THE ANDOVER MAGAZINE

THE ANDOVER PRESS

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CONTENTS.

. . . Glengariff
. Annie Sawyer
. . . . . Downs

PALE asters line the narrow way,
And golden rod stands tall,
Upon the dark and lonely cliff,
Round which the sea birds call.
And far beneath, in caverns drear,
The breakers sullen roar;
While mist and softly falling rain
Hide all the shelving shore.

The shaking of an idle sail,
The dip of unseen oar,
The creaking of an anchor chain,
The fogbells in the tower.
The moaning of the sea outside;
The white foam on the bar;
And clear against the dusky sky,
The lighthouse's silver star.

No voice to break the blessed spell,
The silence strange and sweet;
But in the crevice of the rock,
Set close about our feet;
The slender bells of harebell blue,
So perfect are in grace,
That of the dark and lonely cliff,
They make a heavenly place.

The Old Mansion House.

New England, rich in relics of old colonial times, has known few houses about which has clustered such a wealth of history and tradition as Andover's old Mansion House. Built when the history of our country was in its childhood, under circumstances of peculiar interest, it became the heritage of the present with the accumulated associations of more than a hundred years. To-day, standing on its desolate site, it is easy to shut our eyes to the beauty of the surroundings and look backward through the haze of the past.

We have the same broad outlook across the beautiful country. We see the same horizon outlined by lofty mountains. We look upon het same glorious sunsets. But where now are homes of culture and refinement, attractive lawns, stately trees, massive buildings of brick and stone — every evidence of enlightened prosperity, the past presents a very different scene. It shows great stretches of rocky pasture dotted with clumps of birches, alders, scrub-oaks and berry bushes, here and there a farm house or a tilled field, against a background of dark forest. On the corner where Professor Churchill's house now stands is the Phillips school-house, a small wooden building (a reconstructed carpenter's shop) capable of accommodating some thirty or forty students. Here was the beginning of the institutions of fair Andover Hill, that have become such a mighty power in educating and christianizing the world.

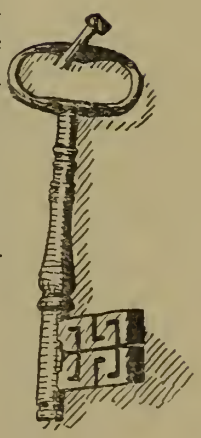
In this backward look, a strong light is thrown on the character of the hero, who, serving his country in high places during the Revolution, at the same time carried on his educational schemes with untiring vigor, and prepared for his family on this peaceful spot a home, in the holiest sense of the blessed word. We will not say "He builded better than he knew." He knew that the success of the new nation depended on the right education of its youth. The grand results were the natural outcome of his noble life, and his never ceasing energy to breathe into his life-work the Christian vitality that inspired his own soul. The "Memoir of Judge Phillips", by Professor John L. Taylor, is a precious legacy to Andover, and to all who are interested in her institutions. Read in the public schools, it would show the youth of Andover what sort of men were raised up to guard and direct the beginnings of things; and perhaps serve as an incentive to them to emulate the public spirit of these generous pioneers.

Wherever Judge Phillips' name is known and his memory cherished, let it be remembered that the name of Phoebe Foxcroft Phillips is worthy as widespread distinction as that of her husband. It is said of her, "She was ready to make any sacrafice if she could thereby aid him in serving the

public." A writer of her day says, "She was tall above most women, her prominent features were softened by a mild expression, her large blue eye was full of sweetness of temper, while it beamed with genius. She was fond of her pen and wrote with great ease and rapidity. Her elegant style of conversation surpassed that of any male or female in the country." We can understand how she aided him in his many-sided life when we read that she with her own hand kept the records for him as town clerk and treasurer. That during his long absences on public business, she acted as sole head of the family, superintended work on the farm, at the po wder mill, and in the stores, minutely carrying out his written directions. Devotion to the cause of religious education was the key-note of her character as well as of his own.

The new Mansion House was destined to have honors heaped upon it, but its crowning glory to the end was — that it had been the home of Judge Phillips and his family. History and tradition unite in telling us that the day the frame of the Mansion House was raised was a gala day in the town. Men left their work on farm and in the shop. Women closed their hearts and their doors to the duties that make incessant calls on them. Schools were closed that the children might go with their elders to the raising. A frame put together to be raised in sections was a new departure on Andover Hill, and excited most intense interest. When the preliminaries were completed, Parson French in a solemn prayer besought the Divine blessing on the enterprise. The hush was scarcely broken, when "strong arms grasped the ropes and pikes", each section rose like a thing of life to its own place ; and a grander, more imposing frame than they had ever looked upon stood before the admiring crowd. The soundness of the new school of carpentry was acknowledged by cheer upon cheer. Strained throats sought relief in draughts of punch that had been provided in huge tubs for the occasion.

In the Autumn of the same year, 1782, the mansion was so far completed that the family moved into it. The elms in front, that have so long been Andover's pride, were planted, it is said, by Judge Phillips' own hands. The scrubby pasture became in due time the fair green lawn. There was a fine stone wall along the line of the road in front of the house. The training field opposite was a an open common. Within this mansion were great square wainscoted rooms, hospitable fireplaces, high mantels, rich mirrors, broad deep window seats, and stores of massive mahogony furniture that to-day would cause many a collector to break the tenth commandment. The ponderous door swung on hinges that were made to defy time itself. The mighty key was almost a match for the key of the Bastile, now shown to pilgrims at Mount Vernon.



It is easy to reconstruct the home life in this mansion from letters that have fortunately been preserved. Its dignity was softened by kind-

liness ; its firmness hidden by tenderest love. Over all, was that gracious hospitality which left its impress on the very house itself.

There were children in this home, two sons worthy of their inheritance. John, the elder, was graduated from Harvard with high honors. Failing health prevented his following a professional career. He turned to a life of business, and with his talented wife and a growing family of thirteen children lived at the paternal homestead in North Andover. His name, with that of his noble mother, is fresh in the memory of all who know the story of the founding of Andover Theological Seminary. Of Samuel, the younger son, we are told that "his very nature, physical and mental, was of the most exquisite mould." The shadow of a great grief fell on the mansion when this idolized child was taken away. The room in which he had studied and played became a sacred spot. The mother's careful hand brushed the dust from the treasures there, never moving one from the place where he had laid it. "His little slate and writing book, his pen and sealing wax, his half burned candle, his violin of which he was very fond, his daily text books, his bed, his clothing" all were undisturbed for many years.

In those early days, Academy students often dwelt with the family. Several of the Washingtons and Lees from Virginia here found the luxury of a home. This mansion was one of the few private homes that General Washington honored with his presence when he made the tour of New England in 1789. On Thursday morning, the fifth of November, he came here from the tavern where he breakfasted, escorted by Judge Phillips and a long procession of citizens. In the southeast corner room where he was entertained by the Phillips family and their guests, were two mahogony claw-foot chairs. Tradition says that General Washington sat in one of them, Which ? Tradition is silent. The stately Madam tied a blue ribbon upon the chair on the departure of her illustrious guest. She placed a knot of crape there when a messenger brought the sad news of his death. The chairs still live, their backs as straight and their claw-feet as firm as when the century was young. Blue ribbon and crape have long since ceased to mark the honored one. He who would come in touch with the greatness that dignified it must not fail to sit in both !

After building for himself a monument in the school that he founded, and carving for himself a name to be cherished through coming ages, the master of this mansion passed away. The gracious Madam lived on alone, perfecting a life of lofty impulses and generous deeds. The Mansion House, passing into the hands of the Trustees of Phillips Academy, to be used as a hotel, continued to gather beneath its roof men and women whom the world delights to honor.

General Lafayette once stood in the hall at the foot of the broad staircase. Hundreds were made proud and happy that day by the cordial

grasp of his hand. His speech, too, was surprisingly gratifying, suggesting, as it did, that in far-away France he had not been unmindful of the fame of this little American village. Years after, it was whispered that just before he reached Andover he had interviewed his travelling companion, and with exquisite tact had learned what the place was distinguished for.

General Jackson was entertained here. Tradition has not forgotten to tell how the doughty hero nearly broke the heart of his most gracious host, by partaking of nothing but bread and milk, while the marvels of cookery that had kept the kitchen in commotion for days were passed unnoticed.

How the imagination kindles into delightful speculations on the scenes this mansion has witnessed, and the people it has known.

There are the generations of professors, whose homes are within sight from its windows ; whose fame is unbounded. Their gifted wives and daughters, too, among whom are the greatest American women. Educators, whose names are immortal. Students, young men and young women ; an innumerable throng. Missionaries, from the uttermost parts of the earth and the islands of the sea. Generation after generation of trustees, with mighty interests in their solemn keeping. There are "anniversary" days ; when the "decent but not extravagant entertainment", as specified by the founders, is here provided for these trustees and their many guests. If the old walls grow weary with the weight of wisdom entrusted to them, perhaps the weight is lightened when the young men nnd maidens come, and gaiety reigns. Those secluded alcoves could tell many an interesting story, but they keep their counsel well.

As the years roll on, visitors come in greater numbers. Here, East and West exchange kindly greeting. North and South sit side hy side. Brief glances here and there through the nearer past, rest upon many a one who has lent interest to the annals of this quiet neighborhood.

There is John B. Gough. He is telling a story. His hearers are convulsed with laughter, while their eyes are filled with tears.

Professor Samuel B. Morse stands on the piazza, saying, "It is just seventy years since I entered Phillips Academy."

That little woman upon whose thoughtful face every eye is riveted, is Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Emerson, with hands clasped behind him, paces the hall. One can see that he is going home "laden with a thought."

General Armstrong holds enthralled a company of guests while he tells the story of his great work at the South.

There is Dr. Hamlin, the centre of a little circle of eager listeners. The great famine in Turkey is his theme.

Here is one who fascinates all by his genial manner and kindly tact — ex-President Pierce.

Again, the bell-boy hurries to report that a stranger is meddling with the clock. Incredible! meddling with the clock whose solemn stroke called General Washington to the review of the militia in front of the mansion? A glance shows that it is Wendell Phillips who stands on a chair peering into the old clock's cavernous depths. He meddles as long as he pleases; then, replacing its face and hands, walks away, leaving no one the wiser.

There, a dear little blue-eyed girl insists on going up the stairs alone, although she cannot walk. Creeping on her knees from stair to stair induces a devotional state of mind, and she repeats "Now I lay me" until she reaches the top.

The sprightly maiden who stands on the top of the great square gate-post is from South Carolina. Some one asks,—"Are you a little statue?" "I am a little rebel!" she cries, stamping her tiny foot, the spirit of a whole regiment of rebels flashing from her mischievious eye.

