

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1892.

That Denmark has an old maids' insurance company, but fails to particularize if the men whom they capture are the recipients of the value of the policies.

An unusually large number of jockeys have lost their lives or been badly maimed by accidents on the turf this season. In some cases this has been due to their own carelessness, in others to large fields in the racing events, and in others, still, to circumstances which could not have been foreseen. As long, however, as jockeys are paid as large sums of money as they now receive for winning races there will always be plenty of candidates for positions upon the backs of the runners. It is dangerous business, but they look upon the profits as more than compensation for all the risks incurred.

A WASHINGTON expert now bobs up serenely and appears to demonstrate that the portrait of Columbus selected for the souvenir half dollar is not authentic. His opinion might have been of some value before a choice was made, and besides that it is difficult to conceive that any one man is so much smarter than Chauncey Dewey as to tell which one of the many portraits labeled as Columbus is genuine. "It seems even a greater task than that accomplished by the original discoverer."

The other night the Norwegians of Chicago met to do honor to the memory of Leif Erikson. The sturdy sailor received unstinted praise, and a \$3,000 picture of him was ordered painted for the World's Fair. The Norwegians do well in celebrating the praises of Leif Erikson. His daring exploits are well authenticated and are credited by very high authorities. But Erikson is no rival of Columbus and should not be so considered. The latter should, in fact, be given additional credit for having made use of all the knowledge extant, bearing on the great purpose of his life, and for having put it to a practical use. Erikson's discovery derives all the more importance from the fact that it may have been one of the influences that led Columbus to make his great voyage. It was Columbus who opened up the new world to the immigration and civilization of Europe.

A recent article in Scribner's, on "Launching Battleships," also emphasizes the fact that the new navy will be a Western navy. The heroes and distinguished men of the old navy were from the seaboard States; they and their exploits were but little known in the West, being eclipsed by the army, whose famous commanders and fighting men were mainly from the West. The new navy has been prominently brought before the whole country, and every community is personally interested in it. Warships are designed by naval constructors, who also superintend their building, and as it is an art of peculiar difficulties and technical knowledge, a special training is given them. That of the author of the Scribner article is interesting. Assistant Naval Constructor W. J. Baxter is an Ohioan, from Carroll County, and was appointed as cadet engineer at the Naval Academy by Governor McKinley in 1879, and graduated at the top of his class four years later; then made a three years' cruise in various ships, among them the famous Kearsarge, visiting all climates, doing duty on deck and in the engine-room, with cannon and torpedoes, so as to be familiar with the special requirements of men-of-war in all the varied positions in which they are placed. He was then sent to Scotland, and for two years was in one of the largest shipyards on the Clyde, where there is annually built nearly one-half of the tonnage of the world. During this period he assisted in the design and building of warships and merchantmen, like a regular employe of the firm, learning from the commercial standpoint the most economical and expeditious method of construction. To study the most advanced theories of naval architecture he then spent more than a year at Paris, in the "Ecole d'Application," the French government having courteously allowed this enviable privilege. Returning home in 1889, he was assigned to duty at the Norfolk Navy-yard, where the battleship Texas, the cruiser Raleigh, and the coast defense ship Amphitrite are being built by Naval Constructor Bowles. Lieutenant Baxter is the first Ohioan who has been connected with the design and building of any of our warships.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Tiswixt Nature's heart and mine.

I live to hail the season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—

I live for those who love me,
For those who love me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;

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An unhappy life, filled with reverses that never were realized, with regrets that always had a cause. How could he hope, how could he act when everything he said and did resulted in a jeer! And yet he had believed that Mary Denning knew him, was able to discern intention in his looks and beneath uncountedness to see a tender, sympathetic heart. And so when she had gone to Europe with her people he had overcome the fearful importunities of his mother, finding shame in so facile a victory, and had joined their party in Switzerland, being tolerated, so he felt, as a harmless egotist, out of respect for old-time intimacies.

Alas for the wild hopes of the journey thither! On his arrival he had found Major Herbert Knox in full possession of the field. What was there for him to do except to accept the inevitable and take his place as a camp follower in the presence of such a conqueror? For the Major had always been the beau ideal of impossibilities to poor Joe. Handsome, athletic, graceful, his bearing merited the title which local militia had given him. A fine, manly-appearing fellow, truly carrying his straight six feet of brawn and sinew as deftly as a Court page; affable, yet dignified, approachable, yet asking a "qui vive" through his earnest gray eyes, which the firm lines of his mouth warned all to answer.

