THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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ON THE SANDS.

[illegible] a delightful ride as it is from Arromanches in blossom time. Yes, if one does not soon be [illegible], it is quite as pleasant when [illegible] There are apple blossoms [illegible] the way, and bright fresh grass by the roadside. For a long time, when [illegible] look over the flat country, the three tall spires of the cathedral at Bayeux loom up above the apple blossoms and everything else; but one loses sight of them at last, and thinks only of the great drifts of apple bloom which fill the air with sweetness. By and by the Chateau de Tracy is seen, half hidden by the trees about it; and soon after the road turns, and there is a single long street of Arromanches before one on the edge of the cliff, and in front the wide, curving bay. Perhaps it is August when one comes to Arromanches, and in that case he will see red apples gleaming and twinkling among the leaves, and the gardens at Arromanches will be [illegible] with tall spikes of hollyhock or [illegible] with gigantic sunflowers. If one likes hollyhocks and sunflowers better than apple blossoms, it is better to visit Arromanches in August. The people who go to Arromanches [illegible] at the Auberge Chretien, go [illegible] for the sake of the bathing and [illegible] apple blooms or sunflower [illegible] They are mostly people from the larger Norman towns, with a [illegible] of English tourists, and now [illegible] a stray American or two.

[illegible] Avery is one of these last. [illegible] here by some random freak of fate, he has found the quiet life at the Auberge Chretien and on the [illegible] place below the cliff so agreeable that he has stayed here week after week, with the time of his departure still undetermined. Scattered about on the wide white sands are many little [illegible] which they listen in [illegible] with an inward conviction [illegible] is better to live in a [illegible] than one would have the diligence in front of the Auberge Chretien on the morning of his departure. All the Chretien household are there in full force, of course, and with them many of the fishermen and fisher girls, and a greater number of small children than one would have believed existed in the entire hamlet. It is an exceedingly pleasant thing to be young and a general favorite, and Wilfred enjoys very much this spontaneous evidence of his popularity.

[illegible] foolish little talk, foolish yet so sweet, when she first fastened it upon his coat, months before. Mme. Chretien takes a personal interest in her lodger, like everyone else in Arromanches, and is quite distressed to hear of his loss.

"But what would you?" she says. "Every one must lose something in the course of his life, and when it is not one thing it is sure to be another. The week before monsieur came she lost a silver pin that she had had for twenty years, and about the same time her cousin at St. Aubin lost his best cow, and so it was, and she was very sorry for monsieur, but what would you? If one did not lose things sometimes, perhaps one might be happier than is bon Dieu intended—who knows?" Wilfred laughs softly to himself at this bit of philosophy, and madame hastens into the inn yard to speak to Pauline, the maid, who is chattering about the pavement in her wooden shoes, quite forgetful, apparently, that it will soon be time to serve the dinner. The look of vexation returns to Wilfred's face when he is alone.

"I would rather lose almost anything else," he says to himself. Just then there is a knock at the glass door of his room, which opens upon the gallery encircling the auberge on the inner or courtyard side. A tall, good looking fisher girl stands there, barefooted and bare legged, holding in her hand the missing eyeglass lock.

"Is it this which monsieur has lost? she says, somewhat hesitatingly. Wilfred eagerly responds that it is.

"I found it on the plage 'but now,' says the girl, "as I was coming back to the cliff with my net. Alphonse Cauchon, it was he who said to me that the American monsieur at the Auberge Chretien had lost it, and monsieur will see that I have brought it at once to him."

"It is very good of you to take so much trouble," said Wilfred, gently, and he is about to offer her a coin for the service she has rendered him, when the girl shakes her head decidedly.

"But no, monsieur, it is not necessary to pay Elise Rigault for doing a simple duty that costs her no trouble or pains."

"True, true," assents Wilfred, "but Elise will not mind, I hope, taking some little things from me that will help to keep the American in mind after he has left Arromanches." And, saying this, he hands her a small, velvet framed picture of the Sistine Madonna which stands on a table by him, and on which his eyes happen to fall at that moment.

