Andover Mews.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1892.

RECENT storms will not be wholly without moral and material value if. in the impassible condition of country roads during the next month and more, the farmers and village tax-payers will read rightly a lesson they are slow to learn-the necessity of making good roads in every part of the country and keeping them in re-

INSURANCE men are departing from their former position that it was no part of their business to concern themselves with methods of buildingconstruction, but only to accept risks construction, but only to accept risks from whoever was willing to pay the price. This policy has brought so many companies to bankruptey, how-ever, that insurers are now beginning to recognize that the most important element in their business is to secure the adoption of the safest possible methods in building.

An exact reproduction of the fleet in which Columbus set sail on his In which Columbus set sail on his-voyage of discovery is promised for the Fair. It will be a most instruct-ive exhibit, and will be especially en-joyed by the youth of America. The Spanish Government will donate the flag-ship Santo Maria, and will contribute much of the material for the Nina and Pinta. As the vessels are all to be built in Spain and under Spanish supervision the reproduction is likely to be historically correct. It is interesting to note that the little fleet will sail to Chicago via the Hudson River, the Eric Canal, the great lakes, and the straits of Mackinge, Columbus never dreamed of such a voyage as this to the future metropo-lis of the new world. Old Hendrick Hudson came nearer to the realization of such a dream. It would not be at all inappropriate to put the fleet of Columbus under convoy of the

wholesome qualities. The great sugar trust pays its laborers a fair day wages for a day's work. If it robe the consumer it does not starve the workness. But 'the coal com-bine" does rob-purches 1 and starve the workness. Riet is frequent and the workman. Rief is freement and discontent eternal in the region of the authracite coal mines, and there only in all the vast area of American labor. The coal oil trust made prices lower to the consumer, while paying its workmen liberally. It prevented many small capitalists from engaging in business, and it made corrupt and corrupting alliance with transporta-tion companies, but it did not exercise the full power of its monopoly by increasing prices while diminishing cost of production. But the first act of "the coal combine" was to still further reduce the cost of production, which already was scandalously low, so far as the item of wages counts, and its next was to increase the price of the product, which already was oppressively high. It filched from the public purse at the end which receives the wages of labor and at the end which distributes the payments of the purchaser. There is no class of men, women or children that is not robbed by this modern Nero. From the capitalist it demands an increased tax upon every ton of coal that feeds the furnaces of his mills or forges. It increases the cost of iron and steel by increasing the cost of the fuel that is used in their make. It works toward uni-versal reduction of wages by universal increase of cost. And while it lessens the income of the poor it adds to their expenditure: It is an evil for the expenditure of which there is no excuse, and for which—there should he no toleration. The work of the Federal authorities toward its sup-pression should be aided by demonstrations of public approval, and by numerous petitions for more stringent legislation, if that now in force prove inadequate.

Players of the seduction game of pool often find it desirable, especially on pri. The conditions of dispense with the services of the attendant whose duty it is to mark the score. To meet such conditions an electrical register has been devised by which the progress of the game can be accurately recorded. Contact buttons are so arranged in front of the pockets that when a ball is holed it strikes the button, and the point is registered by an annunciator on the wall of the room. The same principle of the room. The same principle or the room. The same principle has been applied to a pin-pool table. Push buttons are fixed in place of pins on an ordinary pool table, and the balls passing over the buttons make a connection which is shown on the annunciator, so that when the player has finished scoring the total number of points made are automati-cally recorded.

Twixt Life and Death

UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE. Story of the Franco-

Prussian War,

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER I.



CHAPTER I.

THE GATERENG STORM.

Na sunny Sabbath afternoon in the fathernoon in the month of October, 180, the Chevaler de Gavrolles and bis only daughter Blanche, a beautiful young girl between seven teem and eighteon years of ago, attended service in the Chapel of O unit Lady, in the little village of Etretat, situated some tem or twelve English miles from the seaport town of Havre, in Normandy.

There was a scanty congregation, consisting for the most part of peasant women, who, during the religious ceremonies, whispered much among them-elves and otherwise paid unusually little attention to the ministrations of Father Andre, the cure. The service over all second greatly relived and pressed rapidly out into the open air to find the churchyard thronged with eager groups of villagers who were eagerly discussing nows just to fault.

