Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1893.

W. H. Mallock declares in the Forum that Scott and Dickens are not only read by many people, but they are read by more people to-day than they ever were before.

In the consular district of Piedras Negras, Mexico, there is not a single American commercial house. Trade is entirely in the hands of Mexican, French, German and English houses.

Augusta, Ga., will realize in 1893 from her canal, in water rents from the people and amounts paid by the factories for water power, at least $90,000 or 4½ per cent. on $2,000,000.

The Boston Transcript declares that American engineers have every reason to congratulate themselves over the fact that several large bridges on the line of the Transandine Railway, in South America, were built by American companies in the face of English competition.

A "culinary academy" has been formed among the leading cooks of Paris. The members are thirty in number, and they meet once a month in an establishment in the Passage Saulnier, under the leadership of a cook attached to one of the most celebrated restaurants in Paris.

According to one estimate the total value of the crops of the United States during 1892 was $3,000,000,000, of which the largest item was $750,000,000 worth of hay. The animal products, including meats, dairy products, poultry and eggs and wool, are placed at at $965,000,000 more.

The San Francisco Examiner relates how a St. Paul (Minn.) man has had his gold plate attached by a dentist for debt. This not only interferes seriously with his dining, but he cannot even gnash his teeth in disapproval. The only teeth he has have the misfortune to appertain to the gold plate aforesaid.

The fame of Kentucky as a horse-breeding centre has penetrated even to far Japan, a number of fine animals having been purchased there by an agent of the Mikado's Government, which leads the Chicago Times to remark that it pays to get a reputation for a specialty established for a given district. Then buyers come direct to that market.

France lost a valuable citizen a few days ago, says the New Orleans Picayune, in George Hachette, the publisher, who between 1867 and 1878 brought out 1660 volumes. Every work he believed useful for instruction he published regardless of financial considerations. He had the monopoly of railway station libraries, and exercised over them a supervision which was equivalent to a vigorous censorship, but it was an enlightened censorship, and those who protested against it had little sympathy from men of education.

The eight-hour-a-day proposition for domestic servants and various other schemes for getting the British Parliament to interfere between servants and employers, which have been urged by the London Domestic Servants' Union, have failed to make even a favorable impression in a critical examination before the Royal Labor Commission. The commission gave a long hearing to a representative of the union, but the case fell to pieces under questionings. The impracticability of the eight hour idea applied to domestic servants was very clearly demonstrated. It also appeared that the union itself was very weak, and that the vast majority of domestic servants seemed to be well treated and quite content. The investigations showed that the servant is far better off in regard to facilities for legal redress than is the employer. The union had a proposition to substitute a system of paying servants "in kind" but its representative was "not quite prepared to suggest a system to take the place of money wages." The conclusions arrived at by the Commission so far are that the relations between employer and domestic servant must be of a give and take character, and any interference by the Legislature would do more harm than good.

GAINS AND LOSSES.

Come the hours when we sit in the shadow
That falls like the droop of a wing
O'er the nest that is naked and empty
When the fledglings have learned how to sing,

Then wan in the heart for the old time,
The time that was busy and gay,
With the world and its clamor about us,
And we in the midst of the fray.

In the shadow we count up our losses:
We creep where we marched with the best.
Oh! the ache when we try to walk softly,
The cry of our soul against rest.

And we grieve for the golden heads vanished
Our children are women and men,
And wistful and drear is the yearning
To have them but children again.

And we fret o'er the fruitless endeavor,
The labor that satisfied not,
Till the shadow grows thicker and longer,
And the blur in our eyes is a blot

On the lingering splendor of sunshine,
That tops with its lances of light
At the shut and barred door of our memory,
An after-glow radiant and bright.

Do we see nothing else but our losses,
We mourning there fools and purblind,
With the crown and the kingdom before us.
The conflict and turmoil behind?

Shall the harvest lament for the seed time,
The bud be less blithe than the leaf?
Is there joy when the plough breaks the furrow,
And none when the hand binds the sheaf?

Oh! wings that are folded and drooping,
Spring wide in the evening's uplift;
Reach out to the stars that are showing
The skies in a silvery rift.

No day of our days is so hallowed
As that when we see, just before,
The light in the house of our Father
Shine out through His half-open door.

[Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar

THE ESCAPE.

BY W. DE LAPLAINE SCRIBE.

The last palisade over and limbs long stiffened felt Bason once more with the life of twenty five. Now for a slow and cautious creep along the gully by which water came into the township; later on he would bethink him of that narrow escape at the third doorway. Whisht! a man's head in the road, and he bent down once more behind the earth ridge and pushed his way up stream with difficulty showing a little of himself as possible. It was either crawling into the town or late.

Very silently the moon was the only some from just see ding but, praise the Lord, who what has ever told Englishmen, the guard had not yet discovered their loss, and the water was bearably cold. Never return thanks too soon! The officer reined his horse on a rising slope, and, turning in his saddle, glanced back over the shadow dappled and so that his eye, running up the shiny ribbon of stream, suddenly saw the black dot laboring away against its current.

Instincts of destruction ran along the nerves of his hand; he drew a pistol and fired, sending a splash of water over John's head, while the echoes smote the fortress walls and lost themselves in the woodlands behind. A few chamfer rose out of San Jago; John rose out of the stream, and ran to the copses. The Spaniard spurred after him with drawn sword, eager for the pleasure of slicing him, when caught up; in a few minutes he was alongside, but this being a shadowed spot he stayed his hand overhead till the stroke should be sure. In that moment John doubled like a hare and rushed desperately at the soldier, who reined up all at once and brought down his blade—vainly. For the cunning Englishman ducked under the horse's body, then popped out, seized his foe's leg and foot, and with a sudden fierce heave shot the soldier sideways out of his saddle and on to his head. There he lay broken-necked, while the victor grasped the bridle, bent to earth and snatched the sword, mounted the animal and stuck the weapon's point into its haunch; off shot the horse with a snort of pain, while the clatter of pursuers arose behind, finally sinking away as the pine trees flew by. Then, as the moon entered a thick cloud bank, they came to an open prairie, and onward into darkness they went without more than the slightest of stumbles. Several miles; the horse began to breathe hard and sob, then settled into a slow trot.

More miles. The trot became a walk, and the walk more difficult; more miles yet, very long ones, and the earth went up and down as the darkness became gray—there were low hills and shallow ravines, then came rocks, and ledges, and cliffs; the gray speedily thinned, the horse stopped at a cliff wall.

To the right, to the left, John looked for an opening; there was none. He raised his hands, licked a finger of the cleanest, thought he felt a faint freshness on the left side of it, and so turned in that direction. After some hundred yards he came to a crack in the wall; he pushed into it. There was hardly room at first, then it widened into a chasm, and wound along in darkness with a band of light at the top—then came a sudden descent, and the wearied creature he rode stumbled and threw him into a pool of water.

The shock of the plunge brought him together again. He struggled beneath the water, came up at last, half choked, and pulled himself upon a rocky ledge with the sword still hanging from his wrist. Looking for the horse, he saw nothing but a violent commotion on the water surface, which presently ceased; a few air bubbles came to the top and broke, that was all; his rescuer had ended its life in the depths from which he had escaped.

Then he sat for a space and thought; he could not stay there, they would track him to the rock wall and cleft; was there another way to the other side? The cold, shut-in lake was quite still now, the cleft by which he had come in was dimly visible across the dark level; he stood up and looked behind him; the cleft continued there like a narrow road upward. Then he knew that he had come to the hidden source of the stream that passed mysteriously underground, and came to daylight in the country where the Spaniards had placed Fort San Jago. He went along the chasm and after an hour or two stood on the platform; bare rock and nothing else; he went on higher still, with hunger asserting itself, miles and more miles yet. The sun came out and sent yellow rays across the pinnacles, casting purple shadows as queerly shaped as they. He climbed the highest of these rock-teeth and saw a vast upward plain, with an orange-tinted rim; here and there gray twists, where a slight valley came, and a few lonely stones—really great boulders of a primeval sea; he looked behind and only a faint green tinge on that horizon indicated the grass country of San Jago, but he felt that even now they might be at the cleft in the rock wall, those Spaniards who treated captives so hardly, so there was no course but forward.