The farewells take up a good deal of time—so much, indeed, that the diligence is at least twenty minutes late when it starts for Bayeux.

"I shall come again next year," calls out Wilfred from the diligence, and then, amidst a general cry, of "Bon voyage, monsieur," the diligence rolls away.

At the Chateau de Tracy the diligence stops to take on another passenger, and here, by the roadside, Wilfred sees Elise. He does not dream that she has taken an early walk along the Bayeux road that she might see him once more after all the others have said their farewells. But so it is, and fortune has been kind to her, for the stopping of the diligence has given her an opportunity for a word with him while the luggage of the new passenger is being taken on. She has on her sabots now, and is very neatly dressed.

"Monsieur must know that I had an errand at the chateau, and so I could not bid him farewell, as the others said, they should do, at the Auberge Chretien."

She smiles as she says this, and Wilfred believes her, says a few kind words, hopes he shall see her there next year, climbs back into the diligence, and she is left standing alone at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy. Then, and not till then, her eyes fill with tears.

A year goes by, and Wilfred is once more in Arromanches. Things have gone well with him meanwhile, and Eleanor accompanies him this time. Every one is anxious to see the wife of the young American. She would be very unwise if she knew how far-reaching are the eyes of these Norman villagers who look at her so closely. But she knows nothing of this fortunately, and, without any effort to do so, she wins their hearts as completely as her husband had done the year before, and the general verdict is that she is quite worthy to be the wife of the young American. They are walking together on the sands the morning after their arrival. One of the fisher girls is returning to the village. It is Elise. Wilfred perceives, as she approaches them.

"See, Elise," said Wilfred, gayly "here is my wife; she who gave me the little hook you found last summer."

Elise stops short. "His wife!" She shivers slightly, although the day is warm. She tries to smile, but does not speak. Wilfred takes her silence for timidity, but there is a look in her eyes, as she gazes from him to Eleanor, that Eleanor understands better than her husband can.

"My husband has told me of you," she says, kindly, "and we are both glad to see you."

She wins the girl by a few words, and then Elise moves away, and Elise is left alone as she was a year ago at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy, but this time not even the faintest glimmer of shadows seems to warn her to brighten the future. And Wilfred will never know. The secret is safe with Eleanor, who read it instantly when she looked into the eyes of Elise. She is sure of it when they meet Elise again with the same look of dumb pain in her eyes. They leave Arromanches in a week or two, and from behind a hedge on the Bayeux road Elise watches their departure. She has never put her thoughts into words. She is conscious only of suffering that she cannot help, suffering that is no one's fault, unless it be a fault to be handsome and kind and—unobserving.

A month after the Averys leave Arromanches there reaches him a packet from Madame Chretien inclosing some articles left behind by accident, and in an accompanying note the writer tells of Monsieur Cauchon's offer to know of the death of Elise Rigault. It was but a day or two after monsieur and his wife left Arromanches. It is thought by some that she fell one of her nets on the rocks behind the plage, and, going to look for it at high tide, she may have fallen on the stones and into the water. It was Alphonse Cauchon who found her floating in the water, in a narrow place between the rocks which, perhaps, monsieur remembers. It is very strange to us at Arromanches, for Elise could swim, like all the girls who go out with the nets. It may be that the fall on the rocks made her unconscious, but it is bon Dieu only knows."

"Poor Elise!" says Wilfred, pityingly, and by and by goes out of doors and forgets.

"Poor Elise!" says Eleanor, and when Wilfred comes back he sees she has been weeping.

"Tender little heart!" he says, "weeping for one whom you saw but two or three times, and of whom you know so little."

And Eleanor is silent.—Oscar Fay Adams in Christian Union.

Consumption Cured by Warm Milk.

The fact that consumption can be cured is daily becoming more and more impressed on the mind of the laying public. Once cast aside as the most hopeless of all diseases, it is now recognized as the most easily cured. Among the many testimonials to the efficacy of the new treatment, we select the following, which we think will be read with interest:

Gentlemen: I have been a sufferer from consumption for the last two years, and have tried many remedies without any apparent benefit. I was induced to try your Warm Milk Treatment, and am happy to say that I am now in good health. I have gained in flesh and strength, and have no cough. I cannot say too much in favor of your treatment, and shall always be ready to recommend it to all who may be afflicted with this dreadful disease. Yours truly, [illegible]

SCARED BY AN OWL.

