

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1892.

CANDOR is the best bold compress for curing vanity.

WHEN you see a printed article beginning "A good story is going the rounds," etc., it is usually safe to go round it.

The gross receipts of the Philadelphia and Reading system will hereafter be \$80,000,000 annually, and the number of its employes will approximate 100,000, being more than are employed by any single corporation on this planet. The acquisition of the Poughkeepsie Bridge and the lines tributary thereto throws the Reading and its entire augmented system into the very heart of New England, giving it the only all-rail route from the Middle and Southern States to the East, with connections with all important New England roads, and enabling it to virtually control the coal traffic of that entire region.

The Boston Transcript says: The decision of the Supreme Court that the "habitual criminal" act is constitutional is a gratifying one. The act provides that on conviction of a third felony a person may be sentenced to the State Prison for twenty-five years. The principal which underlies this legislation is a sound one. The man who proposes to live by preying upon the community has no right to live in the community. This is one of the propositions which prison reformers long ago laid down, and in securing the passage of the law, which the court now sustains, they have done the community a great service.

There are great evidences of progress in the make-up of dairy schools at the present time, the American Dairyman is gratified to note. Minnesota is coming forward with a beauty, while many other States can boast of excellent work done in this line. This branch of the dairy, the school, we consider, the most promising of any. If the young people can be made to take a live interest in these schools, there is no telling how high they will push the science in the future. The children of to-day are the men of to-morrow, and if we can put the knowledge we now possess in the heads of our children, then their children will be prepared to carry forward the science to its utmost limit.

Asafetida as a cure for "grip" has been ridiculed by a great many physicians, but most of them admit, adds the New York Post, that they have never prescribed it. In the West asafetida in pills of four grains has been tried with gratifying results. Quick recoveries are reported in nearly every instance, without the usual sequel of debility. In Louisville alone 20,000 of the pills were sold in one day recently. No bad effects can follow the use of asafetida, for of all things it is a sedative. In Asiatic countries it is employed as a condiment, but this is a use to which few persons will care to put it. Many old people in the West who were far gone with the disease have, it is asserted, been cured by the asafetida pills. They should be taken, according to their admirers, three times a day with a glass of water, and taken in this way are warranted not to taint the breath.

Occasionally, something turns up to prove, remarks the Boston Transcript, that some of our homelier methods in therapeutics, "old women's remedies," as the doctor's sneeringly call them, are found to be reasonably scientific after all. Lately, for instance, an expert, who has been experimenting in M. Pasteur's laboratory, has discovered that no living disease germ can resist for more than a few hours the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon, which seems to be no less effective in destroying microbes than is corrosive sublimate. Its scent will kill them. A decoction of cinnamon is recommended for influenza cases, typhoid fever and cholera. Perhaps some of us can remember when elderly ladies used to carry in their wonderful pockets, the capacity of which was enormous, bits of cinnamon or other pungent and fragrant spices, the odor of which would betray their coming many feet away. Whether it was carried as a preventive or merely for the satisfaction of having something to nibble was not revealed to us youngsters of those days. Peppermint candy was always a recognized stimulant against attacks of somnolence at sermon church.

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

Somers lay thinking. It would be well if he could go to sleep and never wake again. He thought more of the problem of life and death in the next ten minutes than he had thought during his life.

He sank into slumber again, and again he dreamed. He was journeying again. Now he was traveling by rail. He was whirled over endless countries, all new to him. There were as many stations as are usually encountered in the United States, but for some inexplicable reason the travelers passed through these depots one after the other. Never by any chance did two walk abreast.

Somers was accompanied in these journeyings by his wife. His wife always entered the cars first, always left them first, entered, passed through and out of the depots first. Somers had a premonition that he would lose her, spite of the order in which the vast body of people traveled.

Suddenly he missed her, and then he was in an agony of apprehension as he strove to find her.

He woke with a start. Tom Jerrold was standing over him.

"You were dreaming?"

"Yes; I had the nightmare, I think."