And so Joe had clung to the Dennings in miserable uncertainty, which he knew to be all too certain, until the blow had fallen; and then he had coughed and sputtered coffee, and stumbled to his room to continue the laugh at himself. His life was ended. No one cared for him nor believed in him, except his mother, and alas! it was the image of her own credulity that she worshipped. Poor woman! she had meant to be so good to him. The least he could do was to return to her, and since she let her chiefest delight in petting, to let her pet in defiance of all banter. Others who were composed and gallant, to whom an emergency was a triumph, not an aftermath of self-reproach, might aspire to the nobility of word and deed; what concern could one have with such station whose beard was scraggy and whose left foot turned in when walking?

Joe, therefore, decided that he would return with the triumphant Dennings. Even if Mary could never be his, it was far more comfortable to be miserable in her presence than away from her, and whether he inopportunistly groined or guffawed it was all one to them; he was only Joe, and they discovered complicity in his endurance.

Perhaps they never noticed it, for he himself was unaware of it; but Joe's thoughtfulness rounded many of the sharp edges of travel for them. It was an accomplished linguist; he must need have learned something in his idleness, and then, of course, he wasn't sought after as the Major was, by all the young tourists whom they met, and so he had abundant time to manage well enough a thousand and one details which the Major could have managed exceedingly well. Once, indeed, Mr. Denning did announce that "if Joe wasn't Joe there really might be something in the fellow"; but this was after Mr. Denning had dined upon repletion and his condescension was expansive.

Only Mary, in the midst of her joy, would sometimes feel a reasonable remorse as she glanced at Joe, and this would engender a brief gentleness toward him, brief, since its reception would be so grotesque.

The party found that the steamer on which they were to sail would be unusually crowded; the steerage was swarming with the detritus of the Continent; the cabins were crowded with pleasure seekers who had exhausted their purpose. This press could not have affected the Dennings, for their room had been held for them, but their friends, the Grangers, a young couple with a little daughter, were not so fortunate, and yet affairs at home urged their departure. So Mary willingly welcomed Grace Granger as a roommate, while Joe accommodated her parents by bunking with the Major, much to the latter's displeasure, had not his sweetheart's smiles been an assuaging reward.

keep it secret. Fear is worse than contagion. "Don't tell me," snapped the Major. "Even the condemned are given a few moments' preparation. The passengers should protect themselves by concerted action; and it won't be my fault if they don't. The cholera! My God, how badly I feel!"

Shaking off the restraining grasp the Major rushed into the smoking room. It was vacant, for breakfast had not yet been served. As quickly as service could fetch them he gulped three long drinks of brandy, and then the complacent smile which had strayed returned to his face. He even lighted another cigar. After all it might be a false alarm. And in any event it surely would not trouble a man like him. Direct contact might be dangerous indeed; but he would guard against that. Doubtless a lot of cattle like the people in the steerage might breed a pestilence, but he who was so clean, so wholesome, such a believer in the virtues of air and water, oh, no! And yet, disease was no respecter of persons; suppose that it should come to him? It was so fatal, so instantaneously fatal! Why, before a man could think, he was seized, he was gone! A foul, loathsome death! Ugh! It was like being smothered in filth. Then overboard, in a sack, to float suspended in the cold, sullen depths. Oh, no! a man had no earthly show; if he had, like storming a rampart or dashing on horseback with a message to the front, why, then, the Major would be there. But now, "sauve qui peut" was good enough for him. Let fools and women do the encouraging, he would look out for number one. Strong men were always favorite marks—here the Major threw away his cigar. He had had a tendency even as a boy. Oh, to think of this horrible ship and its horrible freight! If one could only escape—here the Major walked up and down the floor and rang for another "go." And at this juncture Joe Palmer entered. "Ah, how scared Joe would be when he heard the awful tidings! Even in his anguish the Major smiled."

"Oh, Joe!" he exclaimed, "We're done for, we are doomed! The cholera is aboard. The steerage people are dying like poisoned rats in a hole." "Cholera," said Joe. "That's bad. Hum! Aren't you coming to breakfast?" "Breakfast! You fool. Can't you realize the position you're in? We are doomed, I tell you, I, old Denning, Mary, everybody! And you talk about breakfast! Don't you know that the food is surely infected? The only thing to do is to keep by one's self and drink lots of brandy. Will you try a ball?" "Thank you, no," replied Joe simply. "I never drink in the morning; it makes me nervous. Of course I realize that the situation is most critical, and I know that we agree as to how it must be met. Ignorance is the only salvation for all these delicate, excitable people. The disease can be confined to the steerage, I'm sure, and no one will be the wiser except you and me, and we can stand it, hey, Major? Those poor devils, I wish I could help them, but we must be selfish for Mary's sake."

"I shall warn every one." "Don't be a coward, Major." "Coward! If we were ashore I would make you eat that word. Just wait—" But Joe had turned on his heel and hastened away. A great light had burst over his mind dispelling a boyish phantasy. Thenceforward he respected himself. Unluckily, however, on his departure, other passengers entered the room, and to these the Major detailed the ominous news. It scattered like sparks throughout the ship, and sobs and pale faces and curses attested its havoc.