The Chevaner and bus daughter were almost the last to leave. As they lingered in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them, with friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them. With friendly reported in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them wit

Sent thus face to help, the Chevalier and the little priest offered a striking contrast, for the former was a tall, powefully built man of forty ive, with exect, military carriage and a face still preserving much of the froshness of youth; while the latter, short, plump and rotund, was well on in the sixties, with a head that drooped between Bis shoulders and hair frosted over with silver rime.

"Bad news, Chevalier!" cried Father Andre, nodding nervously at the groups in the churchyard. "You have heard of sourse?"

"Tee, Father," was the reply; "the Germans are repidly advancing, and we are soon to teste the horrors of defeat in grim cornest."

additional states of the girl, looking eagerly and wonderingly into his a spairly and wonderingly into his a spairly and settler dreft tipe of his own face, without the lines left by time exerces.

"Grim earnest, as you say!" cried the little priest, with a progracious toss of the head. "But let them look to it let them take case; they may go a step too far, those Germans. Our bayonets will dig their graats, though they was twenty times a many!"

graves, though they were twenty times a many?

The Chevalier sighed as he responded:

"After all, they are but paying an old debt. We overran their country as they are overrunning ours."

"But it is different—it is widely different. The great Napoleon——"

"Sowed de-olation and misery far and wide," interrupted the Chevalier.

"He was a great soldier, a miraculous soldier?"

"A great soldier, granted, but a little man, Fither. We are reaping now what he sowed before we were born!

Father Andre, perspiring violently, uttered an angry exclamation; then, conquering his exclament, he forced a smile and addod:

"Ah! but I know—every one knows—you

"Ah! but I know-every one knows

ing his exc.toment, he forced a smile and added:

"Ah! but I know—every one knows—you are a man of peace! From the first you have said we were in the wrong. Well, it may be possible; but our folly, if it were folly, was expinted by the foolish Empeior at Sedan. Now it is another affair. The country is in danger, Chevalier. All true men are flocking to the standard of our be-oved France. I swear to you that if I were a few years younger, and did not wen this black coat, I would be lighting at the front myself!"

Once more the Chevalier glanced tenderly at his daughter, and his countenance grow troubled with some inner pain.

"Will you dine with us to-night, Father Andre?" he asked. "I have something tery particular to say to you."

"Many thanks, Chevalier; I will come. I must crave mademoiselle's pardon a thousand times if I have frightened her with my warlike talk."

"I am not frightened," answered Blanche, with a gentle smile; "only I was thinking how terrible is war! Why cannot men love one another, and remain at peace?"

Quitting the churchyard, the Chevalier and his daughter took a path which led by a circuitous route up to the summit of the sea-cliffs.

On the very summit of the cliff, to the right of Etretat, looking seaward, stands the tiny chapel of Notre Dame de la Gardie (Our Lady of Safety), the door of which is open day and night, and the alter of which is hung with all sorts of rude votive offerings, made by the fishermen and those who live there. Hither, glaber and presently entering the little chapel, stood for a few minutes in meditation.

Over the altar hung a rude picture, representing shipwrecked sailors on a raft, while above them, through an opening in the cloud, appeared a miraculous vision of Our Lady berself. Only one other person was in the building—a very old woman—kneeling before the picture, prajing volubly and telling her beads. Presently she rose to her feet and hobbled to the door, still muttering to berself. She paused on the cliff and looked down at the calm sea, moving her head

Chevalier and his daughter ap-

The Chevalier and his dauguter approached her.

"Good day mother," said the former.

"Were you offering up a prayer for some—
and out yonder on the sea?"

The old woman looked at him from head to foot, then at the fair girl at his side.

"My son is not a fisherman," she answered: "he is a roldier."