The Peril of Frightening Darkies with Panther Stories.

Speaking of owls, sometimes serious results arise from being frightened by owls. We were camped, ten of us, soon after our unpleasantness with the south, in a weird place in the swamp in the vicinity of Greenville, Mo., then on a hunt for turkey and deer. The trees about our camp were ornamented with gaines. On this evening, while sitting in the tent engaged in a lively chat, there came suddenly from the deep, still forest about us a wild, unearthly scream, frightful enough to make the hair stand erect on the head of the uninitiated, and it would have made it stand on the head of Mat, our colored cook, whom we had taken from Cairo, had it not been for the kinks.

As if by concert of thought, every countenance of the ten assumed an anxious look. "Panther!" exclaimed an old hunter. "Yes," responded another. "Smells our game," says the third. Soon, naturally enough, we were engaged in the narration of blood curdling stories in relation to panthers. Then one of the party thought we needed fresh water in camp, and Mat was detailed to bring it from the creek, a few rods away. He hesitated, but went, taking the ax with him and making the quickest trip on record. We noticed after that when night set in we always had abundance of fresh water in camp.

The next year Mat was with us again in the same region, but in a wilder camp, if possible, than the old one. One afternoon I came into camp earlier than usual and found Mat sitting on a log, the whitest darky I ever saw, grasping with both hands one foot, the blood dripping from them. I found a frightful wound; he had put the full edge of the ax deeply and lengthwise into the top of his foot. With the aid of thread and a glover's needle I closed the wound, and with bandages from a linen coat I had in camp staunched the flow of blood.

The next year Mat did not accompany us, but procured another darky who was several degrees darker than the ten of spades, but sharp, raised on a plantation in Missouri.

One day while chattering with Billy he said: "Mr. L., Matt says there are a good many panthers here, and that I had better keep a good lookout and have the ax handy. Did he tell you how he came to cut his foot? He said one day he was chopping, and when the ax was raised ready to strike, a panther screamed behind him in the timber, and he looked around suddenly and somehow the ax came down on his foot."

A few days after that I came into camp and found Billy preparing food, and a few yards in front of him, sitting on a branch of a tree, was a small owl looking very at the darky. Billy, with a twinkle in his eye, pointed to the owl and said, "Mr. L., there is Mat's panther."

Dual.—Never frighten poor darkies with owls.—Forest and Stream.

HALF A MINUTE, PLEASE.

"Though you were a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt, it is worth thirty seconds of your time to learn that "Ideal" Tooth Powder will preserve your teeth from decay, and by so doing save dentists' bills and hours of agony from your old enemy, the toothache. Dr. R. E. Gieber, Pa., says: "When I first began using "Ideal" Tooth Powder I could not use a brush on my teeth on account of injuring the gums. Can now use as stiff a brush as obtainable with impunity. It has also hardened the enamel of my teeth.

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An Heiress in Chicago.

Chicago has some mean men in her directory. One of them is a lawyer who holds a law office in the Tacoma building. The other day one of the scrub women who polish the floors over there received a letter from "the old country." In it was a money order for $20, sent by her sweetheart. She did not understand it exactly, and she appealed to the lawyer in question to interpret it for her. He told her what it was, and then, through the exuberance of a Chicago attorney's imagination, he told the elevator boy that she had been left a legacy of $50,000. During the rest of the day the elevator men and janitors made love to the scrub woman, much to her amazement, and they are still under the impression that she is an heiress and is a pretty good girl to tie up to. Meanwhile the lawyer is chuckling.—Chicago Herald.

