

# Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1892.

The cost of the great German army for a year under its present conditions is said by military authorities to be \$120,000,000.

So delicate is the adjustment of the most powerful cannon that allowance has to be made for the curvature of the earth before the discharge.

The New York Mail and Express calculates that a subscription of \$32.27 from every inhabitant of the United States would wipe out all form of public indebtedness—National, State and municipal.

The city of Cincinnati has for many years been a favorable abiding place of Hebrews, remarks the New York Press. At a recent celebration there Rabbi Wise said that "Cincinnati would hereafter be the Zion of Judaism in America."

A recent State report shows that, of Kentucky's white children, sixty per cent. are enrolled, and one child in two goes to school. Of colored children less than forty-five per cent. have their names on the school records, and only one child in three is really under instruction.

There is much in the lingo of the Wyoming car, confesses the New York Commercial Advertiser, which is as perplexing as some of that in the Bering Sea quarrel. A rustler appears to be a person who gains a livelihood by stealing other people's cattle, while a regular is a gentleman who is paid \$4 a day for killing rustlers.

It is stated that a sugar refining company in Chicago, Ill., is making 150 barrels of oil per day from corn. The oil resembles linseed oil and may be used for similar purposes. There is about four per cent. of this oil in the grain, which has hitherto been wasted by the ordinary methods of starch and glucose.

Within three years passenger rate on the railroad across the Isthmus of Panama have been reduced to ten and five cents a mile for first and second class tickets. Up to that time the charge for passenger transportation on the Panama Railroad was the highest in the world, being \$25 in American gold for first-class and \$10 in gold for second-class passengers between Panama and Colon, or about fifty cents and twenty cents a mile, respectively.

Says the St. Louis Republic: There is plenty of money in New York—but it doesn't grow on trees. Bank coffers are overflowing with idle dollars, and they are so cheap that the Union Trust Company will allow only one per cent. on deposits, while bankers are declining new accounts. An authority says: "Commission houses are overrun with bank messengers offering to lend them funds at almost nominal rates and almost any sort of collateral."

It is not a very infrequent occurrence in the London police courts, declares Once-A-Week, for infuriated prisoners to attempt to assault the presiding magistrate. Mr. Montagu Williams, who sits in one of the East End Courts, often has boots thrown at him, and on one occasion he received a severe blow in the face from such a missile. The habit seems to be spreading. The other week the newspapers reported a case in which a disappointed litigant kicked in open court his own lawyer, for which he may have had some excuse, and assaulted the reporters, for which there could be no justification.

The remarkable progress of women engaged in business affairs is instructively set forth in the Massachusetts State Bureau of Labor statistics. According to the figures there presented in 1885, there were only about 180,000 women engaged in industrial pursuits. Now there are more than 800,000. Two-thirds of these working women are under thirty years of age, and inasmuch as this proportion has been maintained during the half dozen years, it seems to indicate that marriage constantly tends to deplete the ranks. "Such being the fact," comments the New York News "these need be little fear that the industrial independence of the gentler sex will result in an increase of old maids."

## Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetor's Love Affairs," "The Missing Ring," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

At last, she grew more quiet. "O, Dithy, I am—just as miserable—as I can be. Leon is a—cross old bear—and I—I hate him." She said these words between low hysterical sobs, and in spite of her evident grief I could hardly repress a smile they were so childish. But I said, rising and drawing a chair close beside her. "Tell me all about it, Joyce, perhaps I can help you." She was silent for a moment; the tears ceased, but her throat was moved by frequent after-sobs that seemed the more piteous because of Joyce's usual brightness. She turned her face with the traces of suffering upon it toward me.

"Well, you see, Dithy, Leon flirts with other ladies in a really scandalous manner. Once that horrid old Maud Sammons took a resolute—such a pretty, pale, pink one, with delicate green leaves—out of her bouquet, and Leon wore it in his button hole the entire evening, and afterward put it carefully away in his herbarium; but last night, because I danced four or five times with Colonel Elton and allowed him to bring an air where I wanted, in the conservatory, Leon was just too disgustingly cross for anything. He wouldn't talk to me at all, nor even kiss me when I asked him to, and he didn't care in the least, because I'm not his girl."

"At this her tears and sobs burst forth afresh. I waited in silence, gently stroking the damp curls from the forehead, beautiful face, and that brought the picture of our mother's face as it appeared in the earlier days of her widowhood so vividly before me. A vision that sealed a new and closer bond between Joyce's heart and mine."

