

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1892.

ARTIFICIAL cripples are made in Spain for mercenary purposes. Spanish finances appear to be chronically crippled.

An English paper says that "shortened honeymoon appears to be in vogue."

The Carson (Nev.) Appeal says that a little insect that fastens itself on the wire fences in the fall, and exudes a sticky, glutinous substance, is often responsible for broken fences. The insect remains glued to the wire all winter, and in the spring the wire parts at that point.

There are just 1157 millionaires in New York City, according to the Tribune's final reckoning. The Vanderbilts count six, the Goulds four, the Astors three, the Goetschs four, and the Rhinelanders five, while the omnipresent Smith family lead all the rest with eight.

"The Bering Sea offers less attractions to Canadian poachers this year than last," argues the San Francisco Chronicle. "Very few of them feel inclined to take any risks, so we may safely conclude that the close season under existing arrangements will prove a complete success."

The revolution that electricity is working is shown in the auction sale advertised, in the Boston Transcript, of \$500,000 worth of stables by the West End Street Railway Company. "The electric carriage," comments the Transcript, "that is perambulating Commonwealth avenue and our suburban roads nowadays points the way to still greater changes—when heavy teams and tri-cycles will discharge draught horses and saddle horses and make stables, in town at least, absolutely unnecessary."

Miss Angelina Brooks, who is a recognized authority on all questions of kindergarten methods, has recently devoted her time to a careful investigation of the curbstone children in this city, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She has ascertained that there are 140,000 boys and girls between the ages of four and six who spend their lives in the streets and never once see the inside of a school. She is trying to enlist sympathy for these unfortunate waifs which will ultimately lead to the establishment for them of free kindergarten school.

It is asserted that after this year the United States will not only be able to stop importing fruit, but will begin to be a factor in supplying the markets of the world. The estimate is that New York will have 2,000,000 pounds of fruit from California alone this summer. Fast fruit trains now cross the continent in seven days, and enable the growers to harvest a riper product than heretofore. Arizona and Oregon are coming to the front as fruit states; Mississippi is getting famous for tomatoes, and Florida oranges and Georgia peaches are always sure of a ready market. The outlook has never been so promising.

Frank Leslie's Weekly states that the State of Pennsylvania shows the largest percentage of foreign born adult males who are aliens, the percentage in that State being 33.13 of the total number, representing 139,523 persons. In the State of New York, 193,614 foreign-born adult males, or 23.13 per cent., are aliens, and in New Jersey, 41,877 or 28.87 per cent. are aliens. New York shows the greatest number of naturalized foreign-born adult males, there being in that State 416,363, or 67.74 per cent. of the total number of foreign-born adult males returned. The city of New York shows the largest percentage of foreign-born of the total population, the foreign element in that city representing 42.23 per cent. of the total population as against 39.68 per cent. in 1830. Buffalo shows 35.00 per cent. of foreign-born as against 33.03 per cent. in 1830. Brooklyn shows 32.45 per cent., an increase from 31.31 per cent. in 1830. Long Island City has a foreign-born population of 36.67 per cent., while in 1880 the foreign-born element in that city was 31.27 per cent. of the total population; sixteen places show a greater per cent. of foreign-born population in 1890 than is shown in the State as a whole, while in 1880 nineteen places were reported as having a larger percentage of foreign-born population than was the State as a whole.

'Twixt Life and Death

OR
UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER IX.

HARTMANN ENCROACHES.

The fact that so long a time had passed since Blanche had received news from her father was beginning to cause her very grave anxiety. True, he had warned her that this might occur, and he had begged of her not to be troubled by useless fears if at any time all communication between them should cease. Nevertheless, try as she would, she could not keep off the horrible fears which oppressed her, and which deepened day by day.

At the chateau there was nothing now to interest her, for even her patient had passed out of her hands. Blessed with a good constitution, he had rapidly gained strength, and, according to the gossip of the servants, it was more the bright eyes of Blanche de Gavrolles than his maimed arm which kept him at the chateau.

But at last, as he stood at his window watching the slim figure of the young girl as she moved up and down the terrace, the truth came to him with startling vividness. It was a terrible discovery, and in those first few moments brought him almost as much pain as pleasure. Nevertheless, the truth must be acknowledged, and in acknowledging it, he knew that Blanche de Gavrolles was likely to become more to him than his country or his life.

What was to be done? Should he repay good with evil—acknowledge her sweet charity and gentle goodness by remaining, trying to make her love him, and so bring upon her all the horror and misery which such a love must cause? Whereas, if he left her now, he could do so, he believed, without causing her one single pang.