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To any Person purchasing two 25c. Bottles or one 50c. Bottle of "Ideal" Tooth Powder, and sending us the tickets which are wrapped around the necks of the bottles, and 6 cents in 2-cent stamps (for postage, etc.) we will send at once by mail a handsome Engraving, size 20 x 24 inches, either of the following subjects: *Evangeline, Bayard, Monarch of the Glen, or The First Step.* These are not cheap Lithographs, but works of art, exact "facsimiles" of the originals, which cost $24.00 wholesale. "Ideal" Tooth Powder is too well known to dwell on its merits. We will simply say, if used once, you will use no other. It is perfectly pure, free from grit and acids. Its daily use will give white, sound teeth, healthy gums, and keep the breath sweet. All we ask for it is a trial. Ask your dealer for it.

A Man Who Lives to Eat.

In the costliest of the cutting houses in the Wall street region, I saw a crowd of men taking hasty bites; but at a table in a quiet corner sat a leisurely and good looking but sonorous stout young man devouring a canvas back duck.

"There's a chap," said a mutual acquaintance, "who spends between twenty-five and thirty dollars a day for table expenses. He has no one but himself to think of, and I think he is an unusually well behaved fellow. But his appetite is the biggest thing of its kind in town."

It was observed that thirty dollars a day was an outside figure for one individual to eat up in a city.

"Not when his individual eats six times every twenty-four hours and has an special fondness for canvas back duck, terrapin and choice wines. Sometimes I think that he felt some pressed that the thin men are the big eaters. That's a mistake. Thin men have spasmodic appetites, and go for two weeks at a time picking over their plates like canaries. It is the stout, florid party that eats long and largely, and are the fellows that keep the guy going against the thin men.

"Now, that chap eating the duck would give a hundred thousand dollars to lose fifty pounds of flesh, but he can't deny his appetite if it were to save his life. Funny, eh? What types we get here, don't we? Think of him, with a cool million, loafing his life away. He has never been to Europe, reads nothing except the newspapers, seldom goes to the theatre or opera, but simply collects his rents every quarter and eats. Well, we all have an idol, I suppose."—New York Letter.

A Contrast Between Past and Present.

It is a singularly suggestive fact that the patent office building, one of the most beautiful structures in this or any other country, is in the main, a reproduction of the architecture of ancient Greece. It is almost paradoxical that the inventive genius of this young and vigorous nation is a genius that has borne its part in revolutionizing the arts and industries of the world, is thus visibly linked to the remote past, that the sayer, which has placed our country in the van of the march of progress, a system that makes aggressive warfare on the past and contempts the present, while it pays its respects to the ancients, is housed in a building that was actually conceived in brains that modeled and fashioned and built and years ago.—New Orleans Picayune.

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Be More Than a "College Man."

When you get out of college, young man, get clear out. You can't do it for half a mile, at any time, at a boat race, a football match, at commencement, whenever there is a reasonable excuse; but in your daily walk and conversation be something more than a college—be a citizen. Be even an alderman, if you can. Take the world to be yours, as Bacon took all learning to be his, and don't forever limit your view of it by what was once visible from some point in New Haven or in Cambridge.

Go and be a man somewhere. Don't be satisfied to be a mere "graduate" for all time. Of course you owe your alma mater a debt that you are always ready to pay, and a loyalty that should have no breaks in it. When you have grown to the size of Daniel Webster, and your Dartmouth asks you to defend her in court, you are going to be proud when you do it. That is all right. You can't do too much for her, or do it too well. If you accumulate any reputation that is worth having, feel honored indeed when she offers to share it with you, but don't be so sisterly about pinning your laurels in her plumes to the disparagement, it may be, of worthy men who have no claim to any similar privilege.—"The Point of View," in Scribner.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

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TIME TABLE. Adopted Nov. 17, 1889. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7.23 a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibuled limited for New York. Does not stop at Andover.
11.18 a. m. Daily. No. 10—New York day express stopping at all stations to Hornellsville. Connects except Sundays for Philadelphia.
7.32 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accommodation. Connects for Philadelphia daily.
7.56 p. m. Daily. No. 12—Fast express for New York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover.
12.07 p. m. No. 56 Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Hornellsville.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
1.57 a. m. Daily. No. 5—Vestibule limited for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis. Does not stop at Andover.
8.47 a. m. Daily. No. 3—Pacific Express, for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis.
1.44 p. m. Daily. No. 39—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
8.32 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Salamanca.
7.05 a. m. No. 95. Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
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W. J. MURPHY, Gen. Superintendent.