The captain, accompanied by Joe, interrupted the Major's wild harangue. "So," began that officer "you have played a manly part, haven't you? Directly I heard of your intention, sir, I was going to look you in your state-room."

"Don't you attempt to bully me," retorted the Major. "I know my rights and my duties. You shan't poison us unawares while I'm on guard. Come, boys, another round of that preventive."

"Hullo, old sour cheeks," he shouted. "You look like the personification of our good guest. Come, don't be downhearted, man; brace up and show shall only be jolly!" "I can't keep my thoughts from those sufferers below," said Joe, gravely. "Think of the horrors of that black hole. At best—" Here an understeward approached, handed a note to the Major, and retired. The Major glanced at its superscription and smiled resignedly. He opened it. The smile vanished. The note floated to the deck. "Oh!" he cried. "It's infected. The group scattered; but Joe picked up the offending missive. "What is it?" he asked. "Read it," said the Major from his retreat by the rail. And Joe read as follows: "DARLING: Little Grace is very sick—and I fear. She has played between decks, you know. I shall stay by the poor child, of course. Take care of your dear self. Your MARY." "What are you going to do?" Joe demanded, drawing near.

"Keep that thing away from me, going to wash my hands with vinegar soon as I can." "I shall go to her." "Don't come back to my room." "Don't tremble; I won't." Joe rapped on the door of Mary's stateroom. "Yes, Herbert," came the answer, and through the crack appeared the girl's bright, rapturous face.

"Oh, it's only you!" she exclaimed, and anxiety returned. "I came to offer my help," said Joe, "and the Major sends his dearest love." "Why didn't he come himself?" "What's this young man, what are you doing here?" rasped a gruff voice, and Joe, turning, confronted the ship's doctor. "I wanted to be of some use," he faltered. "Yes, and you've only made a bad matter worse. I was about to sequester these two young people, and now I've got you on my hands, too. It's enough to drive a man wild. There's no system, no discipline; I have no nurses, no attendants. The disease is spreading, and here you blunder—" "Oh, but you can depend on me, believe me. Let me carry the little girl. She was always fond of me."

Through the saloon, which was very clear before them, hastened the three, the stricken child close to Joe's heart, her tiny arms clasped about his neck. Poor simple Joe! How the Major would have laughed had he known his delight from that confiding embrace. When they reached the remote room Joe laid his charge on the couch, and saying, "I'll forgo for comforts," hurried away, soon to return heavily laden. And Mary watched him with eyes heavy with regretful knowledge. "Come, my fine fellow, what shall I do with you?" asked the doctor, without the suspicion of a rasp. "Oh, you can't discharge me," replied Joe, lightly. "I'm going with you into the steerage."

"But—" expostulated Mary. "There are no 'buts,' my dear. After all, what difference can it make?" "What difference, indeed, to poor Joe, who welcomed this cataclysm as a refuge from despair, yet—ah! what a difference to the writhing wretches below, who found hope in those fierce black eyes and courage from the light of that long white face, and who welcomed that uneven step as the glide of a ministering angel. What a difference, indeed, to his constant brotherly solicitude made to Mary in her extremity, a difference bitter in its very tenderness from the contrast which it forced!"

And the great ship sped toward her home, which was to prove a rampart armed against her; and denser and more noxious grew the cloud that compassed her. The Major boasted or wailed as stimulant waxed or waned. The Dennings and the Grangers prayed for their children even while despairing of their own safety. And night after night the following billows shrank back from the ghastly jetsam that plunged through their foam.

Ah, bitter is that frost which just precedes fruition! When the port was gained and safety within arm's reach, then the stern veto of quarantine caused even the resolute to blanch and quake. To the Major the inhibition was the out of the scissors of fate. It was late one night that a stalwart form slipped over the rail of the steamship and stealthily dropped into the chilly waters of the bay. The skies were heavy, the east wind was rising, the tide was tumultuous and surdy; yet with desperate energy the swimmer maintained a dogged advance toward the shore. That grim gray light which spreads before sunrise was touching the face of the earth with a corpse-like hue when he rested exhausted on the beach. For a moment only. The rude seafaring inhabitants were alert against such fugitives. Their pickets espied him and seized him. Under guard and followed by a rabble of the misguided and the vicious whom panic always joins as allies, he was led to the wharf to be returned to the steamer. To be returned to that haunt of pestilence! As soon as the prisoner perceived his fate there was a struggle, a blow, a dash for freedom, and he was flying over the dunes with the howling pack behind him. He was gaining, his escape was certain, when there was a shot, a stagger, a fall. Then silence and solitude, save for the twilight whirring of sharp-edged birds, and Major Herbert Knox lay with his face to the break of day at peace from that terror of which he was a victim.