"Hesit up, and could not be induced to risk closing his eyes again lest he should experience equally horrible dreams, until Mr. Broadhurst, who was near at hand, came to him. Mr. Broadhurst talked of life in a way Somers had never heard any man talk before. There was a philosophy that sustained Broadhurst—a philosophy that did not rob the world of religion or a God. It ennobled the philosopher and placed his God upon a higher plane than most preachers placed the ruler of the universe. Listening to Mr. Broadhurst, Somers fell asleep a third time, and again he dreamed.

When he awoke up the third time, the dream was the most vivid and the most disturbing of all.

He walked about in the darkness, keeping poor Tom Jerrold company. Tom was thinking of his daughter and his grandchild. If the flood had taken one—but to lose both was more than Tom Jerrold's philosophy was equal to.

"I heard Mr. Broadhurst talking to you. I hope he comforted you—I am sorry to say all the religion and all the philosophy in the world cannot reconcile me to my loss, Mr. Somers. It doesn't lessen the pain to me. That baby clutched my heartstrings tighter than his mother ever did. It was never out of my sight twenty-four hours since it was born. They were all I had in the world. There is neither chick nor child left now. I have not a soul I can call a relative this side of the ocean."

Somers empathized deeply with him, and thus it came about that long before day broke Jerrold was comforted by Somers.

Long before dawn the people who crouched on the mountain side, dazed with grief, suffering cold (scarcely one in a dozen had clothing sufficient to keep them warm), were astir.

Here and there fires were lit only to flicker a few minutes and then die out. The fewest number were able to find dry wood.

As the light broadened, the scene revealed to them surpassed in its simplest features the greatest ruin human eye ever beheld. Where the city of Johnstown sat between the mountains they beheld a waste of waters, with a few houses standing here and there. Hundreds of buildings were swept away. The devastation wrought in an hour was in a day elsewhere. It appeared as though the stoutest of men's hearts grew faint looking over that scene of woe, where death overtook entire families in many forms.

There was enough work for an hundred hands where there was only one. By noon on Saturday Somers was fainting—exhausted by his labors.

It was well on in the afternoon, however, before either he or Mr. Broadhurst found anything to appease their hunger and to prevent the crackers they moistened with water almost choked them as they thought of the thousands up and down the valley who had nothing.

But there were the dead to arrange decently, so that they could be buried.

Among the first to whom friendly attention was paid was the remains of Alexander Rutledge, the lawyer. Numbers who knew him well looked on the remains before they were buried in a shallow grave, west of a sheet around the body.

Enoch Broadhurst helped to dig the grave. Si Harkness and Tom Jerrold were also present. Before Broadhurst wrapped the body in the sheet, a man approached the group. There was no one near the body at the time but Si Harkness, who looked up and beheld Giles Brockle.

Giles looked down on the face of the dead man. As he looked, he drew a long breath; then, turning on his heel, suddenly walked away as quickly as he came.

Si Harkness looked after him curiously, muttering: "He must be scared to death. Couldn't a bear to look at Miss Rutledge."

While Giles thought was, "The only man I feared is out of the way. John Watson, the preacher, is drowned. The only living man who knew there was a will in Tom Jerrold over there, for whom I do not care a snap. The property is mine—all mine now. I defy any one living to prevent me from doing as I please with it—as soon as my uncle is dead."

He did not wait until his uncle died. Before nightfall Giles adopted a manner and tone, addressing many who were tenants of Tom Peters, which indicated proprietorship. One of these, more courageous than the others, resented Giles' tone.

"Are you acting for Mr. Peters, Mr. Brockle? I would like to see you with authority. I am not in the habit of dealing with two men when I bargain with one."

"You may have me to deal with alone, possibly."

"Then there will be no deal," the tenant retorted, hotly. "I am going to burn this shed and this fence if I want to, either to accommodate suffering people or to please myself. I'll answer to Mr. Peters for it. As to answering to you, there can for it. I'll make you rue that speech."

"I'll make you rue that speech," said Giles, calmly, as he looked steadily at the tenant.

"I'll make you rue you ever trespassed upon my premises if you do not get out of this house. You are an intruder, Giles Brockle."

"What will you do?"

"I'll knock your teeth down your throat," said the tenant. "A man who talks of saving senseless wood at a time when thousands are dead and dying of hunger and cold, who tries to prevent another from warming people who are perishing for lack of clothing—be off with you!"

