

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 23, 1892.

CENSURE and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

"WHAT is the best way to get along with your husband?" was answered by a society lady, who simply said: "Feed the brute." Might you are, madam; stop feeding him and you would have to get along without him.

COMPLAINT has been made that too much money is spent in keeping our Indians alive. Some time ago, it will be remembered, this nation was spending a good deal more money for actively engaging in not keeping them alive.

GREY TOWN, in Guatemala, wants the New Orleans lottery to take the town and make it the Monte Carlo of the western hemisphere. They promise to build great hotels and make it a winter resort for all gamblers. This seems to be the best offer yet made to the lottery. It would fit in beautifully with the profuse supply of alligators and jiggers of Greytown.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE says the report that she is giving Mr. Wilde \$25 a week pending arrangements for a divorce or separation is too absurd to answer, especially as she breakfasts at 9 o'clock, while Mr. Wilde breakfasts at 1:30. A man whose wife supports the whole family and lets him sleep till 1:30 certainly has no cause for complaint.

REV. DR. HOLMAN, of Minneapolis, told a new one at the big layman meeting. It was the remark of a brother minister of the outspoken sort, somewhere in the East, who said of a man that his soul was so small that 10,000,000 of them could be blown through a quill from the wing of a mosquito into the eye of a fly without feazing the fly on it. This is getting things down very low.

GEN. DYRENFORTH is a most eccentric individual. Not only has he officially reported that rain can be produced artificially, but what is more extraordinary, he returns \$17,000, being the unexpended balance of the appropriation made for his experiments. That he should have failed to spend every cent will create a suspicion of his sanity in Washington that will weaken the force of his report.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has been sneered at so long as the State of abandoned farms that in self-defense she has just made a showing as to her savings bank deposits. From this showing it appears that the Granite State is the foremost in the Union in the matter of accumulated savings. The impression will now go abroad that it is not unprofitable to abandon farming if there is a good chance to go into the summer-resort business.

NOTHING seems to be easier than to duplicate the London Times. Everybody remembers the famous—and infamous—Piggott letters, and now one who signs himself "George H. Winter, late Brigadier General Volunteers," has tricked the solemn old Times into taking seriously a letter in which he says that the United States would be pleased at an excuse to fight with England, and could reduce her to a fourth-rate power in no time. It is only a few weeks, moreover, since the Times seriously printed an absurd so-called literary letter from one Cody, dated at Boston, and which could have been written for no other purpose than to gild the dull Britisher. Evidently anything goes down with the Times.

MODERN Germany is a paradox. In religion a nation of skeptics; in science a nation of iconoclasts. For tradition and dogma the Germans have but scant reverence, yet it has taken hunger and poverty to drive them into an attitude of hostility to the overbearing young monarch, who proclaims himself the right hand of God and declares that the Almighty is vitally interested in the prosperity of his house. The marvel is that only the turbulent elements in Berlin are arrayed in open revolt. It would seem that the insolent demeanor of the scion of the house of Hohenzollern would be peculiarly irritating to that vast body of highly educated and intellectually emancipated men who have put Germany first among enlightened nations. It will not be extraordinary to see them engaged in other than parliamentary opposition to the half-mad monarch.

PRactical CHARITy.

By MARY SHAW.

How often in life do we judge our friends wrongly? Suspicion's dark glasses at them we direct; Take care do not sentence, no matter how strongly Circumstances hint guilt of what we suspect.

How oft, in our minds, do we try, judge and sentence. For wrongs we suppose have been done to ourselves. Dear friends to whom give we no chance for repentance. We are, in our manner, so cold to ourselves. Let's give them a chance to prove their sincerity. Let's for once repay seeming evil with good—By manners most kind show true Christian charity.

And see if, no more, they will not do as they should.

And say not that true friendship is something ideal. That truth and devotion are something unknown. The heart that deems each friend's sentiments unreal. Has something unsound at the core of its own.

MARION, N. C.

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnston Disaster.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOM JERROLD'S JOY—AN OLD LOVE STORY. Tom Jerrold was pouring himself a cup of coffee of his own making. He was standing under a hastily improvised shanty on the mountain side, well out of the way.

He refused to go out to Squire Jepson's house—there were women and children enough to fill it. He had for his companion a poor, measly-looking dog that looked like as if it had lost all its friends. The dog had learned to look upon Tom as a friend already.

Tom had poured out his cup quite full, and was standing looking at a picture of a child that he had torn out of an illustrated paper, when a step near him caused him to turn around.

"Great Scotland! It's Mr. Somers and Mrs. Somers come back from the dead!" The picture fell on the ground as Tom grasped a hand of each, while tears sprang to his eyes.