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WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	...2.15 pm
" Allentown	8.38 a. m.	...2.53 pm
" Bolivar	9.05 a. m.	...3.20 pm
" Ceres	9.33 a. m.	...3.48 pm
" Eldred	10.05 a. m.	...4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford	11.35 a. m.	...5.30 pm

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15 a. m.	...2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a. m.	...4.25 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a. m.	...5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.25 a. m.	...5.35 p m
" Allentown	11.43 a. m.	...5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a. m.	...6.30 p m

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't, Wellsville, N. Y.
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THE LADIES' FAVORITE. THE LIGHT RUNNING THE FINEST SEWING MACHINE OF THE WORLD. THE BEST ATTACHMENTS. NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE ORANGE MASS. CHICAGO, 28 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. ST. LOUIS, MO. ATLANTA, GA. DALLAS, TEX.

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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Tobacco costs us $600,000,000 and public education $85,000,000. How much less do the schools cost than the smoke?

Of 25,000 inquests held, only 5,000 deaths had resulted from other causes than drink. How many had been occasioned by liquor?

The United States tobacco bill is $600,000,000 annually. The bill for all kinds of boots and shoes is $196,000,000. How many times will the shoe bill go into the tobacco bill?

A man complained that he had never been able to own any land. His friend told him: You drink 10 cents' worth of rum, night and morning. Each day you drink up 200 square feet of land—a decent strawberry patch; every ten days you swallow 1,000 feet of garden land. When you go on a spree and take 20 drinks, you drink up a fair piece of pasture; every glass you drink has the value of 100 feet of good dirt in it." What was the price of an acre at this estimate?

The amount of liquor sent into Africa, in five years, from Boston alone, was 3,500,000 gallons. The amount of liquor registered on the vessels that stopped at Maderia, en route to Africa in one week is as follows: 960,000 cases of whiskey; 24,000 butts of rum; 20,000 cases of brandy; 28,000 cases of Irish whiskey; 800,000 demijohns of rum; 36,000 barrels of rum; 30,000 cases old tom; 15,000 barrels of absinthe; 30,000 cases of vermouth.

A Congo native, who has been taught to read and write, has just sent a letter to Archbishop of Canterbury, his first. It is as follow: Great and Good Chief of the Tribe of Christ, greeting: The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send his fellow-servants more Gospel and less Rum. In the bonds of Christ. Ugalla.' It seems to us that that letter hits the nail pretty effectually on the head.—Toronto Globe.

The women with college diplomas, and the army of women teachers and women of fine education look on, while distinguished men who oppose women suffrage propose to have on the Australian ballot "pictorial emblems" so that the illiterate male voters may be fully protected against danger of voting for the wrong candidate. Other care-takers for the illiterate male voter suggest that the names of candidates of the different parties be printed in a different color on the official ballot, "so that the unlettered voter may have a ready guide to the candidates of the party he favors."

A very active, and considering the obstacles in the way, successful society is the Ladies Health Protective Association, which held its second meeting last week. They have stopped many nuisances, and would abate many more if they were possessed of a little more authority. They have already so proved the value of their work that Commissioner Loomis of the Street Cleaning Department has given the members of the society permission to wear badges, and to call the attention of the department employees to any nuisance which the department ought to remove, and has promised that if the employees neglect the admonitions, or treat the ladies disrespectfully, he will investigate, and discharge the guilty. The next reform proposed, he has promised to consider, but says there is no appropriation to carry it into effect. The women desire to divide the city into sections and appoint a paid male or female inspector, with authority to report nuisances. All the ladies ask is a trial of three months, and they feel certain that the reforms inaugurated will convince the residents of New York that they cannot afford to do without the new inspectresses. Is not the experiment at least worth trying, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Loomis has admitted that he doubted the possibility of making or keeping the streets clean.