The small boy coming into the parlor with his apron full of toads, June bugs and turtles is a born naturalist — a second Aggasiz. He is grieved because his nurse will not allow him to keep the beautiful little green snake which he caught by the tail.

Here are troops of children. James T. Fields is changing his seat in the dining-room that he may look out on the lawn to see them at play.

The Hon. Alpheus Hardy is here with Joseph Nessima, his ward. There are James G. Blaine, Admiral Taylor and Henry Ward Beecher, a notable trio.

That is Gail Hamilton who is examining the andirons and brasses that adorn a quaint fireplace. Here is a group of Abbots' fair daughters, whose homes are in heathen lands.

There we see Oliver Wendell Holmes. His school days in Andover were not without a little unpleasantness, but he looks as if he had forgotten it.

Phillips Brooks is here. Does the old house thrill with the pride of being his ancestral mansion?

There is no end of such glimpses. George McDonald, Dr. Brown Sequard, Frederick Douglas, General O. O. Howard, Governor Fairbanks, Dr. Peabody, Dr. Schauffler, Ole Bull, Liang Shung, Mary A. Livermore, Emily Faithful, General Cogswell, Camilla Urso, Ernst Perabo, Baermann, President Eliot, Dr. Charles Beecher, Howells, Hardy, Mark Twain, George Peabody, — the names alone of well known people would fill volumes.

The shadows of the past fall lovingly upon the old Mansion House;

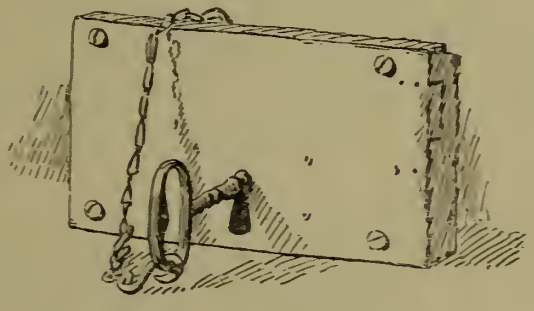
the very air seems to vibrate with pleasant memories of days gone by; and every nook and corner has a charm of its own.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This relic of the olden time, crowned with the glory and honor of more than a hundred years of usefulness, is no more. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1887, it passed away. The end came by the hand of a midnight assassin. Slowly and silently its life went out in blaze and smoke. The most heroic efforts of friends to save it were of no avail. Groups of mourners looked on, as solemn a company as stood with bowed heads when the Divine blessing was invoked at the beginning of its eventful career. With tearful eyes they watched the flames slowly devour it. Thus Andover was robbed of her cherished land-mark: Phillips Academy lost its priceless heir-loom.

Sarah Nelson Carter.

The original lock and key of the Mansion House were saved and are in possession of the Trustees of Phillips Academy. The above sketches are by Miss Blake. [Ed.]



Ole Bull's . . . . . Escape . . . . . From the Mining Camp

Anyone who had ever passed a night at the Inn near the entrance to Mammoth Cave and recalled its bare floors, broken window-panes, and comfortless furnishings, would not wonder that the young civil engineer, Mr. R., was dismayed to find himself a prisoner there because of the rain and mud, which kept the stage from running. It was, therefore, a great relief when he discovered that Ole Bull was also detained, as his pleasant company and sweet music were a great help during the seven long tedious days of waiting. When the stage came at last to release them, they parted as friends and with regret.

A few years later, in 1854, when Mr. R. was in charge of the Water Company in Auburn, Placer County, California, he was pleased to hear that Ole Bull had arrived in San Francisco; also that he purposed to make a visit in Auburn, and offered to give a concert there, if it was thought best. He added that Strakosch, the pianist, was with him and would also play.

Mr. R. was delighted at the prospect of hearing Ole Bull once more, and it was an easy matter to secure the log Court House for the concert. But what instrument could be found for Strakosch? There was no piano in Placer County, and none nearer than Sacramento, forty miles away, over the roughest of roads. At length a small melodeon was discovered, belonging to one of the miners. Placards were placed on the trees far and near, announcing the concert; and when the evening came, the Court House was lighted by candles set on shingles which were thrust in between the logs, and the little melodeon was ready, on the platform opposite the door.

The miners flocked in from all quarters in great numbers, many being eager to hear the wonderful player, of whom reports had been brought to the camps by men who had made the voyage from the Isthmus to San Francisco with him. During this voyage, an epidemic had broken out on ship-board and many were falling ill from fear. In his anxiety, the captain of the vessel begged Ole Bull to try and quiet the passengers by playing to them; this he had gladly and most successfully done, and so won their gratitude. As the miners thronged to the concert, Mr. R. took the tickets at the door, until the building was packed to the utmost, and then, with great difficulty, pushed his way up just in front of the platform.

Ole Bull began, and then came Strakosch'es turn to play. He sat down with doubt before the little melodeon; and no wonder, since he was only accustomed to a large piano. First he played without blowing, and then he blew without playing. The miners bore it for a short time and

then grew impatient, as with all his efforts he could not make his hands and feet work together; so he was forced to stop, and let Ole Bull do all the playing. This satisfied the miners, who could not do enough to show their pleasure. Whenever Ole Bull paused for a little rest, they would cry out for one and another favorite air, which he generously gave them. At length he grew very weary, and said that he must stop; but they called out again and again, "No, go on, go on." And so he did, until at last, quite worn out, he bent down and said to Mr. R., "You must get me out of this."

Mr. R. knew that the miners would not let Ole Bull out in the usual way, but forcing his own way through the crowd, he went round to the rear of the building. There he found a ladder, which he placed against the ledge of the window that opened at the back of the platform. Then, mounting the ladder, he called to Ole Bull, who quickly stepped back to the window, climbed out, and down, and escaped in the darkness from his clamorous audience.

Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest, the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that everyone should study by all methods to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of feeling such enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste what is excellent that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, one ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words. —*Goethe.*

There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime.

Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat. —*Keble.*

By-Gone Days . . . .
In the South Church
1788 - 1861 . . . . . .

As children we sat at our grandmother's knee and listened to wonderful tales of what occurred when she was young. As children of larger growth we listen in the incidents here related to memories of days long past told by those still living among us.

The present building is the fourth meeting house belonging to the South Church of Andover. The one preceding this was built in 1788 on the same site, only its broadside was along the street (Central). When first built besides a porch at each end there was one in the centre of the street side. The pulpit was opposite this door and on the wall behind it was the text HOLINESS BECOMETH THINE HOUSE, O LORD, FOREVER, which one of our older ladies says she learned the first time she remembers going to church. A sounding board hung over the pulpit. Deep galleries ran along the sides and ends, in which were both square and long pews. Square pews also occupied the floor of the house except near the pulpit where there were a few long pews for the use of the Deacons and any deaf aged people who desired to sit there. The seats in the square pews were hinged and when the audience rose for prayer (it was then customary to stand during prayer time) these seats were raised and the occupants could lean against them. When this part of the service was concluded the seats were let down with a slam, the noise greatly pleasing the children. There was also a small seat across a corner where children sometimes sat when the pew was crowded. One lady says she remembers being placed on this seat and considered it great fun. The galleries were occupied by the singers who were seated opposite the pulpit, by young men and boys who sat in the south gallery, and by young women and girls sitting at the opposite end, all the seats being free. The half a dozen or less colored people (the entire number in the town at that time was very small) were seated at the extreme end of the north gallery near the pulpit, but the breast work was so high that only their heads were visible.

For thirty two years the church was used through the long cold New England winter entirely unheated. Footstoves were the only alleviation of what must have been almost unbearable discomfort.

At the close of the morning service those who lived at a distance betook themselves to a "Noon" or "Nooning" House where they warmed and fed both the outer and the inner man. This Nooning House was provided by private enterprise and the keeper was given his own fire wood for taking care of the large room with its two enormous fireplaces. One can imagine the comfort of these big cheerful fires to the half frozen com-

pany that gathered about them during the intermission. In order that the time should not be wasted a sermon was sometimes read aloud by one of the number, not infrequently by some good woman, while the rest ate their frugal lunch of doughnuts and cheese, of rye bread and butter, or possibly pie with the crust made from rye flour which for ordinary purposes was always used.

At this house occupying the site of the School House which is remembered by many of us as standing near the church, or at the Sexton's house on the other side of the church, the good people filled their footstoves with glowing coals and hot ashes before going to the afternoon service. In addition to the footstoves, hot stones or bricks were often carried in the hands or in a muff which in those days was usually of generous size. Delicacies for some sick friend were sometimes carried, it is said, in these ample receptacles and at noon transferred to some member of the sick one's family.

In 1821 stoves were first put in the church, though some people opposed such an innovation as being almost sacrilegious. The stoves were placed in the south porch. Although much heat must have been wasted the temperature of the building was thereby made more comfortable. In 1833 the front porch was removed, the pulpit changed to the tower end of the church, the galleries rearranged to correspond, and the square pews replaced by long ones. The arch around or over the pulpit was ornamented with trefoils some of which are still preserved as relics by some families in town. For the most part the church was severely plain. Green blinds relieved the glare of the plain glass windows. The stove pipes were carried along under the galleries and were ornamented underneath each joint by small tin pans to catch the liquid soot which was liable to exude.

At one time while painters were at work in the church it was struck by lightning. The bolt leaving the lightning rod ran along these pipes whence it was dissipated without doing much damage to the edifice.

To accommodate the singers music racks were put in to hold the long and rather awkward tune books, as the hymns did not accompany the notes but were in a separate book which had also to be held. And to partly conceal the singers a short red moreen curtain was drawn in front of them thus adding to the artistic effect. In early days a bass viol, violin, and flute assisted the choir; but in 1836 in spite of considerable opposition an organ was bought and placed in the church.

The Tithing Man, an institution in those days, was the terror both of mischievously inclined boys and of their drowsy elders. One of our worthy citizens who has passed away within a few years never forgave a man who in this capacity took from him a pocket knife with which he was quietly amusing himself during a (to him) tedious service.

Any person intending to be married would have this fact announced by the Clerk or Tithing Man after the people had assembled and before the service began. Afterwards the written announcement was posted in the porch. This was called "publishing" or "posting the banns."

The young ladies of Abbot Academy fewer in numbers than now had reserved seats on the south side of the floor of the house instead of the gallery.

A parsonage was built in 1710 and was used by the first two ministers Mr. Phillips and Mr. French. The latter died in 1809 and not long afterwards the place was sold with other parish holdings. The house stood on the corner of School and Central streets and was a well preserved landmark until 1891 when it was torn down to make way for a more elegant structure.