And yet how could he go? He was a prisoner. True, he was not strictly guarded, for he had given his word. Must he break his parole, quietly effect his escape, and leave behind him a tainted name for Blanche to think of? No; he could not do that. He owed her much, but he lacked the courage to make so great a sacrifice.

"I must not win her love, at least let me be worthy of her esteem," he said. "As well have a bullet through my heart as a look of reproach from her eyes; for, strong man as I am, it would kill me."

Hurriedly descending he made his way to the terrace, but it was empty. He inquired for Blanche, and found that she had left the chateau, and had taken the path which led to the top of the cliffs.

Quickly following the path, he glanced on every hand for Blanche; but she was nowhere to be seen. After searching around the woods in every direction he even then he was in one of the rooms at the chateau, when suddenly he glanced toward the open door of the little chapel of Our Lady and saw Blanche quietly issuing from the porch.

As she had not noticed him he drew back; for she was closely followed by an elderly woman. They passed close by Hartmann; but although he could not be seen by them he heard every word of their conversation.

"The hag—no other, indeed, than she who was praying before the altar when only a few weeks before, Blanche entered the chapel by her father's side—was talking rapidly, hissing her words into the young girl's ear."

"You do well to pray for your father," she said; "you, who even now are tending one of his enemies. What would he say if he knew that while he was fighting down the accursed Germans like wheat his daughter was gently tending one that he might go for again and join our foes?"

"Utering a cry, Blanche covered her ears with her hands, as if to shut out the sound of the old woman's voice; but the hag, nothing daunted, and, perhaps, even pleased at the effect of her words, would have continued, but at that moment the Uhlan came forward."

Fixing his eyes fiercely upon the old woman, he bade her depart; then he turned courteously to Blanche.

"Fraulein," he said, "may I have the honor of conducting you back to the chateau, if you wish to linger abroad, may I linger with you? It is not safe for you to wander abroad alone, and though I am your country's enemy I may be able to protect you."

Before replying, Blanche glanced timidly around.

Hartmann, noticing her look, said: "Your tormentor has gone, you see. I have marked her face well, that I may never accept even a drink of water at her hands. Ah, fraulein, your countrywomen are not like you, more's the pity; were it otherwise there would be no more war."

"She has cause for bitterness," said Blanche, gently; "she has lost her father." "And you, fraulein," returned the soldier, tenderly, "might have lost a father! The girl turned an agonized face to his. "Has my father then fallen, monsieur?" she said, in a voice of such suppressed agony that it reet the soldier's heart.

"I trust not, fraulein; but he is at the seat of war."

"Ah! yes; he is at the war; but I pray to God night and day to send him safely back to me."

"And I pray that your prayer may be granted. Your father is very dear to you, is he not?"

"He is all I have in the world."

him; then, reassured by the look on his face, she continued:

"For several nights now I had dreamed that my father was with me—not here at the chateau, but on some lonely plain—murmured: 'God bless you, my poor Blanche!'"

And, losing for a moment her habitual self-possession, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly.

The soldier waited until the violence of her grief had passed away. Then he said: "You have more cause than I thought to hate me and mine. I have abused your charity by remaining so long. I will send word at once to your soldiers to remove me to Pecamp."

Drying her eyes quickly, Blanche turned toward him.

"You are not strong enough to go, monsieur."

"I have no right to linger; I have brought desolation to your home."

"Ah! do not talk like that. As well say I had desolated your home since your sister has lost a brother, your mother a son. It is the war—this terrible war, which I pray may soon end. Since you are in trouble, you are no longer my enemy—unless, indeed, your hand had been raised against my dear father, and then—"

"And then, fraulein—even then you would minister to me, as you did when I lay at my mercy?" he asked, eagerly.

With a startled cry she drew back and gazed half-fearfully into his eyes. "Then, as he made a movement to approach her, she waved him back."

"You should not speak so to me," she said turning away.

"In a moment he was beside her."

"You must not go," he said, "you must not leave me like this. I know I have offended and wounded you. How could it be otherwise? But you must say you forgive me—that you do not despise me. Had I been able to bear your contempt I should have broken my parole, I think, and slunk away, bearing my secret with me; but the fear of your contempt held me. And now I have spoken."

She stood very still, but did not answer him; and he could not see her face, for it was turned away.

"Fraulein," he murmured, "you are not angry with me? I might have known it could not be otherwise, you are so beautiful. But you yourself have said, 'Why should we be enemies?' Will you not let me kiss your hand, fraulein?"

"No, monsieur, I cannot."

