

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1892.

LABOR and capital cannot keep up this sort of thing forever.

NEW ORLEANS will not be heard of again until it gets the yellow fever.

A **GOOSE** farm has been started in Alabama. It will be managed by a Michigander.

A **TEXAS** newspaper tells us of a couple that were "nuptiated." The possibilities of the English language have not been half exhausted.

ABOUT half the young boys of the country are attacked with the prize-fighting mania, which must run its course like other juvenile disorders.

THAT foreigner who wanted to send a letter to Chicago and addressed it "Jagjago" was not so far out of the way. The letter got there all right.

ONE of the pleasures of politics is explaining to innocent-minded people the needs and uses of campaign funds.

THE English sparrow doesn't take kindly to being turned into a naturalized American reed bird. He'll die before he suffers it.

THE Chicagoans complain bitterly of impure milk, but how can they expect to get pure milk as long as their water supply is vitiated?

It will be seen that the horse that breaks a record will have to fall from a precipice a mile high, over a straight track, and drop dead at the finish.

PARROTS are only ten cents apiece in Central America. There is no apology for a man looking after his own profanity in that portion of the vineyard.

THE man who first said that talk was cheap never paid \$2 for attempting to talk over the telephone line from London to Paris for the space of three minutes.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has a right to his opinions about the pestilence, but they will not become popular in the United States. His "hydrochloric acid" remedy, in the hands of uneducated people, would become as dangerous as the disease.

A **PENNSYLVANIA** girl, envious of a female friend's new gown, placed a shotgun to her virgin breast and worked the happy dispatch with a string. If her example is generally emulated downtrodden man may have a chance to live again.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, of the Sandwich Islands, to encourage temperance, has established a coffee house in her capital city, and takes it as a personal compliment to hear her subjects ordering a sandwich and coffee.

AMERICA imports about 100,000 canary birds every year from Germany. Hamburg is the great shipping point. We will excuse the sweet songsters the current year. Bird cages and feathers are excellent harbors for "the bacilli."

THE so-called endowment plan may now be regarded as its final collapse. There will be a few more struggles, but it will never get on its feet again. The only question is what will take its place, what form the confidence game will assume next. As long as men are gullible and prone to gambling, there will be always ingenious financiers ready to invent new schemes for shearing lambs.

THE Canadian railway statistics for the year 1891 show a total mileage in operation of 14,209, an increase of 753 miles over the previous year. The amount of government bonds paid was \$147,165,432; government loans paid, \$202,013,141; government subscriptions to shares paid, \$300,000; municipal aid paid, \$13,792,509; earnings, \$48,192,009; working expenses, \$4,960,450; net earnings, \$13,231,640.

MOROCCO needs another Decatur, concludes the New Orleans Picayune. There have been several reports lately of the depredations of Moorish pirates. The latest one is the robbing of a Spanish ship, the Year, which was trading between Cape Juby and the River Deoro. The ship was plundered and eleven of the sixteen members of the crew were made captives and carried off to be sold into slavery. A Spanish gunboat was dispatched to their rescue.

CARCASSONNE.

How old am I? I'm eighty years, I've worked both hard and long. Yes, patient as my life has been. One dearest sight I have not seen—It almost seems a wrong. Alas my dream! they come not true; I thought to see fair Carcassonne. I have not seen fair Carcassonne.

One sees it dimly from the height Beyond the mountain blue; Fain would I walk five weary leagues—I do not mind the road's fatigues—Through morn and evening's dew; But bitter frost would fall at night, And on the grapes that yellow blight. I could not go to Carcassonne, I never went to Carcassonne!