Early in the century a building was erected near the church on the north side which was used for Sabbath and Wednesday evening meetings and for various other meetings of the church and parish. When the present church was built in 1860 this building was sold and moved away and was used for many years in connection with Bean's or the Elm House stable.

The people were greatly pleased with their new church because it was supposed to possess all the latest improvements, vestries under the auditorium included. Who of us with our nineteenth century love for beautiful stained glass windows, dim cathedral aisles, and warm cushioned pews would wish for a return to the discomforts of our ancestors' house of worship.

Adelaide Brewster Merrill.

Hearth Song.

Before the hearth I dream of many things.
The red-eyed embers glow, dull down, expire;
An evanescent life in each, that brings
Sad omens for the life that men desire.
Will it not end in ashes, like the fire?

Not death is here, but change! Each spark that gleams
Is pent up sunlight, and the back-logs tune
Repeats the music of the woods and streams.
Bend low and listen; it is Nature's rune,
Singing of summer, chanting soft of June.

. . . . . The Legend of Evil

Those who have learned to appreciate the shrewd intelligence of animals through Rudyard Kiplings Jungle Stories, will not be surprised to find that the Monkey relatives of our sometime ancestors, have a theory of the evolution of man as ingenious as our own. Mr. Kipling has kindly put this theory into English verse for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with *Monkese*.

THIS is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight fails,
And the Monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

"Our fathers lived in the forest,
Foolish people were they,
They went down to the Cornland
To teach the farmers to play.

"Our fathers frisked in the millet,
Our fathers skipped in the wheat,
Our fathers hung from the branches,
Onr fathers danced in the street.

"Then came the terrible farmers,
Nothing of play they knew,
Only . . . they caught our fathers,
And set them to labor too!

"Set them to work in the Cornland
With ploughs and sickles and flails,
Put them in mud-walled prisons
And — cut off their beautiful tails.

"Now, we can watch our fathers,
Sullen and bowed and old,
Stooping over the millet,
Shaving the silly mould.

"Driving a foolish furrow,
Mending a muddy yoke,
Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,
Steeping their food in smoke.

"We may not speak to our fathers,
For if the farmers knew
They would come up to the forest,
And set us to labor too!"

This is the horible story
Told when the twilight fails,
And the Monkeys walk together
Holding each others tails.

Cran-
Ford.

"But other books there be, whose tranquil mission is to soothe."

I have often wondered if Mrs. Gaskell dreamed of the happy hours which she was providing for the world, as the characters of her inimitable book grew to life-like similitude under the strokes of her facile pen. "Cranford" has a flavor all its own. It is certainly not religious,— yet the fear of God and the love of man shine out from every page. It deals with no problems,— yet benevolence, kindly sympathy, sturdy pride of independence are all suggested. It is not a "society" tale,— yet its circle is one we may all be glad to enter, though there are no functions and no toilettes, and though its *dramatis personæ*, not being "carriage folk," clatter home in their pattens from a dish of tea and a hand at quadrille, at half past ten o'clock. No, it belongs in no category; it is simply "Cranford."

Knutsford, a quaint village in Cheshire, where Mrs. Gaskell lived when a child, claims to be the original "Cranford." To this day its inhabitants point with pride to the house where Miss Matty lived, and sold her tea. From its window fell the shower of almond comfits which made the day of Aga Peter's return memorable to Cranford children. The Aga Peter it was, you remember, whose love of sport carried him to such lofty altitudes among the Himalayas that "firing one day at some flying creature, he was very much dismayed when it fell, to find that he had shot a cherubim?" And it was the voice of the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson which quavered in timorous expostulation, "Shooting a cherubim — don't you think — I am afraid that was sacrilege!"

The Honorable Mrs. Jamieson! What visions of innumerable tea-drinkings, of which she was the harmless autocrat, rise at the mention of her august name! Can you not see her dozing in the seat of honor nearest the fire at Miss Betty Barker's, her repose ecstatically guarded by her hostess, whose inarticulate murmurs of "Gratifying! Very gratifying indeed! She could not have paid me a greater compliment!" but faintly express her emotions? Or, a little later, awaking in solemn deprecation from her dignified unconsciousness, to partake of seed-cake, of which "she ate three large pieces, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance not unlike a cow's?"

Hospitality, practised with "elegant economy"— happy euphuism!— is a large feature in these delicious chronicles, and its laws are those of the Medes and Persians. The entertainment does not rival the feast of Lucullus, nor is there the same *abandon* of Epicurean detail to set the palate a-tingling as in the pages of Dickens and Thackeray. Nor is there great variety in the company, where petticoats are the rule. "Cranford

is in possession of the Amazons" and "a man is *so* in the way in the house," quotes their historian. The atmosphere is so thoroughly feminine that we wonder at the temerity of Captain Brown in entering upon the scene at all; and still more at that of Captain Gordon, as discovered by Miss Matty — "Debōrah, there's a gentleman in the drawing-room with his arm around Miss Jessie's waist!" Though Miss Matty is instantly snubbed by her sister, we feel with her that such a scene is out of place in a Cranford drawing-room; and we share the virtuous indignation of Miss Pole at the later engagement of Lady Glenmire and Mr. Hoggins, — "Where feminine delicacy is gone to, I don't know!" It was Miss Jessie, you recollect, of whom Miss Jenkyns scathingly remarked that she "thought it was time for her to leave off her dimples and not always to be trying to look like a child."

Etiquette and fashion had their place in this rarified atmosphere. Exact were the hours for making and receiving visits, and duly proportioned the length of the stay. And as to fashion! When Mrs. Fitz-Adams appeared in the rustling glory of black silk too soon after her husband's death, even the literary Miss Jenkyns decreed with firmness that "bombazine would have shown a deeper sense of her loss,"— a Johnsonian tribute to the eternal fitness of things! And Miss Pole, not to be eclipsed by the visiting representative of the Scottish peerage, repaired to the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson's, on the occasion of her famous party, gorgeously and appropriately adorned with no fewer than seven brooches, of great variety as to size and pattern.

Does all this seem absurd and trivial? Read, then, the book from cover to cover, enter for yourself this charmed circle, imbibe the delicate freshness of its humor, the exquisite naturalness of its pathos, the sweet spirit of truth and purity and love which inspires its every sentence; and then ask yourself what is the test of greatness in a book. "Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great," says Emerson. And why do we weep for the passing of Doctor MacLure, and enter so heartily into the joys and sorrows of the immortal Dr. Primrose, when the woes of "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" move us not one whit, unless it be because the little things of life are the dearest, after all—the tender, homely things, the truest; and the heart warms and glows in eager response to these touches of a master hand.

The simple, busy, homely life of Mrs. Gaskell affords slight materlal for a biographer. Its chief records are her books,— its highest eulogy is the loving remembrance of those who knew her. She wrote as she lived, with a simple directness of purpose, a kindly grace of manner, a sweet sincerity, which touch all hearts. "She has done," said George Sand, "what none of us could do; she has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, yet which every girl will be the better for

reading." It is satisfactory to find ourselves in sympathy with Lord Houghton, who writes of "Cranford" that "it is the finest bit of humouristic description that has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb," yet it needed not the hall-mark of his approbation to attest the genuineness of its merits. The subtle intuition of the heart is sufficient testimony to the presence of that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." *Helen Chamberlain.*

Selections From . . Ruskin .

"The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them."

"And what the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare."

"You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hands was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth: that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

"Wherever a true wife comes, a home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless."

"The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records; and from joining of this with the yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise, — opening always — modest at once, and bright, with the hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise."

"And whether consciously or not, you must be in many a heart enthroned. There is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be, — queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and yours sons, queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown and the stainless sceptre of womanhood. But, alas, you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men; in defiance of the power which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget."

Adver-
. . tise

Are you in want of anything from a missing key to a house and lot, from a pet dog to a husband or wife? *Advertise.* Have you anything of which you wish to dispose, a second-hand bicycle or a Corliss engine, a half-worn baby carriage or your grandmother's diamonds? *Advertise.* Above all, if you have anything you wish to boom, patent medicine, hair renewer, western mortgage, foot-ball game or church fair, *Advertise.*

Advertising, like everything else, had its beginning. When communities were small, wants few, and the interchange of commodities limited, this method of exchange and extension of trade was unnecessary. The town crier announced to the little village the loss of a child, or the straying of a cow; hand-bills and posters were things of the future.

The first newspaper advertisement on record bears date of January, 1652, its subject being a heroic poem of congratulations upon Cromwell's victories in Ireland. For over two centuries, there was a heavy duty in Great Britain on each advertisement, making it as expensive for a servant girl to seek a place by that means as for a man to dispose of a valuable estate. For this and other reasons, its growth was slow, and has been made principally since the repeal of this duty act in 1853. In our own country, it has found the best fostering soil.

An advertising agency was started in New York forty years ago, and barely lived for a time; now there are many such, doing yearly a business of thousands of dollars. Now one newspaper receives from its advertisements, more in one week than it did in the whole first three years of its existence.

It is said that if a man will advertise any article to the extent of $50,000, his fortune is secured. Amusing, amazing, and often disgusting devices are employed to catch the eye. Peculiarity of type, insertions upside down, pictorial illustrations and sensational headings, are used with greater or less success.

In the bustle of the city, pictorial posters are seen in every vacant lot, and hand-bills are rudely thrust into our hands. Figures, grotesquely or artistically clothed, parade the streets, bearing on their backs or on banners, the tale of the merits of somebody's corn-plaster or cough cure. Our rides in the electric cars are beguiled by devices of advertising spaces, and we read, "Do you see that hump?" or share in the delight of the woman who used Sapolio. In the evening, high up at some conspicuous street corner, a magic lantern, with its ever-shifting scenes, fascinates our gaze. It assures us of the advantages of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, or the brilliancy of the Rochester burner. A lighted balloon rises and floats into the upper air, It is an object lesson of the tale on the myriad flyers which it drops, that "Ivory Soap floats."

Nor does the solitude of country escape the "eye to the main chance." Open fields flourish with a crop of placards proclaiming the superior qualities of the Eclipse bicycle, or declaring that the "cyclone" removes corns. "Sermons in stones" appear in large letters telling the reader to stop that cough, or that "Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood." Nor has the advertiser an apparent fear of haunted houses. Conspicuous trees, rocks by the water side, the mountain cliff, all suggest possibilities to the painter or bill poster. On the waters of rivers and bays glide boats whose sails carry the legend "Ferris Hams are the best," or "Children cry for Castoria."

From crude beginnings the *artistic* poster has been evolved, and really good artists do not scorn to put their work into this form for the price which the advertiser pays.