"Then you do not forgive me? You, who, though you have done me wrong, cannot forgive me that I have committed an offense against you?"

In a moment her hand was extended. He took it and kissed it, then it was hastily withdrawn; and before he could utter another word the girl had left him and was hastening with rapid steps toward the chateau.

CHAPTER X.

THE FACE IN THE WOODS.

Scarcely had Blanche left the soldier's side when a wild cry of voices, followed by the sharp sound of firing, came from the village. Hartmann hastened to the hill-top and looked down. The whole place was in commotion; wreaths of smoke were coming from the house windows, while such diving mercy when he galloped a troop of cavalry, half concealed in the clouds raised by the horses' hoofs.

Hartmann recognized them in a moment. They were Uhlans.

A scene too common in those days followed. The few straggling French tirailleurs who occupied the place were speedily put to flight, but the armed villagers from roof and windows continued the skirmish. As the Uhlans galloped along they rode down the frightened men and women who still lingered in the streets; then, pausing in the market-place, they aimed with their pistols at the figures who fled at them from above. The firing grew fainter and fainter; only every now and then there was the crack of a rifle and a wild shriek or cry. Dismounting, some of the Germans forced their way into the houses to unearth the hidden enemy. Those they found had short shrift.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Hartmann descended the hillside. Troops of panic-stricken men and women rushed past him, making for the shelter of the highway. He was standing close above the highway when he perceived just below him a scattered group of cavalry following the fugitives at a hard gallop. As they came up they reined in wild and covered with dust, and he recognized among them his brother officer Vogel, who had been with them when he first encountered Blanche de Gavrolles.

He hailed him in the German tongue. Vogel looked up and uttered an amazed cry. "Himmel! It is Hartmann—alive!"

Hartmann nodded and descended to the road, where he shook hands with his comrade.

"Where the thunder have you been?" growled Vogel, wiping his brow. "We gave you up for dead."

"I escaped, as you see."

"Well, there is no time to be lost. We must get out of this as we came. Mount up behind me; there, give me your hand."

"I cannot. I am a prisoner on parole."

"Parole or no parole, now is your chance. Come before the French devils return upon us in force."

"It is impossible," answered Hartmann. "Away with you. I shall not break my word."

As he spoke a large body of French infantry were seen approaching along the highway at the rear. Hartmann turned and hastened up the hillside under the shelter of some trees. He heard the word of command, then the clatter of horses' hoofs and the Germans had disappeared.

Fortunately for him, he was not perceived by soldiers of the advancing body. They passed by rapidly, every now and then pausing to fire at the retreating Uhlans.

In a few minutes Hartmann reached his former point of vantage, close to the little chapel. Here he paused, and, looking down, saw the French soldiers thronging the market place, while the little body of German cavalry, now sadly decimated, galloped until they reached the farther heights.

He entered the gate and passed into the shadow of the woods. As he did so he heard a sound as of a foot crushing the brushwood among the trees at his side. He paused and looked in the direction of the sound, but saw nothing. Reassured, he moved slowly on till he came in sight of the chateau.

Behind and on each side of him the woods stretched dark and gloomy. Close

to him was the trunk of a fallen tree; he sat down, thinking. Suddenly he seemed to hear a sound, again, as of some one moving in the wood close to him. He turned his head, and this time saw, gliding from the foliage, what seemed a pair of human eyes.

The next moment there was a flash, a sharp report. He staggered to his feet, and, with a low cry of pain, fell forward upon his face.

CHAPTER XI.

BLANCHE'S VOICE.

The shot was heard from the chateau. Some of the servants, standing on the terrace, saw the German fall; but fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before any one came to his assistance. Then old Hubert, trembling like a leaf, and looking on every side of him as if fearing a vagrant bullet, came cautiously to the place, followed by several women. As they bent over him in horror, afraid to touch him, Houzel the keeper came striding along the path and joined them. Curiously enough, he was unarmed.

"Halloo!" he cried, gruffly, "what is the matter?"

"See for yourself," answered Hubert, trembling in every limb. "It is the German! Some one has settled his business at last."

Houzel knelt down, raised the prostrate form and turned the pale face to the light. The eyes were glazed and half-closed, and a drop of blood was oozing from the forehead.

"He is done for, as you say," muttered the keeper. "How did it happen?"

No one could tell; all the servants knew was that they had noticed the German sitting far down the woodland path, and suddenly saw him start up and fall simultaneously with the report of a gun.

"The smoke came from the bushes yonder," cried Hubert. "Some one is in hiding."

