THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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THE KEPT PROMISE.

In the modern city of Khorssan,
Adjoining the people from his divan,
Sat Omar, the pitiless, haughty khan.

He had sentenced assassin, knave and thief,
And he called to his guard with order brief:
"Now bring to me higher the vizier's chief

"Who dared defy my bidding. Ha
Who let from his camp my foe go free,
Because he had shared his salt, shall see

"That the man who can break his promise, led
By a fancied duty, nor risk instead
Life rather than do it, must lose his head.'"

The vizier was summoned. With hurried words
He told how a chief of the hostile Kurds,
Who seemed but a shepherd of flocks and herds,

Had come to his tent, his eyeballs dim
Through hunger, and gaunt in every limb.
"What could I but break my bread with him?"

The face of the khan grew wroth; his eye
Flashed fire; he deigned but curt reply:
"The soldier who breaks his word must die!"

No pallor the vizier's cheek o'erspread;
On his bosom he only dropped his head;
"It is fate, it is fate!" he grimly said.

"I am ready, O master, to meet the worst
But not till your kindness grants me first
A vessel of water to quench my thirst.

"Shall the scimitar stay till I drink?" Quick o'er
The forehead of Omar, so harsh before,
Dawned something like pity: "Till then, no more."

The water was brought. The vizier's brow
Shone brighter. "We all of us heard you vow
'Till then.' Your promise is pledged me now!"

Then he dashed on the ground the goblet. "So,
You have snared me, knave!" said the khan.
"But no—
I never will break a promise—Go!"

—Margaret J. Preston in Philadelphia Ledger.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"That's jest like you, Eliphalet Emmons!" said Mrs. Emmons sharply. "Comin' in with them muddy feet over my new scrubbed floor! Didn't ye never learn what door mats was for?"

Mr. Emmons, a meek looking, bald headed little man, recoiled from the magnetic force of his wife's words as if they had been so many whip lashes.

"I didn't know the roads was muddy," apologized he.

"As if they could help bein' muddy arter that there thunder shower!" retorted Mrs. Emmons. "A man is the untidiest creetur! I've been cleanin' the settin' room closet today. Eliphalet, and I've found two pair o' mildewed boots, an odd slipper, a broken umbereller and a nasty smellin' old pipe. What ye think o' that?"

"I'm very sorry, Sarah," said Mr. Emmons, mechanically ducking his head at each count of the indictment, "but I wasn't aware they'd all conglomerated like that. I s'pose I didn't know where else to put 'em."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Emmons scornfully.

"Is supper ready, Sarah?"

"Supper, indeed!" snorted Mrs. Emmons. "I s'pose you think I hain't nothin' to do but cook. I guess if you'd did the day's house cleanin' I've wrastled through you wouldn't feel much like roastin' over the stove. You'll find some cold pork and rye bread and butter in the milk room, and I guess you can make out to draw a glass o' hard cider for yourself."

Hapless Eliphalet slunk into the milk room, followed by the shrill cry:

"Now, mind you don't grease everything up!"

And as he dipped his cubes of salt pork into the mustard pot, and spread the scant allowance of butter over the slabs of heavy rye bread, he thought dolefully of Peter Rigney's one storied cabin, that he had just passed on the Twickenham road, with its cheery interior view of a well spread table, a smoking teapot, blue edged china, and a bunch of lilacs in the center. Mrs. Rigney was laughing merrily and the little flock of children were running in and out, as if life were made for enjoyment, not discipline.

"I sort o' think," pondered he, "that it's most a pity that we never had no children, for all Sarah thinks it a dispensation o' Providence! P'raps she wouldn't 'a been so awful particular if she'd had a lot o' young 'uns around under foot."

When he came out again Mrs. Emmons was diligently scouring at the fire irons, and seemed in no mood for conversation.

"Where's the weekly paper?" he ventured to ask.

"I hain't seen it," said Mrs. Emmons.

"I wonder where the second volume of 'African Travels' has got to?" he next hesitated.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Emmons, "and I don't care. It strikes me you'd better be a-travelin' out to the barn to see arter the cattle."

"I've done that," said Eliphalet with a sigh. "I—why, hello! Who's this here? As true as I live and breathe it's Squire Perkins, with a little boy! One o' your grandchildren, squire? How d'ye do? how d'ye do?"