"I'm not ashamed of them. He found ye I told him to keep up. I told him, Mrs. Somers."

"We are here all right and you what are you doing? Looking for yourself?" "I did that many a day, Mr. Somers."

Then he looked from one to the other keenly. He stooped, bringing his face on a level with Mrs. Somers.

"You've a message; you've brought me news, Mrs. Somers. I see it in your face. Out with it; I can stand anything—anything but suspense. You have word, I know."

"Yes; your daughter is alive." Tom Jerrold took off his hat and looked up to heaven. His lips moved, but no sound issued from them.

"She is alive and well. She would be here now, but she thought it best to go to her friends at Blairsville."

the truth. There was a marplot somewhere; anyhow, Mr. Peters ceased paying attention to your mother, and went away to sea. He went to the East Indies, and there made the money that was the formation of his property here.

"I understand he was home a year before he found out the truth. Then it was too late. He had not acted wisely. A man who was dying of consumption as favor—at last let out enough to make Mr. Peters uneasy. He made inquiries, found that he had wronged your mother by listening to stories in which she was represented to say the reverse of what she thought. Her people gave her no peace until she married the man she preferred. Mr. Peters told me more than once he never would forgive himself. And he said the same to Squire Jepson and to Broadhurst—that if it took all he had in the world to make amends to his old sweetheart's daughter, he would make it right before he died. You are the daughter."

"And no one ever told me. Dear old man. Now I know why I always liked him," said Mrs. Somers.

"And who was the lying sneak?" Somers asked carelessly.

"Mr. Peters' own brother—surely not," said Mrs. Somers.

"His brother-in-law—Giles Brockle, father of Giles Brockle we all know," Mrs. Somers drew a long breath and shuddered. Now she understood it all. What a narrow escape she had made. Intuitively she arrived at the truth. In some manner Giles had learned the contents of his uncle's will.

True—his curse had not been idle words. Such was as had overtaken her not one woman in a million—in tens of millions—had experienced; but there was joy, too, she said to herself as she looked at her husband.

"You do not feel like killing Giles now?" Tom Jerrold said, with a smile.

"No," said Somers, "I will leave him to reap his reward. It is as sure to come as day follows night. My wife and I have talked it all over. She thinks, and I agree with her, that his fate will be worse than the death he sent us to deliberately when he hung us back into the water."

"But this will, Mr. Jerrold, where is the real will?" Jerrold shook his head. "No body knows. Alexander Rutledge died his office and his house were swept away, not a vestige of either left."

"Then the property is not mine, even if Mr. Peters dies?" "If Mr. Peters is never able to write his signature to another will, I'm afraid Giles will get all that's the law. If the lawyer was alive, but he is dead."

"O yes, that is all quite plain," said Somers; "we do not need Mr. Peters' money, we manage to get along I think, without it."

"Mrs. Somers, an' ye, too," here Si Harkness confronted them suddenly. "Mrs. Broadhurst sent me up to tell you gentlemen that Mr. Rutledge wanted down right away, so it gets back."

"Rutledge? What?" "He means Mr. Rutledge's brother. He has come here to identify his brother's willings," said Somers, quickly.

Whereupon they all descended the mountain side quickly.

fell as would be planning to lift it out. He made a fuse, placed a lot of powder in a tin cup, pushed the cup under the paper, attached the fuse made of rags and safe, lit it, and sprang nimbly out of the opening the workmen had made.

It was at this juncture the group from the mountain side approached him. As they neared the spot a terrific explosion occurred. Fragments of wood flew in all directions. Several of the lights were extinguished. There was sufficient light left, however, to reveal to everybody an iron safe which was thrown completely out of the large opening in the debris made by the workmen.

The safe was turned completely over, and the door was lying wide open. Two or three packages of papers lay on top of the door.

Giles Brockle sprang forward to seize these packages, when a vice-like grip closed on his wrist, and James Rutledge said, in a loud, commanding voice: "Those papers are not yours. They are mine."

"How are they yours?" demanded Giles Brockle, fiercely.

"Because that is my brother's (Alexander Rutledge's) safe."

The light shone full upon the top of the safe and on the inside of the open door. On each all plainly saw Alexander Rutledge's name.

Giles Brockle was dumb with amazement. What power, what power heaven could lift the safe out of the well he had flung it into? And by what strange chance had the force of the flood borne it this distance to lodge it right in his way?

"If it is your brother's safe, take it. Get it out of my way; and I want you all to get out of my way. I am minding my own business. Leave us to mind my own affairs and you attend to yours."