They say it is as gay all times As holidays at home; The gentles ride in gay attire, And in the sun each gilded spire Shoots up like those of Rome! The bishop the procession leads, The generals curb their prancing steeds—Alas! I know not Carcassonne! Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right he preaches loud, And bids us to beware, He says, "O guard the weakest part, And most the traitor in the heart, Against ambition's snare!" Perhaps in autumn I can find Two sunny days with gentle wind; I then could go to Carcassonne, I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father! pardon me! If this my wish offends! One sees more hope more high than he, In age as in his infancy. To which his heart ascends! My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne, My grandson went to Perpignan; But I have not seen Carcassonne, But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age, Half dreaming in his chair. He said, "My friend, come go with me To-morrow; these thine eyes shall see Those streets that seem so fair." That night there came, for passing soul, The church bell's low and solemn toll. He never saw gay Carcassonne, He never saw gay Carcassonne!

Translated by M. E. W. Shon...

DOMINIC'S FEE.

Among the persons who were in the habit of regularly frequenting the well-known Cafe de Foy in the Palais Royal, in the year 1881, was a little old man, very carefully dressed, although his costume constituted a real archaism. His head was enveloped in a warm Welsh wig, with a long, thick queue depending from it, which appeared, when viewed from behind, to resemble a full grown cabbage, with the stem still dangling from its circumference. His pantaloons were of black cloth, and were not Mediterranean in style, but long Hessian boots, garnished with tassels, and bright as the surface of a polished mirror; a long green waistcoat fell downward in folds so as to cover in part a round and well-developed paunch; a loose and capacious coat, of a deep maroon color, decorated with large bright metal buttons, and forcibly reminding one of the era of the republic, hung over the shoulders; and a hat, beveled off into a sugar-loaf form, surmounted the wig, and completed his equipment.

After all, however, this costume was nothing very extraordinary, or indeed very different from that of the hundreds of antiquated men who about this epoch were to be seen swarming forth in fine weather, like a host of innocent green frogs basking in the sun after a spring shower. The little old man in question visited the Cafe de Foy every morning precisely at one o'clock, called for a cup of coffee with cream, and a roll of bread, which he always divided into the same number of circular slices. It was necessary, however, that this bread should be stale, and as they knew the particular fancy of the old gentleman in this respect, a roll was carefully reserved for each day's consumption, and put aside for his breakfast the following morning. From this practice the old man became known among the different waiters by the sobriquet of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The old gentleman's state of existence was so uniform, and his movements so regular, as to resemble in no small degree, those of an automaton. He entered the cafe every morning without looking to the right or the left, and proceeded directly to a little round table, isolated and small, and for these reasons, nearly always unoccupied. After being served with his breakfast, he invariably abstracted two out of the five pieces of sugar which lay beside his cup, and conveyed them into the dexter pocket of his green waistcoat; he next proceeded to butter in succession each of the numerous morsels of bread, adding, if I mistake not, precisely the same number of grains of salt to each, and then ate his breakfast, cautiously abstaining from looking at any of the journals or periodicals.

Some of the ardent politicians who frequented the place expressed astonishment and contempt at this last habit, and regarded the little old man as a very vain, careless of the honor and interests of his country. The more judicious, and among them myself, were of a different opinion: we considered him, for precisely the same reasons, a very paragon of prudence and wisdom. Inattentive to both parties, "the man who always ate stale bread" pursued the quiet tenor of his way without change.

One day, toward the close of the year 1881, the old man quitted the cafe without paying for his breakfast; but as he

made no observation in so doing, it was supposed that he had forgotten it, and would remember it the next morning. The coffee-house keeper, however, reckoned without his host in this supposition, for the next day, and the next day and the next, "the man who always ate stale bread" regularly pocketed his two lumps of sugar, beat his accustomed march, pulled up his Hessian boots, and did all that he had been accustomed to do, with the exception of paying his bill.

This change in his usual practice continued for a week, and at the end of which time the proprietor of the coffee-house, ignorant of the name or residence of his debtor, determined upon presenting him with a bill, the more especially as the little man gave no explanation of his conduct, or made any allusion to this remarkable change in his ancient habits. Dominic, the chief waiter of the establishment, had become accustomed to the old man in consequence of the little trouble he gave, and his quiet and gentle demeanor. Dominic imagined, from the circumstances of his not diminishing the expense of his breakfast, that the good man was merely laboring under some temporary embarrassment, so that, partly from calculation and partly from good feeling, Dominic determined to become responsible to the proprietor for the past and future breakfasts, not doubting that the embarrassment would shortly cease, and the little man would soon settle his arrears, and perhaps accompany the settlement with a gratuity for the accommodation.