And then Giles, realizing his danger as the tenant advanced toward him, suddenly walked away.

"What was Brockle saying to you?" Enoch Broadhurst inquired of Tom Peters' tenant a minute later. Broadhurst witnessed the scene but did not understand it. The fiery tenant rehearsed all that passed.

"You are not aware his uncle is dying?"

"Is Tom Peters dying? Then God help any of his tenants that have dealings with Giles Brockle!"

"I am inclined to agree with you," said Broadhurst. "There were two men more unlike than Tom Peters, as honest a man as ever lived, and Giles Brockle."

"I'm big and sneaky and rascal as ever lived, in my opinion," said Tom Peters' tenant.

By nightfall half the male survivors in Johnstown knew that Tom Peters was on his death-bed, and that Giles Brockle would inherit all his possessions. The physicians who were called in when he was seized were in demand everywhere. There was work for scores of them every day. Spite of their labors, they were unable to corroborate the report that in all probability Tom Peters would never set foot in Johnstown again.

Squire Jenson and Tom Peters were very intimate—"what one knew the other knew," Broadhurst added. "This matter must be determined speedily. Brockle is acting like a man who is not going to lose any time asserting his rights. He is taking it upon himself to protect the property as if it were his own."

Then Broadhurst related all that occurred in his view between Brockle and Tom Peters' tenant.

"The wind sits that way, does it?" Tom Jerrold replied. "Well, then all the more reason for giving Giles plenty of rope—and I'll predict he will hang himself."

The death of the richest man in the county was a matter that did not concern them. Tom Peters was never ruined—indeed, only those immediately concerned and connected with him gave the rich man a lying out on the mountain slope, in his large empty house, at night.

There were matters of much more importance requiring attention.

CHAPTER X.

SURVIVORS OF THE FLOOD.

When Rose Somers sank beneath the flood, her last thought was that fate had ordained she and her husband should die together.

She felt the surging waters closing around her, and surrendered herself to death without a struggle. Then she became unconscious.

When dimly conscious of life again, she suffered indescribable agony. A mountain of waters was pressing her downward. Pains racked her back, her neck. Her limbs seemed to be torn from her. In her agony she moaned. Then a voice sounded in her ears. The voice was like the roll of thunder—it filled all space.

Death was, indeed, horrible. Could anything mortal endure it? Then she became unconscious again.

Her next sensation was one of exquisite relief. She had passed the boundary line. She was in heaven. There was no pain. No weight. No feeling such as she experienced in the other world. She knew that she existed—further she knew nothing, cared for nothing.

"She is breathing more naturally now," said Tom Jerrold.

Rose opened her eyes. An old man was looking at her. She moved her eyes. A woman stood with her back to her. The woman turned that instant, and advanced to her.

"Don't speak. Lie quiet. Sleep, if you want to. You are weak friends. A human nature is a puzzle. Rose Somers burst into tears.

"There—there, my dear," said the old man, "you will be well soon. You are weak now, but you will be strong again in an hour or two, you will see."

Poor Rose. She was crying because she was brought back to life, while her husband was dead. She would rather be in heaven. But she closed her eyes again in a delicious languor, and instantly fell sound asleep.

When she woke again there was only the woman near her. There was a dim light—the light issued from a small lamp.

Rose Somers looked around her curiously. Yes, she was in some sort of a house. It was a log house. She could just make out that the spaces between the logs were "chinked." The floor was made of very broad boards. There was no sign of a carpet or rug.

She was lying on a bed. There was something over in the corner of the room that looked like a bed on the floor. She managed to raise herself on her elbow. She was quite strong. She sat bolt upright.

"Where was she? How did she come here? Was Algeon there too?"

In an instant her feet were on the floor. She would ask the man—that was no dream; it was all real now—or the woman where her husband was.

No; it would be ingratitude to disturb them.

Rose Somers pondered long, sitting there on the bedside. Then she resolved to look on the bed in the corner. Possibly Algeon was lying there, within arm's length of her.

She stole softly over the floor—and looked down upon the face in the corner.