He stood smiling broadly in the doorway, while Mrs. Emmons flew to hide her housecleaning dishabille, with a brass andiron in one hand and the polishing powder in the other, and the squire heavily alighted from his buggy.

"No, Mr. Emmons, no," said he. "It ain't no kith or kin o' mine. Pretty little fellow, ain't it? Just 6 year old, and as tough as an oak knot. Wal, it's Seba Brown's orphan."

"Je-rusalem!" ejaculated Eliphalet. "You don't mean to tell me Cappen Seba Brown is dead?"

"The Black Eyed Susan and all aboard of her was wrecked off Cape Hatterus last month," said the squire impressively. "And here's this child with no one to care for him; and the parson, says he, 'If this ain't a clear pintin' o' Providence I dunno what is!' he says, says he. 'Go you,' says he, 'and see if Brother and Sister Emmons won't take him and bring him up.' So here I be."

Eliphalet Emmons looked kindly at the cherry cheeked little lad, with the hazel eyes and curling brown hair.

"Would ye like to come and live with me, sonny?" said he.

"Yes, I would," promptly answered the child, putting his plump hand in the farmer's horny palm.

"What's your name?" said Mr. Emmons.

"Benjamin Brown," answered the boy.

"Speaks up like a man, don't he?" chuckled Mr. Emmons. "Well, o' course, squire, I couldn't do nothin' without consultin' Sarah about it. But I guess you may leave him here over night, and we'll take the matter into consideration."

So the squire drew away. Little Benjamin snuggled close up to his new friend.

"I think you are very nice," said he. "Have you dot any piczure books?"

At that moment the door burst open, and in walked Mrs. Emmons, grim as Stonehenge.

"Eliphalet," said she, "hev ye took leave of your senses?"

"Eh?" stammered the farmer.

"What do we want of a great, hungry, crockery breaking, orchard robbing boy? Hain't I got enough to do a'ready? And hain't you got plenty o' use for your money without adoptin' every young pauper in town? Send that child away before he is an hour older."

"Where?" asked Eliphalet.

"That's your business, not mine. I didn't take him in."

"I don't know of no place unless it's back to Squire Perkins', and that's two miles off."

"I guess it won't hurt him to walk two mile," said Mrs. Emmons crisply.

"But he don't know the way."

"Let him ask it then. He's got a tongue in his head, hain't he?"

"Wait till after supper, Sarah, and I'll go with him," intereeded Mr. Emmons.

"Supper! We've had all the supper we're goin' to hev in this house!" snapped Mrs. Emmons.

"Well, well," said the husband, "let him set down and rest a spell, and I'll go out and pick some o' them yaller Antwerp raspberries and we'll give him a bowl o' bread and milk."

"The pans is all set for cream."

"Twon't do no hurt to disturb just one."

Mrs. Emmons stood watching as her husband took a little splint basket and went off toward the stone walled garden beyond the well. Then she turned to the little boy who sat in the big chair, swinging his plump legs and solemnly regarding her.

"Are you going to be my mamma?" said he inquisitively.

"No," she answered—and yet there was a something that stirred strangely in her heart at the soft, maternal word—"no, I ain't."

"Don't you like little boys?" he asked.

"I don't think nothin' about it one way or the other," retorted she. "Where's your cap? Just you take it, and go back along the road as straight as you can go, and don't stop till you git to Squire Perkins', and tell him we don't want no boys here."

Little Benjamin hesitated.

"I'd like to stay," said he, "and play with that nice yellow eyed cat. I'm tired—and I'm pretty hungry, too. I wish I had a mother somewheres!"

"Here's a slice o' bread and butter for you," said Mrs. Emmons, "with a taste o' currant jell a-top of it. Now go!"

"Because," she said to herself as the little fellow trudged down the path toward the road, biting into his slice of bread and butter as he went, "Eliphalet's that fond o' children he won't never give up the notion of keepin' the child till he's gone for good and all."

When Mrs. Emmons came in, the little basket heaped high with golden "Antwerps," his wife sat knitting by the window and there was no one else in the room.

"Where's the boy?" she asked, looking around.

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"Back to Squire Perkins' o' course. Where else should he go? I can't hev him here."