Plans For Taking the Census.

Tribune Interview with Mr. Porter.

"We have electrical enumerating machines which do as much work in 5 hours as was formerly done in 55 hours. The machines do their work on a basis of ten million names, and I think that within twenty days from the receipt of the last schedule a close estimate of the totals can be given. By the time that the schedules begin to come in six hundred clerks will be employed in Washington. Much difficulty is experienced in finding places for them, however. We have two large buildings at our command, but they are not quite finished, besides a bank building, and there are two hundred clerks in the Pension Bureau. The system of tabulating is such a perfect one that I do not look for trouble from that direction. The farm, home and mortgage statistics are a new branch especially created by Congress. Within a week I will have hundreds of agents at work in every county searching the records of the last ten years for statistics of farm and home property and mortgage indebtedness. Inside of ninety days the census agents will have gone through the Recorder's books of every county in every state in the union.

"We will be able to announce the totals very quickly after the statistics have been obtained. If the supervisors do their duty well, the population can be given out by August 1. They must subdivide their districts and appoint their enumerators, and if the men appointed follow instructions, this will be the quickest census ever taken.

Look Out for the Census Enumerator.

Be warned in time. The census enumerators will be around during the coming summer. It may be well for the people to know that they are liable to a fine of thirty dollars for refusing to answer the questions which it is the duty of the enumerators to put to them. The head of the family is the proper person to give this information, but the law provides that in the absence of the head of the family or any of its adult members "any agent of the family shall supply the required information." Now don't "play smart" when the enumerators call, for it is expensive to do so at the rate of thirty dollars a joke.

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Our new book by Dr. John H. Dye, one of New York's most skillful physicians, shows that pain is not necessary in childbirth, but results from causes easily understood and obvious. It clearly proves that any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to overcome and prevent morning sickness, and many other evils attending pregnancy. It is highly endorsed by physicians everywhere as the wife's true private companion. Cut this out; it will save you great pain, and possibly your life. Send two cent stamp for descriptive circulars, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address Frank Thomas & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Maryland.

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The "Forgotten Man" Aroused.

Professor Sumner, in his political profundity, styles the farmer "the forgotten man".

Abundant evidence appears to prove that the farmer proposes to be forgotten no longer. All over the Union the work of organization is going on.

William A. Peffer asserts that one million of the four million five hundred thousand farmers are now organized and the work advances. In New York a league is in process of formation and it is expected that by fall one hundred thousand farmers will be enrolled.

In the South and West these organizations have begun to mingle in politics. In this state the professed purpose is to work within the parties to secure favorable legislation. The nomination of candidates favoring the demands of the farmers will be pressed upon the two parties. If both acquiesce, the members of the league are free to follow their party proclivities. If neither, or but one accept, trouble will begin.

Beneath this movement is the universal dissatisfaction of the farming classes and the appreciation of the unfair condition to which they are subjected. An uprising is justified. Political solidarity is provoked. Universal disregard of agricultural interests prompt unity of action. Possibly these organizations will make interesting politics in the next two or three years.

Something over a century ago it suddenly struck England that good roads would be an advantage. Macadamized roads were soon made on all the principal highways of the United Kingdom. All the highways of Europe were macadamized or otherwise made solid, until at present, except in Italy, there is not what Americans would call a bad road in the southern half of Europe. Mudholes are practically unknown. The result of improved roads in England was that hitherto inaccessable lands began to be cultivated and raise large crops of wheat, real estate increased in value and English people began to travel about their own country and make trade lively. The increase in economic value these roads brought to the nation could hardly be computed. It made a difference whether one or two horses could draw a given load. Meantime America is one of the richest of nations, and has absolutely the worst roads of any civilized people.

The Senate committee has reported favorably on a bill to provide for the erection of public buildings for post offices in towns and cities where the post office receipts exceed three thousand dollars annually. The cost of said buildings is not to exceed twenty-five thousand dollars. Cuba and Wellsville in this county come within the intent of this bill.

