

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1893.

The Indians call their bank scandal "Panama," the little Panama.

As shown by Bradstreet's figures, 1892 was the greatest year ever known in this country for bank clearances.

An old Arctic sailor, who has a fund of good stories for the marines, says that in Labrador they mine ice-bugs for codfish as if it were coal.

The Canadian Pacific and its branches up to date have received \$26,500,000 in subsidies from the Canadian Government, while the other Dominion roads have received but \$9,695,108.

Says the Chicago Post:—Chicago which contains two-fifths of the population of Illinois, furnishes four-fifths of the life of the State and does four-fifths of its business. In the eyes of the outside world Illinois is Chicago. The State is known chiefly by the city whose fame is as wide as the world.

The longevity of members of the Society of Friends is again shown by the denominational obituary for the last year. The deaths of members in Great Britain and Ireland numbered 278. There were no fewer than sixty-two at eighty years and above, and the average age at death was about sixty-one years.

The Electrical World has formulated an argument for the use of fire inspectors who charge every fire they cannot account for to an electric wire. It runs thus: "Electricity is something the exact nature of which is unknown. The cause of the average fire is unknown. Therefore, as things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, the cause of the average fire is electricity."

An Eastern town some years ago was in a bad way, relates the Atlanta Constitution, but it offered a free site, remission of taxes for a number of years and assistance in erecting a building for a shoe factory. The factory started with 25 hands and now has 1000. As there are generally three inhabitants of a town for every workman it will be seen that the factory venture greatly increased population, to say nothing of the money they put in circulation.

"Mental arithmetic" in East Indian schools is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of the United States. The Oriental mind is fertile in the invention of catch questions, and the multiplication table is swelled into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Tiny, half-naked brown creatures of ten years and under are taught to carry the multiplication table up to the forty times forty, and to complicate matters by the introduction of fractional parts.

This is the way the pneumatic guns of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius affect a person aboard ship: "Suddenly an intense vibration seemed to pass from stem to stern, followed by a kind of kick that moved the vessel at least three feet astern, and simultaneously came a sharp, cracking report, not so intense as that of a powder gun and similar in sound to the explosion of a million pop-guns. This was the firing of a 500-pound dynamite projectile from the Vesuvius' starboard gun." When loaded for war, adds the New Orleans Picayune, this projectile carries dynamite.

Tuberculosis victims in the United States number 163,500 annually. Of these 141,000 are charged to consumption, 12,000 to tubercular meningitis and 10,500 to scrofula. Each death is asserted to represent two years of sickness. That means, estimates the New York Mail and Express, that there are now 327,000 persons in the United States dying of tuberculosis. The money cost of this enemy of life is estimated to be greatly in excess of \$100,000,000. Statistics show that the ravages of tubercular diseases are being slowly reduced, and scientists are not altogether without hope of discovering a preventive or a remedy for a class of diseases whose victims are more numerous than those of war.

UNREST.
BY JEFFIE FORBES-HANAFORD.
If I but look into those glorious eyes,
And feel the clasp of that dear hand of mine,
Far away good resolution flies,
And for an instant I imagine you are mine.
God knows I would not grieve you, but in vain
I try to think perhaps 'tis for the best,
And all about in silence bear my pain;
But, oh, how weary of this wild unrest.

Wary of this ceaseless, endless dreaming
Of a future that, alas, can never be,
I wonder do you understand my meaning,
That from sweet thoughts of you I am not free.

"The wrong to love you, you I hold so dear,
Wring to finger fondly by your side;
In pity for myself I drop a tear,
And wish that ere I loved you I had died."

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITTS.

CHAPTER X. AT KNOXVILLE.

"That fall and winter passed; the spring was well advanced. The men of the war had widened; the armies of the opposing forces were pushing their lines against the fields. Our little battalion had joined the advance up the Tennessee, and upon the first Sunday of that April was encamped with its leading division beyond Pittsburg Landing. At Knoxville friend Alice Clay was nursing hope and living on the few and irregular letters that reached her from her patient lover. The cruel blow that had fallen upon that household in the tragical death of the only son and brother the previous August had filled it with mourning, and had intensified the bitterness of the parents to the Union cause. The body was reclaimed from its grave in the mountain wilds and interred in the home cemetery, and on the day of burial a long account of all the circumstances of the fight and the death of young Clay was brought to Knoxville by one of the cavalry party.