"Stay!" said Enoch Broadhurst, as he opened one of the papers. "I hold in my hand Mr. Peters' will, in which he bequeathes all his property to Rosa Parker, and which names two of us, Jepson and myself, executors."

"And which I witnessed," added Tom Jerrold, solemnly.

Giles Brockle looked around him. Then he looked at the mountain side. Across those mountain tops his Uncle Peters now lay on his death-bed. Perhaps he was dead. He had not taken the trouble to go near him, or ask after him, for two days. He had not looked on his uncle's face for months.

Giles Brockle lifted a hand, and, skanking it in the direction of South Fork Dam, said:

"Cross light on the man who cut me off without a penny! Cross light on him hereafter! May he—"

At that instant, an old man stepped forward trembling, leaning heavily on a cane. An attendant stood beside him. Si Harkness led behind him with eager blue eyes.

THE BIG BONANZA MINE.

A Hole in the Ground Out of Which \$150,000,000 Was Taken.

I was strolling with Mackay some years ago in Virginia City, says the London Standard, when we looked down a smoking shaft in the ground that was soon lost in darkness, and at the mouth of which a winlass was slowly grinding. "That hole," he said, "I took \$150,000,000 in bullion." This was one of the famous Bonanza mines, whose history all men know. The Big Bonanza, as it is called, and as Mackay described it to me at the time, was a "kitchen" or "pocket" of crude ore, about as high as the steeple of Trinity and in area as large as the City Hall Park of New York. This ore, shoveled out and dumped, gave the stupendous yield which Mr. Mackay referred to, and was the foundation of the Bonanza fortune.

Associated with him were three other gentlemen, whose names were to win a world-wide mining fame—James T. Paxson, afterwards Senator from Nevada, whose skill as a mining expert had attracted the attention of Mackay; William H. Wood and James C. Flood. O'Brien and Flood had come to California as friends in the Argonaut days and had like other men taken their humble parts in the creation of the Pacific States. In those times men who were to be major-generals in the army drove drays for a living. Others who were to become luminous in statesmanship and jurisprudence joyfully mended their own trousers and washed their own linen. They were "partners" a term that Prot Harte has pathetically explained in one of his exquisite stories.

"Partners," that is to say, friends, with a friendship such as we who live outside of the atmosphere of adventure which enfolded the Argonaut days cannot understand, and which would be but vaguely explained if we compared it to the love of man and woman.

"Billy was my partner once," as Mr. Flood said to me one day in Manila, while we were looking at the portrait of O'Brien; "Billy was my partner once. He is my partner now, will be my partner forever" a speech which made a deep impression, coming as it did from the lips of one of the most resolute, self-restrained and undemonstrative of men.

Flood was the financial representative and ally of two young miners who were at work on the Bonanza; O'Brien the "partner" in the firm, because Flood could have no interest he did not share. O'Brien passed away in Bonanza times—Flood not many months since, in Germany. He was a brave, independent, reserved, conscientious man, especially charming and true in the high relations of life—a better citizen, no truer friend.

In all that went toward the true development of manhood, the best man I have ever known, as Mackay said to me when the hour of irrevocable silence had fallen.

"I know only one man in the world that can break me, and that is Mackay." This Flood said to me and I note it as showing the strong links which in those days bound the Bonanza firm and given a strength and a confidence which were the basis of its power.

Various Use of Lemons.

"It seems to me that I find a new use for lemons every day of my life," remarked a practical housekeeper, "besides the thousand and one uses that are always as good as new. I have entirely given up the use of vinegar on salads, as all of the family greatly prefer lemon juice. We make all of our hard pudding sauce, by squeezing the juice of lemons with the sugar and butter, and beating them thoroughly, and it would take a small importing house to keep us in this fruit for the confections that the children are fond of making. If I don't feel particularly well and my luncheon doesn't seem exactly to agree with me, I find the greatest relief from eating a bit of lemon. Especially is this the case if the meal has been of dishes in which milk is used."

"There is another point that I have rarely heard mention, and it may be new to many. If milk disagrees and causes headaches or what people call a bilious feeling, a slice of lemon eaten very slowly will often give immediate relief. A few drops of lemon juice in a glass of water is an excellent thing for a very warm day. Water with this addition may be used directly from the well, and is much more healthful than ice-water and quite as palatable; indeed, a teaspoonful of lemon juice with a little dash of sugar, or even without sugar, will be found a most welcome addition to a glass of water at any time. If more lemon juice and less ice-water were used we would have far better health, and a great many dangers that lurk in the hottest days of summer would be avoided."—The Ledger.

