Professor in Cornell university [illegible] discussing in print the ques[illegible] whether a farm can be made [illegible] To pay. He thinks [illegible] with some mental reserva[illegible] the subject of what it means [illegible] a farm "pay." He says of [illegible] his early experiences with his [illegible] "Half of country life is in the [illegible]. It is in the point of view. It [illegible] the way in which we look at [illegible] Thoreau rejoiced when it [illegible] because he knew that his [illegible] were happy. One day my man [illegible] was agitated because the woodchucks [illegible] were eating the beans. He would go [illegible] town at once and buy a gun. I [illegible] asked him how many beans the woodchucks would probably destroy. He thought from one-eighth to one-quarter of an acre. Now, one-quarter of an acre of field beans should bring me a net cash return of three or four dollars. I told him that he could not buy a gun for that money. If he had a gun he would waste more time killing the woodchucks than the beans would be worth. But the worst part of it would be that he would kill the wood[illegible] and at daylight morning after [illegible] morning I had watched the ani[illegible] as they stole from the bushes [illegible] the soft morning air—and [illegible] the crisp young leaves. Many a time I had spent twice four dollars for much less entertainment. My neighbor thought that I ought to outlet out the hoers in the fence corner. I told him that I liked to see the briers [illegible]. He remarked that some folks [illegible] fools. I replied that it is fun to [illegible] a fool."

The pistol packer is apt to be a [illegible] or a coward at heart, or [illegible] says the Nashville American. [illegible] hold a man carry a pistol? Is [illegible] looking for trouble? Why does [illegible] be prepared to slay his fellow [illegible]? Is he willing to shoot to [illegible] kill? Would not the brave [illegible] rather be murdered than to murder an unarmed man? How many of the men who faced death for four years in the days that tried men's souls were gun armed? Probably not one in a thousand or five thousand. The man who goes armed in a peaceable community seeks something in the [illegible] of moral and physical courage. He measures short of the honest standard of a true man. He is [illegible] a lawbreaker.

When a Maine woman turned over an ancient tin pan a few days ago that had been out of service for some time she found a five-dollar bill tightly pasted across the bottom. How it got there she don't know. Nor did she waste any time in speculating about it. She straightway cut the piece of tin out and sent it with its valuable attachment to the treasury department at Washington, and in due course of time received back a brand new five-dollar bill. Which, it may be remarked, concluded a transaction that panned out well.

Elroy, Wis., had a scare the other evening when five stalwart females Carrie Nationed the saloons of the place. The unwelcome visitors were thoroughly frightened and threatened all sorts of things unless the saloon keepers promised to close their places of business. There was great excitement until it was discovered that the supposed women were well-known men of the place, including an ex-mayor.

The Colorado legislature has voted to restore the death penalty. It is to be inflicted by electricity. There was some objection to it on the theory that often when a man killed by the electric chair was thought to be dead he still had in him a spark of life.

Some Boston women who recently assembled in that town to discuss physiological conditions decided that there is no better evidence of soundness of mind than the ability to enjoy a joke at one's own expense.

It has been discovered that the best way to break a horse from kicking is to give him an electric shock. If properly administered, it does not injure the animal and it supersedes the brutal whipping.

A Missouri paper, after telling about a man who fell a few days ago and broke his clavicle for the second time in eight months, says it is time he learned to leave the [illegible] alone.

Marriage Bells.

The marriage bells, and in the middle
Hang frosting in sugar icicles;
Will swiftly pear the happy pair
The floury little snowflake flies.
The trees in their finest feather are
The leaded down with every snow,
Tilt in their soft, white, wintry robes
Their cold, gray arms we scarcely know.

All nature seems transformed, and dons
Its garments for bridal rites—
To wed the glowing, golden sun
When he shall deck with diamonds bright.

He'll drive the dusky clouds away,
And smile upon the snow-white earth,
Till in his bright and dazzling smile
A million diamonds will find birth.

