

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

DURING a recent discussion of war and defense, Edison declared that, with a head of water and a handful of men, he could defy an army.

ACCORDING to the latest fashion news from London ladies will wear the hair high this season and the hat will be perched on top thereof.

The announcement that Li Hung Chang is insane will not greatly agitate America, but in far Asia it is momentous news.

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AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW TUNE.

The old's a saying old and rusty, But good as any new— "Never trouble trouble Till trouble troubles you."

THE TOMB-BLOSSOMS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

A pleasant, fair-sized country village, a village embossed in trees, with old churches, one tavern, kept by a respectable widow, long, single-storied farm houses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke-black, a village with grass and shrubbery, and no mortar, nor bricks, nor pavements, nor gas—no newness;

Our pure air, making the blood swell and leap with buoyant health; our labor and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly vices that taint the town; our not being racked with notes due, or the fluctuations of prices, or the breaking of banks; our manners of sociability expanding the heart and reacting with a wholesome effect upon the body—can anything which citizens possess balance these?

One Saturday, after paying a few days' visit at New York, I returned to my quarters in the country inn. The day was hot and my journey a disagreeable one. I had been forced to stir myself beyond comfort and dispatch my affairs quickly, for fear of being left by the cars.

When I awoke every vein and nerve felt fresh and free. Soreness and irritation had been swept away, as it were, with the curtains of the night and the accustomed tone had returned again.

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Thus thought I, and, strangely enough, such imagining marred not in the least the sunny brightness which spread alike over my mind and over the landscape.

be out so early, and among the tomb? What creature odd enough in fancy to find pleasure there, and at such a time? Continuing my gaze I saw that the figure was a woman. She seemed to move with a slow and feeble step, passing and repassing constantly between two and the same graves which were within half a rod of each other.

Curious to know what was the woman's employment, I undid the simple fastenings of the gate, and walked over the rank, wet grass toward her. As I came near I recognized her as an old, a very old inmate of the poorhouse at Delarier. Stopping a moment, while I was yet several yards from her, and before she saw me, I tried to call to recollection certain particulars of her history, which I had heard a great while past.

This was the story of the aged creature before me; aged with the weight of seventy winters. I walked up to her. By her feet stood a large, rude basket, in which I beheld leaves and buds. The two graves which I had seen her passing between so often were covered with flowers—the earliest, but sweetest flowers of the season.

"Good morning, madam," said I, quietly. The withered female turned her eyes to mine and acknowledged my greeting in the same spirit wherewith it was given. "May I ask whose graves they are that you remember so kindly?"

"My husband's," answered she. A manifestation of a fanciful taste, she probably brought with her from abroad. Of course, but one of the graves could be her husband's, and one, likely, was that of a child who had died and been laid away by its father.

"My husband's," replied the aged widow. Poor creature! her faculties were becoming dim. No doubt her sorrows and her length in life had worn both mind and body nearly to the parting.

"Yes, I know," continued I, mildly, "but there are two graves. One is your husband's, and the other is—" I paused for her to fill the blank.

Subsequently, several other paupers were buried in the same spot, and the sexton could only show two graves to the disconsolate woman and tell her that her husband was positively one of the twins.

consolation of coming to his tomb as to a shrine, and wiping her tears there; and it was bitter that such could not be. The miserable widow even attempted to obtain the consent of the proper functionaries that the graves might be opened, and her anxieties put at rest!

Every Sunday morning, in the mild season, she went forth early and gathered fresh flowers and dressed both the graves. So she knew that the right one was cared for, even if another shared that care. And lest she should possibly bestow the most of her testimony of love on him she knew not, but whose spirit might be looking down invisible in the air and smiling upon her, she was very careful to have each tomb adorned in an exactly similar manner.

"If I could only know which to bend over when my heart feels heavy," thus finished the sorrowing being as she rose to depart; "then it would be a happiness. But, perhaps, I am blind to my dearest mercies. God in His great wisdom may have meant that I should not know what grave was his, lest grief over it should become too common a luxury for me, and melt me away."

