Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1893.

There are 14,000 miles of railroads in the Dominion of Canada.

The corn average as estimated by the Statistican of Agriculture, is 70,-626,658 acres; the product, 1,628,-464,000 bushels; value, $643,146,630, averaging 39.3 cents a bushel. The estimates for oats are, area, 27,063,-835 acres; product, 661,035,000 bushels; value, 209,253,611; yield, per acre, 24.1 bushels.

A Chinese banker, Han Quay, is stated to be worth the almost inconceivable sum of $1,750,000,000. A great number of the largest banks in the Chinese Empire are believed to be under his control, and if his stated wealth be a fact (the truth there is no means of testing), he is unquestionably the richest man in the world, says the Yankee Blade.

It is estimated that there are to-day in the United States and Canada about 600 young men in every 1,000, having reached the age of thirty, who are single. The conjugal condition of the people in other countries is vastly different. In Russia 373 men and 573 women in every 1,000 who marry are married under twenty years of age, while in England 766 men and 829 women in every 1,000 are married between twenty and thirty.

Sealing men in Victoria, where many of the sealing pirates fit out, say that no attempt whatever will be made by sealers this year to enter Behring sea. Both the United States and the British governments appear to be determined to allow no sealing there pending the decision of the arbitration convention, and the sealing fleet will be much scattered. Some vessels will hunt along the Japanese coast and some along the American northern Pacific coast. Every owner is working alone this year, the Sealingmen's Association having gone out of existence. So far as is apparent there will be no diminution in the number of sealing vessels going out this year.

Elephants are fast becoming extinct in Africa, and have entirely disappeared from some sections in which twenty to thirty years since they were to be found in vast herds. This statement does not appear astonishing when it is known that the British official customs returns show that the tusks of 75,000 elephants are imported into England from Africa every year, and one firm at Sheffield uses alone the ivory from 1280 elephants. The slaughter has been immense, as the figures show; and as the female bears no young until she is twenty years of age, and thereafter only one calf in three years, the productive faculties of these animals are far below what would be necessary to keep pace with the unnatural decrease.

A London electrical paper states that arc lighting for streets has received a remarkable vindication during the recent heavy fogs in London, and it quotes from the daily papers a description of the excellent service rendered by the electric light throughout one of the heaviest fogs of an exceptionally foggy year, "as a set-off to a very large number of irresponsible statements, which have been current in print, to the effect that the arc light is useless in foggy weather, and cannot make itself seen even as clearly as gas. The electric light is practically only just coming into use in the London streets, and to a very limited extent, yet an opportunity was afforded on the day in question to establish a fair comparison of the relative merits of gas and electric light in a dense atmosphere. A unanimous decision was recorded in favor of the electric light, and it is further stated that men who have spent the whole of their lives in the city of London were of opinion that the traffic in the streets, which during a fog was always more or less impeded, and sometimes brought almost to a standstill, was facilitated by the increased power of illumination to an extent never before known.

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITTS.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

The candles burned and spattered, and hardly illumined the dark corners of the room; but the moonbeams pouring into one of the small windows helped to light the place. Charles Smedley sat upon the small box, his head leaning on his hand, in much the same attitude in which we saw him before the rush of the mountain men upon him. Graham Brandon sat carelessly on one corner of the large box, his shapely head slightly bent down as he earnestly looked at the other's face. Only six years of time separated them; yet there was much, very much, in those few years. For a careful observer, scrutinizing both of them as they sat there, would have seen that the one face was full of hope and life, eager, earnest and enthusiastic; the other, serious, reflective, careworn, with a dash of the bitterness of trial and disappointment in its lines.

The Captain's sword lay between them, its handsome mountings glittering in the light. Brandon took it up and placed it on the blankets.

"I am superstitious," he said, with a smile. "I want no weapon, however honorable between us. The events of the last few hours have made us friends. From this time forth, whether there be war or peace, friends we must be."

Smedley grasped the outstretched hand.

"You have saved my life," he said. "The hours are not many when I thought it but a poor possession, at least. But, as the world goes, you have done me the greatest service that man can do for man. That service binds me to you."