He'll take them in his warm embrace,
Until they melt in tenderness,
And they wonder if such warmth
Will ever little snowflakes bless.
They in their shyness run and hide
Within the little babbling brook,
Which bears them to the ocean tide,
Away from lands that they forsook.

But with the rising sun's warm gaze,
Up from the deep they rise through the atmosphere,
Until he feels he's won the day
And has his little snowflakes near.
But he, perhaps may tire of them
And let their shyness run and hide,
Until they feel they are unloved,
Or the earth will steal away.

—John Shepard Lippincott, in Boston Budget.

THE LAST OF CONNIE.

BY LOUISE HOGE.

(From the Woman's Home Companion. Reprinted by special permission.)

LAN DOUGLAS sat on the railing and swung his feet over the outside. If he had fallen he would have one directly on top of an "old-maid cactus;" but Alan had no intention of falling.

"Oh, it's all very well in a woman," he was saying, lazily twirling his jacket. "Or, no, I don't mean that exactly, for it is delightful in anyone, but it is only a woman who could stoop so far—except in very rare cases," he added, in rather a magnanimous manner, and reached back for a palm-leaf fan that hung on the inside of the poet. The girl in the hammock made no sign of having heard him, and after a few minutes' exercise with the fan he went on: "Now, you never know a woman who you are from it. Did you, honestly, now?" Still no sign from the hammock, and the girl's face was hidden by the ruffle of a huge Yale cushion. "Oh, well," he continued, lightly, "don't answer if it inconveniences you."

"For Heaven's sake, Alan, what is it? I've been hearing this harangue for 15 minutes, but I don't know yet what you are talking about."

The voice was wafted down from a window above the porch. Alan's face had the pleasure of going over into the cactus, as he leaned forward and then tried to twist his neck into the desired position. At last he gave up.

"Oh, come down here if you want to enter this conversation," he answered. "Come on, Connie; there's a good fellow. Esther is used up. She's beaten, and she doesn't know what to say next.—Come on down and help her out."

There was a rush on the stairs, the green-door banged, and Miss Connie appeared on the scene.

"You two are always fighting about something," she said, perching on the railing and relieving Alan of the palm-leaf. "What is it now?"

"Jealousy," answered the perspiring Alan, making a desperate effort to recover lost property. "Oh, see here, Connie, let me have it. I've been playing tennis for two mortal hours, and I'm almost boiled."

"Oh, for shame! Give it back. There, isn't that fine?"

"Very. Just an eighth of an inch nearer and you'll put out my eye. The end of my nose must be black and blue already."

"It isn't; it's only red."

"That will do, Connie. Fan yourself as long as you like, but I'll take mine in homeopathic doses;" and Alan moved down to the next post.

The disputed fan, no longer in demand, dropped into the cactus bed.

"Well, what about jealousy?" Connie asked, after waiting longer than she enjoyed for an explanation.

Alan's ardor revived. "Esther says," he began, excitedly, "that men are more jealous by nature than women. Absurd! No fellow with sense would waste his time that way. Takes a girl for that. No, sir! When I like a girl I like her, but if she prefers another fellow to me, I take it philosophically, and as to being jealous—"

"How old are you, Alan?" Connie asked, irrelevantly.

"I'm 23. What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing at all. I was only wondering how many years of experience you've had. Come on and see my new wheel. Won't you? Dad gave it to me yesterday—my eighteenth birthday, you know."

Alan put both feet on the porch and reached for his cap. "Jove!" he said, as this act brought him within range of Esther's face. "She's asleep. Well, I must have been interesting."

"Perhaps it was more the fault of your subject," laughed Connie from [illegible]

[illegible] Alan's conversation had begun. For a week things went on as they had begun. If he came at four Esther had gone at half-past three to walk with Mr. Sheldon, and came before breakfast he would find her just getting off the tandem after an early spin "to see the sunrise." At any hour from noon till night Sheldon would be in his old place on the rail by the hammock. Day after day he went to the house, only to find poor Connie on the porch or under the trees. Indeed, Connie was having a hard time of it.