But Dominic was deceived in his calculation of time; ten months elapsed without any allusion to the matter, or offer of payment. The coffee-house keeper and his waiters began to shrug their shoulders and make long faces at the risk poor Dominic was running. Dominic himself exposed to these daily doubts, began to think that he had acted too liberally in becoming responsible for a man whose debt seemed destined to go on accruing forever, when one day the old man, without any explanation, demanded his account, settled it in full, and after a careful calculation handed to the waiter, in addition, the sum of fifteen francs six sous as his gratuity, at the rate of one sou a day for ten months, of which four contained thirty-one days.

If interest alone had guided the conduct of the head waiter, it must be confessed that he had lamentably failed in the result, for in France the contributions to the waiters are all placed in one general cash box, and at the end of a certain period the proceeds are divided among all the servants of the house; the master first helping himself to the lion's share; at this rate, therefore, Dominic's recompense would probably amount to a solitary sixpence. Dominic knew this, but was satisfied with the reward of his own heart; he thanked the old man graciously for the payment; placed the gratuity in the common receptacle, and transferred the other moneys to his own strongbox, for he had previously paid, day by day, the expenses of the breakfast from his own pocket.

The little man followed Dominic's movements with his eyes, at the same time beating upon the table a march, somewhat longer and vehement than was his wont; but by no word or movement did he afford an indication of having understood the liberal conduct of the waiter in his behalf.

About the close of the same year—three or four months after the liquidation of this singular debt—the proprietor of the cafe, who had amassed a fortune, announced his intention of disposing of the establishment and retiring from trade.

Hearing this intention announced in the cafe, the old gentleman made a sign to Dominic, who was in attendance, to approach and began a conversation. Dominic was as much surprised at this sudden fit of loquacity as though one of the stucco figures on the ceiling had opened its mouth and had asked for a cup of coffee. But Dominic was destined to be even more surprised at the nature of the conversation.

"My friend," said the little old gentleman to the head waiter, "you are a good fellow, and I wish you well."

Dominic bowed, and elevated his shoulders with that slight movement which may be interpreted at libitum to mean, "I am much obliged," or "it is of little consequence to me." The old man took the former explanation and continued:

"Dominic, I am sure you have been economical; I know this and much more of which I do not speak, because I am too well acquainted with the value of words to throw them away—I know you have saved money."

Dominic bounded back a step or two, and the action hardly needed to be interpreted. "He is about to ask me to lend him money," thought the head waiter.

The questioner appeared to divine the thoughts of the waiter; his visage was for an instant distorted with a grimace, of which the model may be seen in the figures of the middle ages, which decorate the porch of some Gothic church.

"Dominic," he continued, "I see that I am right—you have money in the funds. This is excellent; and now to purpose. Do you think, from your own knowledge, that an intelligent man, desirous of improving his circumstances, would find this a favorable speculation, in which to risk a capital so large as that demanded by your master for his business?"

Dominic was pleased to have an opportunity of talking on a subject which entirely occupied his thoughts. "If," said he, "the purchaser understood the business so as to be able to attend to his own interests, and if he were not compelled to borrow the purchase money on extravagant terms, he would find the business a fortune."

"Well, and why do you not purchase it?"

"Merch, I'll with what?" "With your savings!" they do not altogether amount to ten thousand francs. "Ten thousand francs! how long have you been in service, Dominic?" "I have carried the napkin for twenty-three years. I am now thirty-nine." "You are a good fellow, as I said; the man who could amass ten thousand francs by adding sou to sou would soon be worth a million at the head of a house like this. Decidedly it must be so. Dominic, I know a person who could assist you with a loan; how much do you want?"

"Nothing. I would not incur a debt of two hundred and twenty thousand francs—the risk is too great, and the interest would probably absorb all the profit. I would rather continue a waiter a few years longer, and retire upon a small annuity, than running the risk of marching to prison in the shoes of a bankrupt."