"There is another bond," replied Brandon, "and perhaps a better one. We are both firmly enlisted in the Union cause; that makes us brothers."

Smedley's face clouded.

"Yes," he said. "I have reached that point at last. By the sacrifice of everything—love, friends, possessions—I have kept myself true to the country and the flag. I am at last a soldier of the Union, but I have given up all to become one."

His woeful voice deeply touched his companion. The hand of the latter was placed upon his shoulder.

"You will be honored for that, here and elsewhere," said Brandon. "I know now something of what you have sacrificed for your loyalty. I read those letters; pardon me, I had to, so that I could fully explain your conduct to those simple, ignorant men. They have supplied me with what was lacking in your explanation when you came to me at Knoxville. Yes, I understand you thoroughly now, and honor you accordingly. But, my friend, may it not be possible that you are selfish in your heart-burnings? May others not have suffered, too, and still kept their loyalty bright and steady? In brief, do you care to hear about me—to know me just as I am, with all that I have put aside to be here now?"

Smedley rose and walked the floor.

"Tell me," he said. "I shall be interested in it. When I have heard it, you may have to be corrected about myself.

"Well, then, I was born and bred in Knoxville. My fathers were soldiers back even beyond our Revolution. I grew up educated into a love for the Union. I became an attorney, and when this war began I had become well settled there at home in business, and was to have been married in May. You are full of the misery of your own disappointed love. I don't suppose you want to hear about mine."

"Tell me all," said the other.

"I will. Alice Clay is the best and handsomest girl in the place. Her parents are secessionists, of the bitterest kind. When the struggle came on they forbade me to see her. I disobeyed, and she did, too. With a great deal of trouble we were able to have a stolen interview once a week. I am sure of her affection; whatever may happen to me, she will be faithful. The city was occupied by a large force of Harris' men, and all the Union people were put under the severest espial. Many were arrested and imprisoned, or sent away from home. I restrained my feelings and kept strict guard over my actions, that I might not be molested. I knew the time was sure to come when I must join the Union army, and fight as I thought; but it was like death to leave Alice, and for a while I wanted to be of service to these sorely persecuted people up here, where I had become well acquainted during the few years before the war. You remember what I did for you a few weeks ago in hiding you and getting you away, when you were threatened with arrest and confinement; I did the same for many others. There has been hardly a week of the last two months that I have not been able to secretly send news up into the mountains of the plans and movements of our enemies in and near Knoxville. I did it at the risk of my neck, for their rage was so great at being often baffled in this way that I should certainly have been hung when detected. When I learned of this last projected raid, I could not find a man I could trust, and who was willing to make an exile of himself from his home, to warn these sturdy mountaineers of what was coming. I would have perished rather than that they should be taken by surprise! Well knowing the penalty of coming, I have done it. I had a last brief interview with Alice in the night; there was a parting that wrung both our hearts. In secrecy and stealth I turned my back upon love, home, and friends, to return—when? God only knows! I am a marked man now; never may I return to that fair city that is all the world to me but with a Union army. When shall that day come? It seems like a mockery to hope for it. All East Tennessee is overrun and held down by the bayonets and sabers of Governor Harris' army; the Government does not answer our appeals for help; we must go and battle for it on distant fields, while our own grand loyal region lies prostrate!"

As the speaker turned from the story of his love to the condition of his section, his eyes flashed, his cheeks burned, and he strove not to repress the deep excitement that thrilled him. His companion eyed him unmoved.

"You suffer for the cause, to be sure," he said, slowly. "You suffer just as thousands of others about here do. Yet I tell you, Graham Brandon," and he raised his voice as he went on, "that if my case were yours I should sit here amid this barrenness and desolation, supremely happy in the prospect of going to fight, not only for a country but for love and home, in that day—if it ever come—when this people and land shall be reunited."

Brandon was silent; the bitter force of the other awed him.