The keeper, without hesitating a moment, ran off in the direction indicated, and was soon forcing his way among the trees and pushing aside the branches. He came back looking pale and agitated.

"No one is there; but there has been fighting down yonder in the village, and perhaps some of our people picked him off as they went by."

"No doubt," answered Hubert; "but what is to be done?"

As he spoke a scream arose from the women.

"See, he is moving!" they cried.

Hartmann's eyes had opened as he lay face upward, and he was moving his head from side to side. Houzel went white as death.

"Yes, he lives! but it is nearly over!" the keeper cried, eagerly, as if the wish were father to the thought.

Just then another figure joined the group. Peter Andre—a thin and breathless man from hastening to the chateau with news of the skirmish in the village. Directly he saw the state of affairs he ordered the German to be carried instantly into the chateau.

They carried him slowly to the house, Father Andre himself assisting. As they entered the hall with their burden Blanche met them and uttered a cry of horror.

"Who has done this?" she demanded.

"No one can tell," answered the cure.

"There has been fighting yonder; that is all I know."

"He is dead!" she moaned, bending over him.

Her tears fell upon his face. Then carefully and silently they carried him up-stairs and laid him upon the bed.

They had scarcely done so when a light foot was heard upon the stair and Dr. Huet entered the room.

"What is the matter here?" he demanded.

The story was soon told. Sending over Hartmann the Doctor made a hurried examination.

"This is an ugly business. I fear there is no chance for the poor fellow this time. He has been shot through the back; the bullet is lodged in the pectora, close to the heart."

As he spoke he stripped off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"He breathes still," he continued. "Bring me hot water and some linen quickly."

It was Blanche herself who hurried away to seek what was required.

With a face white as death, but seemingly otherwise unmoved, she stood calmly by while the Doctor did his terrible work—probed for the bullet and dressed the wound; and when all was over the Doctor and Blanche stood facing each other while the young officer lay motionless upon the bed.

"Tell me the truth, Dr. Huet," said Blanche, in a terribly calm voice. "You think he must die?"

"Yes, I fear so now."

"Tell me what to do," persisted Blanche, "and I will watch."

Dr. Huet led her quietly aside.

"Keep watch, then, through the night, since you are quite determined. Now, take this phial. It contains a valuable emollient, which has already, as you have seen, greatly soothed the patient. Give him ten drops of this—ten drops you will remember—in a little water every thirty minutes; that is to say, twice in the hour."

"I understand—ten drops."

"Yes. If you should see him sinking suddenly double the dose—give twenty—until he breathes as easily as he is breathing now."

"I understand."

"If you should miss one dose, or quit his side for only one short hour, I will not answer for his life. If you should fall asleep—"

"I shall not sleep," said the girl, firmly, as if under inspiration. "Angels of love will be watching with me. If my weary eyes should close for a moment their holy wings will touch them tenderly and brush them open."

She looked at her quietly for a moment; then he said, shortly:

"Good night, Mademoiselle Blanche, and God bless you."

"Good night, Dr. Huet. You will come in the morning?"

"I shall be here early—that is, if you do not send to me during the night to say that our patient is dead."

And he left the room.

Blanche turned to the bed. Hartmann who was still unconscious, was moaning and muttering to himself in the German tongue. The girl's eyes filled with tears the while she approached the bedside, she took the hand which lay upon the coverlet and should be sinking; then, fearful lest he should breathe, she measured ten drops of the emollient, and, gazing at his lips, she drank unconsciously, and after a few minutes his breathing ceased.

The old housekeeper entered the room on tiptoe.

"You will not remain here, mademoiselle?" she said. "Go to your bed and I will watch here till morning."

But Blanche was firm; having made up her mind to do her duty, she was resolute to fulfill it. After a little she dismissed Dame Ferevau to her night, first seeing that everything was placed ready in the sick-room. Not a few protestations did the old mistress yield; but at last, seeing that her mistress was resolved, she finally took her departure.

The night-light was placed behind the shadow of the dressing-table, a phial containing the emollient, and a couple of glasses of water, were set on the bedside, and Blanche seated herself quietly by the bedside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How to Remain Young.

Take frequent recreation. Preserve the feelings and habits of youth.

Keep free of intense excitement. Keep a clear conscience and a life void of offense.

Insist upon an abundance of sleep.

A man cannot long keep young gives up all the active, healthful exercises of youth.

It is the intense excitement, excitement of social life, the room, the theater, and the various forms of fashionable dissipation, make our American girls fade so idly.

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.

Will He Be Able to Push His Pet Measure Through?

LONDON, July 18.—Her Majesty, who dislikes Gladstone is well known to be a sore state of mind over the majority of about 45, which he is sure to have in the next Parliament.