"You speak sense, my friend, but leave the matter to me."

The old man then adjusted the folds of his boots, and departed without another word. The next morning he came half an hour earlier than was his custom. Dominic commenced arranging his table.

"Where is the proprietor?" said he. "In his cabinet," said Dominic.

"Conduct me to him."

Dominic moved forward to show the man the way; his heart beat with violence. Although he had passed the whole of the preceding day in trying to convince himself that the old man was weak in his intellect, and was trifling with him, still his perplexity returned when he beheld the air of assurance and determination with which "the man who ate stale bread" proceeded about the business. When they were both arrived in the presence of the proprietor, the old man commenced the conversation without further preamble.

"How much do you demand for your establishment?" said he. "Before I reply to your inquiry," said the proprietor, who suspected some mystification or scene of folly; "before I reply to your demand, and enter upon the affair with you, suffer me to ask whom I have the honor to address?"

"You are right. When two parties are about to enter into a contract, it is first of all necessary that they should know and have confidence in each other. I am the Baron Raguelet, ex-commissary-general of the armies of the empire."

"Baron Raguelet!" said the proprietor, bowing. "I know the name; I have seen it lately in the newspapers."

"No doubt—in relation to an injunction obtained by my indignant family to prevent me from wasting my fortune. They say that I am a fool, and that my liberality has its origin in imbecility. During ten months, while the inquiry was going on, my property was sequestered, and I refused to touch the allowance offered me. Since then the inquiry has terminated in favor of my sanity, and having again entered upon the administration of my property, I was enabled to refund to this excellent man the little sum he had the generosity to disburse for me. Now that we know each other, let us return to business. What sum do you demand for your establishment?"

"Two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"It is not, perhaps, too dear; and yet you would probably have no objection to leave some of the purchase-money on mortgage. But listen to me. The times are unsettled, and the most solid establishments are at the mercy of revolutions, and two hundred thousand francs now are better than two hundred and twenty thousand in prospective. Here, then," he continued, drawing an old portfolio from his pocket, "is two hundred thousand francs in notes of the Bank of France. If these satisfy you, the affair is finished. This is my way of transacting business, and in my time I have completed more important bargains in fewer words."

Dominic and his master both seemed stupefied with surprise. The baron appeared to enjoy the confusion, and rubbed his hands and repeated the grimace to which we have alluded.

"I am willing to agree," said the proprietor, "but it is necessary that the matter should be arranged by a notary."

"Why so? Is not the sale executed in good form by the three parties present?" "But with respect to the interest," murmured Dominic in a smothered tone of voice, seizing the baron's coat, "it is necessary—"

"Bah!" replied the old man, "I do it to oblige a friend, and am no usurer. Give me your acknowledgment—I desire nothing else. But as I have no intention of making you a present of two hundred thousand francs, I will arrange it in such a manner that you shall not long remain my debtor."

Dominic fell from his elevation, and "the man who always ate stale bread" descended to the coffee-room. While the buyer and seller were preparing themselves to register the transfer of the property, he swallowed tranquilly his cup of coffee, without forgetting the two pieces of sugar to be transferred to his pocket, beat a superb march on the table, drew up his boots, and departed with his two friends to finish, by a dash of the pen, a transfer of the two hundred thousand francs.

In a few days Dominic was installed in his new dignity. The little old man continued to take his customary breakfast in his usual impassive manner, when, deviated so far from his usual custom as to approach Dominic, who was enthroned in the seat of honor, and address him with the following words:

"Dominic," said he, "I think you have warm affections."

"Perhaps," said Dominic, fixing his eyes upon the baron, as though he would read his thoughts.

"I see," said the other; "you have them when the occasion demands it."

You are right—I am pleased with your reservation. I find you have not your heart. Marriage is the most important affair of a man's life. Dominic, you must get married.

"I have already thought of it, but source of comfort and economy would save the expense of a *dame de comptoir*."