In contrast with all these more elaborate methods, are the unpretentious "ads." in the columns of our magazine. We do not startle by the unexpected, allure by the novel, nor attract by the artistic. We simply tell the straight-forward story of what some of our fellow-citizens are ready to do for the others, in providing for their physical, mental and spiritual wants, and we trust these will receive their full share of attention from our readers.

Thanking our advertisers for their patronage, we hope that they may realize, through increased business, the truth of this saying, whose sentiment is perhaps more commendable than its rhyme,

"He who would thrive
Should advertise."

A . .
Puzzle

Two seas within my borders lie;
Two sins forever hold my eye;
Thrice am I blest, three eyes have I,
Yet sins and eyes end in a tie.

My sins, my seas, my eyes all show
A place where mighty rivers flow;
A city where such riches glow,
As art and nature doth bestow.

The state wherein the city dwells,
Its title with two vowels spells;
An aspirate high the concord swells,
And thus the hidden secret tell.

Answer. Cincinnati, Ohio.

. . . . . From
. . . . . Elizabeth
Stuart Phelps Ward

The letter and these quotations explain themselves. And in presenting them to our readers one feels moved to say, if there be among us any who have not read "A Singular Life," let them turn to its pages, and remember that within the boundaries of our little town, the writer learned to love the bidding of the Master, and to so guide her pen that its lessons should lead to the fulfilment of the command, "Love ye one another." — Ed.

Newton Centre, Massachusetts,
September 18th, 1896.

Dear friends at Andover:

You ask what I like best in my book: "A Singular Life." Such have always seemed to me the last questions which an author ought to answer; but this comes from Andover, and I cannot refuse you!

Because you ask it, and only because you urge it, I have copied a few sentences from the story. They are those which came from near my heart: — those which "wrote themselves," perhaps as much as any others. I should like, if I may, to add that I never wrote a book in my life for which I seem to myself to deserve so little recognition as for this. Who, drowning himself in a study of the Life of the Master whom Bayard obeyed, can *help* reflecting a little of his spirit? I am sure it is love to Him which leads my "kindest reader" to love the book that has tried to tell the story of one genuine Christian life.

I am
Faithfully yours,
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

"There is something so much higher and more delicate than our own common standards of ethics, that it is refining to respect, even if we fail to comprehand the struggles of a man who aspires to the possession of perfect spiritual honor."

"In his own chapel in Angel Alley, Bayard lay in state. It was such a state as the kings of the earth might envy, and its warriors and its statesmen and its poets do not know, It was said that his was the happiest dead face that ever rebuked the sadness of the living; and the fairest that they who wept for him had ever seen. ... All the city thronged to do him reverence, who had lived among them baffled, doubted, and sick at heart; and it appeared that those who had done the least for him then would have done the most for him now. ...

But when these superior and respectable persons crowded to give their tardy tribute to him they were told that there was no room for them in the chapel; nay, they could scarcely find footing in the dust of Angel Alley. For they were held back by the rights of "nearest mourners"; and Bayard's mourners claimed him. It was said that hundreds of sunburnt men had stood waiting in the street since midnight for the opening of the doors and the chance to enter. Then there had passed up the steps of Christlove Chapel the great mass of the neglected and the poor, the simple and the sodden and the heart-broken, and those who had no friends, but only that one man; and God had taken him. The fishermen of Windover, and the poor girls, the widows of Windover, and her orphaned children, the homeless foreign sailors and the discontented laborers from the wharves poured in; and the press was great."

Progressive Andover .

One morning in the winter of '94, two or three ladies sat discussing the condition of unusual need, arising from the financial depression of the country. Their thoughts naturally turned from the country at large to their own town and the remark was made " We ought to have an organization for Associated Charity." The decision "we must" soon followed the suggestion "we ought" ; and the question, what practical step could be taken toward such a result, led to an immediate conference with one of the clergymen. In the course of two weeks a mass meeting was held to consider the need of such an organization in the community. After a stirring address by Rev. Fred. Allen of Boston, followed by a few words from the clergymen of all the churches in Andover, it was voted that such an organization should be formed. A committee was chosen to elect a Board of Directors, who, in turn, elected their officers and about the middle of February, '94, the new movement known as the " Society for Organized Charity " was fairly established. The first two or three months were devoted exclusively to relief work. The Selectmen kindly offered the use of a room in the Town Hall for an office which was opened three afternoons in the week with a Superintendent in attendance.

As the more pressing needs of the winter disappeared with the coming of Spring, the importance of training the young people in habits of thrift and economy, so that they might be able to meet similar experiences, presented itself at once to the minds of the active workers. They decided to establish a branch of the " Stamps Saving Society " of Boston, which was opened early in May, '94. The patronage of the children went beyond the highest expectations. Although the element of novelty at tracted at first many more depositors than were expected, the number soon settled down to steady business-like savers, and during the two years and a half more than a thousand dollars has been deposited by children under sixteen.

The next work of the Society was on an educational line, when the Kindergarten was opened as an experiment for three months in Abbott Village. The School Committee provided the room, Miss Stevens of North Andover kindly loaned the furniture and the salary of the teachers was met by private subscriptions. So great was the success that after the severity of the winter was over the school was re-opened in the Spring, the salary being provided as before and the School Committee purchasing furniture and supplies. By the next Fall the advisability of continuing so good a factor in the child life of Andover for the entire year seemed beyond question ; the only obstacle being lack of funds. Through the zeal of one or two and the generosity of many this obstacle was sufficiently removed to insure the maintenance of the Kindergarten until April. At

that time the School Committee assumed the responsiblity and it is hoped Andover has taken an important step toward a larger system of education.

When the suggestion came to the Board that an Evening School should be opened, it was questioned whether there would be sufficient call, but a response of seventy or more applicants decided the matter. The sessions were held in the Punchard School, voluntary teachers were secured. A fee of one dollar for twelve weeks' instruction, fixed for each pupil. Although not all persevered, a goodly number continued through the term, and some classes were so interested an extension of time was asked and granted. Last winter the numbers were smaller and with the exception of the class in reading the school could not be considered as successful. During that winter a course of ten lessons in cooking was given in the Hall of Abbott Village, where the average attendance even during the severest part of the season was at least fifty.

Last winter the Boys' Club came under the care of the Society. It was managed by Mr. George E. Johnson, Superintendent of Schools. So many boys desired to become members that two evenings a week had to be provided, the second under the charge of Mr. Watts, and the season closed with great success.

Last year the Directors were convinced that the work next to be undertaken was to furnish Industrial Training to girls, but were at a loss how to provide for it. No sooner was the desire of the Directors made public than an opportunity to secure a lot of land in a very accessible part of the town was presented to them. This fact was scarcely known before two noble ladies offered to defray the entire cost of the building provided a sufficient sum of money could be raised to purchase the land. A few responded so promptly and generously, so nearly fulfilling the conditions that the Directors felt justified in accepting the offer. Thus almost like a fairy-tale has been the removal of apparently great obstacles, and a substantial house stands as the realization of what, a few months ago, seemed like "castles in the air," In a few weeks Andover will be equipped with what few places of its size possess, an Industrial Building, where practical instruction may be given.

Because of these broadening lines the name has been changed to "The Andover Guild" which was chosen on account of its historic associations, its brevity and comprehensiveness.

Mary B. Mills.

Susan's . .
Salvation .

The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen and from my seat on the broad old-fashioned door-step, the play of the sunlight across the grassy slopes and among the feathery larch trees that bordered Cherry Creek, quite fascinated me. My eye roved from point to point, watching the cloud shapes cross the meadow, following the track of the steam car that would bring my dear ones back to me at five o,clock. I had learned to love the whistle that sounded approach to the Valley station, and bathed in glory as the landscape now was, the whole region had the charm of home, altough it was scarcely six weeks since we had taken possession of the little farm.

I was so much absorbed in my pleasant thoughts that the sound of a footfall on the gravel walk, did not disturb me; it was a harsh voice that called me back,

"I didn't cal'late to see you settin' out. I was goin' up to the front door to give a rap, like the stranger that I be. I s'pose I really orter hev come a time back, but callin' aint much in my line."

I rose and giving my hand waited for the name of my visitor. At last I said, "Thee is one of my neighbors?"

"Yes, I'm Miss Hanscome, wife to the Deacon, livin' clean down on the Creek side. I s'pose every body else 'round these parts has been, but you see I haint no time. Susan's twins has had the yeller janders and been awful sick. The two next was staying to our house an' to-day it was so pretty I jest put on a clean tire apiece, an' sent 'em off cousinin' to Jacob's folks - - an' here I be."

She laughed and accepting my invitation to "walk into my parlor" which I divined would be the pleasing thing to her, she gave me ample opportunity to observe her singular person. She was short and stout, brown and wrinkled in face, after a manner rarely seen in northern women of her age. Her eye was keen and her thin lips closed with great decision. Scant bristling hair of that faded yellow brown hue which is characterized in the South as "poor folks hair" was drawn fiercely away from a really fine broad brow, and knotted uncompromisingly behind. With all this unpromising outline she was a woman who interested me; there was power within her.

She wore a singular costume compounded of rainbow hues and the fashion of various epochs. The entire outfit giving one something of a shock. The contrast with my own severely plain gown struck her immediately.

"I declare fur it," she said as she swung herself backwards and forwards in a large rocking chair; "if you haint a leetle the most out-of-the-world lookin' of anybody I ever see! And yet — I do' know as I'm dis'-

pinted fur I says to Deacon more'n once sense you come, 'Deacon, them folks on the knoll has got salvation sure'."

I smiled not knowing exactly what I was expected to say.

"Do you want to know how I knowed it? Wal, jest this wise. There wa'n't never no loud words agoin' twixt you and tothers when I come past the barn with my mess o' cows. Every night an' mornin' I come along side the path yander, an' my ears was open, an' all I ever heard was jest the softest kind o' talk. There wa'n't no jawin' nor no answerin' back an' I allers can tell, sure's you live, *by the talk*, if folks has got religion out an' out."

I tried to change the current of conversation, asking about her fowls and garden but it failed to intercst her until I inquired how many children she had.

"I haint got but one, but it used to seem as if I had a full baker's dozen afore Susan's salvation, an' now I mostly hev two or three or four or five af them children. But land sakes, *that* haint nothin' to the trouble I had afore *she* got religion. Somc foks takes it hard and some folks takes it soft like an' easy. Not but what Susan passed through 'sperience long long ago, for *she's* no chicken, why Susan's past forty, but all her jining meetin' an' being prayed for an' *seemin'* conversation didn't prove to be the real downright *thing*. Her change of heart wa'n't *natuual*, she'd kind of missed some tetch of the Lord's blessin', an' both the Deacon an' me was sartin sure af that, but we couldn't seem to help her along, an' it's true sure as you live — that there aint no hurrying up the savin' grace."