The question now agitating the mind of the Liberals is how far the Parliaments and Labor members will go in supporting their venerable leader. The former probably hate him more bitterly than do the Tories, and would rather see Home Rule defeated than to have it brought about by his hands. They certainly would not vote a Home Rule measure fashioned by Gladstone, Healy and McCarthy, and for this reason their secret sympathy and possibly their co-operation will go to the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.

The Labor members profess complete independence, and while they are supposed to be opposed to Irish Home Rule, there is little reason to believe that they will go out of their way to forward it. In fact, there are measures more nearly concerning their own constituencies that they would rather have disposed of first. Besides these lukewarm members, whom the public generally classifies as supporters of Mr. Gladstone, there are a number of Liberals whose election addresses dealt very sparingly with the Home Rule question, and who may show considerable independence should the question come up for action.

For these reasons, and for others which it is unnecessary to recapitulate here, Gladstone will go into power without any positive indication that he can count through the net measure of his old party. There is no assurance that he can command a majority for a Home Rule bill, but in spite of this he will prepare the bill and push it through Parliament if he intends, when Premier, to devote himself entirely to Home Rule and other measures to his colleagues. He will be the leader of his party in the House, having the advantage of Lord Salisbury, who was compelled to entrust the leadership to a lieutenant.

For chief opponent Mr. Gladstone has Mr. Balfour, who is said to be acting in the opportunity to assail him from the opposition benches. The report that Lord Salisbury would retain office until a vote of want of confidence should be passed, is without foundation. The Conservatives are rather anxious to enjoy the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone's contention with the men, anti-Parliamentaries and Unionists. They are confident that the Liberal leader will be in the most embarrassed position of his life, and are determined to give him every opportunity to get there.

Lord Rosebery will, in all probability, have the direction of foreign affairs. Mr. Gladstone could make no selection more satisfactory to the general public, regardless of party distinction.

MURDERED AND BURNED.

The Horrible Fate of Mrs. Michael Clemens of Pleasantville, Pa.

York, Pa., July 16.—Mrs. Michael Clemens, aged 32, was found dead last night in Small's Woods, near Pleasantville, this county. Her dress over her breast was burning and the body had several bullet holes in the neck and cuts on the neck, arms and hands.

She left the home of Franklin Hays about four o'clock in the afternoon, and gathered huckleberries and not returning search was made for her. The body was discovered by Rev. J. P. Kooz, and the deceased was on her hands and knees.

"A man's hat and suspenders were found near by and there were indications of a struggle. It is generally supposed that the woman was outraged and then murdered."

Creditors Mourning a Missing Green.

New Bedford, Mass., July 16.—Andrew J. Francis, a well-known grocer of this city, has disappeared, leaving unpaid bills in large numbers. Attachments were placed on his stock by some of his creditors to the amount of \$1,630, but at the time it sold for only \$420. Francis is one of the heavy creditors, having lost all the capital he put into the business. A young girl to whom Francis had been paying attention has disappeared also. Before leaving Francis carried off about \$1,500 due him from customers. He is a childless widower and about 40 years old.

A Fatal Step.

Scranton, Pa., July 16.—William Walker, living near Archbold, was over and killed by a train in the morning. He had run down on the track and was killed.

AWING TO A CLOSURE

Congress Will Not Remain in Session Much Longer.

THE WEEK PROBABLY THE LAST.

Anti-Option Bill the Only Measure That Can Delay Adjournment—House Will Devote Itself to Appropriation—Night Sessions Probable.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—Congress is approaching the end of the session in the opinion of the House leadership. On the other hand, however, opinion prevails among the minority that adjournment will not be reached until the 1st of August. The proceeding in the House this week will be confined to consideration of the appropriation bill. To-day is suspension day and members are expecting a glance at the bill to transfer the revenue measure from the Treasury to the Navy. It is one of the measures slated for adjournment. To-morrow at 12 o'clock will be taken on the World's Fair bill, and it is probable a final vote on the bill will also occur on

the report on the investigation of the Pension Office will be called up on Wednesday by Mr. Enloe, who hopes to have a bill reported by the Committee in order to force a vote on the question of adopting the majority's resolution. Commissioner Rauten is dismissed. The Deficiency and the Fortification appropriation bills are expected to be reported during the latter part of the week.

Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, is firm in his belief that there is no purpose on the part of the leadership to adjournment just as soon as possible. He is in favor of the enactment of legislation on this subject, and he can get the bill through without amendment if he can only carry out his unfinished business.

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