"True," said the baron, "you have of aid and counsel—you shall have me. Be ready at 8 o'clock this evening; I will call for you, and we will pay a visit together."

The appointed hour arrived, and with it the baron. Dominic was ready to accompany Monsieur Raguelet in a hackney-coach to that quarter of decayed wealth—the Faubourg St. Germain. Here they stopped at the door of a house of mean appearance, and having ascended several flights of stairs, entered a small apartment, where they found two ladies who received them with marked attention.

"Madame Dupre," said the baron to one of them, with the appearance of friendly familiarity, "this is the worthy man of whom I have spoken, and in whose welfare I hope to interest you." Dominic, continued he, turning toward the cottage-house keeper, "this lady is the widow of a man who has rendered me many an important service. She has promised to extend her favors to you, and will permit you to visit her at intervals."

While Monsieur Raguelet was making these introductions in due form, the daughter of Madame Dupre, whose name was Rose, and who, without being extremely beautiful, possessed all the freshness and bloom of the flower whose name she bore, regarded Dominic attentively, and in her return bestowed upon her a large share of his attention. The result of this double investigation appeared favorable to both parties, for Dominic was well formed and with good features, and his countenance reflected the goodness and gentleness of his heart. He had the simple and inexpensive dresses of the ladies somewhat disappointed Dominic. He was anxious at the earliest possible moment to return the baron's loan, and indeed thought from a hint that the baron had dropped, that it was his intention to introduce him to a lady of property, who could do something toward the liquidation of his debt. The next day, as the interview had been satisfactory between the young people, the baron announced to Dominic his plans in full. He stated the nature of the services done him by the elder Dupre, and his desire, as the family were left in reduced circumstances to discharge the obligation without alarming their delicacy, and this he thought he could best do by effecting marriage between Dominic and the daughter of his friend.

Dominic was satisfied with this explanation and arrangement; the young lady seemed truly amiable, and desirable as a partner for life; and before a week had elapsed Dominic made a formal offer of his hand and heart, and was duly accepted.

The marriage was soon after solemnized, and the same day after his customary breakfast, the baron beckoned to Dominic to approach.

"You have done well," said he, "you have married without interested motives, a woman desirous and capable of rendering you happy. I told you I should find the means to cancel the debt you owe me; it is the dowry of Rose. And here," continued he, tearing the 300,000 franc bill in pieces, "I destroy the acknowledgment you gave for the money. Enjoy it and be happy."

Dominic, full of gratitude, would have thrown himself at the baron's feet, but he was already out of the door. "Two or three such acts," he muttered to himself as he walked swiftly away, "and I shall die contented; and these what my relations call prodigal dissipations of my fortune."

Dominic verified the prediction of the baron, and became a millionaire. He improved the establishment of the Palais Royal, and having brought it to its present state of perfection, sold the property for 500,000 francs. He is now a retired citizen, residing in a noble hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, distinguished chiefly for the simple probity of his character. Rose and he have never forgotten nor hesitated to acknowledge their obligations to "the man who always ate stale bread."

Novel Trout Catching.

Sullivan County, N. Y., where wild land may be bought at less than \$5 an acre and where many trout streams are unexplored, has an extraordinary story of a Brooklyn sportsman, who found himself at the edge of a trout hole literally swarming with fish when he was unprovided with tackle. He gave a despairing glance at the fish and was about to pass on, when a most unexpected idea came into his head, and the next moment he yielded to the temptation. The stream was narrow and his sportsman was broad, so taking off his trousers he tied the legs into sacks, and going to the narrowest part of the trout hole down stream, he weighed down wide waistband with stones and propped with the natural entrance to the trousers with the stout sticks. Then wading into the stream above the fish, he held the section of driving the whole shoal into the gaping mouth of his netted garments. Approaching cautiously, he snatched the trousers from the water and laid their writhing limbs upon the bank. His conduct was most un-sportsmanlike, but those who ate the trout overlooked this little matter of technique.—New York Sun.

WELL AGAIN.