"Have you given up home and friends? So also have I. Back of Vicksburg I own the finest cotton plantation along the river; it has been confiscated ere now, and should the Confederacy prevail it will be lost to me forever. That I could bear; it would be the lightest of my misfortunes. And you have left behind you a beautiful girl who will be true to you in weal or woe, whatever shocks and storms of war sweep the land; who loves the Union and the flag—Ah, but is that so? You did not say so."

"Indeed she does!" cried Brandon, with enthusiasm. "There isn't a firmer Union woman in the whole land, though her parents are secessionists. In fact," and he tried to laugh, "I don't believe she would see any good in me if I were not a stanch Unionist."

"And," pursued Smedley, "you have the hope of some day being reunited. Now, suppose she were an ardent rebel—do you think you would love her?"

"It's a hard question: I never thought of Alice in that way. We agree so perfectly about the war that it is difficult to imagine her being on the other side. But—there is only one Alice Clay in East Tennessee, in the world! Yes, I believe I should love her, anyway."

"Then put yourself in my place! Look at that picture."

He handed a small ambrotype-case to Brandon, taking it from an inner pocket next his heart. The young Tennessean gazed with wonder upon the lineaments of that superb face, where the proud, passionate beauty of the South appeared in every feature—in the oval face, the wealth of dark hair, the soul that looked from the expressive eyes. Graham Brandon thought as he looked that here was one whom he could admire at a distance as he would some Eastern queen of old fable or story; and then the sweet, earnest face of Alice Clay came between, and he thought, "I could admire, not love her."

"Age, gaze at that countenance!" Smedly cried, in a kind of rapture. "Not in Mississippi, not in all the South, is there another such woman. She is just five years younger than I; she has not alone beauty, but mind, accomplishments, and, least of all, wealth in her own right. Her father is a pompous, chattering nobody, her mother an invalid. She has two brothers, both in the Confederate armies. With her, as with many other Southern women, the cause of the Confederacy is a passion; there is no sacrifice that she would not make for it. She is the toast, the reigning belle of Vicksburg. She had a dozen suitors from the proudest and wealthiest Mississippi families, and she chose me from them all. Think how proud and happy I was in the position of her accepted lover! Then came this accursed war, she knew my devotion to the Union, and she grew cold to me, as that letter says. I was tormented with the pangs of jealousy; I saw each day the men I had supplanted in her affections admitted to her house, proudly wearing their new gray uniforms, while I was denied admission. I wrote to her, the answer came back that you have read.

"Well, I dared not see her. No, I dared not, for she would have won me over to rebellion in spite of myself. I fled from Vicksburg; I roamed about at the North, unable to decide what to do, feeling each day drawn nearer and nearer to the only cause for which I can fight, knowing that the gulf was daily widening between her and me. To take arms for the Union is to give her up.

"At last I have taken the plunge. I have become a soldier of the Union, and have put an insurmountable barrier between Isabel and me. No matter how the strife may terminate, I shall be worse than nothing to her. She will hate me. I shall never see her again."

He crossed the room and took the sword; he seated himself again and clasped it to his heart.

"I tell you," he passionately cried, "I have given up everything for this."

His head drooped upon his hand; with tender sympathy in his blue eyes, Brandon looked upon him, and he heard him murmur the words that haunted his troubled soul.

"Never again—never to see her again!"

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY'S ARMY.

Brandon persuaded his companion to lie down again and try to get himself rested and recuperated for the work that was before them, and he had the satisfaction of seeing him fall into a sound sleep. Then the young Tennessean sat down, meditated upon the stirring events of the past two days, thought about Alice Clay, and nodded off into slumber.

It was daylight when he awoke. His companion was still sleeping, and he bestirred himself to get some bodily refreshment. He found Smedley's little store of provisions, and made strong coffee. The humble repast was set out on the large box, and then he went and shook the sleeper by the shoulder.

"Wake up, Captain," he called. "Breakfast is ready."

Smedley stirred and muttered in his dreams.

"No, I can't see her. She'd persuade me to fight against the old flag. I'll go far away; it's my only safety."

"Wake, I say! Quit your dreaming, and come back to the mountains."

