entire winter season. The spring, summer and fall are distinct, with an ideal climate.—N. Y. Herald.

Memory of a Benefactor Toasted.

Toasting Sir Francis Drake is an interesting ceremony. The town of Plymouth consumes 5,000,000 gallons of water per day, and its first regular supply was given to the town during Sir Francis Drake's mayoralty. Annually the town indulges in the quaint ceremony of toasting his memory, which is done in this way: The pious memory of Sir Francis is drunk in water at the head weir. But then the company drinks in wine, for the sentiment: "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want for wine."—Pearson's Weekly.

Sounded Much Better.

Snarley—Say, that Boston town is a wonder.

Yow—What's the matter now?

"Why, I was there last week. Some friends took me out to Back Bay to hear an echo. I howled "holy smoke" at it, and what do you suppose it answered?"

"Give it up."

"It hollered back 'Incense!'"—Syracuse Herald.

An Objectionable Custom.

The people of the United States use more meat than the people of any other nation. England ranks second, and the other countries come far below. A person may eat meat perhaps to advantage once a day. It is not necessary, however, that meat should be on the table three times a day; in fact, it is quite an objectionable custom.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Modest Man.

Braggs—What? Miss Romanz? No, she's not for me. She told me the other day that the man she marries must be handsome rather than wealthy.

Briggs—Well, you're certainly not wealthy, but—

"Of course. That's just it. I hate to have a girl throw herself at my head that way."—Philadelphia Press.

His Polite Refusal.

Widow (benevolently)—Here is a pair of boots that belonged to my dead husband. Maybe they'll fit you.

Beggar (gazing at the wrecks with concern)—Ah, madam, better keep them yourself. Maybe you will marry again.—Fliegende Blaetter.

She Told the Truth.

Miss Singleton—I was surprised to hear of your marriage. You often said you wouldn't marry the best man on earth.

Mrs. Wederly—Well, I kept my word. I married about the worst.—Chicago Daily News.

A Danger to Shun.

"Did that girl give any reason for refusing you?"

"Yes; she said I looked too much like a man who was bent on having his own way about