Emmons set down the basket and heaved a deep sigh. He knew from years of experience that all remonstrance would be in vain.

"It's jest as you say, Sarah," said he.

Mrs. Emmons was a little disappointed. She had not expected Eliphalet to give up the matter so peaceably.

"He was a bright lookin' child," said she.

"Yes, he was," acquiesced Emmons.

"But children are a sight o' trouble."

"I s'pose they be."

"Cap'n Seba Brown was a clever sort o' feller," said Mrs. Emmons. "I knowed him when he was a boy. He married a pretty black eyed girl up Edinburgh way. How bad they would 'a felt if they'd knowed their little boy was on the town!"

"I guess likely they would," said Eliphalet, slowly. "I think, Sarah, I'll go down to the store a spell. It's sort o' lonesome here."

A sort of pang pierced Mrs. Emmons' heart as she watched him strike slowly down the hill.

"It is lonesome," she thought, "and I'm too tired to be much company for him. I wonder if he'd be more contented if we had a lively little feller around like Bennie Brown. I wonder how far the child's got? Two mile is a pretty consid'able spell for a little creetur like that. P'raps he's got most as far as the quarry road— My goodness alive!" she cried, jumping suddenly from her chair as a ghastly recollection presented itself to her mind; "I never once thought he might stray into that old quarry road, where a false step might pitch him down fifty feet among the sharp rocks. And such a pretty little chap as he is, too! I wonder I never thought o' that!"

She caught her gingham sunbonnet from its pegs and ran out into the purple softness of the dewy twilight.

At the end of the lane she saw her husband leaning over the bars and staring at the pale crescent of the new moon.

"Eliphalet," said she, "I'm mortal 'fraid the little boy'll stray into that quarry road."

"Je-rusalem!" uttered Mr. Emmons.

"Let's go arter him! Or stay—you're a better walker than I be. You go down the road as fast as ever you can, and I'll wait here."

"And s'pose I find him, what'll I do?"

"Why, bring him back here!"

"Eh?"

"Bring him back here!" reiterated Mrs. Emmons. "He's a pretty, frank spoken boy. I guess we can manage some way."

She stood in the path, watching and waiting.

Parson Barrett had always preached how merciful the good Lord was. Surely he would not allow an innocent child like that to wander to his own destruction!

"But," thought Mrs. Emmons, wringing her hands, "if he has strayed into that old road—and the fences are down in more places than one—I shall always feel as if I had sent him to his death!"

She could not stand there a prey to those remorseful thoughts. She hurried back to the house, lighted the cheerful lamps, set out bread and milk and a loaf of election cake on the table and kindled a fire to make the kettle boil.

"Eliphalet's right," she said. "The old house would be a different house if there was a child running around it. I do—hope"——

"Here we be, mother!" called a loud, hearty voice, and once more Mrs. Emmons' indurated heart leaped up in answer to the words "Me and little Benny! He was settin' a-cryin' under the elderberry bushes by the Methodist buryin' ground. He'd lost his way, poor little feller! And wasn't he glad to see me, though? Here we be!"

"Where's the cat?" joyfully cried Benny, running into the room as if certain of a welcome.

"Benny," said Mrs. Emmons coloring, "do—do you think you could learn to call me mother? If you can I'll try and do the best I can by you!"

"Mother!" spoke up the child, lifting his rosy lips to kiss her. "And is he my father, too?"

The middle aged couple looked at each other; their hard faces softened.

"Eliphalet," said Mrs. Emmons, "we'll keep the child."

"It shall be as you say," acquiesced Eliphalet.

They kept him, and little Benny revolutionized the whole house.

"Sister Emmons comes far more regularly to church of late," said the parson. "She's so interested in the progress that child makes in Sunday school. And it seems as if her soul had, somehow, woke up."

"Our house is a different house," said Eliphalet. "Sarah's left off fretin' and took to laughin', and it's all Benny's doin'. There ain't no sunshine in life like a happy, healthy child. And she's even talkin' of adoptin' a little girl from the asylum to keep him company. Says it does her good to hear children hollerin' 'Mahma! mamma! mamma!' about the house."

"Bless the Lord for all his mercies!" solemnly spoke Parson Barrett.