It was a woman's face, but not the face she had seen before she fell asleep. She turned around, staggered back to the bed, and, sinking upon it, moaned. Her disappointment was more than human heart could bear.

Instantly a figure stole into the room

and a voice rose resolute and said: "What is it? Do not be afraid. Nothing can harm you here."

"Pardon me; I could not help it," said Rose, between her sobs. "I thought my husband might be here in this very house; but I know he is dead. We sank together in that awful deluge."

"He may be living as you are. Hope for the best. Can I do anything more for you?"

"No; a thousand thanks for all your kindness. I will try to go to sleep again. I hope I shall not disturb you any more."

"You do not disturb us. I hope you will sleep soundly; you will be the better of it."

Then the figure disappeared, and Rose Somers was left alone again with her thoughts. She lay awake hours seeming like minutes, and then sank into a peaceful sleep. It was aroused the next morning by a crackling sound. It was fat meat frying. The odor of the fat was borne into the room. She coughed. Presently a middle-aged, care-worn-looking woman entered.

"How do you feel now?"

The woman looked at her kindly.

"Very well. I want to get up."

"Yes—well—but you must wait a minute." There was hesitancy in the woman's speech that puzzled Rose.

She disappeared a pair of trousers, vest, and coat in her arms. Rose looked at her in astonishment as she said:

"These are all we have for you to wear. I—I gave my other clothes to some women who came here before you were brought in. I haven't a skirt left, even. There isn't a blessed bit of woman's clothing round, either."

"Must I wear them?"

"Don't see what else you can do. You don't want to lie in bed, and you might as well be better wear these than try to go with a blanket or quilt around you."

"Oh, I ought to be thankful," Rose replied, as the woman disappeared.

She got up and dressed herself in man's attire, wondering. What next? She might as well be in another world. All traces of the world she knew had disappeared.

"Breakfast will be ready in a minute," said the woman, looking in at the door.

The shake-down in the corner was vacant. Where was the woman who slept there? Rose entered the next room. This was where the fat was frying.

A solitary small window in this room, which served the purpose of kitchen, dining, and living-room. There were but two rooms in the log house.

Sitting beside the table was a curious figure. The figure was bowed down. The hands were crossed over the figure's breast. The head was unmistakably a woman's, but the garb—what was it the woman wore?

This figure was swaying from side to side, with the head bowed, the chin almost touching the breast.

"This poor woman has lost her child," said the woman of the house.

A sad face was turned to Rose. It was a beautiful face, but just now it looked to Rose as if all the joy had left the poor woman forever.

"You two never knew each other, I expect. I told John like as not you'd never seen each other."

"Sorrow makes us one," said Rose, simply, as she held out a hand, which the other woman clasped fervently, saying:

"I don't care what becomes of me. I wish I was dead. I want to die."

It was pitiful to hear her. It was more trying to look at her bowed head. Rose felt how impossible it was for her to say anything that could comfort this poor woman. For the first time in her life she felt how weak words are—how puerile in hours of great affliction.

"If I could only see my babe—if I did not touch it, even, but never to see it again—that have I done that I am punished with this way?"

"The breakfast is ready now," said the woman of the house. "You two must eat. It isn't much we've got to offer—such as it is I'm glad to give you. You're both welcome to all we have," said the woman, simply. "Sit up now, my dear, and eat a bite. John!"

A man entered. Rose recognized the face she saw in the night. John was middle-aged. A man with sun-burned face and horny, wrinkled hands. A man who earned his bread "in the sweat" of his brow. A very simple-mannered, straight-forward man.

He sat down at one side of the table. Rose and the other woman sat opposite him. Then the woman of the house seated herself, and the man, bowing his head, asked a blessing.

"Now, help yourselves, do," said the woman as the man placed upon their plates a plentiful amount of crisp breakfast bacon. There were fresh biscuits and good butter, and plenty of cream.

The man and woman talked for the purpose of turning the mind of the woman who lost her child from her dead. Rose, realizing this, aided them, and in doing it, somehow experienced wonderful relief.

In this way she learned how she became an inmate of the log cabin, and the particulars, or all that was known, concerning the young mother, who, after trying to eat, sat nibbling at a small piece of a biscuit listening to the others.