I asked whether as a child Susan had been hard to control.

"Wal, not particular, when you didn't run foul of her temper. It was that form the devil took along o' her. *Sich* tantrums as that girl fell inter when oncet she set off! My sakes —the Deacon an' me has wep' oceans of tears over her devilments."

"When she grew older could thee not show her how wrong it was to give way thus to her temper? It must have been mortifying to her at times."

"I should say! Why there's been days when the preacher tuk dinner to our house, that all I could do an' say wouldn't keep Susan from slashin' an' jawin' fit to scare a steer! Land! but I've been clean beat out tryin' to give way to her an' smooth things over afore folks.

Why one day, Elder Smithers, who was a ridin' our circuit, come on-expected like, to dinner, an' we a washin'. You never see a critter so rilled up as Susan was —jest account o' hevin' no fresh baked! I had sot out fur some cold left over. Now Susan is a master good cook if *I* do say so, as shouldn't, long of having taught her, but goodness gracious, she could beat me mealin' any time, an' hevin to set Elder Smithers down to cold, hit her hard. One of them tantrums come on, an' I smiled an then

I cried an' then I tried to buy her into somethin' like decent actin' afore him, but no — it had to go jest so — an' she stormed till the Elder come right to the sink room an' says he — tryin' to scare her — says he, "Girl, cast that devil ahint you or your his'n forever." But it didn't work, she slammed and banged jest the same as before. Oh! I tell *you* — it was awful. Nobody knows what the Deacon an' me has suffered. But then nobody don't know neither how *much* comfort him an' me has had since Susan's Salvation."

I was greatly interested in that event and seized a moment when my visitor was tightening her bright red bonnet strings to ask for particulars concerning it.

"Wal, *that's* all begun long o' Elder Smithers remarking to me — aside like — that he never recollected seein' sich a temper save oncet an' strange to say, that belonged to a man livin' 'tother side of Cherry Valley. I had heard of him afore; folks kinder dreaded to neighbor with him lest he might break out. Hayin's an harvestin's and pig killin's was hard on him 'cause everybody made some excuse from goin' to help him through, and Elder Smithers said as how he didn't fairly *know*, but he feared the devil had got Jonas Mathews for his own.

At supper time that night I was a tellin' the Deacon what the Elder said, a thinkin' all the time that mebbe a warnin' might ketch on to Susan, by the hearin' but I didn't see no immediate signs of repentance, but along a fortnight or so after; we got the news (I remember Jim Thorn fetched it whilst I was a churnin') that Mis Matthews, Jonas' poor brow-beaten wife was dead, an' had left weakly twins, aside from five other children, all of 'em with freckles an' red headed, an' in about fifteen minutes Susan she come out of the house rigged up in her working clothes an' caliker sunbonnet.

"Ma," says she, "I'm a going over to Jonases."

"What?" says I, "why you don't know what your a doing child! Jonas Matthews will be that mad with the Lord, that he'll tear up heaven and earth. No decent folks can stan' it."

"I know what I'm a doin" says she. "I know that five hungry children an' weanin' twins, has got to be fed, an' there won't nobody go near 'em."

Wal, I jest dropped the dash into the churn an' sot right down though I knowed well enough my butter was a breakin' through the cream an' it would go back agin if I didn't pound right on, but the hand af the Lord was in it, an' I let her go same as inter a flamin' fire. Along about five o'clock who should fetch her back but Jonas himself as mild as a pitcher af skim milk, an' I reccommended him to the Lord for his comfort, an' he spoke up feelin' like,

"The Lord an' Susan."

My sakes alive but I jumped ! I was most as mad as a March hare myself, a thinkin' "Be you fox enough to came courtin' of one woman whilst yet another is lyin' with pennies on her eyes on the front room table to your house?" But I had the sense not to say nothin' an' Susan she came an' went till Jonases stepbrother's widow's darter was fetched from off Newton way, an' land alive ! she found things nice for her. Every shelf in that pantry was scoured with white sand and whey, an' the twins was a pickin' up as peart as you please.

I hadn't seen a sign of Susan's old devilment whilst she was a comin' an' goin' but it want many days arter she stopped that some folks from over Creek way, dropped in, an' they talked as how Jonas relation wa'n't a doin jest right by them children. One o' the twins had got a scalded arm an' all of 'em was mopin'. By the time they'd gone I see symptoms, an' pretty soon Susan was as wicked as ever I see her. All along o' the black cat havin' knocked over a flowerpot ! or so she *said*, any ways.

The Deacon an' me jest set in silence — bearin' our woes the best we could, an' not darin' to stir lest we make things worse, but now I dunno as they could hev been worse. Sometimes I thought she'd take the roof off an' her tongue ran like a double streak o' heat lightnin'. I bet you could hev heard her jaw, clean way up here on the knoll, af the wind had been in the right direction. We sot it out an' went off to bed near about broken hearted. The Deacon he said as how he guessed Susan's soul *was* lost.

Things went on jest about the same — off an' on, off an' on in the temper way for nigh about a year. There hadn't been a sight af Jonas Matthews anear us sense he fetched Susan home that night so long ago. Sometimes I kinder suspected that she'd had tantrums up to his house an' he wanted to get rid of her, but then his voice didn't sound that way the time he said that the Lord an' Susan were his comforters. It *was* kinder queer. Along about peach blow time she had an' awful fallin' out with a pedler that come to buy chickens. She caught him makin' short weight an' it made her mad, for you see Susan, with her temper, was as honest a soul as ever breathed. I didn't know but she would wring the man's neck like she did the fowls, an' I guess he got scared for he was as white as a sheet when he come to go off, an' he met the Deacon in the lane an' the Deacon asked him was he sick.

"No," the pedlar answered in a kind o' whisper, "No, I haint sick but I never see sich a devil af a temper in my life as that gal o' yourn has got. It' will kill somebody yet."

That scared the Deacon, an' when he come into the sinkroom where Susan was slamming the dishes, he jest shet the door behind him an, started out to give her a good talkin' to.

"Susan," says he, I can't stan' it no longer. It's a reproof to them

that love the Lord, yea a disgrace. You've jest *got* to hold your tongue."

Wal, he was most upset by the turn she took. She drapped on her knees an' laid her head — Susan allers had pretty curls — on the aidge of the sink an' she cried as if her heart was breakin'.

"O Pa! says she, I don't know what gits hold af me sometimes. It seems as if I *couldn't* keep still when I'm mad and there never has been but one stretch when I didn't get mad."

"When was that? he said sorter easy on her.

"When I was a workin' day by day up to Jonas Matthews. I never seen a minute to get mad in, an' I sorter seemed *useful*."

Then she cried again an' followed it up. "Maybe I was afreed of makin' Jonas mad for you know they do say he's got as bad a temper as me, but — but — I *hate* to think of that mealy mouthed darter of Jonas' step-brother's widow lettin' the twins run down and the other children get sasay — and — pa — oh!— Pa — I wish — I've wisht ever sence I was up there — that *I* was Jonas' *wife*."

The Deacon he hopped right up out of his chair, an' looked round kinder wild — so he told me — for he haint the sort of man that likes a girl to do the sparkin' so he spoke out hard an' fast.

"Well, Susan Hanscome — when a mans wants you for to be his wife, particular his second choice, he aint in general got to be nudged, an' you can't depend on me to do the nudgin'."

Then he shut right up an' come away.

Next day I missed him. He took the horse an' buggy out real early an' he didn't get back till I was fryin' the ham for dinner. I thought he'd smell *that* wherever he might be for he's dreffle fond of it. When he come in he looked as if something had hit him hard, but he didn't never say a word, an' I didn't ask no questions. I'd been married too long not to know enough for that.

Sunday following I was a coming out of meeting a leetle mite late an' there was Jonas Matthews handin' Susan inter his wagon jest the same as if she belonged to him. All to oncet I sensed it, an' I ketched up the Deacon's sleeve, an' says I,

"Where was ye that time?"

He understood, an' his face sort o' brightened up like a hen scared off her nest, when he see Jonas. His breath come hard for a minute. I give him plenty o' time but finally he told it out plump.

"I wrestled in prayer that night, Lucindy. I dassent admit any carnal influence over my mind, so I couldn't tell ye, but I got the right side uppermost at last and when I drew up to Jonas Matthew's back door there he was a standin' as disconsolate as a lone turkey gobbler. Jonas got in and I druv twict round the lane before I got the courage to tell him how my girl wanted to marry him an' the children (for Deacon do insist now it

were the *twins* moren aught else, she favored). Jonas Matthews is a swearin' man but he didn't even look like swearin'. He jest lifted up his head an' choked an' said "No, Deacon — I can't."

That most riled Mr. Hanscome. It *haint* a pleasin' job to ask a man to marry your girl, an' nobody wants to hev it threw back in your face.

"No Deacon," he went on. "I can't. There is one good woman in the churchyard now, that *I* sent there long o' my wicked temper. Taint me as is goin' to repeat that sin."