Forward then he went, and the sand became thick and soft underfoot so that he had to use the long, Spanish blade to help him in walking. At last even that became an encumbrance and he would have cast it away, only the knot had become twisted and would only take a little time to undo, so he kept it out of indolence and ebbing wits. Here and there came a harder surface which was restful to the feet, and then he would sink for a space and try to hope he might get across this place; then he went on and on, with the glare in his eyes from below and a hot, gray sky overhead.

The sun heated his wet rags; they became burning moist; they blistered his back, sore already from the payment of yesterday's forced labor in the fortress; he had to turn round at times and give his back a relief by being roasted in front.

At last the whole place swam round him, there came moments when he seemed treading over a crimson waste under a vermilion sky, and with the first pains of thirst deadening the ache of hunger he lay down in the shadow of the first rock he reached. There he stayed till no shadow was left, shrinking away from the hot, encroaching yellow till he was at last covered by it, then rose again and plodded along the ever the scorching hours with burnt feet in his crackling old shoes.

His wits were all askew, but his bodily senses felt that the rock land lay on a vast upward slope, a continual gentle pressure back, as it seemed, to each foot some step he took. In the late afternoon he felt a slight pulling tendency, a sign that he was on an imperceptible descent; then came a delicate long plea in the sand, the ascent began again, and he fell stupidly down, with some indistinct fancy of staying there till nothing was left of him but bones—baked, dusty bones. But when his face touched the hot sand he got up again and trod on. He had no fear of pursuit now, for he was in the Thirst Land no man entered to return. The Spaniards had spoken of it, and they had let him go into it, knowing it was but taking the labor of his destruction off their own hands. He could imagine them consoling themselves for the loss of the horse and officer by telling again the tales of the desert: how to go into it for an hour was to be lost, and to be lost was to wander round on one's steps, which meant death finally. Then he resolved to lie down and bear his pains as a valiant man might, till night should come and he could follow one of the stars. By this time a little shadow lay at his feet, there was a rock not far away, and he went and lay down there, trying to be sensible and steady-headed. He was glad he kept the sword now, because if his miseries became too sore he had with it a way to cut them; sleep was denied him by the keen thirst that baked his tongue into wood, but it was much to escape the red-hot fingers of the sun.

As he lay there with his battered old hat over his face the stillness came terribly on him at times. He thought he heard distant voices calling, and fancied some foe had crept up to the other side of the stone and was stealing round on him—then it seemed to him as if he was lying on English sand and the sea was foaming round Plymouth breakwater hard by—then he raised his hat for the fortieth time to think for the fortieth time of this great Thirst Land, before his lightheadedness began once more, together with the burning ache for water in every flesh-atom.

The shadow lengthened, the sand in it cooled, the relief was grateful, though small. Later on the sun went down, a red globe in a purple haze; the stars appeared, and he followed one for a long time till he got among rocks and bruised his body against them in the dark. It was of no use going on till moonrise; he lay there on the stony floor, and his thirst kept him from feeling the hardness of it—for a while.

At last he could bear it no longer, but rose and ran on, then presently struck against one of the stones and fell, stunned, as he had fallen before out in the sand tracks. Still the man was not beaten. When he had recovered he wiped his heavy eyes with the back of his hand and felt his way along through that rocky maze, tapping his sword on each side and following the passages, holding on to his star with all the bulldog instinct of his race. At last the moon came out and lit the plain, showing it mounting up and up in a long, slow slope till the eye lost it in darkness, but covered so far with stones, stones, stones, like the graveyard of the whole human race. So he went on, rattling his tongue about in his arid mouth, wondering why he did not lie down and die at once, why he did not at once fall down on his blade and end his portion of life, yet persevering all the time, no unworthy man of his countryside and yeoman name. He had no visions now, in the night; they were reserved for the treacherous day, when the guiding stars should be hidden.

So through the long hours he travelled, and at last shuffled out into places where the stones, that dreadful multitude all exactly alike, stood in groups only. The moon sped on her course, and the ground underfoot sent a ring from his steel-staff—it was rock.

Then the stones ceased altogether and a series of low ridges came; they taxed his stiffened legs and arms to their full, low though they were, so that he lay down to rest on each as he got upon it. Then he came to the long ridge, highest of all this huge inclined land, and saw its edge winding away to right, to left, for miles in the hard moonlight, and the rock floor sloping downward far below him, for miles and miles more.

