

Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1895.

Atlanta, Ga., has more churches than any city in the South, the Chicago Record estimates, and their seating capacity will accommodate 65,000 people.

The Progressive Engineers' Association, of New York, a colored organization, is going to send one of its members out to Liberia to see what, if any, inducements that country offers for colonization.

Emin Pasha's death, it appears, was due solely to the vanity of a petty African chief, who wished to show his neighbors that he was not afraid to kill a white man. He was hanged for it, all the same.

Besides the rather numerous Chinese, there are probably less than 3000 foreigners in all Japan, though the number may recently have risen above that. What progress has been made, then, is clearly due to the Japanese themselves, and not to foreign residents.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: A list of Western Virginians of remarkably longevity is being published, and cases similar in various parts of the United States are cited as evidence of the lengthening of human life. Nothing could be more fallacious, for most so-called very aged people are unlettered and keep no record of birth or death. This is particularly so with the colored population of the Southern States, among whom centenarians are said to be somewhat common.

"Does slavery survive in England?" asked the London Christian World, and this is its answer: "After reading last Saturday's 'special' number of the Schoolmaster on the subject of 'Half-timers,' we find it difficult to answer that question in the negative. An inspector writes: 'I examined a child yesterday who rose at 5.30, worked at a mill, and then walked a couple of miles to examination. This should be stopped. It is cruel.' Another girl of eleven rose soon after 5 a. m., and walked through the frost and snow nearly two miles to the mill. Work commenced at 6 and continued till 8.30, when there was an interval of breakfast, the child not leaving the mill. At 9 work again till 12.30—six hours in all—and then dinner at the mill. At 1.30 the child trudged off to school.' How many British children are liable to this sort of experience? Not less than 170,000! Shame on us!" Such facts, comments the New York Observer, are a shame, indeed, to any civilized, not to say any Christian community.

"The Cuban revolt is a continuous and perpetual thing," remarks the Atlanta Constitution. "Since 1834 the native inhabitants of the island have never been perfectly quiet. When not in open warfare they have made it as unpleasant as possible for the Spaniards in the interior. Between 1834 and 1878 official statistics show that it has cost Spain for re-inforcements sent to Cuba \$200,000,000, and a like amount for property destroyed. In that period 8000 Spanish officers have perished and 200,000 private soldiers—all killed in battle or through disease. More than 13,000 Cubans have been killed in war and 43,000 have been taken prisoners and executed. These are startling figures, but there will be no permanent peace in Cuba under existing conditions. The natives are denied all civil, political and religious liberty. They are excluded from all positions of honor, trust and profit, and they are cruelly oppressed and taxed to death. Naturally, Spain suspects that the Americans sympathize with the Cubans, and this explains her continual insults and outrages in dealing with our merchant vessels. We can never feel secure nor count on peace with Spain until Cuba is independent or under our flag.

Jacob Coxey, the Ohio populist, is a horse breeder, and it is a coincidence that his Pennsylvania rival, Joseph E. Sibley, whom the new silver party would like to make President, is a cattle breeder. The latter has a great stock farm in the west of the State, has been president of the State Dairymen's Association and is a member of the Farmers' Alliance and State Grange.

STYLES IN HAIRDRESSING.

The Cause of Baldness and its Prevention.

Baldness appears to be on the increase. This is particularly noticeable in men, as they do not make any attempt to cover up the bare spaces which the hair has left. One seldom sees a woman who is bald, for she will have the place covered with false hair in such artful way that it is not apparent. It may be that a woman does not grow bald so rapidly as a man, as baldness is very often attributed to mental strain and the hurry and competition of this advanced age. Falling of the hair often occurs after severe illness, but if the scalp is healthy new hair appears to take the place of the old. Depression of spirits, worry, or general debility of the system, often cause baldness. The hair begins to loosen, the parting gets broader, and the hair comes out whenever it is brushed. The formation of new hair is stopped and bald places appear at the end of the parting. It is said that fat taken in any form is a good nerve restorer and supplies the materials that the hair needs. The hair should be washed once a week with the yolk of an egg, and this should be well rubbed into the roots. After this it should be washed with clear warm water and thoroughly dried.