"This morning, proceeding after a time with her story, Leon said that a wife of his could not expect such marked attention from a man of Leon's reputation, and the answer I understood it the better it would be for both of us. And when I told him about Maud Sammons and the cross old bear, he only laughed and said that that was quite another thing. That Maud and he had been friends all their lives, and that I was a silly little goose to think about his attention to her or any other lady. And he said to me, 'yes, he did, Dithy, that he wished he had married you instead of me, for you was a good and sensible woman, who knew enough to maintain your own self-respect and not annoy a man beyond the limit of ubricance. Then he went out and slammed the door after him just dreadfully, and hasn't been back to say a word to me since. And I've got a horrid headache, Dithy, and am just as wretched as I can be.'"

I went down and kissed the sweet quivering lips and soothed her as tenderly as a mother would the hurt child she held upon her lap.

I found that she had eaten nothing during the day, and so rang the bell and ordered a cup of tea and lunch brought up to her, for there is no use telling a person to be good and happy on an empty stomach.

I might not have thought of this only for what occurred yesterday.

We were preparing food and clothing for a family we wish to redeem, when I said to Rose: "This is a very practical way of preaching salvation, is it not?"

"When Christ attempted to preach to the multitude," she replied smiling, "He first fed them, remembering that 'divers of them came from afar.' Why should we despise the needs of the body since He did not?"

So while Joyce ate the dainty lunch prepared for her, I moved about putting a few brightening touches to the neglected room. Afterward, when she had finished and acknowledged that she already felt better, I bathed her face in cologne water to remove the tear stains, and said cheerfully: "Now, little sister, let me arrange your hair, for you know I am an adept in such matters, and I will make you so charming that Leon will fall in love with you over again." And while I coiled the abundant clinging hair about the shapely head, and brushed the curls into a fluffy mass about the flower-like face, I talked to her in a quiet, simple manner, bringing to her, out of my own experience and observation, such words as I thought would best help and comfort her in this hour of her life's greatest trial.

"You are not altogether to be blamed in this affair, Joyce. Leon had no right to say unkind things to you, or to do anything which causes you real annoyance. But you must not construe his attentions to other ladies to mean more than they actually do. I have known women to allow themselves to drift into such a chronic state of jealousy, that every common courtesy their husband bestowed upon another, would torture them almost beyond endurance. And I tell you, Joyce, there is no surer way of alienating a husband's affections, and driving him to the bad, than the habit women too often have of making a mountain of every molehill."

I feel sure that Leon has no thought of wounding you by his attentions to

other ladies, and if you had acted with perfect candor in this matter, and in your own irresistible way, admitted to him that you were being hurt by his conduct, he would have explained things to you satisfactorily or been a trifle less pronounced in his attentions.

Never allow yourself to entertain a thought, to say anything in the presence of another person, or do an act, that you could not free and fearlessly confide to Leon. He is your one friend in this world, Joyce, and you are his. You must prove to him that this is so. When he seeks you, as he will very soon do, you ask him to forgive you for your thoughtless conduct of last night."

"But I never asked forgiveness of any one in my whole life, Edith," she eagerly protested. "I never thought it necessary you know, and— I don't think I could, not even Leon's."

"O, yes, you can. It will not seem half so hard as you think. Beside, you ask Leon to explain to you unreservedly,

why it is not best for women who desire to be thought pure and true to linger too long in the fascinating society of men like Colonel Elton. He can tell you better than I."

"But I cannot understand why it is worse for Leon's wife to indulge in these little flirtations, than for Leon himself. Neither can I understand why Colonel Elton is admitted to the best society if he is not a good man."

"People who think deepest, regard these idle flirtations as a sinful squandering of time, and a de-troyer of all that is best and noblest in the nature of men and women alike. But the whole trend of the world's opinion has been so long in an opposite direction, that it is hardly safe for a woman like yourself to struggle against the tide of public sentiment. Beside, it is not desirable to lower the standard of an ideal womanhood, but rather to impress upon the world that a man's responsibility in the way of true and pure living is as great as a woman's. Colonel Elton may not be a bad man in purpose or desire; but never having formed any domestic ties of his own, he has no real regard for the moral rights in this respect, and devotes the best energies of his life to the art of winning admiration from the multitude of fair women he winks among, whether married or single. And I feel sure, Joyce, that you have no ambition that your name should figure among the list of his victims."

"Indeed! I have not. And really, Dithy, I never considered these things before. I had no thought of Colonel Elton beyond the women's passing phrase."