"Well, it is the same thing. There are perils on the land as well as on the ocean, and just now worse perils. Where is your son at present?"
"At the front," was the reply. "The good God only knows if he lives still." She added savagely: "The secursed Germans! I have heard that out there in Lorraine, where the Prussians came, our folks poisoned the spring wells. It was well done—well done!"
"Nay, mother; it was wickedly done, if done at all!" cried Blanche, indignantly. "But I'll never believe it of our brave countrymen!"
The old woman looked at her balefully.

untrymen!"
The old woman looked at her balefully.

"It is all very well," she returned, for the folks like you to talk like that! You aristocrats look on while we poor folks are driven out to die. My son is a pe is int. I could not buy him a substitute; he had to go."

The Chevalier's face fluched; but the flush-field, and the fill floor of pain returned.

"Come, Blanche!" he said, hurriedly, and they walked on.

After following for about a mile the footpath along the c.iffs, they turned inland, and crossing the plateau of grass and thyme, came upon open fields, where all the summer the yellow colza had been growing. Fresently they approached the shadow of fir woods. A modest gate opened to a narrow avenue winding through the trees, and following this avenue for some distance they came in sight of the old chateau which for many a generation had been the dwelling of the family.

It was an o'd fashroned house, with a grand old porch and terroes facing the south, and surrounded on avery side by woodland and beltes of pasture. The garden in front of it was arranged in terroes and shady walks, and be hind it wore several orchards connected with the home farm. Seen in the subdued light of that autumnal day the place looked somewhat forlorm and a little neglected; for the Chevalice de Gavrelles, though of old descent, was not a tich man, and found it ne assays for many tracons to aconomize his income. One gardener, with occasional assistance from Houzel, the forester, had to keep the flower beds and parteries in decent order; one old man servant or butler, in addition to the serving mains, had to keep the flower beds and parteries in decent order; one old man servant or butler, in addition to the serving mains, had to the chateau by a peacock in full plumage, who was stratting on the terrace and

addition to the serving maids, had to superintend matters within the house. A certain picturesqueness was added to the chateau by a peacock in full plumage, who was stratting on the terrace and spreading his irised tail in the rosy sunset light. As they approached, Blauche left her father's side and ran toward the bird, which greeted her with its harsh discordant cry.

"Foor Blanche!" he muttered; "she is so happy now!"

He sat down on the terrace and lighted acigar. His thoughts were traveling back to the day when his beloved wife had died, leaving him a lonely widower, with that one child. Since then Blanche had been the joy and comfort of his life, and they had dwelt together in solitude, seeing little or no society, and seldom quitting their country home. A student—almost a book-worm—he had belied all the traditions of his house by declining at the very outset a military carear, for which he had neither tasto nor inclination. He had held a commission during his youth and seen some active service abroad; but when the empire came he had left the army, married and led the life of a quiet country gestleman.

Father Andre came according to appointment, and the three dine! together, waited on by old Hubert, the butt, who was clad in the faded lifer of the family. More

Pattier Andre came according to appointment, and the three dine together, waited on by old Hubert, the but.Lr, who was clad in the faded lifery of the family. More than once during the repast the talk turned upon the central topic of public interest; and the little priest, warmed with wine, had occasion to reiterate his belligerent sentiments, to the huge delight and approval of old Hubert, who almost dropped the dishes in the excitement of his eager sympathy. At last Blanche left the table, Hubert retired and the two gentlemen were left alone over their coffice.

For some minutes they talked on general matters: then, after an uneasy glance at the closed door, the Chevalier said:

"I wished to speak to you, Father Andre, on a subjec. which concerns the happiness of my dear daughter."

The priest's eyes sparkled, and he pursed

piness of my dear daugnter.

"Ah!"

The priest sepes sparkled, and he pursed his lips knowingly.

"Blanche, as you know, is now nearly eighteen. Should anything happen to me are wought be also in the world.

"The fact is, Father Andre, that I cannot quite aequit myself of selfshness and want of patriotism at a moment so threatening to the liberties of my dear country. I have hesitated for a long time, but now my mind is made up. I have not drawn a sword for over twenty years, but last night I wrote to the administration, offering my services as an old officer and a volunteer."

volunteer."

An impulsive "bravo" was on Father
Andre's lips, but he checked himself, and
assumed a look of extreme concern and

assumed a look of extreme concern and sympathy.