"You might as well be decently polite to me even if I'm not Esther!" she remarked, indignantly, one particularly hot afternoon when Alan had been more than usually absent-minded. "I don't suppose even you, with your notoriously amiable disposition, would enjoy talking to a stone wall. I don't suppose, either, that I am quite so pretty as Esther, and I certainly am only 18 instead of 22, but if you think for one moment that I have nothing better to do than entertain you, you are very much mistaken. Next time, before you come, inquire whether Esther will be at home or not!" And Miss Constance sailed into the house, leaving a very much astonished youth to wonder at her unusual outbreak.

For half an hour he waited her reappearance, but in vain; then he whistled "Don't Be Cross," and finally condescended to open the screen-door and call her name. Failing in all efforts, Alan gathered up his worldly goods, consisting of a cap, golf bag and kodak, and went home. On the way he met Esther, and she promptly wheeled around and waited for him to get into the trap.

"Anybody dead, Al? You look about as cheerful as a funeral."

Alan threw his caddy bag onto the back seat and vaulted over the wheel to the seat beside her.

"I suppose Connie has told you that she has decided to go next week?" she said, as she left him in front of his house.

The clubs fell out of the bag in all directions. Any clubs would have done so under the circumstances, for Alan had lifted the bag out by the wrong end.

"Going away? Why, where?"

"Where? To school, of course; and it will be a long good-by to home, for we will meet her east before we all go abroad in June. So this week will be your last of Connie for many a day."

"The last of Connie!" Alan sat down on the steps to think about it after the red wheels had vanished around the corner.

"The last of Connie!" That meant no more mornings down by the river, with a certain curly-haired girl to scare away all the fish; no more suitor [illegible]

[illegible] Alan had gone home [illegible] crowned parasol with a [illegible] plus of lemonade and fun, no more rides in orchards along the country roads, and no more boat rides after water lilies.

"The last of Connie!" Well! That meant no one to make him play tennis or turn caddy under a broiling sun, but, oh, how he would miss it all!

And so Alan sat and communed with himself, discovering suddenly what a pleasant summer it had been, and the reason for it. And now this was to be "the last of Connie!"

"I'll go over and be decent to her to-night," he thought, while he was washing off some of the dust; but the washrag dropped with a splash when he remembered that Connie was likely to be in a rather unamiable frame of mind. Nevertheless he tried it, and there in the hammock sat Esther! And it was Esther who had the bulk of the conversation on her shoulders for that evening.

"Where—where's Connie?" he asked, after what seemed to him an eternity.

"Connie? Oh, why, she went on the river, I believe," she answered, carelessly, and then on and on for an hour Esther talked, and Alan sat and thought. While he was bodily on the porch, in spirit he was paddling his canoe down the river in the moonlight, and—then he got up and went home in a very bad humor.

The next day was worse, for in the morning Miss Connie whizzed by the house on the recent seat of a tandem, and the afternoon she passed again. This time perched high up in young Leavy's polo cart, and that evening she was "writing important letters" until Fred Hunter came, and then the two vanished into the garden.

And the next day was like unto the first. In the morning Connie and the hitherto unobjectionable Leavy were in the polo cart again, and in the afternoon she and Biddle drove by in her trap with two golf bags sticking out behind, and that night Alan went canoeing by himself. Poor Alan! The punishment was more effective. Finally he sent a pathetic little note to her, just a line on a card: "Please tell me when I can come to say good-by, Connie;" and the small boy brought back a monogrammed reply:

"My Dear Alan: How amusing you are! Of course we are always glad to see you when we are at home. Sincerely,

CONSTANCE HAYDEN.

Alan turned pale, and laid the note gently on the table. Evidently Connie rejected the olive-branch. But a friendly breeze blew it onto the floor, and when he picked it up he noticed a line on the other side:

"I was going wheeling this morning, but I've telephoned that it's too hot, and I'm going to enjoy the shade of the porch.

There she lay serenely in the hammock when he jumped off his wheel ten minutes later.

"You've been lucky lately, have you not?" she said. "Esther says she has seen you often."