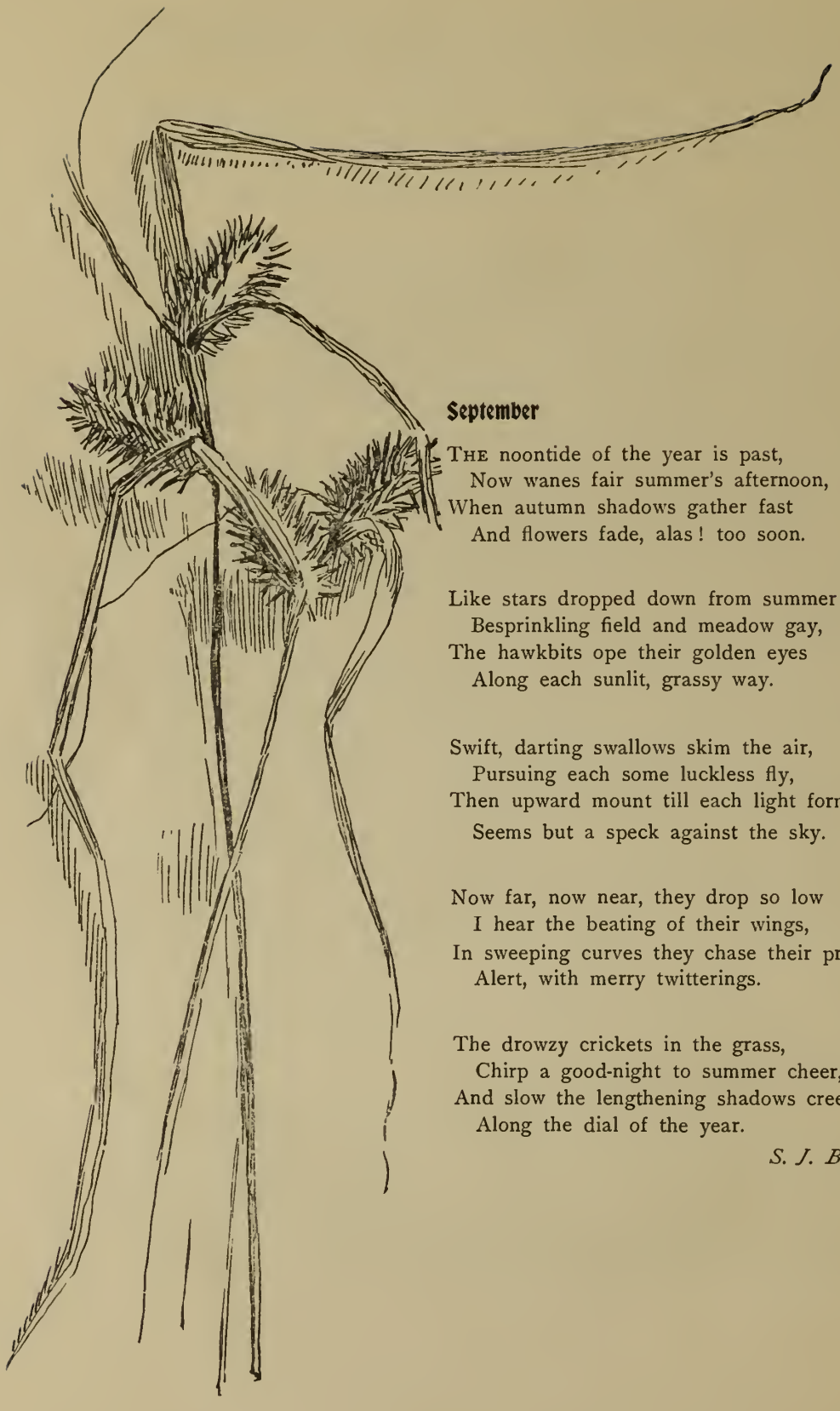
The Deacon heaved a sigh of relief. "Lord bless us man," he said, "your temper can't hold a candle to Susan,s an' she's got it in her head that all what's going to cure her is a marryin' of you. I've heard the doctors say a dose of somethin' pizen will cure an over big taste of that same weed an' reckon it's somethin' moral in the same way. If your temper can cure hern, why — mebbe — I don't know but mebbe — hern will cure yourn."

Jonas didn't speak another word but he near about wrung the Deacon's hand off at partin' an' my good man when he got to the end of his story said, "Well, whatever comes of it, I spoke the words the Lord directed me to speak. I didn't cover up none of her faults, an' I let him see that she knew all about hisen, but I reckon that's the honest way for folk to marry."

Susan an' Jonas was married first strawberry pickin' an' I went over when hayin' came on to help her out. Five children and twins, three workin' men an' a husband to cook for, counts up, but I needn't hev fretted myself. Things was a runnin as smooth as a fresh oiled sewing machine. The buttery shelves was full of cookin' an' every child on the place was shining in a clean tire an' a fresh washed face.

I stayed round a couple of days jest to see how the temper business was standin' it. Land! there wa'n't a word atween them two that didn't seem seasoned with honeydew an' liquorish water! An' what's more from that day to this, there haint never been a sign o' trouble. Jonas' words is law an' Susan's is order. Them children has forgot to be sassy an' go in a string to Sunday school. We don't never tech on old times but I do sometimes say, "For goodness sake, Susan Matthews, don't talk as if you thought there never was a woman with such a good husband and sich a lot of red-headed urchins."

Wal I reckon I've stayed long enough to rile you, but I couldn't help tellin' you about Susan's Salvation for I think every time I pass here that your talk an' your man's, sounds like the Mattewses. Them two has actooally got to *lookin'* alike! an' you an' him seems to wear the same outlandish kind o' clothes, one as tother, so I figered it out, mebbe you'd hed salvation come to you in some sich way. Now didn't ye? Come over to my house an' tell me about it some day."



September

The noontide of the year is past,
Now wanes fair summer's afternoon,
When autumn shadows gather fast
And flowers fade, alas! too soon.

Like stars dropped down from summer skys,
Besprinkling field and meadow gay,
The hawkbits ope their golden eyes
Along each sunlit, grassy way.

Swift, darting swallows skim the air,
Pursuing each some luckless fly,
Then upward mount till each light form
Seems but a speck against the sky.

Now far, now near, they drop so low
I hear the beating of their wings,
In sweeping curves they chase their prey,
Alert, with merry twitterings.

The drowzy crickets in the grass,
Chirp a good-night to summer cheer,
And slow the lengthening shadows creep
Along the dial of the year.

S. J. Bucklin.

A Wedding On an Island Of the Baltic

The following extract is from an unpublished article kindly contributed by Adele Marie Shaw, a former resident of this town. She says, "It is absolutely new material, for Rügen is not written up".

The modern traveller finds it hard to escape from his fellow-tourists. The good old days when Baldeker was still an infant-in-arms and had mapped no greater journey than the transit from cradle to floor, before Ruskin had discovered St. Marks, or Hare "walked in Rome," when men advanced slowly and with difficulty and were ill-served and dimly comprehended, when the beggar was pestilential rather than picturesque, and the costumes of the peasants were donned for labor, not posing, one had something of the joy of a discoverer. We have paid the penalty of added comfort in lessened zest.

All along the beaten track, life is arranged with a view to its effect on the sight-seer. The stranger has ceased to be a curiosity, and become a mere source of income, while each glimpse of a natural or artistic object is associated with its market value For this reason, the jaded world of travel penetrates every year farther and farther into outlying districts. One after another these are exploited. Soon, Norwegian waterfalls and Russian villages, even Congo settlements and the capital of Thibet itself will be surrounded by the paraphernalia of the exhibitor, and there will be no spot, East or West, uninvaded by hordes of "personally conducted" tourists, untainted by contact with a floating population. So far, the flood of foreign travel has not swept in on Rügen.

In a hamlet of this island a wedding is a village affair, and all assist like one great family in celebrating *the* event of a village maiden's life. We have arrived on the Polter-abend, the night before the ceremony, and our good-humored friend, after his wife has milked the cow and set the house in order, takes us under his wing and marshals us proudly down the village street. Everyone is taking the same direction, carrying armfuls of glass, china, crockery, broken jars, even iron pots and tin kettles, these latter bent and twisted beyond all recognition. One youth bears, carefully strung together, a dozen bottles filled with water. We are mystified, as none of these donations appears to be intact. Arrived at the bride's house, we understand. A crowd is gathered about the door, vigorously besieging it with every breakable thing on which they can lay hands. We join in the fun in good earnest, enjoying each crash with the zest of a child. There exists in every human breast the unacknowledged savage who loves the sound of smashing china. The good *haus-frau* of the inn explains that the village has saved its broken dishes for months in anticipation of the event.

At last the ammunition gives out. The debris covers the door, which means great good luck for the bride. The more broken china, the better fortune! A small boy perched in a tree above our heads crows excitedly. To every available pane of glass around the house a nose is flattened, and the crowd pushes and jostles for places, laughing and shouting as it struggles. Within, the especially invited guests are producing their presents, accompanying each by a short speech, a poem or song, often original and always appropriate. Some of the presentations excite inordinate mirth. One youth, with hair fair as a Norse god's and shoulders mighty as Thor's, recites a solemn verse over a rooster and two hens who cackle angrily and are hurried off to be sacrificed for the next day's feast. It is after midnight when this part of the program is finished and dancing begins. It will be four o'clock before the dancers retire and we do not wait to see the end. The invited guests will find beds on hay, or anywhere about house or barn, unless their homes are in the village and near enough to permit an early return the next morning.

When we rise, the bride and groom have already started for the nearest town for the civil marriage before the mayor. This legal wedding is the only one recognized by the law, but it counts for little in the popular mind and all the enthusiasm is reserved for the church ceremony.

We are hospitably included in all that takes place, so ten o'clock finds us seated in one of a long row of wagons, chatting with our nearest neighbors and deeply interested in all that goes on. The front seat of each wagon is upholstered, but the others are uncushioned, and many of them seem to be improvised for the occasion.

The bride and groom head the procession, dressed in brand new costumes whose linen has been spun and woven in their own homes. The bride, her dainty face framed by her cap, looks enchantingly shy and happy under the green bower erected over her seat. The groom, by her side, maintains a lordly dignity, as is fitting for one about to become the "head of his own household," but the dignity does not altogether conceal a certain awkward consciousness of his conspicuous position.

After the bride come the bridesmaids and the "marschalls", in this case, ten in all. Each "maid" carries a bouquet presented by her "marschall" or usher, and each "marschall" wears his bridesmaid's gift, a bow of white ribbon pinned on his left shoulder, the floating ends falling to the ground. Each wagon is wreathed with vines and flowers, and every guest is arrayed in the freshest costume she possesses. The Mönchgut costume is very picturesque and the scene is a bright and attractive memory to carry away. A band which forms part of the gay procession plays Mendelsohn's wedding march, and when we draw up at the weather-beaten old church, everyone casts a glance of affectionate sympathy at the bride, whose rosy cheeks have paled a little at the approach of the ceremony.

The bridal party takes its place in the chancel, and the rest of us seat ourselves on the hard benches whose high backs have been polished by generations of church-goers. We all join in the hymn, printed on slips of paper and handed about the church: —

"Jesu geh', voran,
Auf der Lebensbahn."

The simple ceremony, the short sermon, and the final blessing are over. The bride is weeping silently. (Her mother is not present lest she be too overcome). Once more the procession is formed and the band strikes up the wedding march from Lohengrin. We rattle merrily back to the farm-house and the fun begins. First the hungry horde must be fed. The caterer is a little, careworn, old woman, from the next town, who cooks morning, noon, and night while the fête continues, for the not extravagant sum of three marks or seventy-five cents a day, eked out by small fees from the guests. The village girls help to prepare the coffee and then serve the food. The kitchen hums with hurried voices in close consultation over supplies. Improvised tables are spread out of doors and each one helps himself with hearty good-will to the substantial repast. No one is seated save the bride and groom and their honored guests.

As hunger loosens its grasp, the newly married couple are made the target of all the jokes, new or old, mild or rough, which the guests can utter. The party breaks up into groups, some finding cosey corners for tête-à-têtes, some walking about, talking and laughing, and others trying their mettle in a preliminary dance. The band plays day and night, resting in sections.