But Mademoiselle Blanche? Does she know? Have you told her?

The Chevalier shook his head.
Unable to restrain his enthusinsm any longer, Father Andro reached out his hand and grasped that of his entertainer.

"It is a noble determination! Mademoiselle Blanche will offer no obstacles, I am sure."

sure."
"I do not think she will," returned the Chevalier, "when I have made my dut?

piam to her; for though she is a child, she has rere course. What I have further to say concerns her future. During my absence, and afterward, if if anything should happen while I am away, she will remain here at the chateau."

"Certainly."

"Mere Fevereau, the housekeeper, is her old nurse, simost her foster-mother; she will never neglect her charge. For the rest you, old friend, will hook in from time to time, to see that all goes well. Should she below-spirited and anxious, you will comfort her, will you not? And, should I never return—"

"Tears rose in his eyes; but conquering his emotion, and brushing the moisture away with his hand, he proceeded:

"Should I never return, you will watch over her and protect her. Her worldly position will be secure. I have attended to all that—and she will remain mistress of the chateau.

"Nay,nay," cried the priest good-numoredly. "The good God will bring you safely back to matemoi-cle. You will kill a few when the wer is done."

"But you promise to do as I have asked you? You accept the commission as a sacred trust?"

"As a sacred trust, Chevalier."

Presently bir I. Before de; arting he accompanied his host to the drawing-room, a large

evening was well advanced and he was an early bird. Before departing he accompanied his host to the drawing-room, a large chamber turnished in the style of Louis Quatore, and here they found Blanche all alone, seated at the harmonium and singing one of the sweet old hymns once so popular in Normandy. They entered quietly and stood listening, When the hymn was finished the Chevalier bent over her and kressed her fondly.

"I shall tell her to-night," he whispared to Father Andre as they parted at the porch.

porch.

He returned slowly to the drawing-room and found that his daughter had drawn back the heavy window curtains and was gazing out upon the garden, flooded by the rays of the rull moon. The moonlight copt in, shone softly upon her fee and clung round her tal. slight form like a robe of mynetic brightness. Quietly and shently the Chevalor jound, her in the recess of the oriel-window, and they gazed out upon the right together.

"Is it not beautiful?" said the pirl, holding his hand and raising it to ber lips

ing his hand and raising it to har list "Hark! I think I can hear the sound of

ing his hand and raising u to bur list Hark! I think I can hear the sound of the sea.

"It is the wind in the treeteps," replied the Chevalie; almost vacantly
Blanche, with a sad smile of infinite fondness, placed his hand against her cheek, and kept it there tendely while her dreamy eyes still searched the mocalight on the sleeping words.

At least he could bear the suspense no longer. Not withdrawing his hand, he looked down upon the face of his daughter and said in a low voice:

"Blanche, I have something to say to you some surprise, and pethape a little pain. In a few days, my dailing. I must leave you and go upon a journey.

Something in the tore mere than in the words startle lithe gill Shaturn dipickly, and with an eager on greet into her fether's eyes.

Eather, what is it? Samethinghas happened. Going upon a journey! Where are you going?"

He took her head between his two grem—

pened (robey upon a pourse, you going.)

He took her head between his two trembling hands and kissed her gently on the forchead before he replied.

"To the frontier, Blanche. The country is in danger, and I am going to take my place among the soldiers of France."

CHAPTER IL.

BILANGE.

It was some minutes before Blanche could realize the full significance of ner father's words; and even when she did so she did not weep and wall in the manner of hysterical damsels. Her father had not misestimated her character; she possessed both courage and self-control. Yet it would have been seen, had the samlight been shining upon her, that the life-blood had fled from her cheeks, leaving them white and cold as in rble, and that in her eyes there was a fixed expression of horror and pain. Trembling violently, she clung to her father, as if she already felt the iron hand which was about to snatch him from her.

"Father, you will not go! France has

him from her. "Father, you will not go! France has flousands upon thousands of soldiers, and I have only you? Promise me you will stay—promise, and I know you will keep your word."

stay—promise, and I know you will keep your word."