And in her heart Sarah Emmons echoed his words.—Helen Forrest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

The Gordian Knot.

Gordius, a peasant, being chosen king of Phrygia, dedicated his wagon to Jupiter, and fastened the yoke to a beam with a rope of bark so ingeniously tied no one could untie it. Alexander was told that "whoever undid the knot would reign over the whole east." "Well, then," said the conqueror, "it is thus I perform the task," and so saying he cut the knot in twain with his sword.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

An Intelligent Baboon.

Jack, the baboon, so well known to all who have ever passed through the Uitenhage (Cape Colony) railway station, has gone to that bourne from which no baboon ever returns. Jack was one of the most intelligent specimens of the ape tribe ever captured, and he was regarded as quite a regular railway employe at Uitenhage. He took his turn at working the signals and shoving trolleys about. When told to do so he would go to his master's cottage, hunt for and find any article required, and then after carefully locking the door he would remove the key, and bring to his master both it and the article he had been sent for. His master had lost both his legs, and consequently found Jack a valuable helpmate. The baboon was noted through the district as a fair lightweight boxer, and he had also been trained to use the singlestick with singular adroitness.—Colonies and India.

Bishop Randle.

Queen Caroline pressed him to tell her of her faults.

"If it so please your majesty," said he, "I will tell you of one. Persons come from all parts of the kingdom to see your majesty when you attend Whitehall chapel. It is therefore to be lamented that you talk so much to the king during divine service."

"Thank you, my lord bishop," said the queen. "Now tell me another of my faults."

"That I will do with great pleasure," said he, "when you have corrected that I have just mentioned."—New York Ledger.

The trunk of a rose bush growing at Ventura (Cal.) is said to be three feet in circumference, and the first branch it throws out is twenty-one inches in circumference. It runs over a lattice work, and though more than a wagon load of boughs have been removed it covers a space of about 1,200 square feet. It yields thousands of flowers and is fourteen years old.

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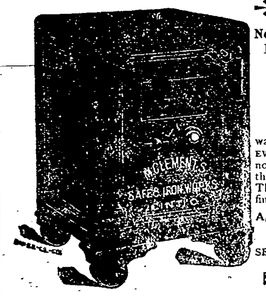

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR., (1787). RECORD - 2:29. Awarded, with four of his get, the First Premium in the Standard class at Wellsville Fair, fall of 1889, also THE FIRST PREMIUM In the Standard class for Stallions, four years old and over; also First Premiums were awarded two of his colts, one and two years old. (The judge in the Standard class was an expert from Wallace's New York office.)

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COMFORTABLE HAWAIIAN LEPERS.

Great Improvement in the Condition of the Outcast Sufferers.

The report of Mr. Meyers gives minute statistics of the leper settlement. It appears that the total population is 1,457, of whom 1,159 are lepers, "kokuas" or helpers 186, children not lepers 40, original inhabitants 57, and 15 others, occupying various positions of trust or service. Of these 6 are Sisters of Charity, 2 Catholic priests, 1 Protestant pastor, etc. There is at last a competent resident manager, Mr. Evans. Mr. Meyers differs in his table of the percentage of deaths with that of the president of the board. He makes it 25.32 in place of 37.20. The statistics of lepers differs also to a considerable number. He justly calls attention to the nuisance of dogs, as well as that of horses, of which there are 786. Some lepers own from five to fifteen of them, to the damage of the general property. It is suggested that the number be decreased to one horse for each family, which certainly appears ample.

The government owns 196 buildings, many of which have been erected during the last biennial period, and the settlement is now well equipped in that respect. Lepers have built and own over 235 houses. The spiritual needs of the people appear to be pretty well provided for in two Roman Catholic, two Protestant and two Mormon churches. There are also two prisons. An ample supply of pure water is obtained by a well constructed system of water works, also put in during the last two years. Each patient is supplied with a $10 order on the store each year, besides ample weekly rations. These comprise the following articles: Rice, flour, bread, poi, sweet potatoes, sugar, beef (sometimes mutton), salmon, oil, soap, matches, kali flour, fish, salt, firewood. The average number of those who receive rations has been 1,036.8.