Looking behind, the sight of the fearful maze of wilderness he had wonderfully come through filled him with terror, and he fled away from it, down and on, only to fall again like a child. Then for awhile his tortured frame could carry him no more; there he lay, deliriously mumbling about streams, and lakes, and fountains, till the sun came and struck his bare head with its hot rays. Still he lay there, now awake and, strange to say, not mad, though very weak, sorely suffering, and hardly able to think at all.

Indeed, he did not think, but merely followed up his instinct when he crawled up on to his feet and staggered along, swaying one way for many paces, then the other, hanging his hands and head, moaning in a dry, broken way, like a cut bellows, yet still going on. And then his dim eye received a refreshing momentary coolness—a plant growing green at his feet!

Down he sank upon it, seized it, chewed the dusty leaves; there were little driblets of earth here and there. Another bit of green caught his eye; he raised his heavy head, and saw that 100 paces away the plateau on which he stood broke off sheer. He had crossed the desert, for down there, 3,000 feet below, were green plains, palms, and a river, and beyond the blue Pacific!

The poor, wasted creature raised his bony, cracked claws and gurgled with triumph. He had cheated the Spaniards and the Thirst Lands; hurrah!

And there were more plants nearer the edge; to them he hastened, with the blade still dragging from his wrist, to fall prone on a little group of them, and on a huge puff adder lying almost invisible among the earth grove. Instantly the beast drew back its head and struck him on the bare leg; then fled.

A rage filled him; he seized the sword in both shaking hands, brought it down at the marked back, missed it, fell forward, and the steel bent and broke under him as the enemy glided away. But after it he pented with the strength of revenge; caught it up as it twisted by a large stone, pushing the stone over its neck by an effort, and, kneeling, cut its writhing body into long strips with the fragment of his blade. Then he got back somehow to the green tufts, and while the poison worked its way to his heart, sweetened his last moments of life with those leaves, till a stupor came over him and he slept with his destroyer the sleep of death on the border of the Sweet Palm Coast, as the Indians called it in their tongue.

Such was the escape of John Tisden, whose bones have long become dust, the only man who ever crossed the Tierra de Sed.—[Black and White.

One of Butler's Fees.

The late General Butler used to delight in telling of one fee that he secured. His son, Paul Butler, owned a fine dog which he kept at the family home, in Lowell. Paul, on his way from the house mornings, would sometimes drop into the meat market where the family supply came from and leave orders. The dog knew the store and formed the bad habit of going around there to have the butcher throw him a bone. This the butcher neglected to do one morning, and the dog satisfied his want by taking from the block a fine sirloin steak and running off with it.

A few days later the General and the butcher happened to meet. The butcher had allowed the theft of the steak by the dog to rankle in his mind.

"General," said he, "if a dog should come into my meat market and steal a fine steak, what remedy should I have?"

"Send a bill for the steak to the owner of the dog," answered the General, and off he walked.

The butcher took his advice and sent him a bill for $1 for the steak stolen by Paul Butler's dog. The bill was promptly returned with a check for $1, but with it was a bill for $100 for legal advice. "I collected that bill, too," the General used to chuckle when relating the story, "though the butcher made a fight about it."

Sneezing.

The practice of saying "God bless you!" whenever a person sneezes must be widespread indeed when we find a similar salutation, *Mbuka!* (literally, equals live!) obtaining among the Fijians of the South Pacific, a race developed by the blending of the Malayo-Polynesians with the Papuans, the Fiji group being the borderland between the two. It has been said by a London physician that one is nearer death at the actual moment of sneezing than at any other period of one's life. Herein, perhaps, lies the reason for the kindly wish, and may account for the prevalent idea that it is dangerous to interrupt a person in the act of sneezing.—[Notes and Queries.

Peacock Feathers Unlucky.

"New York is the market of the world, where you can get anything the heart wish for or money can buy." Thus was that a famous post-prandial speech responding to the toast "The Metropolis of the Western World," once uttered in this city, but according to the story of a young lady from Brooklyn, the speaker could never have gone out into the "market of the world" to buy peacock feathers.