Using a Flax Seed for an Eye Stone

Putting a flax seed under the lid of the eye to get out a cinder which has accidentally lodged there may seem a curious method of abolishing a nuisance, but is nevertheless quite effective. After the seed has been moistened by the secretions of the eye it exudes a mucus, which not only alleviates the irritation of a foreign body, but also frequently surrounds it and prevents pain from the motion of the eyeball against the cinder and ultimately assists in its removal. The remedy may seem novel to many persons, but there are commercial travellers in this city who never start on a journey without a pinch of flax seed somewhere in their baggage where it can be easily reached in case of an accidental cinder in the course of a railway journey.—The Louis Globe Democrat.

E JOKER'S BUDGE.

TS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Double Entendre—Very Fly I... A Strained Joke—Sprinkle... Gentle Spring—Better Than No... Etc., Etc.

A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

You don't know yet how she feels... No, but I'm going to make her sh...

I shall present her with a diam...

VERY FLY INDEED.

Voil—Bronson seems to be fl...

And the sealskin cap we wore...

For gentle spring is coming on...

We shall not need them more.

Pull down the camphorated trunk...

And pack those winter clothes av...

For spring is drawing nigh.

And when we get them packed av...

Up out of sight. Why, then,...

Well shiver and we'll shake it to...

That cold snip's here again.

Author and Furnish...

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

"Am I the man of your choice?"...

hesitated.

"Well, no," was her hesitating...

not exactly; but I guess you'll d...

his REVENGE IS SWEET.

Jack Hardup with unwonted en...

namely: "By Jove! I see that some...

is talking about introducing a bill...

to House making it a misdemeanor...

and amoung letters to any one...

lower idea that I'll have my...

packed up for six months. By J...

Did this.

AT RISK ONE.

"What is the difference between...

age student and the man who has...

degrees conferred upon him for a...

dition?"

"One gets his learning by degr...

the other gets degrees by his lear...

THE CONSOLATION OF THE SIX-P...

"Little maiden, tell me true,

What sort of man most pleases

She blushed and hung her pretty...

"'Tis Hyumen I like best," she...

NO FINANCIER WANTED.

Jess—And you want to be close...

than a brother?

Dick—Yes, dear.

Jess—'T won't do; he is altoge...

close.

COULD THERE BE ANY DOUBT O...

Acquaintance—Going to be...

next Thursday? I congratulate...

boy! Who is to be best man?

Freddy, highly indignantly—B...

Baw Jove! Me!—[Chicago Trib...

HALLS AND HAULES.

He—It is so good of you, de...

accept me. But even my great...

am afraid, can't make you for...

my grandfather was a commo...

man.

She—Why need I forget it? I...

everybody about your "ancestra...

and on your income of \$100,000...

we will be as happy as the day...

[New York Tribune.

THE FAINTING RACKET.

First Tramp—"What's the m...

Mike? He looks as if life was...

livin'."

Second Tramp—"That's jist...

feels. Ye mind two days ago...

man fainted in front o' that b...

over yonder, and the kind lad...

out wid a bottle o' brandy to res...

"I mind."

"Well, Mike, he tried th'...

racket ther this mornin', an' th...

rushed out th' same as befo...

when she sed Mike, she said,

low, his pores is all stopp...

can't breathe," says she, an'...

turned the hose on 'im."—[

Weekly.

SCHEDULE TIME.

Hungry Traveler (at railw...

station)—How soon will the t...

conductor?

Conductor—I'll start on time...

ain't got much appetite.

HER ANSWER.

"I guessed you loved me, swee...

And gazed within her eyes,

Like violets shyly raised to mi...

In maiden's soft surprise.

"When first your little hand I...

I guessed you loved me then,

She raised her lovely eyes on m...

And whispered, "Guess agai...

—[New York

TOO CONSCIENTIOUS.

First paragon—I think...

raise Dr. Tully's salary.

Second...

Third...

Fourth...

Fifth...

Sixth...

Seventh...

Eighth...

Ninth...

Tenth...

Eleventh...

Twelfth...

Thirteenth...

Fourteenth...

Fifteenth...

Sixteenth...

Seventeenth...

Eighteenth...

Nineteenth...

Twentieth...

Twenty-first...

Twenty-second...

Twenty-third...

Twenty-fourth...

Twenty-fifth...

Twenty-sixth...

Twenty-seventh...

Twenty-eighth...

Twenty-ninth...

Thirtieth...

Thirty-first...

Thirty-second...

Thirty-third...

Thirty-fourth...

Thirty-fifth...

Thirty-sixth...

Thirty-seventh...

Thirty-eighth...

Thirty-ninth...

Fortieth...

Forty-first...

Forty-second...

Forty-third...

Forty-fourth...

Forty-fifth...

Forty-sixth...

Forty-seventh...