Disaster moves not in circles; its paths have well-defined ends. At length the ships were released, the dead buried, the convalescent discharged. The great hospitals were vacant, but in the doctors' quarters an anxious little knot was watching by a bedside. Unscathed by cholera, Joe Palmer had yielded to exhaustion, and now was wasting under a low, lingering fever. "It's not that he must die," said the ship's physician with a tremor, not a rasp, "but he doesn't seem to care to live." With a sob, Mary Denning knelt by the cot. "It does make a difference, dear," she whispered, and she kissed eyes sensitive lips. The fierce black eyes opened, and in them she read the joyous return of life.

HOMESTEADERS' PLIG

aders Denounced for Collapse of the Strike.

STUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

ration Starting Many of the Str...
the Face Only a Small Propo...
Hope to Re-enter the Car...
his Non-Union Men Will Not...
Applied.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Nov. 21.—Now...
Agency is over, and the great H...
and strike has been declared off by...
advisory board, the men ar...
in expressing their opinio...
men who have posed as leaders, ...
sely promising a victory when ...
for a certainty that the battle ...
lessly lost. These men are furie...
founded.

According to Supt. Wood, of the H...
ad works, not more than 800 or...
the total number of employes wil...
to secure employment.

Before the break of last Thur...
were left in Homestead, 2,800 o...
total 3,800 men who were locke...
June 25.

Of these 2,800 men, 2,200 were...
and laborers, and 600 were A...
and Association men. Up to...
men have applied for work, a...
estimated that not more than 350...
supplied with work.

The question of declaring the...
began to agitate the minds of...
in Amalgamated men as soon as it...
me apparent that the mechanics...
breaking away in a "body";...
ly the rank and file but many of...
ers recognized that without the...
aid of the mechanics and labor...
could not hope to carry the day.

Money, or lack of it, also became...
important factor. The failure to re...
onised money of large amount...
together with the unfulfillment of o...
onises, all came in for considera...
they could not submit upon promiss...
and their leaders, who, seeing the...
could be useless to try and hold the...
other longer took steps to place...
them upon equal footing with the...
mechanics in the grand rush for wor...
Saturday's meeting was attended...
suredly by Amalgamated Associat...
members, much to the chagrin and...
pointment of the sympathetic me...
who were turned aside. They tr...
their homes in silence, hope...
bin them. The meeting was ur...
one, and considerable surpris...
delivered the announced resignat...
Crawford.

When his resignation had been ac...
stirrer arose and moved that the...
be declared at an end and that...
be allowed to seek employment...
Homestead until.

Discussion of this question conti...
all to a man, when the meeting...
turned out without result. Yesterd...
question was taken up, but a...
and against such a move were a...
force the question to a vote, so e...
ere they divided. Only about 200...
tended the meeting.

These opposed to bringing the sig...
ended struggled hard to prevent a...
a pleading, arguing, and predicti...
integration of the Amalgamated...
ation.

These patriotic steel workers, who...
peatedly stated that they would...
sickness and starvation rather th...
at, were in the minority, and they...
Yet they pleaded with their bre...
stand firm, if for no other reason...
show the world that they had not...
the men who were lying in p...
the awaiting trial.

It was of no avail. The question...
the vote being a standing...
then Vice-President Carney ann...
result, 101 to 91, there was no jo...
nibreak.

For a few minutes the men stat...
ed at each other. Then follo...
denunciations. The men sh...
the hall in twos and threes. ...
seemed loth to leave the building...
ers rafters of which have quiver...
de declaration, made a thousand...
pat victory was theirs if they wou...
patient.

Last evening the men stood in...
groups about the streets, discussi...
light, they found themselves in...
upon them, they see nothing...
now, but a struggle for exist...
which may assume the proportions...
summe.

The oft-repeated declarations of...
Amege officials that the union...
will not be displaced to give emp...
to the strikers gives absolutely n...
for 2,000 of the defeated steel wor...
REJOICING AT BEAVER FALLS

The Settlement of the Labor Troubl...
the Carnegie Mills the Cause...
BEAVER FALLS, Pa., Nov. 21.—...
great rejoicing here on all sides...
action of the three lodges of the A...
mated Association in declaring...
the Carnegie mills off and of the...
people in reinstating all of th...
who applied for work.

The men themselves feel as...
anybody and are being...
gratulated on all sides. About 60...
employed by the Carnegie Co...
Fault Found With Diana's Shan...
Chicago, Nov. 21.—The statu...
the huntress, which was br...
New York from Madison Square build...
New York, and which now poses...
dome of the Agricultural building...
be broken into pieces, thrown in...
metting pot and cast again. Artist...
are employed in the Exposition bu...
automate that "the goddess" shape...
proper, is not artistic and is not...
the model designed by Sculpto...
Flanlines.