In Paris there are schools for hair-dressing where living models are employed. The master dresses a model's hair and then his pupils have to copy this on other models. They have yearly public exhibitions of hair-dressing and prizes of money and medals.

It used to be thought that a large part of false hair was taken from the dead, but this is not so, for it would be brittle and incapable of dressing properly. France furnishes the most false hair, and Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Bohemia, Spain, Sweden, Holland, etc., provide a great quantity. A great deal of it comes from convents and from thieves who cut off the curls and braids from young girls so quietly that they do not feel their loss. Red and golden hair is the most expensive and comes chiefly from Scotland. The present Paris mode is to have the hair loosely waved all round the head and dressed very loosely so that a puff projects all around the face and on to the nape of the neck. At the back of the head a soft knot disposes of the ends of the hair, but is placed sufficiently high so that the puff in back will show.

Fringes are not worn to any great extent, as the hair is invariably parted and waved, and only a very little hair left on the forehead. Sometimes there is one curl left in the middle or again a curl is seen on either temple. It is almost impossible to wave the hair properly without the use of hot iron, and as this is so injurious to the hair when done constantly, many ladies are wearing false fronts. These are so very natural that it is almost impossible to detect them. Those who like a center parting can get a waved bandeau or a parted fringe. These must lie flat to the head, for bushy fringes are not worn. Some of these false pieces have long hair which is waved at the back and mingles with the knot, while others are merely pinned on the top of the head and some of the waved hair drawn back over the place it joins the real hair. It is the fashion for hair to be very glossy, and while this gloss may be given to the hair by constant brushing the false piece has to have "brilliantine" used on it.

There is one piece that is new and very natural. That is an arrangement of hair drawn back from the forehead, with some little curls just in the center. Some of these have long pieces of waved hair at the sides which hang loose on an elastic net of real hair. These allow of arranging the hair in waves over the tips of the ears.

With the exception of front pieces there never was a time when so little false hair was worn. The simpler the knot at the back of the head the more stylish, and this knot is worn low to suit the hats for daytime and high for evenings, being the only covering to the top of the head in most cases, as the evening bonnet is merely a wreath of flowers or a bandeau of jet or steel which fits around the hair instead of covering it as formerly.

Crawling Leaves.

Among wonderful things found in Australia are the crawling leaves. English sailors first noticed this phenomenon. They were roaming along the coast when a sudden breeze shook down a number of leaves to the ground. The sailors were surprised at this shower, because it was not the fall of the year, but midsummer, and the falling leaves looked fresh and green. After a few minutes these leaves began crawling along the ground toward the tree from which they came. These queer leaves are really insects which live upon the trees, and are of the same color of the foliage. They have very thin, flat bodies, and wings shaped like large leaves. When disturbed by a breeze they fold their legs under their bodies, and then the leaf-like shape,

with stem and all, is complete. Not only are they bright green in summer, like the foliage of the trees at the time, but they actually change like the leaves to a dull brown produced by frost. Another peculiarity of these insects is that when shaken to the ground they seldom use their wings. After lying there for a few minutes as if they were really leaves they crawl to the tree and ascend the trunk without seeming to know that they have the power to get back to their quarters in a much easier and quicker way.

The Humiliation of a Pharaoh.

The official Egyptian has apparently no particular respect for the remains of his ancestors, even when these are of royal lineage. Brugsch Bey, who has been assisting M. de Morgan, the Egyptologist, in his explorations, recently discovered a mummy—believed to be one of the Pharaohs—and prepared to transport the prize to Cairo. On reaching the railway station he resolutely refused to confide this precious package to the luggage van. This the officials did not greatly mind, but they compelled the discoverer to take a first class ticket for Pharaoh as well as one for himself. On reaching Cairo there was fresh trouble with the "otroci" officials. "What have you got there," Brugsch Bey was asked. "A mummy," was the reply. "Ah, you can't get that through without paying." "But," urged Pharaoh's guardian, "mummies surely don't pay 'otroci' duty." "Don't they," replied the official; "we will see what the register says." Here the entire staff consulted the register, but, strangely enough, the article in question had been overlooked by the administration. "Well," said the officer, "we will enter that as dried fish; duty, three piastres." And so poor Pharaoh was compelled to make his solemn entry into Cairo under the degrading category of dried fish.

A Noted Confederate Spy.