"My word is already given." replied the Chevalier, gently, "and it pledges me to accept service it the defense of my country. My darling, I have hestiated a long time in my great love and care for you; but the events of the last few days have decided me, and if I am now delayed I should feel myself little better than a miserable coward."
"No one would think you that!"

coward."

"No one would think you that!" exclaimed Blanche. "All the world knows that you are brave."

"Blanche, my darling, do not unman me. You know now which way my duty lies. Suffer me tofulfill it; you must! you will:

"It is so sudden, so terrible, "she replied. "And we were so happy here together. Oh, father, must you go?"

"You know I must."
"Thon I will try to bear it—I will try to justify your faith in me. And in a httle while you will come back to me, will you not?"

while you will come back to me, will you not?"

"Yes, dear, God willing."
As he spoke he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tonderly again and again. Both were strongly moved; both seemed to feel the shadow of an eternal superanter. But with a strong effort the noble girl conquered her agony before it could conquer her, and sought with all her power to lighten the burden of her father's sorrow.

The next morning when they met she was calm and resigued, though very pale. She had spent the greater part of the night in prayer, and sacred strength had come to her from the divine source of all our smiles and tears. Her father looked at her in wonder; for he knew the depth of her devotion to him and realized fully the supreme effort she was making far his sake.

Two days later came letters from the administration accepting his voluntry services and bidding him to repail at once to headquarters.

Quietly, almost calmly, Blanche saw to

vices and bidding him to repair at once to headquarters.
Quietly, almost calmly, Blanche saw to the preparations for his departure; but on the last night before the separation the anguish became too much for her and she fairly broke down and sobbed upon his breast. Then taking from her bosom a small gold medallion attaches to a sten-

der golden chain, she piaces, it in his hands, saying:

"Figher, seel It contains my mother's portrait and mine. You will wear it, will you not? Porhaps.—Gol know; "t will be a charm to keep yon safe, well-" the lack to me. Oh, father, father;" she added wildly, "what shall I do when you are gone away?"

He drew her softly to him, smoothing her hair with bis hands and looking linto her eyes.

Blauche, my obild," he said "do wetter.

her hair with bis hands and lookinglind her eyes.

Blanche, my child, "he said "do not let us be selfish in our sorrow; do not let us be selfish in our sorrow; do not let us forget that ours is a common misery, shared by thousands upon thousands, not only here in France, but yonder in (iermany, beyond the Rhine."

"Ah, my father, you are good. Even in your great sourow you feel for others more than for yourself. But all the world knows—even Father Andre has said it in the pulpit—our enemies are monsters, without pity and without love."

"Nay, Blanche," he unswered, gently, "they are only unfortunate men like ourselves, speaking a different tongue, but capable of the same holy affections. They are not to blame, but the evil rulers whe urge them on. It is with a sad heart, my fellow-creature; but the peril of France is my justification, and whatever blow I strike will be a blow of salf-defense."

Hereditary Liar.

Hereditary Liar.

"Father, did you ever used to lie when you were a boy."

"No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness.

"Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer.

"No; but why?"

"Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a lie gould have is boy who tells as many as I do. Where could I have got it from?"

WITH THE WRONG PASS

Troubles and Humors of the Free Pass System, by Dr. Depew.

"Few people outside of railway circles have any conception of the unisance the demand for free passes is to railroad officials and to what an is to railroad omerals and to what an extent the privilege is abused when granted," said the Hon Channey M. Depow the other day. "The inter-state commerce law nimed a blow at the free pass system, but to a great extent it has been a feeble and in

extent it has been a feeble and in effective one.

"One great abuse of the free pass system lies in the sale of those precious pieces of paper by those to when they are issued. Say, for example, that a man wishes to pro-from New York to Pittsburg. He will ask for a pass to Chicago, with the privilene of steping over in Pittsburg. If this is grunted to him beyone, when he gets to Pittsburg, sell his pass rood for the remainder of the trip to Chicago to some ticket speculator or scaled.

grented to bim be eas, when he gets to Dittsburg, sell his pass road for the temainder of the trip to Chicago to some ticket speculator or scaler at a rate which enables the latter to sell it again at a handsome margin of profit: or, intending to remain per manently in Pittsburg, he will ask for a pass to that city and return, and on arriving there will sell the remaining portion of said pass, good for the return trip. Of rourse, those passes are not transferable, that fact being plainly stated in hold type upan both the back and face of each one, but what earthly difference does that make?