By dusk, the dancing has begun in earnest and continues with no break until six o'clock in the morning. "Cakes and ale" are always ready for the hungry, and although wine and beer flow freely, apparently no one is intoxicated. We are determined to see it all, but it is hard work to keep awake after three o'clock. About four the absence of one of the "marschalls" is discovered, and a loud shout of laughter greets the announcement. The dancers troop together and the whole party starts merrily up the road. When we reach the house of the delinquent usher, he is dragged forth without ceremony, and made to join in a dance before he is allowed to complete his costume. For the rest of the night he forgets to yawn, so gaily do the merry crowd keep him in mind of his defection.

At six the party begins to scatter, the girls tuck up their skirts and clear away the debris, and the weary cook departs for her home. By noon all is in order, and the wagon re-adorned with flowers and filled with presents, again receives the bride and groom. The bride's father, mounting beside them, drives them to their new home in a neighboring village and leaves them at their own door.

"Their house," volunteers the genial *Wirt*, "is furnished throughout, from a table to a nutmeg-grater, by the family of the bride."

The village seems mournful and deserted after the bride's departure, and before night-fall we take up our line of march once more.

Adele Marie Shaw,
Hermine Lippotreuer.

The following poem was contributed by the president of the Woman's Club of Lawrence.

The Old Home

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elms bending o'er it,
The homestead with the lilacs by the door;
With the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden doorstep, old and worn;
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting shadows
On distaut fields of rustling, ripening corn.

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is said
Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest,
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving,
And clasp fond mem'ry's pictures to our breast.

Shall we ever, in that country, the bright and glorious heaven,
Win back the simple innocence and bliss
We knew, when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at even,
We received our angel mother's good-night kiss?

Emily Greene Wetherbee.

Mrs. Stowe In Andover

Mrs. Stowe came to Andover in the summer of 1852. Wishing to live in the stone building used for many years as a carpenter's shop, she was obliged to stay near by to superintend the alterations she wished to have made, and spent day after day there, seated on a barrel of shavings watching to see her orders carried out. The village carpenter, "sot" in his ideas, often objected to her plans and could "not carry them out," but she, also, "sot" in her ideas, would have it done, and often found a way to do it. The result was, the charming home in which she lived for eleven years. To the eye of the common woman, nothing could have been more unpromising than this house before Mrs. Stowe occupied it. But she made it a bower of beauty.

The front door opened into a sitting-room as prettily and cosily furnished as if it were carefully hidden from the eye of the tramp or peddler. Pictures and flowers, easy chairs and tables, made it home-like and gave a pleasant sense of cordial hospitality to the incoming guest. To be sure, it was inconvenient to surprise a family party, when on an errand to the professor, but it was more often a pleasure to be at once taken into the home, and in those days of stereotyped living, it was a daring innovation to do away with "the entry". Out of this reception room opened the parlor, a long, narrow room, with small, deeply recessed windows and great capacities for dismalness. But it was of this room that Mrs. Stowe made a fairy palace. Gathering here her many treasures from foreign lands, and gifts of admirers from every nation, arranging them with rare taste and skill, adding flowers and plants as her fancy prompted, it became, indeed, an enchanting room, showing that unexpected combination of the practical and imaginative which was ever such a surprise in Mrs. Stowe. No one can read her experience at Brunswick, as shown in her letters of that period, without admiring anew her versatility.

She had wonderful skill in arranging flowers. I remember hearing it said, that, when Mrs. Stowe was arranging flowers she often went across the room to see the effect. At the time, that seemed to me utter nonsense, but I soon learned to appreciate and appropriate her methods, for the result was so satisfactory. Mrs. Stowe's arrangement of flowers and plants could make any room a bower of beauty. I remember that she had one very large painting, or so it seemed to me then, of "The Juniata", which was a marvel to my inexperienced eyes. But the flowers are the most prominent memory of the house.

To my childish imagination, Mrs. Stowe was a goddess from Olympus, or a fairy god-mother right out of a story, for had she not written a wonderful book? I looked at her with wondering curiosity, and saw, as she says of herself in a letter to Mrs. Follen, "a little bit of a woman, some-

what more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff"; but when she talked to me, with such animation and vivacity, such sympathy and drollery, such kindness and desire to please, I thought her the most delightful lady I had ever known. She was very kind to children, and often left her work to amuse us. I remember her taking time to make two wreaths of rosebuds for her youngest daughter and myself, one day when we were playing together. And she would often tell me most delightful tales about her travels abroad, or whatever one of her pretty things I happened to admire.

I remember one day being enraptured by some story she told me, and greatly pleased to have her end up by saying, "Now come over to-morrow and I will tell you another". The morrow found me joyfully ringing the bell, with visions of Mrs. Stowe waiting for me in that pleasant sitting-room all ready to begin. No one answered my first ring. With failing courage I rang again. The maid came, showed me into the lonely room, and went in search of Mrs. Stowe, only to return with the message that she was too busy to see me. Crestfallen and disappointed, I went home, wondering how she could have forgotten that she asked me to come. And I found scant comfort in the assurances of my elders that Mrs. Stowe often did such things, having, as Mrs. Claflin says of her, "the power of withdrawing from everything about except the one thing on her, which wholly engrossed her for the time being. * * * Her spirit seemed to leave the body in a most remarkable manner. I have known her to wander from room to room, humming softly to herself, seeming as unconscious of everything about her as if she went in a trance". This power of abstraction, which she could not control, often caused her friends much more serious disppointment than came to me. When they most wanted her to "show off," she would be most silent and abstracted. But her brilliant hours more than atoned for this. Then her wit and wisdom, her imagery and quick raillery, love of beauty and appreciation of pathos, made her conversation as fascinating as her books.

The pets of the family should not be forgotten. One beautiful Italian greyhound I especially remember. They brought the little creature from Italy and he felt the cold cruelly, and used to appear clothed in a red or blue blanket, shivering in spite of it. Another little bit of a white dog was named "Chumb," he was such a morsel. When these pets died they were buried with care near the house, and the mounds which marked their graves greatly puzzled the next occupants. But when some member of the family revisited the place and expressed great joy at seeing those familiar mounds, the mystery was solved.

Of Mrs. Stowe's social life I can only repeat what I have heard. Her club, started when there were few such institutions, must have been a merry one. Formed for amusement, it was called the "Picnic" as each

member must bring something to amuse the others — music, stories, anecdotes, riddles — some one of these each member must bring. And after all had been discussed, some charade ended the evening. These charades were very bright as Mrs. Stowe's children had a great gift of mimicry.

Not long after Mrs. Stowe's coming to Andover, the ladies held a fair in Abbot Academy to get money for furnishing Smith Hall, then just finished. In this, Mrs. Stowe was greatly interested and did much towards its success. She believed in doing as much for the girls as for the boys, and worked accordingly.

In war times, when there were companies formed in Phillips Academy, and the Theological Seminary to learn to drill, Mrs. Stowe was deeply interested and presented a flag to the boys in a beautiful and touching speech. I well remember the excitement of that time with all the possibilities of the future. Many of those young lives were sacrificed to their country. Some endured imprisonment at Andersonville, and yet lived to forgive, if not forget. Rev. E. L. Clark, now of Boston, was captain of the Seminary Zouaves, and most enterprising he was.

When Mrs. Stowe no longer lived among us, we began to treasure most carefully all that had been hers. Her house and grounds lost all other associations, and when it became necessary to use it as an hotel, we felt it a desecration not to be borne. But "necessity knows no law," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" became the "Mansion House". Soon it will be no memorial even of the distinguished woman who inhabited it so long. But we have one indestructible memory. Our quiet retired cemetery was chosen as her last resting place, and there she still attracts visitors to Andover and pilgrims to the shrine of genius. Among the elms she so admired, and near the home she loved, and among people who appreciate the honor her fame confers on them, she sleeps in peace, awaiting the day when so many of the rescued shall arise and call her blessed.

Miss . . .
Alice French

Miss French was born in Andover about forty years ago. Her mother was the daughter of the late Gov. Morton, and sister of our former townsman, Judge Morton. Mr. French changed his residence to Davenport, Iowa, when Alice was a little child.

In girlhood she returned to become a member of Abbot Academy, where she easily distinguished herself by her facility in the too often dreaded work of composition. Her *nom de plume*, Octave Thanet, perpetuates the memory of a school friendship. Octave, was the name of her room-mate at Abbot, a charming girl. Thanet is a Scotch proper name.

From childhood Miss French revelled in reading and in using her pen. Yet she has never been a recluse. Like Walter Scott she studies nature, and like Dickens she acquaints herself with the phases of actual human existence to enrich her imagination. She has been an observing traveller in her own country and in foreign lands. The high and the lowly, the educated and the ignorant, are her friends, she knows them, is familiar with their daily lives, their modes of thought and speech. Her winter home is an Arkansas ranch. Here her hereditary agricultural tastes find scope. Here she indulges not only her love of story writing, but her fondness for cooking, in which she has rare skill. One of her minor gifts is expertness in the art of palmistry, with which she sometimes entertains her friends.

The statesman blood of her maternal ancestry manifests itself in her zest for studies not usually congenial to feminine minds — politics, finance, social and moral reform. A woman of such wide vision, in such close touch with her fellow mortals, cannot be a sentimental or a morbid writer ; or develop, like some of her contemporaries, a hysterical style. Her ready sympathy is offset by a vivacious humor. Her keen insight and quick perception do not rob her eyes of their kindly light, though they add piquancy to her conversation.

The story she has so beneficently given us was written for a local paper in her western home, but has never been printed elsewhere, and we appreciate this courtesy for which we can make no compensation but gratitude. *Old Andover.*

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful fire-fly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles. —*Arthur Helps.*

What I spent I had,
What I saved I lost,
What I gave I have.

—*Epitaph of Duke of Devonshire.*

Widow Tilley's Great Outing

The Widow Tilley had not been out of the little Iowa city where she lived (respected by all) for ten years; but during the two years during which she was saving and reading and listening to prepare for her visit to the World's Fair, she often told her friend, Eliza Merry, that she felt as if she had traveled thousands of miles.

As she spoke she glanced around her tidy little room which was decked with wood-cuts from illustrated papers, all repeating the tale of that lovely city of a Dream.