You see, it rained awful—it rained Wednesday and Thursday. I never did hear such rain," said the woman. "I told John—I mean on Friday morning just before break of day when I got up—I couldn't sleep for the rain—saw I'll hold you, there isn't a sheep alive if they're in the fold. That's a cry by this time."

"It was, most," said John. "I had hard work savin' 'em."

"But we never dreamed of trouble yesterday, except we knew the meadow was criss-crossed with all the sand flowing over it, John. He had his hands full, hardly stopped to eat a bite, working around generally. I was looking out of the window back of your head when I sat just here, when I seen something unusual. I went to the door, and there was a house floating down, an' people crying for help. Their screams was awful. I'll never forget them to my dying day. John ran into the barn to get a rope. He flung it out an' a girl caught it, but she couldn't hold it a minute, the river run so fast. The house just then turned over—some things must have happened—and we never saw another live soul near it. There was a whole lot of things all over name—and there were people holding to logs and everything they could get hands

of. John threw the rope to two men and they got ashore somehow, I could tell how. There were some near shore. Then the creek backed up, and the drift got up in it—that was where I found you."

Rose started.

"You was lying on a lot of boards, the boards were crosswise. Our neighbors just over the hill, they came to see the flood; by an' by others came—the Sand and the Didderts were there, all trying to help people who floated past. An' I saved a good many. But they said I was dead. There wasn't a sign of you about you. John, he stood on a board and leaned out in the eddy where you were turning round, and then he in. But he held on to the board and died."

"So would you," said John, calmly.

"He got on the board again and reached out for the board nearest him, and he's got his wife all right. He waded in the creek, an' got hold, too, just before a big up to you, and brought her right up to the house. I said you was dead, but Jim Sands' loved you was he'd seed men brought to after drowned often. A master hand is Jim Sands."

"Well, he worked with you, and the Diddert helped, an' we all had our hands full; an' in a little while we knew it was right. But it was gettin' dark at that time, and Mrs. Diddert had to go home. She had to hunt clothes for a dozen women folks that hadn't a stitch on them. The men were just as bad—some one had a coat or vest on, an' some had nothing. But we were glad they were living."

"Some didn't care whether they lived or not," said John. "I never want to go through it again."

"It was Jim Sands—if it hadn't been for his judgment—"

"Come, now, Sairy, you helped just much," said John. "You got the wash tubs, and rubbed, and did just as much as Sands."

"Well, anyhow you came to, and you were glad of it then. The Sands, he had his hands full while Jim was here. They saw this woman holding on to the roof of a house, with her head just over water. They're a big shift, and they're right out in all that wreck, and took her out just in time. She was not able to walk a step, so they carried her up here. She was lying on the floor all night, but put you on the bed. I reckon a doctor must have picked out by the Didderts and Sands. Anyhow, there was enough women folks to take every bit of woman wear. The clothes were all torn off them. Here and there one had something left. They were all crazy—every one, except old man, who said he didn't know God spared the most useless one of them taking all his sons and daughters. He came in and looked at you before he went away. They all made their way over the hills; there's no neighbors here now. They had to get help we couldn't give."

Rose listened to this spellbound, she exceeded anything she had read in fiction.

"Where are we now? How far are we from—"

"From Johnstown? 'Bout six miles," said John.

"Only six miles!" Rose's heart leaped.

"Then I can go back there to-day—"

John shook his head. "I don't see how you can't go the river road—it's flooded. You can't go back three miles up the creek—they say the railroad bridges are washed away above and below. You couldn't get to Johnstown if you crossed the meadow. It's more a nine mile across the country to the station—the roads are awful near here and New Florence—it would take you longer—"

"But how am I to get to Johnstown? My friends will be distracted. The sooner I can let them know I am living the better."

"I don't see no way now. You can't walk up and down the mountains—you get lost anyhow if you tried," John said.

"Well, but I can't stay here. How is it to a telegraph station?"

"Now you ask me what I can't tell. I know one thing. Jim Sands says he isn't a wire standing. They've tried to get word to Philadelphia and Pungo, and had to give it up. The country's washed back there in Sang Hollow."