And the buried man—he was happy to have passed away as he did. The woman—she was the one to be pitied. Without doubt she wished many times that she were laid beside him. And not only she, thought I, as I cast my eyes on the solemn memorials around me; but at the same time there were thousands of others on earth who panted for the long repose, as a tired child for the night.

Then the weary spirit shall no more be weary; the aching head and the aching heart shall be strangers to pain; and the soul that was fretted and sorrowed away its little life on earth will sorrow no any more. When the mind has been roaming abroad in the crowd, and returns sick and tired of hollow hearts and of human deceit, let us think of the grave and of death and they will seem like soft and pleasant music.

If there be any sufficiently interested in the fate of the aged woman, that they wish to know further about her, for those transferred to a region where it might receive the reward of its constancy and purity. Her last desire—and it was complied with—was that she should be placed midway between the two graves.

When a healthy horse is enjoying perfect rest his pulse heats at the rate of fifty-times per minute, that of an ox fifty-two times, while in sheep and hogs the average cardiac pulsations are seventy-six per minute.

The Pulse-Beats of Animals. When a healthy horse is enjoying perfect rest his pulse heats at the rate of fifty-times per minute, that of an ox fifty-two times, while in sheep and hogs the average cardiac pulsations are seventy-six per minute.

People overlooked the importance of transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Pina...



Simply Awful Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half the hand. Then the sore broke out on my neck, and came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of my eyes, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the worst case of Scrofula they ever saw.

Work all the Time. Before, I could do no work. I know what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my present cure." G. W. TURNER, Farmer, Galva, Ill.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn or dyspepsia, constipation. Poor Digestion, Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pains in the heart.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am today stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J. Cox, Defiance, O.

They all Testify



Books on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free. Druggists Sell It. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 2, Atlanta, Ga. FARMERS' OWN PRODUCE

E. C. GLOUCESTER'S

Important Work Yet Remaining for the 32d Congress.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—On Monday, Nov. 14, three weeks from to-day, the Congress will meet in final session.

One of the first matters to be brought before the Senate will be the Washburn-Option bill, which has already passed the House, and which has already had a clear majority in favor of passage in the Senate.

The title of the bill is "H. H. 7845," and defines "Options" and "Futures," and defines special taxes on dealers in such contracts, and requires each person engaged in such business to obtain a license for certain purposes.

The bill has a number of other important provisions, but a determined effort will be made to bring them out and to send them to the President for his action.

The appropriations for the current year will probably evoke little discussion in one important respect. The Treasury Department, to whom the bill requires that the estimates be submitted prior to the meeting of Congress, has already intimated informally that the estimates will simply be a duplication of the appropriations which Congress has already agreed to be necessary for the year, and that no recommendation be made for any increase of expenditure or force.

The one exception upon which a discussion may be looked for, is that of the Sundry Civil bill which makes appropriation for expenses of United States courts, commissioners, marshals, deputy marshals. Mr. Allison stated in the Senate, when reporting the Sundry Civil bill for this year, as agreed upon in conference, that the reductions made in the House would inevitably result in a deficiency.

The Senate wished to appropriate \$200,000 for fees and expenses of United States marshals and deputies. The bill as reported to the Senate, however, stuck to that figure. The Senate appropriated \$145,000 for fees of United States marshals; the House knocked off \$55,000. The Senate appropriated \$200,000 for fees of clerks, etc.; the House reduced the amount to \$175,000. A attempt to appropriate for deficiency under these heads will assuredly provoke a debate which will bring to a whole question of the election law and its enforcement.

JUDGE COOLEY DEAD. A prominent Iowa Ex-Confederate died of Paralysis.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—D. M. Cooley, Dubuque, Iowa, Judge of the State Court of that State, is dead at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Lass, No. 211 West End avenue, Paris, N. Y.

Filed for Life from the Farm. SHENANDOAH, Pa., Nov. 14.—A fraternal started in one of the Philadelphia company's houses at Philadelphia yesterday morning and destroyed double tenements occupied by a family at that time. Many narrow escapes of occupants who were confined for their lives and in many cases nothing but their clothing.