The mother pined and wasted away from grief for her darling, and went to her grave beside him early in the spring. The father was middle-aged and vigorous, and his hatred for the Union cause was doubled by his bereavement. He grew morose and sullen, and poor Alice, bravely trying to bear up under her grief, saw that his feelings were being alienated from herself.

"This is no place for me," he said to her one day. "The Federals are gaining a foothold in Tennessee; the news comes to-day that they have possession of the capital. I shall cross the mountains and go to Richmond, where there is company that pleases me. Here every other man is an open or disguised Unionist. When I return it will be when there is a Confederate army here powerful enough to compel submission. In the meantime, you may stay here; the atmosphere seems to suit you. If things continue to go as they have begun this spring, you may expect your friends, the Federals, to occupy Knoxville. Then you will have an opportunity to marry your brother's murderer." It was such bitterness as this that divided homes and families against each other in this section during that unhappy time.

"You are cruelly unjust to Graham," was the girl's indignant reply. "You heard how he came out with a white flag before the fight began, and tried to prevent bloodshed; how he warned Colonel Webster not to advance. His own letter to me said that he was with poor Tom when he died, and that the doctor boy recognized him and smiled on him."

She wept again at the recollection. Her father was not in the least softened. "I wish," he said, slowly and distinctly, "that some one had put a bullet through Graham Brandon's treacherous heart at that moment."

He left his home that morning, never to return. No tidings were ever received from him. It was conjectured that he fell in death upon some distant battlefield, but nothing definite could be known. He was but one of thousands whom the vast whirlpool of war engulfed and concealed from human sight.

The brave patriot-girl remained at her desolate home, aided only by a faithful negro woman, the sole slave of the family, and, staying back her sorrows and hoping for reunion with her lover in the future, lived upon such shifts and devices as were the common experience of the people about her at that time.

It was on that first Sunday of April, when, unknown to her, the air of that distant field on the Tennessee was growing sick with the horrors of slaughter, and while the church bells were calling her to devotion that she saw a red-eyed woman with three children stop before the house. One was a tall lad, and there were two small girls. The party were clad in coarse and worn stuff.

Alice came to the door. "What did you wish?" she asked. "I wanted to find Miss Clay," was the reply.

When she was satisfied that the one she sought was before her, she took a large roll of greenbacks from the bosom of her dress.

"Here is more than a thousand dollars," she said. "I heard of you in the mountains. Mr. Brandon used to tell me about you, and—"

off to the Cumberland after the fighting had begun in the mountains," she said. "But I couldn't go. I hadn't the heart to leave the dear old spot where I was born and my children after me, though the place was burned that dreadful night that Wally was killed. Don't fix up a shelter for us with the help of a few of the men who stayed, because they were old or crippled and didn't fear to be captured; and some way—God knows how—we have passed through the winter alive. A week ago a man came up that way from here, and told me about your father going off and leaving you alone. Then I resolved to do as Mr. Brandon told me; and we have walked all the way down to find you."

"What did he tell you?" "It was the day they buried Wally that he and Captain Smedley—ah, what a brave, fine gentleman he is, miss—came and tried to comfort me a little.

"It is a small thing to do for one in your distress," he said, "but you can take it freely." With that he took a great bunch of bills from his pocket and gave them to me.

"I burst out crying; how could I help it. 'To think that Wally almost hung you on false suspicion!' I said. 'Do not speak of it,' said he; and his face was not a bit angry; only sad and kind.

"And here's more for you, Mrs. Baird," says Mr. Brandon; and he put most as much money in my hands as the Captain had.