"And to be revenged upon Leon, I added, smiling.

"Yes, and in so doing proved myself as Leon said, a silly little goose."

While we talked I helped her to arrange her toilet and she stood before me as she said these words dressed in a heavy black silk, with only a rich fall of lace for the neck and sleeves, and that gave her, with the unselfishness of her face, a sweet, matronly appearance.

"You will come often, Edith," she said, following me down the stairs and to the outer door, "and I will come very soon and tell you if I have been a good girl and heeded all your wise words."

As I walked in the direction of Edna's I was disturbed by fears for Joyce's future. In my imagination I saw the fair face growing worn and faded even before middle age, because her days will be given up to the monotonous and wearying routine of fashionable society; because her whole life will be engrossed with trifles and unsatisfactory pleasures.

In the midst of such thoughts I returned to Edna's, and found her at the door just saying good-bye to one of her young lady pupils.

How warm and strong was the clasp of her hand, and her face wore a bright and happy expression, blended with earnestness, as though she found life well worth the living. She was neatly and simply dressed, and every work about her house was in faultless order.

Edna works regularly every day and yet always looks fresh and bright. She is happy in her home, happy in her work, and with an outlook upon the world that is broad and inspiring.

I am never in her society a half hour, that she does not leave with me some helpful thought.

To-day I told her something of Joyce and my fears for her future.

"It is idle to trouble yourself about these things, Edith," she made answer. "Nature is often tender above our human sense of what is right and just. We reap what we sow it is true, but silently seed is being sown in barren and wayside places, and in the midst of our planting, that some day will surprise us by springing into leaf, and blossom, and fruit. This is not a world of chance, Edith, nor is it one of unrelenting justice."

OCTOBER 6TH.

I watched Joyce alight from her carriage to-day robed in purple like a royal Queen. I went down to the entrance to welcome her. Hand in hand, talking lightly, we passed up the broad walk, under the shadow of tall trees, with the music of the fountain in our ears, and the sweet odor of verbenas and mignonette in the air about us. In the great hall, with its pictures and massive stairway, and the magnificent rooms, with their subdued lights and shadowy dream-works opening upon either hand, I paused a moment, while Joyce divested herself of hat and gloves.

Years before we had passed up this same walk with clasped hands, and paused in this same hall, Joyce, the welcome, daintily clad, bright, happy; I, a poor little waif, in brown lawn and coarse shoes, and a hat that tortured my childish heart.

Joyce, too, was thinking of these things, for she said:

"Let us go up to the room that used

to be mine, and where I took you once when you came to see me ever and ever so long ago. Strange, is it not, Dithy? You are the mistress now, and I, the visitor."

The door of the room stood open. There were fresh flowers in the vases, and the sunshine drifted in through the western window and lay in a great golden patch upon the carpet.

"How natural it seems here," Joyce said, sitting down by a window which overlooked the garden.

"It all happened as you said it would, Dithy. Leon came, in a very few minutes after you left me that day, and expecting to find me in *desu' ale* and distress I suppose; but instead, he found me clothed and in my right mind. In fact, I was standing before the glass trying the becomingness of my last new hat." She ended the words with such a merry, sweet ripple of laughter, that I found it difficult to understand how she could ever be sad enough for tears.

I am never more impressed with the absolute individuality of human souls than when in Joyce's presence. Her's is a nature that repulses perpetual sunshine. Brought into daily contact with sorrow she would droop and wither, like a beautiful sweet-breathed rose touched by a cruel frost. But, she was like a picture as she sat there talking with a smile of joy on her face, and the deep red of the chair making a background of brightness for her golden hair and the purple splendor of her dress.

"Well," she resumed, "I pretended not to know of his presence, and said aloud, looking straight into the glass, 'Joyce Courtney you are a dreadful naughty, and a shamefully neglected little wife, but you are a very pretty woman notwithstanding that.' Then Leon came up to me, and I gave a little scream pretending to be startled at his sudden appearance, and then, Dithy, I actually forgot all about the new hat, I had quarreled, and I said without even thinking I was going to say it, 'an ever forgive me, Leon, for saying in such a dishonorable manner last night.' I am sorry those were the words."

"I am not so sure," I rejoined, holding my breath as that I could hardly breathe. "Can you forgive me, Joyce, for acting like such an infernal brute. And then I cried, and Leon cried, and after a little we sat down and had such a long, quiet talk as we never had before. And I told him what you said and how kind you were to me."