Alan didn't answer her, and when she turned to look at him he was—a wonderful thing for Alan—perfectly calm. Then he reached out and took hold of a piece of her gown.

"It wasn't Esther, after all, he said, quietly and simply. "It was—you, Connie. I've been a awful nuisance, but I'm very much afraid I'm not jealous" (here Connie smiled), "and I've been green with jealousy myself. I did think it was Esther—but it wasn't. You see, I'd gotten so used to having you around that I didn't appreciate you, but now—oh, Connie—now I don't want anyone else! I know I'm not much good, and probably you don't care anything for me, but I love you, and I want you, dear!"

There was a little stifled sob from the hammock, and one little hand crept into the big brown one that still held the fold of white pique. It took Alan considerably less than a minute to lift the little crumpled figure and hold it close, and in a few seconds more the curly brown head was nestled against the gray coat.

"I thought myself it was Esther, and at first I didn't care, and then I was so mis—mis—miserable!" she sobbed. "And then I wasn't sure; and then I thought I'd find out, and I did!" The man's face glowed with the happiness of the moment, for he knew that that week was not to be "the last of Connie."

The Inscription Didn't Fit.

A Pine Hills family has a colored servant girl and she is indeed a treasure. However, she nearly queered the outfit last week and as a result is in disgrace with the female members of the household. An aged uncle who lives up in the Mohawk valley came down to spend a few days and incidentally celebrate his sixty-ninth birthday. This fact was announced on the cook and she was instructed to prepare a birthday dinner "as would be a dinner." Incidentally it may be remarked here that the aged relative is an agnostic and a devout believer in the doctrines laid down by the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Judge, then, of his surprise when the "piece de resistance" of the evening, the mammoth cake, was brought in and set before him, to read the following inscription on it:

"James M. B——" Aged 69.
"Happy Returns of the Day."
"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

What the old man said wouldn't look well in print and the cook, instead of receiving the generous reward expected, narrowly escaped losing her job.—Albany Journal.

He Might Have Done Worse.

The bishop of Oxford, Eng., who preached the first sermon of his recent visit to Washington in the other body, is noted as one of the most learned and can be one of the most sure members of the Episcopal church. On his soldiers in some measure has fallen the mantle of his most renowned predecessor, Samuel Wilberforce. Bishop Stubbs has a very force, pretty and playful wit. Once, the story goes, an aggrieved parishioner complained to the bishop of the iniquitous ritualistic practices of his vicar. On one occasion, he said, the cleric actually kissed the crucifix when a lady was in the confessional, and what could be worse than that? "Why," answered the bishop, his eyes twinkling, "he might have been far worse; he might have kissed the lady."—Chicago Chronicle.

Beard in a Bag.

If the gossip writer of a Paris paper is to be believed, the king of the Belgians is very vain of his personal appearance. His beard particularly is the object of much attention. Every night before retiring his majesty envelops his beard in a bag, which keeps it in order. His toilet table is covered with brushes, combs and various kinds of brilliantine.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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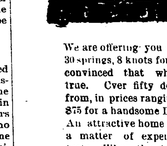

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Assessors.....Caleb Jones, Sylvanus Wardell, Lester S. Burdick
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BAPTIST.—Rev. V. L. Eggleston, pastor; Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday-school at 11:45; Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m.; Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Thursday evening prayer meeting of the church.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. S. D. Pickett, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday-school at 12—noon; Epworth League at 6 p. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. G. M. Janes, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday-school at 12 m.; Bible class at 3 p. m.; Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

REGENT-DAY BAPTIST.—Rev. Stephen Burdick, pastor. Preaching every Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. Sabbath-school following. Junior Endeavor 3 p. m.; Christian Endeavor 7:30 p. m. Prayer meetings Friday evenings.

SOCIETIES.

Mutual Tent, No. 18, K. O. T. M., meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. W. F. O'Connell, Commander; Benj. S. Brundage, R. K.

Maple Grove Hive, No. 168, L. O. T. M., meets second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month. Rachel Burdick, Lady Commander; Dell Monroe, Lady Record Keeper.