The cost per capita is about $83.42. The twenty-eight Chinese lepers live up to their nature and drive a profitable business in cakes, etc. The people at the settlement appear to have money, and actually have sent away $943 during the past two years. One of the features of great encouragement in fighting the disease is the increasing confidence of the Hawaiians, who not only are offering less resistance to the authorities, but many lepers, not suspected, have voluntarily surrendered themselves.—Hawaiian Gazette.

Born Blindness Preventable.

Statistics taken from the reports of Fuchs, Magnus, Howe and the committee of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom show that at least 30 per cent. of all blindness in Europe and in this country is caused by preventable disease at birth. The census of 1880 gives a total of about 50,000 blind in the United States. Of these at least 15,000 have been blind from birth. And yet this disease is well nigh absolutely preventable, and in its incipiency easily curable.

This statement is borne out by facts, as will be seen by reference to the reports of the large lying in hospitals, where the methods of prevention have been in operation. After these means were put in operation there was practically an entire disappearance of the disease. The method consists in wiping the face and lids clean and dry immediately after the umbilical cord is tied. The lids are then opened and one or two drops of a 2 per cent. solution of nitrate of silver are instilled. Except in premature children the reaction from this treatment is very slight.—Hall's Journal of Health.

He Couldn't Dance.

A prominent society girl was attending a dancing party, and among the men introduced to her was a college student—a tall, fine looking fellow of athletic build. While they were conversing the orchestra struck up a gallop, and he said, "Shall we promenade? I don't gallop." They walked and talked for a few seconds; then Miss Rosebud, whose little feet were fairly aching to fly over the smooth floor, said, with a beseeching glance: "That music is so lovely. Don't you think you could galop if you tried? It's very easy, you know—just four slides." The upward look through the long lashes must have been hard to resist, but the response was crushing and incontrovertible: "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Rosebud, but really and truly I can't dance. Broke both legs playing football!" And poor little Miss Rosebud took the remainder of her promenade in fear and trembling, not feeling at all sure that he might not at any moment crumble and fall all to pieces.

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TIME TABLE.

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12:22 p. m. daily. No. 10, Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8, the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:46 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:45 p. m. daily except Sundays. No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

6:54 p. m. daily. No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:48 p. m., but does not stop.

8:24 p. m. daily. No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt. W. C. RINEARSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

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7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays. No. 95, way freight and accomodation.

8:47 a. m. daily. No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.

1:51 p. m. daily. No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

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WEST BOUND.

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

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15a m.	2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a m.	4.25 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m.	5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m.	5.25 p m
" Allentown	11.43 a m.	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a m.	6.30 p m

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The License of Novelists.

If a clever writer can reconcile it to his interests and artistic conscience we should allow him to attempt the feat of making impossibilities seem probable, and extravagances appear real. He may people a mad world of his own imagining with demons and angels sharply divided. He may introduce the spiritual or supernatural machinery, which seldom works very smoothly, even when put together by a Bulwer—the story of "The Haunted and the Haunters" is an exception—and which is exceedingly likely to break down. But of course he must hazard all that at his own risk, and with the betting very heavily in favor of seeing his clever novel cast aside.

Extravagances are one thing and absurdities another, and we are not speaking of those simply trashy tissues of folly by lunaties with no sort of literary vocation, which will not even serve the purpose of soporifics to any girl of discretion who is out of her teens. We think the most permanently popular novels, those which have become the classics or favorites of successive generations, although inspired by the genius of a glowing imagination, will be found to be those which have kept most closely to actualities and hold up the mirror to veritable persons.—Saturday Review.

Preparation of Manuscript.

Each pad of a hundred sheets of the paper that I use has a foundation of colored cardboard. When I begin the manuscript of a story I take two of the foundation pieces, lay them face to face, and pierce holes in them with a good sized awl, on the left hand side, at a distance of three inches from the top and bottom and one-half inch from the edge. Through these holes a tape is passed, which is tied in a bow knot, forming a book cover which can readily be enlarged as the pile of manuscript grows thicker. I lay the sheets between the covers, face down, as I finish them, thus having at all times a neat and handy volume to look over.