"I have not deserved death," the sleeper murmured. "But if you will have my life, don't hang me! Let me die like a soldier; let me be shot."

Brandon now made such a noise at his ear that he awoke and sprang up. He recognized his surroundings and his companion; he was still pale, but his nerve and strength had returned. Together they sat down and refreshed themselves for the business before them.

It was only an hour after daylight that by twos, threes, and singly the mountaineers began to arrive at the cabin. We need not describe them; in dress, face, and general appearance they were like those we have seen, and there was no uniformity in the arms that they carried. They were men of strong build, full of sinew, and for the most part lean and spare; men who had been toughened to endurance by hardship and the hard conflict for mere existence in these wilds before war came to vex them further. One and all they had promptly responded to the mountain tocsin, some of them leaving their homes hungry, and with a hurried farewell to their wives and children, roused from sleep for that purpose. One and all they were ready and eager to take the field in defense of their homes, and could not brook delay.

Captain Smedley directed Burt Hawkins to make up all the tea and coffee and distribute all the provisions in the cabin among the men; and presently two dozen of them were sitting on the grass eating each his share of bread and dried beef, and passing from hand to hand the Captain's tin cup, often replenished with hot coffee.

To the statement that these rude soldiers were of a like appearance we must make a single exception.

About the middle of the forenoon a strange figure came up through the wood, bearing on his shoulder a firelock of formidable weight and length. He was full six feet in height, and would not have weighed less than two hundred and fifty pounds. He was so fleshy that he walked with the characteristic waddle of very fat men. His face was round and rosy, a large double chin depending from it. He had little twinkling eyes, and a snub-nose almost buried in the overlaying flesh; instead of the deep bass voice that might have been expected from this bulk a thin kind of a squeak was heard when the man opened his mouth to speak. His dress was a hopeless mingling of hunter's and citizen's costume, quite seedy, the whole absurdly crowned by a battered "stove-pipe" hat. His appearance upon the scene, instead of causing any sensation, was met by the utmost indifference. A few words as to the history of this singular character will be opportune, before taking a closer view of him.

Years before, Ithuriel Mancy was a happy, good-natured youth at Nashville, on good terms with everybody, full of brag, confidence and bluster. For a time he passed for what he pretended to be; but the discovery was soon made that he was capable of—just nothing at all. Say what you will, there are men who are born lazy, and who never get the better of it. Ithuriel was of this kind. He studied law and could make nothing out of it; medicine the same—but did succeed in making the doctor's patients very sick with some of the wonderful nasty doses that he compounded for them in the doctor's absence. He tried clerking it, and was dismissed in disgrace before the end of the week. After several more dismal failures he disappeared, and was next heard of as a fat, good-natured, graceless loafer in some of the villages of East Tennessee. Among this plain, industrious and temperate people the vagabond might have fared hard but for his never-failing good-humor. It never deserted him, and caused him to be tolerated where he could not be respected. Frequenting the villages in winter, in the mild and pleasant seasons he would betake himself to the mountains, and there wander harmlessly and aimlessly about, at peace with the world and himself, never refused the shelter of the mountaineer's cabin or a share of his humble food. His ponderous and useless firearm always accompanied him; and the stories he would tell of the havoc that he had caused with it in the Clinch Mountains among bears and American panthers were simply amazing. No one ever saw any of the trophies of his skill and daring; but his blood-curdling narratives were always concluded with the assertion, "It's true; every word of it is true. Ithuriel Mancy says it, and he stakes his honor as a gentleman upon the correctness of this account." When it is added that he was much given to the use of high-sounding words, which he remembered from his former reading of professional books, his photograph will be complete.

With his great gun leaning against the side of the cabin, this recruit now stalked, or rather waddled, about from one group to another, a huge chunk of bread in one hand and one of meat in the other, and, with his mouth full half the time, poured out a flood of buncome and gasconade.

"Happy to see you on hand, comrades, all of you. Glad, indeed, to meet you when the stern call of duty commands us to do or die. I trust that none of you will be found deficient in those stupendous and resounding virtues of patriotism, courage, and indomitable self-assertiveness——"

"Oh, shut up, Ithy!"