The young lady from Brooklyn was met by a Mail and Expressman this morning. "I tramped New York from one end to the other yesterday," she said, trying to find some peacock feathers, and would you believe it, not one could I get. I am to take part in a church entertainment next month, and peacock feathers are essential to the correctness and completeness of my costume. But none is to be had. What shall I do? What shall I do?

"In one large establishment I was told that they wouldn't have peacock's feathers in the building on any account, because they are so unlucky? Did you ever hear such a thing? At another place the salesman said as peacock's feathers were never used for dress or hat trimmings or in fact any form of personal adornment I would not be able to get them in New York unless, perhaps, I could find them at some fan manufacturer's or a place where they make fire screens. I tried both.

"All the satisfaction I got, however, was where the fans were made. Here the proprietor said he could send up to Herkimer County and get me what I wanted, but it would probably take him thirty days to do it. I told him to send for them, and all I hope for is that I may get them. There is one cause for rejoicing, however; they are very cheap, and perhaps that may compensate in some degree for the hunt I have had for them."—[New York Mail and Express.

A Writing Desk for the Blind.

Dr. Slater has invented a writing desk for the blind, which consists essentially of a light frame slightly wider than the paper to be written upon, but more than twice its length. A metallic rod runs across the frame, holding the paper in its place and acting as a guide to the fingers of the writer in moving his hand straight across the paper. Along this rod slides a thimble like "slipper," into which the third or fourth finger of the hand may be placed by the writer, who is thus enabled to mark any position on the line, or to keep a fixed position for his hand while moving along the rod, and if he has any occasion to stop in the middle of his work he will always be able to recommence exactly in the same place. In the face of one side of the frame notches record correspondence to the space between the lines, and after one line has been written the writer raises his left forefinger in the first notch and moves up the paper slide with his thumb until it stops against his forefinger, when the paper will be in position for the writing of the next line. Upon the side of the left hand is a brass pin, by touching which with the point of the pen or pencil the writer can determine the position for beginning.—New York Telegram.

Ants in Africa.

A correspondent of the London Graphic writing from Lamadi, Africa, says: Sir John Luddock ought to come and live here; he could travel in ants. There are millions and tens of millions of them. The ground round our huts is riddled with deep holes, the entrance to white ants' nests. These insects are terribly destructive; a leathern bag will be eaten into holes in one night. I think everything in the country would be devoured by them if it were not for the black ants. These are quite half an inch long, and they prey on the smaller white ants. One suddenly sees a long black line extending for thirty or forty yards along the hospital compound. The line moves with a sharp, rustling sound, like the crisp rustling of dried leaves. One looks closer and finds that the black line is an army of ants going to storm a white ant heap. One ant alone goes at the head of the column, which is about eight inches wide. On each side run single ants, bustling up stragglers and rushing to drag sticks and straws out of the way of the army which streams down into the nest it has in view, and in about ten minutes streams home again in excellent order, each black ant carrying a white one. It is a most curious sight. There are very few birds to be seen; a few golden orioles and some dear little black and gray birds, the size of tomtits, are all that one comes across.

Queer Names of Postoffices.

Among the new postoffices are the following, according to the Postal Guide: In Alabama, Alfred, Annie, Blanche, Boozer, Crow, Edwin, Lachin, Jeptha, Kid, Posey, Ruth, Sidrunk, Sunday, Sunflower and Tomato. In Arkansas new postoffices are: Effa, Ella, Jakajones, O'Bear, Prim, Sang, Stop and Wanamaker. Susan has been discontinued. California puts forward such euphonious names of new offices as Cucendel, Eswena, Llagas, Miramar, Pokegama, Pollasky, Toolwoc and Yulpa. In Florida: Alligator, Chekoloskee, Christmas, Shakespeare, Traxler, Whittier and Turkey Creek All have postmasters now. The name of Euchee Anna has been changed to Walton and Zion has been changed to Dade. Bennie, Carl, Crochet, Dip, Eli, Embry, Euno, Fain, Francis, Horace, Louie, Joe, Josh, Luke, Luxomni, Mattie, May, Nettie, Pocket, Stop and Thumberbolt are new places in Georgia to which you may address your mail. Dot and Tom are new postoffices in Illinois, with names that are comparatively short to write.