When the whole manuscript is completed I join the covers in the back by pasting a strip of black muslin, lapping nearly an inch on the edge of each cover, taking care to have the muslin just wide enough to form a firm back. Then I take the tape out of the holes, furnish each of these with a separate end of string and tie them into clasps. On the top cover I paste a label, bearing the title of the book. It seems like an elaborate process, but one need only to try it once to see how simple it is, and the manuscript remains neat during the natural course of its existence.—Cor. Writer.

He Lives by Lying.

Ed Mott, author of "The Old Settler Sketches" which have appeared in the columns of The New York Sunday Sun during the past fifteen years, is short, stout and old fashioned. He is about 40 years old. Mr. Mott has the enviable reputation of being "a most polished garnisher of the truth." As a writer of snake, coon, eel, bear, deer, trout, club, rat and bull head stories he stands unrivalled in American journalism. He was born in Pike county, Pa., and what he does not know about that locality is hardly worth knowing. Out of his prolific brain he manages to earn about $4,000 a year, nine-tenths of his work being pure fiction of the most delightful kind. In journalism Mr. Mott is known as possessing the rare and enviable faculty of always having, as they say, a "nub" to his stories.—Current Literature.

What the World Needs.

The manager of a traveling show, who had a philosophy of his own and a language of his own in which to express it, advertised for a double somersault performer.

There were about fifty applicants. One said he "used" to do the act, but was a little out of practice. Another thought he could soon "get there." And so the story ran.

The manager was filled with disgust. "Twenty-five 'used to be's,'" he said, "and twenty-five 'going to be's,' and not an 'is-er' in the whole lot. I want an 'is-er.'"—Youth's Companion.

Frightened to Death by a Snake.

Mollie Henderson, colored, of Spottsylvania county, while walking in a field near her house and picking some berries for amusement, discovered a huge snake near her feet. She quickly retreated, but was so frightened that she fell to the earth in a senseless condition. Her family soon discovered her condition and took her to the house. Medical aid was summoned, but without avail, and she expired that night.—Fredericksburg Star.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

From recent statistics we learn that of the one hundred and odd counties in Kansas thirty-seven have empty jails, fifteen have only one prisoner each, and forty-four have no paupers.

If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are with him than all that can be against him.

The man who gives his life for a principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal, or names a new gas, for the great motors of the world are moral, not intellectual.—*Lowell.*

'Oh ermine judge, whose duty to society is, now, to doom the ragged criminals to punishment and death, hast thou never, man, a duty to discharge in barring up the hundred open gates that wooed him to the felon's dock, and throwing but ajar the portals to a decent life?'—*Dickens.*

Although there are many who would have us believe that the results of the use of alcohol are not so serious in European countries as in our own, the last census shows that in Germany only 11,655 persons died by murder and suicide, while 25,429 perished by alcoholic drinks.

By invitation of the Governor of Georgia and his council, the Senate and the House of Representatives and the Mayor of Atlanta, the National W. C. T. U. will hold its annual convention this year at Atlanta, Nov. 14 to 18. All the states and territories and the District of Columbia will be represented. A new feature will be three-minute speeches by the forty state and territorial Presidents, giving the outlook in their respective fields.

Helen Campbell, author of "Prisoners of poverty," in a recent lecture at Chautauqua on 'The Present Social and Economic Condition of Women,' says: The woman of to-day contends not only against visible but invisible obstructions. Untrained intelligence finds tasks more and more difficult. Women must reach out for better training and larger opportunity, and seek with the eagerness born of hard conditions some permanent way of escape."

A pastor writing from North Dakota says that their saloons went out July 1st, but business has not suffered as it was prophesied it would. On the contrary it has improved, and the change for the better in men coming there to work in the harvest fields is very noticeable. This time last year drunken men were to be met on every corner, and drunken rows among foreigners were of common occurence. This year the "drunk and disorderly" have vanished with the saloons, and the harvest was gathered without hindrance because of drunken workmen.

Two special cars of college girls traveling together for a thousand miles! This is what has happened, and two carloads college girls arrived in Boston a few days ago bound for Wellesley and Smith colleges. Many of them were graduates coming on for an excursion, but there were a number of freshman girls for both the colleges. There had been a reunion of Western Wellesley women in Chicago a few days before, and these alumnæ aided in trimming up the two cars which the Lake Shore road put at their disposal. And so, in a special Pullman, with flowers and flags, the college girls made the journey.