"Go lie down."

"Let yourself out fer a pillow."

"Or a feather-bed."

"We ain't goin' to make soap-grease to-day."

"Gentlemen and comrades," squeaked Ithuriel, not in the least abashed, "your hearts are in the right place, if your tongues are a little free. Yes, your bosoms respond, as mine does, to the clarion blast for Union and freedom that blows among these hills. Let the haughty myrmidons of Jefferson Davis and Isham G. Harris come up here if they dare! Let them strive to pollute the free air of these inaccessible empyrean regions with the hated standard of the Southern Confederacy! I think they will find a living rampart of men in the way; at least I know that they must first surmount the prostrate body of Ithuriel Mancy——"

"They'd have to go a long ways to find it," one suggested.

"They might take it for a puff-ball."

"Maybe they'd have to take a run and a jump to get over it."

"Laugh if you will, gentlemen. The real test of valor is at hand; we shall soon know who has the divine afflatus of warlike Mars in his composition. Mark me, and you will see one who will not falter nor turn back——"

"Won't, hey? That'll be more'n you did when you met my yearling calf in the woods, an' thought it was a bear."

"You're safe enough, Ithy. A bullet would wander all round in that fat, an' not find anything to hit."

"Let's send word to the other side that Ithy is here with his gun. They won't come at all, then."

These men were grave enough even for a prospect of meeting and fighting a large and powerful body of armed foes; but how naturally does the human mind turn from heaviness and care to mirth, that these were glad of a chance to crack their jokes upon the braggart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wise Sayings Well Said.

There are eight million nine hundred thousand eggs in an eel.

"Jumbo," the giant elephant, weighs ten tons.

They have discovered a chalk mountain in Montana.

A web-footed boy has been born in Somerville, Mass.

An eagle sailing half a mile above the earth can see a field mouse.

The entire front of one of the banks at Riverside, Cal., is constructed of onyx.

A "tootometer" has been invented which will make a noise that will be heard ten miles.

A talking piano, operated by numerous keys and producing words of all kinds, is one of the curiosities of a New York museum.

A hornet flew into the mouth of Harrison Sands, near Syracuse, N. Y., and gave him a sting that resulted in his death.

Just about fifty years ago stoves—cooking and heating stoves—first began to be generally used. That was when Americans began to make stoves for the home market.

As late as 1820 there were as many as three thousand confined for debt in prison of Massachusetts, ten thousand in New York, seven thousand in Pennsylvania, three thousand in Maryland and a like proportion in other States.

HUGH O'DONNELL'S CASE.

Closing Scenes in the Trial of the Homestead Leader.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 18.—Judge Stowe began his charge to the jury in the O'Donnell case at 7:05 last evening and concluded at 7:50. The jury retired, and court adjourned until this morning. The judge's charge was altogether impartial.

The greatest interest was manifested yesterday when the defendant was put on the stand.

O'Donnell testified that prior to July 6 he had been employed as correspondent of the Tri-State Bureau. He then repeated the story of the riot and in answer to the question upon which side he was he replied "the side of a peaceful man."

Upon cross examination he denied that the men had a military organization, but admitted that they were divided into three turns at watching the property, for the purpose of protecting it.

"How far away from the Carnegie property did the turns [illegible]

"Around the fence."

"Did not you have guns in across the river?"

"No, sir. They were working there and dissuading men from going into the mill."

"That was the way you were guarding the mill then, was it?"

"No, sir, not altogether."

"From whom were you guarding the property then?"

"To keep the firm may be from destroying the property."

"To keep the Carnegie Steel Co. from destroying its own property?"

"To keep its watchmen."

"To keep its watchmen from destroying its property?"

"I mean exactly what I said."

"Were those turns armed?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever hear any one advising the men not to go armed on those turns?"

"I had nothing to do with them."

The Judge here interposed and the cross-examination ended.

OPPOSED TO ANTI-OPTION.

The New Secretary of Agriculture Gives His Views on Important Questions.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, who has accepted the office of Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, was interviewed in this city yesterday. He is a man of fine appearance and carries his 61 years well.