"Let me advise you a little," he said. "You can't get along in these mountains with these little children, now their protector is gone. Take them down to Knoxville; there are Union people there who will gladly help you, when they learn your story. Goto—and he thought a minute—yes, go to Miss Clay, whom I have told you about. She will advise with you and befriend you. The money you have will last a long time."

"I meant to do as he said, but kept putting it off. When I heard that you were left alone, too, I knew I must come, for it might be that you were in need of the generous help Mr. Brandon gave me. He's the good friend of all such as I—he and the other gentlemen; they're fighting for us now, they and the Clinch men, out somewhere on the Tennessee."

"Yes," interrupted young Dan, "and when you get settled here in town, I'm going to find them and list with them."

"O, Dan, don't! You're only a boy."

"I'm nearly fifteen," proudly replied the young hero.

His mother looked at him sadly, yet with pride, and finished her brief story.

"No, Miss, you see it is only right that you should share this money with me. You need it, or you will bring this dreadful war's evil."

Alice Clay was drawn to this sad, suffering woman and her little flock by her simple yet touching narrative and the frequent mention of her lover in terms of praise. The family remained with her all that day; she found place for them to enjoy a sleep that night as they had not lately known, and after breakfast the next morning she was not willing to let them go.

"Stay with me," she said to Mrs. Baird. "We need each other's help in these troublous times. Let us make one household, and bear our burdens together."

So it was. And while unselfish love and Christian kindness were on that Sunday and Monday preparing to lighten the weary days to come in that house, over the river and the mountains hundreds of miles to the west the hostile armies were raging in blood, the fell demon of war was rioting in death and wounds.

CHAPTER XI. SABBATH OF 1862.

In the sudden and overpowering attack at daylight of that Sunday morning, when line upon line of Confederate infantry burst from the woods, rapidly supported by artillery, crushing and driving back the advanced Union brigades, our Mountain Battalion suffered heavy punishment. Striving to stand and fight, like other commands, it was literally pushed back by the weight of the attack. It lost heavily, as all the regiments did that were exposed to the tremendous fire of bullets, shell, and round-shot that swept those fields, woods, and hollows. Torn and bleeding, hanging to every thicket and point of shelter from which a fire might be returned, Major Brandon was severely wounded through the shoulder, and early compelled to seek the rear; Colonel Smedley, his uniform torn with balls and reddened with the effect of two slight burns, kept the field, and skillfully directed the retreat of his men, holding them out of the panic that seized many soldiers upon that morning of disaster.

In the accounts of that first day's battle written from the Union side, there is a general and painful resemblance. The soldiers of the cause fought not for victory in those hours; they battled for darkness and delay, that the re-enforcements might come up the river; and the army be united, which never should have been divided at such a time. That they fought stubbornly, desperately, their former pride admit. Nothing but good fighting and large sacrifice prevented the fearful disaster that would have followed had these torn and broken lines reached the river at three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of near dark. Not even the gunboats could have saved this calamity, which might have opened Ohio to invasion, had the resistance been less stern and protracted. Through the long hours of that day raged the greatest battle that America had known up to that time. Prolonged resistance was everywhere followed by certain overwhelming and driving. The Union troops fought, yielded, and fell back, as they were compelled to. It was the same story everywhere over the field. The victorious lines of Johnson and Beauregard pressed steadily on; their batteries were continually advanced. They possessed Shiloh Church, where General Beauregard wrote his exultant dispatch to Richmond. Glimpses of the river appeared through the trees; there were the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, and there large guns were hastily collected and formed in a semi-circle from bank to bank at the bend. It was this artillery and the huge shells of the gunboats, say the reliable accounts, that repulsed the first charge before darkness, of the Confederates, striving to make good their leader's boast that his horse should drink

from the Tennessee before night. And under the river bank were thousands who had scarcely fought at all, to whom, on this occasion, General Sherman applied the expressive language, "that sickening crowd of laggards and fugitives."