Mother—Is Johnny Judson well yet? Little Dick—If guess so. I heard his name scoldin' him this mornin'.

HONOR OF THE GENOES

New York's Magnificent Columbian Celebration Now Fairly Under Way.

THE CITY DECORATED AS NEVER BEFORE IN ITS HISTORY.

Along Broadway a Mass of Flags and Bunting—College and School Parades To-day—Appropriate Services at All the Churches Yesterday—The City Rapidly Getting Up With Vigor—Programme of the Week.

New York, Oct. 10.—It is probable that no city has ever before been so gayly, so artistically, and, so generally decorated as is New York to-day. The citizens have responded with remarkable unanimity to Mayor Grant's request to aid in the celebration by decorating their homes and their office buildings. It was to be expected that the buildings, Federal buildings, hotel houses and prominent business houses would be resplendent in gala, but the ready response of private citizens comes as something of a surprise in the history of celebrations, even in this city. Some of the streets are as gay as Broadway. Besides the banner of the United States no flag is as effective for decoration as the Stars and Stripes, and a large share of the resistance of the Genoa flag is seen everywhere. The flag is seen everywhere, and arranged in every conceivable form. Huge breadths of colored material with stars and barred stripes, in various colors, red, white and blue, are used extensively for decorations.

Next to the stars and stripes are the red and white stripes of Spain and Italy's cross in green, white and red. The flags blend well and are effective together in thousands of cases. The portrait of Columbus occupies a prominent place in all the more elaborate decorations. The great discovery is shown in many different situations. A picture represents him landing for the first time on the soil of the New World.

Tens of thousands of cheap but showing Columbus with a sincere and earnest expression were to be seen about the city by peddlars at a price of a few cents. Every small shop on the east side has one in the window. A appropriate frame of Stars and Stripes hanging.

Broadway and Fifth avenue, of course, are the palm for brilliancy and display. From the Battery to Twenty-third Street Broadway runs between banks of color. Every building shows some effort.

The City Hall, as befitting, is certainly more elaborately decorated than any New York. On all four sides the walls are literally smothered with banners, shields, and all manner of devices. The cosmopolitan ideas have carried out to its fullest extent. Not only from what country comes the decorations in the park, but the nation's flag is seen in the coat of arms surrounding all the gaily fluttering streamers of small banners.

Newspaper Row is resplendent, some of every journal is more or less actively decorated. The most elaborate work has been done on the Post-Office Building. Colored lights make building a fine sight at night.

The Metropolitan Hotel, the Hotel House, the Domestic Building, the Square Hotel, the Hoffman House, the Everett House, the Albermarle Hotel and Palmer's Theatre, are all splendidly decorated. Some of these buildings lose their attractiveness as buildings and are purely in their colors.

Union and Madison squares, and four lines of interest always, are bound up in profusion of decorations. The Broadway in profusion of decorations is still a wonder of brilliancy. Washington square to Central park is still the most interesting and beautiful thing in the way of decoration in the arch spanning Fifth at Fifty-eighth street. It is in marble. The design is chaste and noble. Two Parian marble columns each side enclose niches, in each of which is a graceful sculptural representation of a figure.

The pillars are entwined with garlands and hang from the top of the arch are five all female figures. The central one is boldly in the prow of an advancing vessel. On either side are two heralds with stretched arms. On the brow of the arch is the inscription: "The United States America in Memoriam Glorious to Posterity Columbus."

The second day of the celebration devoted to religious services. Roman Catholic and Protestant of the services were of the most important character. The more important were held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where Archbishop Corrigan celebrated High Mass; Trinity Church, Grace Church, the Rev. Dr. Huntington presided, and the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in which the services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

At Trinity Church services at 7:30 o'clock with the Low Celebrant Holy Communion. A plain prayer was given at 9:30 and at High Celebration was begun.

At the latter service Dr. A. J. Little, an excellent musical person on the discovery of Columbus.

The Cathedral's altar high color were heightened by tapestries of national flags, palms, and wreaths from altar to organ. The church was crowded. The