"I am opposed to the Hatch anti-option bill. What the farmers of this country most need is protection from some of their alleged friends. I could not be called a protectionist, but I should be heartily in favor of that kind of protection. The farmers need a change in some of their ideas, and they would be materially benefitted by a certain kind of education. It is generally said and believed that the farmers are the instigators and supporters of this anti-option bill. In my opinion they should be its most vigorous opponents. The Produce Exchange and Boards of Trade which this bill is intended to destroy are of the greatest advantage to the producers of grain.

POPULISTS DON'T LIKE IT.

The New Election Law in Alabama Will Disfranchise Their Voters.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Feb. 20.—The Senate has passed the Sayre election bill. It had already passed the House. The Governor will sign it, and it will then become a law of the State.

The new election law provides the Australian ballot.

Its effect will be to disfranchise illiterate voters to the number of 40,000 or more in the State.

The penalties for violation of the section governing registration and voting are very rigid. The new law will go into effect with the next general election.

The Kolb Third Party Populists in both Houses were against the bill all the way through. They had been clamoring for a new and fair election law for two years past, and when this one was offered them they opposed it directly.

Situation in Montana.

HELENA, Mont., Feb. 18.—The ballot yesterday for Senator was without result as follows: Mantle, 30; Clark, 25; Dixon, 12; Couch, 2; Hunt, 1.

Hammer Snakes.

A letter from Doctor E. E. [illegible] says he and party have made a most [illegible] rful discovery up in King's River [illegible] n. In crossing a small creek [illegible] me to a beautiful canyon or ba[illegible] out three acres of level meadows [illegible] unded by perpendicular walls so[illegible] t high. A fine stream of cold, [illegible] ater was flowing into the little me[illegible] t there seemed to be no outlet. [illegible] s no way of getting down in [illegible] lley, but quail and rabbits seem [illegible] habit the little basin.

A pair of opera glasses brought [illegible] ght a number of snakes basking i[illegible] n on the flat rock. They were [illegible] ree feet in length and had [illegible] aped exactly like a blacksmith's [illegible] er. While the party were exa[illegible] ith the glass the maneuvers of [illegible] r of the snakes crawling throu[illegible] ass a very large one was noticed [illegible] g a sneak on a cotton-tail [illegible] ien within about two feet of th[illegible] t the snake stiffened the front h[illegible] s body and bent into a right [illegible] hen his snakeship straightened o[illegible] enly, bringing the rabbit a sw[illegible] low on the side of its head whic[illegible] nny out completely.

Another snake was observed to [illegible] nto a quail sitting on a scrubb[illegible] his snake twisted about four inc[illegible] s tail along a limb of the tree an[illegible] l the rest of its body for a hamm[illegible] andle to whack the quail on the [illegible] ch a stinging blow that it died [illegible] t a flutter of its wings. The [illegible] emed to have the wonderful po[illegible] ngthening its body out nearly [illegible] s normal length and small as a [illegible] one whip, the heavier part being [illegible] the part wrapped around the tre[illegible] After killing the quail and rabb[illegible] nake hammered the body into a [illegible] ones and all, with its head, and [illegible] allowed the whole business. [illegible] wallowing showed that the h[illegible] rt of the head could be laid bac[illegible] the way while the swallowin[illegible] one.

Every effort possible with t[illegible] liances they had with them was [illegible] get one of the snakes, bu[illegible] illed.—[Selma (Cal.) Irrigator.

How Water Freezes.

A scientic paper describes how t[illegible] es of freezing is carried on in N[illegible] chemy. By means of two ther[illegible] rs it is first ascertained that th[illegible] erature of the water at the surfa[illegible] the bottom is respectively forty[illegible] d forty-five degrees. A cold [illegible] weeps over the surface of the wa[illegible] at the temperature is speedily r[illegible] , say, forty-four degrees. By t[illegible] ction in temperature to centre [illegible] comes specifically heavier, sink[illegible] replacing the [illegible] arm water below, which [illegible]