Andover Lodge, No. 555, F. & A. M., meets first and third Monday evenings of each month. Jesse S. Phillips, W. M.; B. S. Brundage, Secretary.

Andover Lodge, No. 786, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday night. Byron S. Baker, Noble Grand; J. H. Backus, Secretary.

Hornellsville Encampment, No. 46, I. O. O. F., meets first and third Saturday evening of each month. T. S. Boyd, Com.; E. L. Carpenter, Adjutant.

Woman's Relief Corps meets first and third Saturday evening of each month. Mrs. S. J. Monroe, President; Mrs. M. Fowler, Secretary.

Andover W. C. T. U. meets first and third Thursday afternoon. Mrs. E. S. Bradley, President; Mrs. L. Everett, Secretary.

Catholic Mutual Benefit Association meets the first and third Monday evenings of each month. John Casey, President; J. Driscoll, Rec. Sec.

Andover Lodge, No. 280, I. O. G. T., meets every Monday evening. Albert A. McCarn, C. T.; A. Bullard, Secretary.

Andover Legion, No. 508, N. P. L., meets every Wednesday evening. J. C. Green, President; Mrs. O. E. Vars, Secretary.

West Greenwood Grange, No. 826, meets on the second Tuesday of each month. J. R. Redmond, Master; J. E. Miller, Secretary.

LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

Andover Free Library, open every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 3 to 5, and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9. The Reading Room is open to all every evening from 7 to 10, and on Sunday afternoons from 2 to 5. Officers—President, Jesse N. Grantier; Secretary, Miss Belle Brundage; Treasurer, H. A. Benedict; Librarian, Mrs. J. M. Brundage.

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FRAUDS IN MANILA.

Sensational Discoveries In the Commissary Department.

CHIEF AND HIS CLERKS ARRESTED.

Investigation Just Begun Shows a Scandalous State of Affairs—Government Robbed of Immense Sums.

MANILA April 1.—Interest in the capture and fate of Aguinaldo is now slightly overshadowed in Manila by sensational developments, present and prospective, of frauds in the commissary department. How widely these extend has not yet been ascertained, but enough is already known to justify the belief that they are farreaching.

Captain Frederick J. Barrows of the Thirtieth volunteer infantry, quartermaster of the department of southern Luzon, together with seven commissary sergeants, several civilian clerks, a prominent government contractor, the assistant manager of the Hotel Oriente, the proprietors of three of the largest bakeries in Manila, a number of storekeepers and other persons, has been arrested.

The investigation has scarcely begun, thousands of sacks of flour, a quantity of bacon and wagon loads of other goods, all bearing government marks, have been found in the possession of unauthorized persons.

It is alleged that the contractor in question, who has been doing a business approximating $100,000 a month, has spent huge sums in entertaining officers. A prominent commissary officer is accused of leading a scandalously immoral life. It is asserted that large quantities of stores have been lost or stolen in transit and also that there is a shortage in the commissary depot.

New scandals are developed daily. Illicit transactions have been traced back to June, 1900, and it is possible that there are others of earlier date.

The exorbitant tariff on provisions makes the surreptitious sale of commissary supplies immensely profitable.

It is understood that other United States officers may be arrested.

Lieutenant Philip K. Lawton of the Forty-second volunteer infantry is prosecuting the investigation under the direction of Colonel Wilder, chief of police.

Aguinaldo continues to express himself as pleased with and impressed by the courteous treatment accorded him by General Funston. He does sympathy in the great loss she has sustained and the highest appreciation of the gallantry and self sacrifice with which Lieutenant Commander Roper gave his life for his fellow men. It was a hero's death."

The deceased officer was born in Missouri and entered the naval service June 25, 1888. He was commissioned to the rank held by him at the time of his death on March 3, 1899, and ordered to command the Petrel Nov. 15, 1899. The Petrel was one of the vessels under Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila Bay, when she was in charge of Lieutenant Commander E. P. Wood. The latter officer came home shortly after, and Lieutenant Commander Roper succeeded him.