James Keelen, a noted Confederate spy, died penniless in the city hospital at Kansas City the other day. His life was a thrilling romance. Keelen was the one spy relied upon for conveying important information from the Confederate cabinet to different army commanders, and with his death he carried many a state secret. He was born in Caseyville, Ill., in 1844. His first exploit occurred in 1859, when he was arrested for carrying mail between Missouri secessionists, quartered at Memphis, and their relatives at home. For this he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. By the aid of friends he escaped, went to Richmond, and soon became the Confederates' most trusted spy. When Richmond was threatened and it was necessary to take some decisive step, Keelen placed torpedoes under certain Baltimore and Ohio trains transporting Federal troops. Many were killed, but Keelen escaped. He at one time had considerable money, but died penniless.

A Stinging Retort.

Mme. De Stael had fallen out with the Viscount de Choiseul owing to certain malicious reports circulated by the latter. One day the lady and the Viscount met, in company, on which occasion good manners required that they should speak to each other. Mme. De Stael commenced. "We have not seen you for a long while, M. De Choiseul." "Ah, Madame l'Ambassadrice, I have been ill." "Seriously, monsieur." "I had a narrow escape from being poisoned." "Alas! Possibly you took a bite of your own tongue." This little joke fell like a thunder-bolt on the Viscount, who was a notorious backbiter and mischief-maker. The lesson was a severe one, but he richly deserved it, and had not a word to say.

Shaving Set to Music.

The latest thing in barber shops is a musical box, which the boss of the establishment regulates to suit the times. On Monday, for instance, he keeps the machine up to light operators just fast enough to keep his assistants shaving customers at a nice, steady gait. Tuesday being a quiet day in the barber business, "Home, Sweet Home," and "You'll Remember Me" are good enough. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the barber confines the musical box to popular selections of a rather lively nature. On Saturdays he puts reels and jigs on top, and every barber in the house is on the run.

A Porter With a Snug Berth.

One of the snugest berths, though by no means a stateroom, is the hall porter's of one of the great service (London) clubs. In tips and salary a hall porter is a very well known club owing to having made \$2,500 a year for some years.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Unavoidable—In the Managerie—Uncertain—Under Subjugation—Etc., Etc.

UNAVOIDABLE.
"William," said Cholly Angloman, as he laid down his newspaper, "I shall be obliged to dispense with your services hereafter."

"What have I done, sir?"
"Nothing at all, my good fellow. You're a vevey good man, and I hate to part with you. But the Prince of Wales has just discharged his man, so I can't help myself."

IN THE MANAGERIE.
"If this place should catch fire what would you do?" asked the graffe of the elephant.
"I'd pick up my trunk and run for the entrance. What would you do?"
"I'd go to that window and slide down my neck to the sidewalk," said the graffe, with a wink at the monkeys.

UNCERTAIN.
"Were you ever up before me?" asked a Police Justice.
"Sure I don't know, yer anner. What time does yer anner get up?"

UNDER SUBJUGATION.
"Are you married?" said the manager to a man who was looking for a situation.
"No, sir."
"Then I can't employ you. I have a place into which I could put you, but we engage only married men."

"May I ask the reason of this discrimination? Is it that families may be provided with support?"
"Not at all. It is because we find that married men know better how to obey than bachelors."

EXPLAINED.
"Why do you punch that hole in my ticket?" asked a little man of the railroad conductor.
"So you can pass through," was the reply.

UNSATISFACTORY.
Minnie—Is "dude" good English?
Mamie—Most of them are very poor imitations.

NO ESCAPE.
Mrs. Getthere (enthusiastic worker at church fair)—Now, Mr. Slimpurse, you really must take a chance in this beautiful pipe; you really must. Just think, the pipe is worth \$20, and the chances are only \$1 each.

Mr. Slimpurse (edging off)—Very sorry, madame, but I don't smoke.
Mrs. Getthere—Oh, but you can learn, you know.
Mr. Slimpurse—Tobacco does not agree with me. I would have no earthly use for a pipe.

Mrs. Getthere (struck with a bright idea)—Well, there isn't the slightest probability of your drawing it, you know.

UNDERSTOOD HIS BUSINESS.
Irate Customer—See here! All my friends are laughing at this bargain suit I bought of you. They say it's a mill to big.