It is hardly possible that those upon such a field, though realizing what took place about them, could have known at the time how near destruction the Union army upon that field was, although that night the full meaning of the situation was seen. All day long the Army of the Ohio was coming up, quickened by the terrible and incessant uproar above, which left no doubt as it swelled nearer and nearer where defeat was falling. Yet it could not be landed upon that stricken field in time to take a large hand in the fight during the hours of daylight; its part was to be played the next day, and darkness was, after all, the best friend of the Union forces on that first day at Pittsburg Landing.

It was about nine o'clock at night. Burt Hankins, now a Lieutenant in one of the companies, had seen the Major by the river, unconscious from loss of blood, and had carried him aboard a hospital boat which was about to go down with an immense load of wounded and mangled soldiers who had been so fortunate as to get aboard. Colonel Smedley visited him and made him as comfortable as possible with blankets brought from the field while he was waiting his turn to be operated upon. The Colonel also brought one of the men aboard to take care of the Major on the long passage to the Ohio, and sat by his side half an hour.

"You must stay here with me, Charles," said Brandon, while his face writhed in pain from his stiff and torn shoulder. Such affection and familiarity had grown up between these two kindred spirits through "days of battle and nights of rest," that they always called each other by the Christian name. "Don't mind me, old fellow; I'll get along; and sorry I am to leave you and the boys here in this dreadful mess. How is it going to-night?"

"All right, I think," replied Smedley. "Neison's advance is already up; Buell is coming; we'll turn the tables on them tomorrow. Keep up your heart, Graham; all will be well with you. Is your wound painful?"

"Rather," said the Major, with a grimace. "I see that doctor getting nearer here; he'll be welcome when he gets to me, knives, nippers, and all. How many of our brave fellows do you suppose we lost?"

The Colonel looked very grave. "There are more than a hundred missing, of course some of them got separated from the battalion, but I haven't found it yet. But we lose, alas! should say a dozen killed and fifty wounded, and most of the wounded prisoners."

With sad farewells they separated. Smedley returned to the bivouac of his command, which was gaining in numbers by the arrival of some of the men who had lost in the confusion of the morning's attack; but not three hundred, all told, answered that night to roll-call.

He lay down on the ground, and some of the men covered him with a blanket. With his head pillowed on his boots he looked up at the sky, trying to study out stars amid the clouds; and, as ever, his thoughts and yearnings took wing to Vicksburg, to a brief mansion with a wide veranda on the banks overlooking the great river. The pants of hopeless love returned to torment him. What was she doing at that moment? Did she ever think of him? Was he ever to see her again? He sighed as he thought, and almost wished for a soldier's death on the morrow to end his pain.

In the darkness of that situation he heard the confused murmur of many tongues, the tramping of feet as troops were unloaded from the transports, the shriek of escaping steam, and ever and anon a terrible savage roar as a great shell soared toward the gunboats, leaving a track of light behind it, and dropped over toward the positions to which the enemy had withdrawn.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous it is but a step." There was some stir among the men near him, exclamations of surprise followed, and then, strangely enough, a lighter. The Colonel listened to hear what it could mean.

"Well, that ain't you, Iby Maney?" "Indeed it is, gentlemen; here I am, sound and safe. I told you last summer that I should see a great deal of the war."

"You ain't a soldier?" "Oh, no; I have dropped that line of business, with some others that I used to think I was suited for. The fact is, war is conducted with too much noise and bluster; there is not that gentlemanly decorum about it that would recommend it to me. I think that when the important and important attempts of these extremists and Southern persons to subvert the sacred institutions and liberties handed down to us by our fathers shall have failed, I will prepare a memorial on this subject to Congress."

"Oh, bother that! If you're not a soldier, where did you get that blue suit, two sizes too small for you? Your arms and legs stick out at fifteen inches, and the legs of it makes you look like a tither you've got a worse size pipe than ever."

"My clothes are a part of myself, gentlemen; it is neither elegant nor refined to make game of them. I found a quarter-master's clerk who generously donated these articles to me; or rather, I paid him in plug-tobacco. I've got some in my pockets now; take a chew."

Several voices said, "Thank you, Iby," and then the colloquy went on the soldiers breaking in, as the humor served them, to ask questions.