"Why, Dithy?"

"Oh, I did Dithy, and I am almost glad it all happened, for I never felt so well acquainted with Leon before. It is as though we had been sitting across the room from each other, and now we are so near that I can reach out and touch his hand at any moment. No matter where I am, or how many are about, I seem always near his a sort of invisible presence, that I rest in with that queer little notion of yours, Dithy, that he is my *geu' friend*."

She leaned forward and slipped one of her lovely ringed hands into mine. "Do you feel that way about Robert, Dithy? Or is it just a delusion of my silly brain?"

"I suppose it is in one sense a delusion, Joyce. But before ever I knew there was such a being in the earth as Robert Volney, my soul was at times, in some unaccountable manner, conscious of his unknown presence. And now—well, if a contentment lay between us, I would be with me always, a vital, loving fact."

She drew my face down until my cheek rested against her own.

"I feel as though I had come into a new world, Dithy, wherein I had found a husband and a sister."

My tears for her vanished to that instant. Some deeper inner chord of her nature has been touched into sound, and its music will never cease.

After a while we went down into the garden where we saw Robert and James at work among the plants, getting the conservatory ready for its usual winter bloom and beauty.

Robert gathered a bouquet of pansies, and himself fastened them among the lace at Joyce's throat. Altogether it was the most delightful hour I had ever spent in her society.

Edna's words of the unseen seed that is being continually sown, comes to me as I write with the force of a new and clearer meaning.

JANUARY 21st.

The winter days are slipping by so quietly, both in my own home and the homes of my friends. I still keep up my daily painting. There was a time when, if this opportunity could have been offered me, I should have entered into it with my whole soul.

Robert says I have the correct idea of painting, because I seem to study and comprehend the conceptions of the old masters, rather than slavishly copy—as so many do—mere touch and outline; and that I am inclined to go to nature for my source of all inspiration. And Pope says, he added, that "to copy nature is to copy the ancients." But my home happiness, my enjoyment in Robert's society, is so much more to me than even the greatest hope of success, or any dream of fame could be, that I work but slowly and indifferently. One of my paintings, a bit of slumberous old woodland, hang where Rose can look upon it at any moment.

I have a faner that Rose is not quite so well off late, although she utters no word of complaint. One day when I told her she looked paler than usual, she only smiled and said it was the cold. That she would be bright as ever when the winter was over.

March 27.

I go out but little in these days, but

my heart is stirred by such thrills of hope as only a woman can know. I am unable to get my mind beyond the thought that there is anything in this world worth the pursuit for save Robert's friendship and companionship. So, I hedged about his exceeding love and tenderness.

FLORENCE, Italy, June 8, 1892.

It has been more than four years since I have written here. I determine now I would not open this journal, begun the days of my girlhood, until I have thought quietly of what remains to be written.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE JOHNSTOWN flood" many families that were not long separated has recently taken place. James Agnew and his family had their home washed away by flood. The mother and children were rescued and cared for by the State Committee, and then sent to the Cross Hospital, and lay there for some time. When he recovered so as to be able to identify himself his family had been sent away; and the confusion of the news placed them also among the lost. But diligent search has since three years' separation, reunited the family.

These are the hours when the showers descend on hill and valley. As you look into the glass, its liveliest rally. The bellows begins to shoot so does the sportsman dapper; the auctioneer resumes his sphere and lubricates his clapper. Across the sea the wealthy fleet tramp forsakes the city and goes away to sleep on hay and sugar and pity. The April breeze through the gutter, impartial tears and rain. It bears its quite too utterly bitter. The shade is here with all his gear of bones complete and fearful, but spirit of jokes, the man who chokes his justified and cheerful. On every block appears a flock of Easter-birds; the Teutons brand with pip in hand, set out their summer gardens. Begins once more to base ball score of triumphs and disgrace and everywhere we breathe an air surcharged with bats and bases. "Oh, happy time! Oh, blessed time! Oh, use of men supernal!" the patting, for all these things are grand and diurnal.

MANY INJURIES in the are best treated by futile attempts to thread a needle. It seems easy enough, but unless one's eyesight is extra sharp a fine film of thread will extend beyond its visible point, and as this goes one side or the other of the eye the thread is turned away. It is only by forgetting what at first glance seems to be the end of the thread, and looking at the fine point in advance, that it can be put through. Just so it is in life. Trifling mistakes made early give a bent away from the true course that it is hard to overcome, and impossible except by beginning anew. On the other hand, if at the first due care is taken to watch the end of the filament it becomes much easier to follow it with the thread through the eye. In life this means that attending to the small trifles that form character in youth is the best preparation for success in later years.