Neil Gilmour Dead.

BALLSTON, N. Y., April 1.—Neil Gilmour, former state superintendent of public instruction, died Sunday morning from an embolism arising from valvular disease of the heart, with which he had been an invalid for five months. He was born in Paisley, Scotland, Jan. 8, 1840; came to this village in youth and graduated from Union college in 1862. He was chosen school commissioner of this county in 1866, elected state superintendent in 1873 and was twice re-elected, serving nine years. He was registrar of the United States land office at Bismarck, N. D., during Harrison's administration. Since then he had practiced law in this village. Mr. Gilmour is survived by a widow, one son, Harvey J. Gilmour of Brooklyn, and a brother, Allan Gilmour of Albany.

Peace Offering Expected.

Mrs. Newwife—I feel sure that Alfred will bring me a lovely present from the city to-day.

Miss Confidante—An anniversary or birthday, dear?

Mrs. Newwife—Oh, dear, no! But we had such a dreadful quarrel this morning.—Tit-Bits.

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It Will be Done

HE DIED FOR HIS MEN

Heroic Fate of Lieutenant Commander Roper.

FIRE ON THE GUNBOAT PETREL.

Brave Officer Suffocated While Attempting to Rescue a Seaman From the Burning Hold of the Ship.

CAVITE, April 1.—At 7 o'clock yesterday morning a fire was discovered in the sailroom of the United States gunboat Petrel, Lieutenant Commander Jesse Minos Roper commanding. The sailroom is a small compartment adjoining the magazine. The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating and the flames difficult to extinguish.

Lieutenant Commander Roper was the first to descend into the hold, but he was forced to return to the deck. Others then went down. Seaman Patrick Turner was prostrated and about to perish when Lieutenant Commander Roper endeavored to rescue him and was suffocated in the attempt.

Lieutenant Justin Hintts McKean and Cadet Lewis suffered severely in bringing the body of Lieutenant Commander Roper to the deck.

Twenty-two of the crew were prostrated, Toner, Evans, Flaherty, Larsen, Keseler, Cahey, Burton, Smith, Sullivan and Fogsboon seriously, but all will recover.

The contents of the sailroom were destroyed, but the damage to the gunboat was slight. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained. Possibly it was a case of spontaneous combustion.

The death of Lieutenant Commander Roper is greatly lamented. The body will be sent to the United States April 5 by the Bufalo.

A CABLE FROM REMEY.

The Death of Lieutenant Commander Roper Announced to His Friends.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—The navy department has received a cablegram from Admiral Remey, commander in chief of the Asiatic station, giving a brief account of a fire in the sailroom of the gunboat Petrel and of the death of the commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander Jesse Mims Roper, as a result of a heroic effort to rescue the men below. The dispatch shows that 22 officers and men were prostrated, but all are recovering. Admiral Remey's dispatch, dated Cavite, March 31, is as follows:

"Fire discovered sailroom Petrel 7 this morning. Roper commanding. After going below once went again and ordered. Attempted recover men below. He suffocated. Died at 7:45. Twenty-two other officers and men entirely prostrated. All recovering. Fire out. Damage immaterial. Send Roper's remains by Buffalo."

The navy department at once sent a telegram to Mr. H. F. Fay, the brother-in-law of Lieutenant Commander Roper, at 73 Monmouth street, Longwood, Mass., asking that he inform Mrs. Roper of the news. The following expression of sympathy and appreciation is also made:

"With this sad news the department desire to express its deep sympathy in the great loss she has sustained and the highest appreciation of the gallantry and self sacrifice with which Lieutenant Commander Roper gave his life for his fellow men. It was a hero's death."

The deceased officer was born in Missouri and entered the naval service June 25, 1888. He was commissioned to the rank held by him at the time of his death on March 3, 1899, and ordered to command the Petrel Nov. 15, 1899. The Petrel was one of the vessels under Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila Bay, when she was in charge of Lieutenant Commander E. P. Wood. The latter officer came home shortly after, and Lieutenant Commander Roper succeeded him.