Dealer (gently)—Mine friend, I know de cloding peensness better dan your friends do. Shust you wait till it rains.

THROUGH NO FAULT OF HER OWN.
"Miss Skylee appears to have lost her attractiveness for the gentlemen," said one girl.
"Oh, no," replied the other; "she didn't lose it. Her father lost it in Wall Street."

HOW IT GOT OUT.
Mrs. Gadd—Oh! have you heard the news? Miss De Ledger and her father's bookkeeper were secretly married six months ago.

Mrs. Gabb—Dear me! How did it leak out?
Mrs. Gadd—Some one overheard them quarreling.

BROADMINDED.
"Van Dabbles is very kindly disposed toward his brethren in art. He has a good word for nearly everybody's work."

"Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, "even his own."

DISAPPOINTED.
Mrs. Wickwire threw down the paper in a way that betokened some irritation.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mr. Wickwire.
"Oh, nothing."
"Oh, yes, there was something. What was it?"

"Well, if you must know... I saw a line in the paper about 'China' worsted and it turned out to be something about that tiresome war. I thought it was some new kind of dress goods."

FORGOT HIS NAME.

Magistrate—"Why didn't you answer to your name?"
Vagrant—"Bag peddling, judge, but I forgot wot name I gave las' night."
Magistrate—"Didn't you give your own name?"
Vagrant—"No, judge, I'm travelin' incoog."

LOOKING IN ANCESTORS.

Aspirant Youth—Oh, I have a father and mother, and did all their people before them.

BABY'S MASTERPIECE.

"I'm sure that baby is going to be a great artist," said the fond mother.
"Isn't he rather young to exhibit any talent?"
"That's just where he shows his genius. I left him where he could get some red ink on his fingers, and before I knew what he was doing had decorated the library wall with one of the loveliest magazine posters you ever saw."

MONEY THAT DOESN'T TALK.

"Paw, what does it mean when they say money talks?" asks Johnny.
"It means," said Mr. Billus, after reflecting a moment, "that it sometimes helps a man that's got it to talk a little louder than the other fellow."

"Does all money talk?" persisted Johnny.
"No. Not exactly."
"Then money that can't talk hush money, ain't it?"
"Er—ah—haven't you anything to do? Suppose you go out and bring your kindling wood."

Rise of the Woman M. D.

In the United States and Canada there are forty-seven medical colleges open to both sexes and nine for women alone. The average number of graduates each year from all of the colleges is about eight hundred, and as most of the colleges have been established from periods ranging from ten to forty years, it is estimated that there are nearly fifteen thousand women physicians practicing in this country.

Abroad Belgium, England, France, Ireland, Italy, Norway, Switzerland and Wales have universities where women may study, and they allow these women to practice also, differing in that respect from Denmark, Holland, Ireland, Roumania, Scotland and Sweden where women may study but may not practice. In Germany, with magnificent educational advantages for men, it is impossible for a woman to obtain a medical education unless under certain conditions they allowed to practice. There are now nine women practicing in Germany and thirteen in Russia.

In the United States the restrictions on a medical education vary in the different States. In New York, for instance, it is necessary for a woman to pass a State Regents' examination in spelling, arithmetic, elementary English, English composition, geography, United States history and physics before she can matriculate at a college. After the degree of Doctor of Medicine has been conferred, another State examination, embracing all of the knowledge acquired during the course, must be passed before she can practice. This applies equally to men and women.

The importance of the woman M. D. is becoming more and more apparent every day. That there is a wide field in medicine open to women of natural ability in this direction is also apparent, and it is admitted that many women doctors are of more practical helpfulness in a sick room than some of the men.

Where Old Car Horses Go.

Just as we are getting rid of our horses by substituting electric traction on street railways, the inhabitants of European countries are complaining that their equine population is increasing beyond all reasonable bounds. Electric traction has as yet made comparatively little progress there, and we are dumping our old cars many of our worn-out car horses, to such an extent that from one country—Scotland—an energetic protest has just gone up.

In France they are no better off. Recent statistics show that that country has no less than 3,000,000 horses and that the horse population of the cities (about 800,000) is continually increasing at a greater rate than the human population. This, without doubt, is due to the increase of urban street car lines, which are making much progress in France, especially in the smaller cities. In Paris there were twenty-five years ago 70,000 horses, now there are 120,000, which travel collectively every day a distance equivalent to two and one-half times the circuit of the globe.