"Where'd you get so much?" "Why, you can't know I'm a sutler, or I will just what my vocation is at the present moment. I shall have to crave the kind hospitalities of your chivalrous mountaineers until I can coquet with Fortune again after my calamities of this morning."

"How was it, Iby?" "Tell us all about it."

"Did the Johnny's catch you?" "Allow me to proceed, gentlemen, and I will satisfy your curiosity. I had a fruit, pickles, biters, smoking and chewing tobacco, playing-cards, ginger-snaps, candy, nuts, shoeblacking paper-collars, stationery, crackers and cheese, lead-pencils, tin cups, linen-shirts."

"Bite off your schedule, Iby. We'll take all the rest for granted." (To be continued.)

HIGH IDEALS.

BY EUGENE HAYES.

Welcome each ideal! It will lift
Your soul to purer, brighter spheres
This,
Where carling care reigns not, and
bliss;

Welcome each hope that through the
cloud-drift
Beacons you onward, upward from
sod,
Far from the crowd of wrangler and
cries.

Scaling the starry ladder to the skies,
And wrapped in the magnificence of God!

Heed not the sneers of those who
wise,
Call you an idle dreamer, for their gold
Will pass away when life's brief game
is done;

While the bright ore that in the face
Pure, undefiled, unspurred and
Shall live as long as sunlight or as
II.

The sweets of matter on the palate
All flesh is grass—so too we prosper
Earth's choicest fruits all blossom
fade;

The rarest wines will one day turn to
Beloved lips will crumble into clay,
And life-clasped hands must part in
death;

Yet oh, the dreamer's dream is
breath—
Wrought of the mind, 'twill never pass
Eternal as the mountain, it will live,
Great, wondrous as the person and the
A rainbow arch guiding the way to
strife.

To the tired soul the balm of peace is
Rest after toil, and after joyance
Illumine the shadow shades of
III.

Welcome each high ideal! In its light
All noxious plants that grow with
breast
Will wither; and, like heaven on the
Hope's star shall rise to lighten on the
And virtue bloom to sport with
dew.

Transparent as a gleam of sunlight,
And, like lover's lips by lips of
kissed,
Hearts taste the balmy perfume of
Like twittering birds, sweet fancies
sing.

Singing by crystal streams on
brown;
Far over the hills—
beams.

What work the world around us
know
That peace and calm interminable
That rich and radiant scene—the
dreams!

—[Boston Evening Transcript]

The First Use of Gas.

Great was the amazement of all Europe when, at the close of the last century, William Murdoch discovered that gas could be used for illuminating purposes. So little was the invention understood by those who had not seen it in use that even the great and wise men of the British Parliament, laughed at the idea. "How can there be light without a wick?" said one member of that august body with a wink and a knowing nod. Even the great Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns and cities with gas. He one day asked Murdoch, "Do you mean to use the dome of St. Paul's for your gas meter?" Sir Walter Scott also made merry of the gas idea and of the coming attempt to "illuminate London with the smoke from a tar factory. When the House of Commons was finally enlightened with the new illuminant the architect and custodian of the building, who imagined that the gas, instead as fire through the pipes, insisted that they be removed several inches from the wall to prevent the building from taking fire! Several distinguished members were also observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved fingers and then smelling of them to see if they could detect the odor of burnt leather.

The first shop in London lighted by gas was one of which a Mr. Ackerman, a German, was the proprietor. The shop was on the Strand, and the date was 1810. One of the ladies of rank who often visited the Ackerman shop was so delighted with the brilliancy of a gas jet that she requested the proprietor to let her take it home for her own use, promising to return it safe and sound on the morrow.

Although many lay claim to the honor of being the first to introduce gas for practical purposes, all the glory there is in it should be accorded to Murdoch, who was, no doubt, the original discoverer of the art. —[St. Louis Republic]

Spurious Gems.