Seven hundred dollars is subscribed already for the purpose of upholding the law and maintaining order in Wellsville for the ensuing year, and the amount is to be raised to two thousand dollars. There is no mistaking the temper of the men behind this move.

The excise board met at Cuba Monday and granted licences only to the St. James and Kinney House, and those at one hundred and fifty dollars each. The usual price has been fifty dollars. The saloon keepers are quite indignant.

Extra Choice Select Oysters, direct from Baltimore, ALL MEATS, at Harmans' for 40c per qt.

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A MONTREAL TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

Outdoor Exercise That Makes Canada's Men Strong and Her Women Beautiful.

The park toboggan slide is the finest and longest artifical slide in Montreal, and it is the most frequented. There are two chutes, both nearly a mile in length, and every night during the season the toboggans are continually whizzing down them, traveling at the rate of the "Flying Dutchman" of the world wide railway repute. The scene around the slide is very picturesque. A thick mantle of snow is thrown over all the surroundings. Torches placed on either side of the chutes cast their alternate flashes and shadows upon the faces of the animated groups, and outline for an instant the forms of the travelers who fly past, leaving a little cloud of snow in their wake. Montreal's fairest and most famous divinities crowd together on the landing stage, awaiting impatiently their turn to descend. Of course there is some danger in tobogganing. That's half the charm of the thing. Down the far stretching glare of ice, in the uncertain light, one can see a toboggan just shooting the dip, with another speeding along half way down the slide, and as the second toboggan flies into the shadow the sense of danger makes one's veins tingle with pleasurable excitement.

The physique of the Canadian people has become the admiration and despair of the world. The men are noted for their brawn and muscle and their excellence in all athletic exercise. The women are famous for their erect and graceful carriage. They do not amble, but walk military wise, straight from the hips. The mingling of French and Scotch, English and Irish, has produced a distinct type of beauty, which combines the graces of the Anglo-Saxon race with the wit and vivacity of the daughters of La Belle France. I believe that no woman is ugly. There certainly are no ugly women in Canada. I do not think there are any who can honestly be called plain. The climate forbids it. It is a thing. All Canadian men and women are endowed with a healthful vigor which is at once [illegible] and aggressive. This is the result of plenty of fresh air and exercise, of snowshoeing, skating and dancing. Canadians travel all nations in their sleighs and have no large outdoor diversions.—New England Magazine.

The Corpse of Conjugal Love.

The corpse of conjugal love is an awful corpse. Not long ago a married woman asked me for $10. She said her husband had money, but she wouldn't ask him for a dollar if she never got any. There is a corpse in that house. The husband is stinge of the love later diversions.—New England Magazine.

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The corpse of conjugal love is an awful corpse. Not long ago a married woman asked me for $10. She said her husband had money, but she wouldn't ask him for a dollar if she never got any. There is a corpse in that house. The husband is stinge of the love later diversions. The wife is proud and sensitive; and so love got sick soon after the marriage and lingered and languished and died. A man ought not to force his wife to ask him for money. It does humiliate a woman. It makes her feel her helplessness, her dependence and smothers her equality. The husband ought to anticipate her wants if he is able. The money or the bank account ought to be at her disposal at all times, for she will spend less of it foolishly than he will. A very intimate friend told me that it was her greatest trial to ask her husband for money, though he was always kind and never refused. And I suppose there is much good wife who is humiliated in the same way.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Elevator Etiquette.

"No; I don't take off my hat because there happens to be a lady in the elevator."

The speaker was a senator with a national reputation for gallantry.

"All my life I have been studiously polite to womankind," continued the congressman, "but I have never taken my hat off in an elevator save in two instances. Once it was done to save my $10 Knox front a low doorway, and the second time my object was to look in the elevator operator at the wreck of what was years ago a fine head of hair. I don't take off my hat in a street car or a railway car, no matter how many ladies may be in them, and no one has ever advanced to me a solitary reason why I should uncover my head in an elevator. It is a foolish custom, which no thinking man will observe and no sensible woman insist on."—Washington Star.

A Little Girl Kills an Eagle.

A letter from Shakespeare, Kan