Her Explanation.

That was a delightfully ingenious and budding remark that a certain young girl made at a reception the other evening.
"You say you don't know who one said to her; but I notice they seem to know who you are."
"Oh," said she, "that's easy enough to understand—there aren't so many of me to know as there are of them!"

Beauchampe's Doubt

THE PRIMA DONNA.

Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PRINK IN NEED.

Miss Beauchampe was in an agony of apprehension. The day wore on, she said to herself, thousands—hundreds, somebody will come surely. She thought of Livings. His manner more than his words impressed her. Surely he was a kind, thoughtful friend—a faithful friend of her brother's. She was sure to send her word through the day. If he did not, it would be a day—but surely he would have gone. She was not to be cruel to her. She had done so to the punishment. She would be news through the day. When hours passed, and nature could not withstand the strain, she went down to see her landlady. The landlady was a honest, shrewd, and kind woman with a cold exterior. Her help had been appealed to her strongly. The landlady had a stock of stories as wonderful as the unexplained case of Beauchampe. "Why, my dear," she gave her up for lost for three days, and where did she turn up? She could not carry on 100 miles out of the way before she discovered her missing. Then she was put on a bridge and the culverts and bridges were washed away in a storm, and when the papers were full of the mystery doesn't come in as fresh as you please, say, 'I guess you all thought I was lost. I'm sure enough she was all that time as far as they were concerned.

Yes, and there was the experience of old gentleman who lived out of town for miles. He was known by everybody for miles around, and one afternoon he walked down to the village post office, and nobody saw him that day or the next, nor for five days. It was the best consolation they had at that time. That could come on a sensible, decent gentleman whose life was as clear as a blue sky as a babe's? But he was gone—gone like mist. Nobody saw him going. Well, at the end of a whole day, mind you, miss, doesn't the wife of the preacher almost faint dead away when the old man walked past her door on his way home. She thought it was a ghost. It came out that he had walked all the way to his cousin's—a lady older than herself and they do say they were cousins when they were young, who was well-to-do, or better off than he was. The children and her made so much of her that he just staid there five days. He had to do that, they were known to him as a man to do that. Nobody saw him next to tell his folks that he was gone a day at least, but the young man called away the same hour as the message was never delivered. It was of which, although designed to soothe and reassure Miss Beauchampe, produced just the contrary effect, since the lady's motive was painfully apparent.

able at last to endure restraint of the protestations of her landlady. Miss Beauchampe went out, asserting her purpose to call upon the author. She made her way directly to the office of the chief inspector, but a single word of the entrance changed the current of her thoughts, and caused her to recede from her heart. Two near the entrance were talking. One said to Miss Beauchampe, "The rope's as good as good around the scoundrel Beauchampe's neck now." She was speechless from terror, half blinded by the rush of tears that spread over her cheeks, Miss Beauchampe went away, and slowly retraced her path with sinking heart homeward. It was with difficulty she could walk, but she thought she would fall, but she was power supported her and tried her to pursue her way along an untraveled street until she entered her door.

She yielded herself a prey to all sorts of forebodings until she wrought herself into an ecstasy of terror. It was not until she had had a good sleep that she had not fortune sent on to her who was able to soothe and reassure her. She was weeping unrestrainedly when the landlady opened the door, and she was in a low tone, then quietly said, "A moment later a hand was laid on her head and a sweet voice said, 'Do not yield to despair, it will be well soon. Listen to me.'"

It was the voice of Victoria. "I can feel for you, my dear. It is terrible, horrible, this mistrust. It is possible always to resist the inclination to weep, and sometimes it does you good. I don't know. I feel that you must yield to such a temptation as this. You will have good news tomorrow before morning. Who can't say that? It may be later, but it will be good news. I know. I cannot prove it to you, but I know. I feel there is a mistake; that it will be righted. I feel as truly as I believe the good God is merciful. I have come to tell you. Would I come if I did not believe it? I say? And what is it that you say? I have come now twice to you, and sometimes it has been to yield to such a terrible temptation. They will drive you wild. The touch of her hand was like a wound. Miss Beauchampe