The assurance which was given that the Pennsylvania coal combination would be a great public benefit in putting the whole matter in the hands of a single philanthropic body able to protect the interests of the people, seems to have been without adequate foundation. The combination undoubtedly has all the ability necessary to protect the people, but it lacks the will and prices go up accordingly. It is fortunate for the poor that the low price held through the coldest weather. They will have time to get accustomed to the rise before another winter sets in.

If there be a jewelry house in the world that can stand the luxury of a defaulting employe, one would think the Tiffany's of New York, had such a house. But now they are hard after the man who was trusted and raked down about \$50,000. These "trusties" on both sides of the water are turning out some very untrustworthy examples.

## DETECTING BAD MONEY.

Expertness of Young Ladies in the Treasury.

Callahan, one of the most expert of washers in the Treasury Department at counting 85,000 coins in a day, each coin passing through her hands, and so delicate has her sense become that she should there be a counterfeit coin in the lot she would detect it even when counting at this trotting rate. She spreads the coins on a large glass-top desk and draws off with the tips of her fingers, one, three, or four at a time, as she is educated to the work. Her fingers do it all. The expert counters of paper money counterfeiters more by the eye than by the touch, though the sense of touch can tell it by the sense of touch. Mr. Burnett, the chief of the coin division, tells of a young man who was one day counting money in a large hall when she threw a bill and went on with her count. She had completed the count so she picked up the rejected bill and examined it, but could find nothing wrong with it. Her first impression, however, was that it was a bad bill, and she took it to the impression and gave the bill to the foreman of her room. He asked what she did not know, only she was sure it was bad. The foreman put it under a glass and pronounced it good, but the young lady was so positive in her opinion that he took it to the chief. The foreman examined it carefully and pronounced it good.

The chief then took it to the young man and asked her why she had thrown it out. She said she could not tell, but she knew it was counterfeit. Then he took it to two of the most expert men in the Treasury Department, and one of them pronounced it good, while the other when he came to it in a pile of hundreds, with which it had been given, threw it out, saying it was bad. To settle the matter, the bill was taken to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the man who had made it applied his infallible test to it and found that while the bill was apparently exact in every other respect, the fine line of shading was absent from one of the back borders. The man it should be.

The young lady's eyes had become accustomed to seeing that shading exactly the right place that, without being able to explain how, she had detected its spurious character; and with that being able to give any reason for it, she had stuck to her first impression. This might be a good case for the persons to speculate on who enjoy the analysis of mental phenomena and the separating of intuition from education and the senses.

The Puma's Fear of Man.

Dr. Hodson speaks of a "gauche" (South American cowboy) of his acquaintances who went one day to look after a puma made his appearance and refused to walk away, even when the herder threw the noose of his lasso over its neck. The gauchito then mounted, and drawing his knife, vowed to kill it. Still the puma made no attempt to free itself from the lasso; it seemed to know what was coming, but it began to tremble, the tears from its eyes and it whined in the pitiful manner. He killed it as it there, unresisting, but after accounting the deed, felt that he had committed a murder. It was the only thing he ever done in his life, he said, which occasioned him remorse, when he remembered it, although he had slain so many men in duels fought with knives, who have killed or witnessed the killing of a man agree that it resists itself in this pathetic manner to death at the hands of man. When attacked by latter its energy and daring at once leave it, and it becomes a weak, lifeless animal, which, trembling with uttering piteous moans, implores compassion from a generous enemy. The enemy is not often generous. (Washington Star.)

How the Map of Pekin was Made.

A military map of Pekin secretly made was told by General Robert Biddulph. During the war of 1860, in which Sir Robert's army was greatly outnumbered, but the absence of any map of the city had only a few months before he tried to make a map in spite of the jealous watchfulness of the Chinese. They had sent an officer in a small boat, such as they use to carry women about, completely covered. An indicator was attached to the boat, and he drove for a certain distance, then crossed road, for example, and "sighted" with his instrument; the next road, and in that way complete plan of Pekin, with its streets and roads, both in the Tartar and the Chinese city. General Biddulph, who produced the map, offered it to the English. There were no cartographers then attached to the army, and a Italian photographer, who followed the army for his own purposes, being set to work, prepared a number of copies, which have been extremely serviceable. (London