Against imitations of "the lucky chrysope" the public is warned to be wary. Spurious gems made in Germany are now being offered for sale here. They are simply carnelian dyed, and have a black tint, visible again by their transparency, the true chrysope being opaque. False faceted rubies are also offered for sale. They are composed of small stones, and can be distinguished, we are told, by the absence of "inclusions" and by the white spots being all close together. They also lack the lustre of the ruby. —[New York Dispatch]

Five years ago there were fifty miles of electric tramways operating in the United States. To-day, out of 11,550 total miles of street railways, over 6,000 are operated by electricity.

...and I want d
...put it in the pastry on the very l
...from the insects, those st
...and small.
...the river round it of molasses, b
...the enemy approached it, all as hung
...the captain with his aid-to-camp
...dramishing round to see
...after they could for I this river, or si
...try some other plan:
...together with his comrades he at
...the liquid ran.
...his joy and satisfaction after the
...and.
...from whom the molasses was nam
...he-band;
...again he reconnoitred, rushing
...and then back.
...the spinal some house-mol mortar
...wall around a tack.
...decided then his forces, with a forem
...eat squad.
...the marshaled the whole army, a
...for him each antrod;
...the men were all given; to his chi
...the head; the procession as
...in tend of up the wall.
...and then sozed his plaster, just a
...and nothing more.
...he found it and tagged and car
...he brought it to the shore,
...they built their bridge, just war
...an hour by the sky,
...by which they all marched over and
...toasting pie. —[St. Nicol

MAGGIE'S WEDDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"A man's hat in his hand never
in any harm. Stephen, and I
ear, you had been a little more
like Joseph."

"Nonsense, Maggie, darling.
Joseph Hawick and his ways
are not going to pretend I do."

"His ways are very good ways,
and I say wrong of Uncle Joseph
then."

"That is just it; they are too go
they think I am old enough to
that I am doing, and what I w
a good farm. I don't owe a
a good man to ask a favor
you, or of my own hand. If
I had seen Joseph Hawick, he w
very first to say I wanted the
money he may have saved."

Maggie sighed, and then look
to Stephen's handsome face and
replen, of course, was right
with each eye and such a figur
of in love's sight, he wrong.
I have and confident, too, and h
ray of assertion which only v
and sensible people can resist."

Uncle Joseph sighed, too, but
different sigh from Maggie's. I
is nice with a wise and tend
and she had not chosen the
but he would have chosen for
Stephen; Gray was indeed a well
and had a fair character, but the
man saw radical defects in it.

"He listens to no one but him
he hears no advice but a flat
and Joseph, besides, Maggie,
said, that I am feared he's b
have a tumble."

"But, uncle, he has a big he
he's a good farmer, and even you
that he is the handsomest man
Dales."

"That is all true, girl, but G
not measure men by inches." I
However, in spite of all dis
Maggie Hawick's wedding with
Gray came off with great and w
hospitality. Joseph Hawick li
for forty years the physician ar
of all the Dale families, rich a
and not one of them missed an o
The gentry feasted in the oak
parlor, and the shepherds an
in the big barn. But all were
full of good wishes for the pre
and her handsome husband.

The number of the bridal
Maggie received testified to
Stephen's sideboard and buffet
bright with silver tokens, and h
full of snowy damask and fine
and blankets. But, upon the
rather mortified him. He coul
the loving kindness that sac
gifts, and the obligation was ne
to the self-sufficient young m
and assured Uncle Joseph w
and with rather unnecessary p
he wanted nothing with Magg
gold nor gear nor land; and y
that, he looked rather anxio
old man's offering.

Joseph Hawick was believe
of his eccentric attentions to
tients, to "have money," and
felt that a handsome check o
Bank or a few government bon
not be out of place; for he ha
some expense in refurbishing
farm-house, and he was very
try some new scientific experim
his worn-out land.

But Maggie said nothing
uncle's present, and Stephen w
pleased to ask her, until nea
after their marriage. But she
had a long talk with old Squ
about "high farming," and th
men drifted into the discussio
scheme for the draining of Dr
Then Stephen, thinking it all
saw untold wealth of barve
rich alluvial soil and fabul
fields growing where men a
leeches or that had been