John shook his head toward the mountains.

"I can't drink my coffee in silence and reflected. She ate another biscuit, and by that time she felt strong enough to undertake anything. She said as much. The woman of the house laughed at her.

"Nonsense! You can't do anything a day or two, till we get some way to take you two to the river road. The all."

"But I can't. I must not stay here. I must get to the railroad."

"You can't get back to Johnstown that said John. 'You're both welcome here for weeks.'"

"I shall walk to the nearest station to-day," said Rose, resolutely.

"You can do as you please," said the woman of the house. "only you must well stay with us as long as you can."

"If I can reach the nearest station, can I find some way to get word to my friends if I can't go to them. I must write word to my friends."

She began to hope her husband was living. It was like death to stay longer with these people, simply, and kindly as they had proved to be. John was a hero in common with herself. John was a hero in common with herself.

"—his sister a woman who was ready to perform her duty at all times. The woman who had lost her child tended to this with eyes shifting from the other."

"I'll go, too."

"No, no! We have given you suffering them clothes," Sarah asked.

"I don't care what I wear—I want to know I can send word to my friends. That is all I think of now."

"And I want to go where there is coming. I want to go where there is down the river to look for my dear. It will be somewhere—I must find

of baby. I'll never rest till I find it and the mother, weeping afresh.

"Can't you find them hats somewhere? I'd give them my substance, and how would they look with your other and any sort of bonnet? I guess I can make up an old straw hat somewhere, Sairy—and there's another hat," Rose, resolutely. "You said that in the house. It is all yours."

No, it isn't. I've another just as good. I want to see the other, then."

John was a long time getting the other hat, but he handed it to her he looked guilty. It was torn and battered. This will do me very well," said Rose. She refused to take the best.

Do you two going right now? I wish you wouldn't—you'll never find you the power that has preserved our lives. I sustain us, Miss Franklin," said Rose.

Now, tell us the nearest way to New Florence."

John scratched his head. "I don't know as you can do better—but it's awful. I wish than to keep right straight over the hills. Don't go up to the top—you have to travel 'bout half-way up. Back down you'll strike Diddert's, and then you'll strike Dick Sands. Long a mile or so straight back—is Bob Sands and Jim Sands you'll find plenty of farms for sale, but like as not there won't be a horse or wagon, and the roads—won't be taking much of a head-way on them. Everything's so torn up by this flood."

Rose turned and kissed Sarah Franklin on the cheek. Then she extended her hand to John.

"Good-by, and may God reward you. I'll return something better than this for all I owe you."

"I—I guess I'd better go along with you."

Rose shook her head. Sarah kissed her, and she also shook John's hand, and convulsively; then these two women of the flood walked slowly up the mountain side, the mountain side, which John and Sarah Franklin stood watching.

And to think, Sairy, I never thought about their names."

"Never fret, John; the one with the on will be sure to let you know what she is, and she will tell you all about it. Wearing your old red 'wamus,' wouldn't let the other go if the one you look out of the river didn't look like she could take care of both."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

Feb. 29.—A sad case reported from Rochester, 25 miles west of this city. A woman, aged 18, and Ed Chaffee, 20, were the victims of a most horrible and now dead. Her mother and her sister Louise, aged 15 and 17, were very low, but will likely recover. The same poisonous root was found in the woods and dug up by Hartman and Chaffee Saturday. The woman went to the woods and dug up the supposed to be the roots of the same tree, but what it was is not known. A full investigation of the poison will be made.

An Ex-Governor Burned to Death.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 29.—Ex-Governor Elias N. Conway, the fifth Governor of Arkansas, was burned to death at this city. He was born in Tennessee in 1812, and came to this State in 1832. His mind has been unimpaired since 1863, and he imagined that anarchists were going to kill him on account of his having been Governor of the State.

Spring Sea Navigation Nearly Concluded.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 29.—The Behring Sea navigation is nearly concluded. Agents are nearing the end of the trip and will probably adjourn to the city. As they meet behind closed doors and observe the utmost secrecy, it is impossible to assert positively, but indications have been reached by the fact, but it is rumored that they had agreed unanimously that pelagic seal would be stopped.

To