Neil Gilmour Dead.

BALLSTON, N. Y., April 1.—Neil Gilmour, former state superintendent of public instruction, died Sunday morning from an embolism arising from valvular disease of the heart, with which he had been an invalid for five months. He was born in Paisley, Scotland, Jan. 8, 1840; came to this village in youth and graduated from Union college in 1862. He was chosen school commissioner of this county in 1866, elected state superintendent in 1873 and was twice re-elected, serving nine years. He was registrar of the United States land office at Bismarck, N. D., during Harrison's administration. Since then he had practiced law in this village. Mr. Gilmour is survived by a widow, one son, Harvey J. Gilmour of Brooklyn, and a brother, Allan Gilmour of Albany.

Peace Offering Expected.

Mrs. Newwife—I feel sure that Alfred will bring me a lovely present from the city to-day.

Miss Confidante—An anniversary or birthday, dear?

Mrs. Newwife—Oh, dear, no! But we had such a dreadful quarrel this morning.—Tit-Bits.

A SHOT AT THE CZAR

Officer of His Household Tried to Kill Him.

REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE SEIZED.

Seventy-two Members Taken After a Sharp Fight With Police—Students Released—Riots at Kiev.

LONDON, April 1.—A dispatch to The Morning Leader from Kiev says it is reported that an officer of the Household attempted to assassinate the czar. He fired at his majesty, but missed. He then shot and killed himself before he could be arrested.

A dispatch to The Telegraph from St Petersburg says that the headquarters of the committee of the revolutionary movement has been raided and the whole body, consisting of 72 members, captured.

The police surprised the committee at night. They made a desperate defense, firing at the police, but were finally overcome. The police found quantities of proclamations.

The board of education is considering, as a means of diminishing the number of university students, a proposal to admit any one qualified to enter the university to examination for university degrees, no matter whether they ever attended the universities or not. This, however, would hardly be a satisfactory solution of the difficulties which result from restrictions of university freedom.

Sixty-nine students who were arrested during the recent riots have been released.

It is reported that severe riots have occurred during the last few days at Kiev, but were quelled by the military authorities. No further particulars are available.

Altogether 3,000 arrests have been made. It is reported that some of the ministers now wear steel cuirasses.

Whisky Scarce and Dear.

LOUISVILLE, April 1.—Edson Bradley, president of the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse company, when asked to account for the sensational advance in the price of whisky held by his company replied: "Because the conditions of the market warranted it. We dictate a further advance in all fine whiskies. It will not surprise me to see some Kentucky bourbons go to $1.25 per gallon. In fact, some are selling at and above that figure now. There is a shortage of Kentucky whiskies in bond. That accounts for the strong condition of the market. Whisky consumption is steadily on the increase, and the shortage in certain ages buoys the market. The crop made by the Kentucky Distillers and Warehouse company will not be much in excess of 12,000,000 gallons. That is not an overproduction, but, on the contrary, it is very conservative."

Burned Herself to Death.

SYRACUSE, April 1.—A special to The Post-Standard from Canastota says: "Saturday night William Welch and his wife Mary quarreled. Yesterday noon the woman, brooding over her trouble, decided to end all in death. She saturated her clothes with coal oil and, going out of the house to avoid setting fire to it, applied a match to her dress. People coming from church discovered her burned almost beyond recognition, but still conscious. They carried her to the house, but physicians could do nothing."

Serious Mining Accident.

PRESCOTT, A. T., April 1.—A serious accident occurred at the United Verde mines at Jerome in which two men were killed and four others seriously injured. A number of holes had been loaded, and the men were engaged in lighting the fuses for their discharge. The fuses were too short, and before the men had lighted the first one exploded, with the above results. The names of the victims could not be learned.

An Express Robbery.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Five thousand dollars in bills sent from the Bank of Columbia, of Columbia, S. C., to the National Bank of Commerce in this city by the Southern Express company was stolen somewhere on the way. The package supposed to contain the money was delivered to the Bank of Commerce on Saturday morning. It contained nothing but brown paper cut to the size of bills.