TH SIMPLE SERVIC

President Hayes Interre

Fremont

RESSIVE MILITARY DISP

thousands of Visitors in Attendanc

ding Many of the Highest Offic

Land—Business Suspended i

y No Eulogy Over the Body.

Fremont, O., Jan. 20.—The citize

little city feel that the funera

represents their personal loss as

he sorrow of the nation, and

pared to do honor to the dead p

statesman whose remains are

tate in his own chamber in his h

d at Spiegel Grove.

here is no ostentation anywhere

ns of mourning are seen on

d, simple and touching, as befits

mory of the departed.

he services this afternoon will

pie as the life lived by the dead s

n. No words will be spoken abo

save those of scripture and of p

simple hymns will complete the

. Gen. Hayes' wish was tha

ogy should be pronounced at

house or cemetery, and it w

pected.

he principal display to-day will

military. The first city cavalry

Cleveland, of which Gen. Hayes

ob, is a member, will be the gu

or. It is considered the finest

organization in the West and

ke an impressive showing.

he Toledo Cadets, the crack in

mpany of the Ohio National G

the sixteenth regiment with ba

of Toledo, will add to the

esty of the funeral procession.

en. Hayes' old regiment, th

o Volunteer Infantry, will not

represented by Gov. McKinley, w

ed as a private in it, but Ben K

Cleveland, the secretary of the

ational Association, and a delegat

grizzled old veterans who loved

ves like a father are here to

the tribute of their presence t

rth.

The finest decorations in the ci

se upon the Birchard library, th

Gen. Hayes' uncle, Sardis Birch

e city of Fremont.

It is a beautiful brick and stone

e, and the crops and buntin

ich the citizens' committee has

d it in a fine effect.

Houses, halls and public places

en placed at the disposal of the

committees. Preparations are

ng made by which assignments

lest places can be made as desi

The different lodges and the

cieties of the city will also be op

y to the visiting brothers and m

the same.

The Thompson Houston Carbon

ny will take care of the Cle

valry troops and arrangements

en made providing for the othe

ry organizations.

At the funeral hour the business

the city will practically be dea

the business houses will be c

d also the Post Office.

Secretaries Foster of the Tre

of the Interior, Rusk of A

re and Postmaster General Wa

r, representing the President an

t, arrived shortly after 10 o'cloc

President-elect Cleveland arrive

the morning

Action on Hayes' Death.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 20.—The L

re has adopted resolutions deplor

eath of President Hayes. Sy

d condolence with the family

ressed and flags on public buildi

dered at half-mast for thirty day

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 20.—Th

ork Legislature has taken actio

he death of ex-President Hayes by

appropriate resolutions to be sent

amily of the deceased, and also to

red upon the House journal.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 20.—

he House adjourned until to-mo

0 o'clock out of respect to ex-Pr

ayes.

Postmaster Nominations.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—The Pr

as sent to the Senate among othe

llowing postmaster nominations

Massachusetts—Mrs. Ida A. Bla

Gilville.

New York—Marvin R. Dennison,

gtonville; Burt Graves, Mid

awley E. Webster, Brockport; W

olloy, New Rochelle

New Jersey—John L. Derby, Cr

Pennsylvania—Jacob Alvord,

Confesses that He Shot Devlin

WOODBRIDGE, N. J., Jan. 20

etto, who was arrested last S

ight on suspicion of having m

homas Devlin that day, has c

hat he fired the five shots from

Devlin died, but says that he fire

efense, as Devlin and his two

ons, Hoar and Moore, attacked

empted to rob him.

Briggs Case to be Appealed

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The Brig

will be appealed direct to the

Assembly. In furtherance of this

he prosecuting committee fil

ight with the Rev. Saul D. Al

he stated clerk of the presbyte

otice of appeal.

Four Months for Illegal Voti

ALBANY, Jan. 20.—In the Unite

Court here Thomas Kerins, who

icted for illegal voting at Hon

leaded guilty, and was sentenced

months in the Chemung county j

Congressman Lilly Does Not Im

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Jan. 20.—

no improvement in the health of

William Lilly, of Mauch Chun

the Congressmen-at-Large of th