"Only yesterday an old, experienced conductor told me some anoising anecdotes in cennection with this practice of selling and loaning railroad passes. On one occasion an elegantly dressed lady and gentleman, evidently a married pair, tendered him a pass made out to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dewhurst, but the gentleman had a large gold W. on each of his cuff buttons, and the lady had the same initial in silver on her suchel. From the look of calm assurance on their faces he knew it would be useless to raise any objection to this glaring incongruity, for he had no doubt that they would both have made affidavit if necessary that W. stood for Dewhurst.

"At another time he was handed a pass by a tall, raw-boned, down-East Yankee, accompanied by a short, fat German, who could not have been more than eight or ten years his junior at most, and who was gifted with a singularly rich Teutonic accent, which contrasted in most anusing manner with the peculiar nasal twang of the down-Easter. The pass was made out to 'Patrick McGuinness' "Are you Patrick McGuinness' "Are you Patrick McGuinness' "Wal, neighbor, I reckon I be."

was made out to Patrick Accdumness?

"'Are you Patrick McGuinness?"

"'Wal, neighbor, I reckon I be.
"'But you do not seem to be be an
Irishman?"

'Ye see, the head of our family 'Ye see, the head of our learning calkilate the Irish is pretty well out or by this time.'
"Is this person your son? asked the conductor, indicating the German.
"Wal, I guess he be."
"How is it that he has such a strong German accent?"

strong German accent?'
"'Wal, ye see, neighbor, he's been away to school in Germany eyer since away to school in Germany ever since he was a little chap, an' I'm jiggered ef he ain't e'en a most forgot how to talk English.'

"The conductor made up his mind that it would be utterly useless to ask any more questions."

THE one-act play which drew the New York Herald's prize has been taken off the boards as a failure. It failed to draw an audience, and the manager who staged it concluded that though it might have drawn a prize he had n't.

CONGRESS QU

A Majority of the

Members in

THE SENATE LIKELY The Urgency Deficien Passed By the Hou The Tin Plate Die Failed to Create Much

WASHINGTON, June 1 week in Congress will I munctivity owing to the chicago C 150 Democratic membe that city without a the House is without a

It is probable that witness the only sess week, when it is expe Deficiency bill will be the recess from Wednes day is then looked for. The vacant chairs noted the lack of intere

noted the lack of interediscussion and a week-labor will be welcomed who are chaffing under and the general dryne on the tariff.

The Senate will pass ing on silver and on M tion discharging the Finance fram further the Free Wool bill, but be taken on either of Mr. Call will speak to ject of railroad legislatthe week Mr. Jones of Nably address the Senate Free Contage bill. The journ early each day journ over from Thurs.

Monary. The House sion to the consideration of the Review of the

& Chicago Railroad Con vue, i'a. Tuksovy—The Senate

sion only long enough to rottine business and the rottine business and the for respect to the memory. The stackhouse. Weene-bay — Mr. Mor delivered an able address on the sitver question, is which he managed to a state the Presidential possible of the state of the state of the state of horses and colts. He shorses and colts. He shorses and colts. He shorses and statistics to shorses and colts. He shorses and colts. The shorses was transac discussion was not in favor. No business was transac at the state of the shorses and the stream of the shorses and the shortest of the

amendments and the Se insist on its amendment ther conference. Messr and Ransom were appo FRIDAY—the session

FRIDAY—the session lasted just three hours. In the restive an away to the Chicago Ct Blanchard (Dem., La.) sending the River and conference for a second. Statistic testing the Hoe Radiang testing the two obstacles posed boat railway are Ure., and the ship ca. The House of the Radiang testing the River and the ship ca. The House are the Radiang testing the River and W. Ruger. Sound. The House up the Tin Plate bil