The English Royal Band.

The Royal band is one of those bodies attached to the court that will not be interfered with by the king. This royal orchestra is an ancient institution, dating back four centuries and doubtless owing its origin to the

Brave Officer Suffocated While Attempting to Rescue a Seaman From the Burning Hold of the Ship.

CAVITE, April 1.—At 7 o'clock yesterday morning a fire was discovered in the sailroom of the United States gunboat Petrel, Lieutenant Commander Jesse Mims Roper commanding. The sailroom is a small compartment adjoining the magazine. The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating and the flames difficult to extinguish.

Lieutenant Commander Roper was the first to descend into the hold, but he was forced to return to the deck. Others then went down. Seaman Patrick Turner was prostrated and about to perish when Lieutenant Commander Roper endeavored to rescue him and was suffocated in the attempt.

Lieutenant Justin Hintts McKean and Cadet Lewis suffered severely in bringing the body of Lieutenant Commander Roper to the deck.

Twenty-two of the crew were prostrated, Toner, Evans, Flaherty, Larsen, Keseler, Cahey, Burton, Smith, Sullivan and Fogsboon seriously, but all will recover.

The contents of the sailroom were destroyed, but the damage to the gunboat was slight. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained. Possibly it was a case of spontaneous combustion.

The death of Lieutenant Commander Roper is greatly lamented. The body will be sent to the United States April 5 by the Bufalo.

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Balgarian Troops Killed.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 1.—Advices from Salonika say that a band of 60 troops from Bulgaria endeavored to invade Macedonia near Djumabala March 27 and came into conflict with the Ottoman troops. Ten of the Bulgarians were killed, and the others fled. Further fighting is reported to have occurred in the Nejd district of Arabia between the sheik of Koweyt, on the Persian gulf, and Bin Rashid, the self styled "king of Arabia." A strong earthquake shock was felt here yesterday.

Platt and Odell Confer.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Senator Platt and Governor Odell had another talk yesterday. It is said that it has been settled that Henry H. Lyman of Oswego will be reappointed state commissioner of excise. His term expires this week. It is also reported that a choice for state commissioner in lunacy, to succeed Dr. Wise, removed by Governor Roosevelt, has been agreed upon, but his name was not divulged.

More Plague Cases.

CAPE TOWN, April 1.—Seventeen fresh cases of the bubonic plague, four European and 13 colored, were officially reported yesterday.

The Kentucky Futurity.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 1.—Secretary Horace Wilson of the Kentucky Breeders' association officially announces that 1,379 mares have been named in the rich Kentucky Futurity, value $21,000, for foals of 1901, which closed March 15. This is 109 less than were nominated in the record breaking list of 1900, but is in itself a magnificent showing, attesting the popularity of the stake and the association giving it. This is the twelfth renewal of the Futurity, which is universally regarded as the greatest trotting event in the world. Thirty-five states and territories are represented in the entry.

Deserters Frighten African Towns.

ACCRA, Gold Coast Colony, April 1.—Three hundred men of the British West African regiment who deserted at Kumassi marched armed to Cape Coast Castle, where all business has been suspended owing to a fear that the deserters will join the town. One hundred and twenty troops have been dispatched from Accra to Cape Coast Castle to suppress the revolt.

Famous Violinist Dead.

HEXHAM, N. Y., April 1.—Christopher Columbus Gibson, the celebrated musician and composer, is dead at his home here from an attack of apoplexy. Mr. Gibson was born here on Aug. 24, 1824, and had always resided here. He was one of a musical family and had played in all of the large cities of the Union as a violin virtuoso.

"A Raid on Crap Shooters.

LYNN, Mass., April 1.—The ordinary Sunday quiet of the city was disturbed by a wholesale raid by the police upon crap shooters, the arrests numbering 56. Several men were injured in trying to escape from the clubroom in which the shooters were corralled.

Sister Hermits Dead.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., April 1.—The Dishrow sisters