She was a tall woman, comely, almost handsome; and she had in her trim satine gown, and her neat cap, in her smiling, fresh colored face and white teeth and bright eyes, in her very bearing which was alert and vigorous as the motions of a woman of forty, although Hannah Tilley would never see her sixtieth birthday again, a kind of dignity and that calm courtesy which comes from an assured social position, whether high or low. Indeed, it was well known that if Mrs. Tilley rented a flat at the Atherton, it was because she wished independence and company combined, since she had two houses of her own, one occupied by her only child, a married daughter, and the other rented at a good rate. By all odds, Mrs. Tilley was the most prosperous tenant in the building, the one whom the tenants always chose to proffer requests for fresh paint or plumbing, the one whom the men or the women always consulted about the spending of the bit of money that they had saved. She had "friends among the rich people," carriages were sometimes seen to halt at her door — her apartments being on the first floor. She had lived for ten years as cook in one family; and the fame of her dishes was yet great in the land. She still earned many a dollar at feasts; and with her fruit cake and other delicacies which many people of her town believe there is no one but she can make!

"Ah, you do have cause to be thankful, Mrs. Tilley," said Eliza Merry, from the depths of her heart.

Eliza was a little wisp of a gray-haired, neutral tinted, melancholy woman, who, according to the tenants, "was born to no good luck." She had been a submissive wife to a drunken and cruel husband, and a devoted mother to three wild sons, all safe under the ground, now, where she could praise and love them without fear. Quite alone in the world, she earned her livelihood as a charwoman, keeping offices neat. She made enough to live barely and that was all. If she had any pleasures they came from the woman before her.

"Yes, I am thankful," said Mrs. Tilley, "I don't mind telling I've saved for a year past; and 'lotting on going and I don't think it's wrong; for Jim and Mercy are going to take the two biggest children, and they'll see all the glories of the world, too — if it was so they couldn't I'd feel I

had no right; but ever since they put the money in the bank for it, they have been at me to go with them; and fact is, 'Liza, I have been dreaming of it for a year. For says I, I ain't going no hard ways, carrying my lunch with me on the cars and living on nothing while I am trotting round. No, I got a whole room to myself that Jim's engaged for me; and the house is on the railroad and I can get in and out as easy; and have enough to treat the children. They are only going to stay a week but I shall stay ten days."

"Well, I do hope you'll have a good time. There ain't anybody deserves it more," declared Eliza.

The Widow Tilley looked up quickly, to meet the simple admiration in the other's dim eyes. Somehow it gave her a queer pang and took all the pith out of her complacency.

"I declare, I hate to go off and leave you scrubbing behind," she said with a frown.

"'Tain't your fault," interrupted Eliza, quickly, "you offered to pay my fare for a day; and I wouldn't take it; I ruther you saved it to keep for burying me, when the time comes"—

"'Liza, you hush, 'tain't so bad as that! 'Liza, won't you hark to the doctor? He says if you'll only go to the hospital, he knows they can cure you; 't ain't no mortal disease, if you'll only take it in time, and dearie child,"— unconsciously falling, in her earnestness, into the language she had used to her children long ago,–"dearie child, it won't hurt you one bit; they'll give the ether to smell and put you to sleep and when you wake up, it'll all be gone, and you'll never need to drag around in torment but be light and spry like you was a young woman — why, Lord, you do be young, 'Liza Merry, not fifty till March. Don't you throw away your life! Don't for my sake, that wouldn't know how to git along without you!"

The tears fairly glittered in her black eyes with her eagerness; but Eliza listened heavily and shook her head. "I'm feared of them hospitals," she muttered, "William Mix, he told me himself there wan't no need having his leg cut off, a good doctor told him, but they took 'im to a hospital and he couldn't help hisself and they took it off, and him on a wooden leg ever since."

"William Mix 'ud have been a dead man in a coffin if he hadn't lost his leg!" cried Mrs. Tilley, stoutly, "and they treated him good as gold and well he knows it; but he loves to talk and criticise. Ain't I heard him criticising the President of the United States only yisterday? *Him* that don't know enough to run a chicken yard; for all his chickens died when he tried to have a incubator, and his poor wife working all winter, she did, to pay for the thing, because it burned up. You know it yourself, Eliza Merry. And he criticised my cake that's never before had a hard

word from anyone who ever bought it and paid money for it ; but him that got it for nothing thought it wanted the least bit more spice "— Mrs. Tilley paused to take breath, and Eliza arose.

" I ain't defending him, but sich things frighten a body, you know," she ventured to say as she edged to the door. " I got to go now, Mrs. Tilley."

She would not stay, although Mrs. Tilley proffered coffee and coffee cake. She pleaded engagements and presently the widow saw her plodding wearily across the yard with a great basket.

" She's killing herself," cried Mrs. Tilley, angrily. " Well, it ain't my business, she ain't no kin."

Still frowning, the widow went to a chest of drawers (she called it a chiffoner) and took out a book of photographs and a red book labeled " Guide of the Fair." " Now, I'll enjoy myself," she said ; " I'll look at all the places I'm going to see. The Midway — ain't that a name ! I'll see the panorama ; it will be most like going to Switzerland. Won't Mary Frances open her little eyes when I take her in — I mean to take her into all the shows, bless her little heart ! I wish Jane would dress that child more sensible ; like's not she won't have any long sleeved flannels 'long ; and the lake breeze so cold as 'tis — oh, well, Jane's a good girl and she has got a good man, that keeps his job even in the hard times, God be praised. Won't 'Liza open her eyes when I tell her about all the things I'll see ! " She frowned again. " Why won't she tend to that ? I know very well it's all pride, that's what it is, 'cause she aint got money to pay ; it would cost money, that's it ; and that's why she was asking William Mix what it cost, and he told her what he paid — which I'll bet anything he didn't, for it's a sad heart his doctor has waiting for his bill, I know that. And I mind now how she went 'round with her face all kind of drawn up the day after. The day was little Mary Frances's birthday, too ; and she gave her a whole quarter ; yes I mind it well ; it was 'cause he said so much, the lying scallawag, that she fairly give up all hope of saving the money and kind of desperate gave that quarter to the child. Oh, dear ! And the decent, quiet willing body she is ! She'll go on working till she drops. I know there's many and many a day she can hardly drag one foot after another. But she works on just the same. But she hadn't ought to be so proud "— Suddenly she stopped short ; she remembered a time of sore distress in her own past ; yet she had lived hungry for many a day that time rather than take the county aid or even tell her friends of her needs. " God forgive us, all," she added, " I know how she feels."

She took out her purse ; there was money in it and a little slip of paper written over with figures. It represented the money waiting in the bank. There was enough to pay for Eliza's stay in the hospital. She

looked at it. "I've been thinking of going to the Fair for a year," she said. "I'd most rather die than not go." She bundled purse and book in the drawer together and began to prepare her evening meal. She was a lover of good living even when alone, and there were hash and strawberries and fried mush. She had a mind to ask Eliza to share the tea, but instead she petulantly told herself that Eliza looked so wretched it gave her the horrors, and asked Mrs. Mix, the erring and critical William being a printer at night work, and not needing to be asked also.

Mrs. Mix was very grateful and very talkative.

"Have you seen how sick Mrs. Merry looks?" she began. "I saw her setting down outside on the Courthouse step, her face that white you stopped to look at it, kinder rocking herself to and fro. That big policeman, down there, he knows her, and he come up while I was speaking. And he was real kind; he helped her home to the house and he got a glass of beer for her. But he says to me, 'That woman looks struck with death,' says he, 'and a better woman there never was!'"

"Nor there wasn't neither," said Mrs. Tilley, gruffly. "Where is she now?"

"Oh, I put her to bed, and told her she wasn't to git up, neither."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mix," said Mrs. Tilley.

"Eliza's got good friends, and you're one of 'em."

"I'd ought to be," said Mrs. Mix, "after the way she nursed my little Freddy with the diphtheria. 'I'm out of a job,' says she, 'it ain't costing me nothing,' as if that was all; and it kept her out of a job for two weeks longer nursing him! And I couldn't do nothing for her to pay!"

"She wouldn't come anigh me all that time," said Mrs. Tilley, "feared of giving me the infection."

Mrs. Mix prattled on, and Mrs. Tilley listened; but she was thinking witn a strange moving of the heart how glad Eliza had seemed that day when at last she could enter her friend's room. "I've scrubbed and scubbed," she had said, and had choked as she laughed, poor simple Eliza, who admired her so! "I ain't going to get another friend like her, soon," she thought, and suddenly came to her the sense of Mrs. Mix's words. "Yes I do s'pose Eliza Merry would jump into the fire for you; and I wish you'd speak to her to have her go to a hospital while there is a show."

Mrs. Tilley looked at her. A change came over her face; it was no longer a commonplace, pretty, elderly face; it was alight and aglow with a solemn radiance; it was the face that had been lifted years ago to John Tilley when she promised to marry him. "I ain't got anything but love to offer you," he had said, "but love's worth something,"—she seemed to hear his voice. "I will," said she.

Elixa was sitting up when Mrs. Tilley appeared with broth and whiskey. She made light of her illness. Mrs. Tilley did not contradict her,

but when she went away, she came up to the bedside and said "'Liza, I got a little present for you, and I can't tell you how glad I am to have it to give you."

With that she slipped the envelope under the pillow and had gone to the door before she stopped, came back with a choke in her voice, added . "'Liza, if you die and leave me I'll never forgive you," and hurried away.

"I'm glad I did it," she cried defiantly in the hallway. "What would be the use of going to the Fair if she wasn't here to tell it to?"

Every time she woke up in the night, to be sure not often, for she slept well, she said, "I'm glad."

She went up to Eliza's room in the morning, only to find that she had gone. Then she went back to her own rooms and put away every book or picture that she hed so prized, which told of the Fair. She put them away with a little quiver of the mouth; but she was glad all the time. The last picture was gone when there came a tap on the door. She opened to Eliza.

"Well, you bad women to be out of bed; I'm glad to see you," she cried, heartily.

There were tears on Eliza's thin cheeks. She thrust something into Mrs. Tilley's hand. "There's the money," she sobbed, "Oh, God bless you, Mrs. Tilley, for caring enough for me to give up your great time for me. I'll never cease to be proud you were willing to give that up for me. No don't stop me, take the money! I can give up something, too! I went down to Mr. Larrabee to scrub the office, and I told him all about how mean and proud I was, not thinking it was anybody's concern but mine if I lived or died, and how you was so noble. And I said, if she can give up her visit to the World's Fair for me, I can give up my pride for her; and if the ladies will be kind and take me in for what I've got and the work I can do, they can call it charity patient or anything else they like. And he was that good he's got me in. And I'll go *gladly*.

She went. Mr. Larrabee managed it. But Mrs. Tilley was not quite to be cheated out of the luxury of self-sacrifice. When she went to the Fair Eliza, went with her for a day of paradise. And they have talked about it together, ever since.

Octave Thanet.

Two . . . Messages.

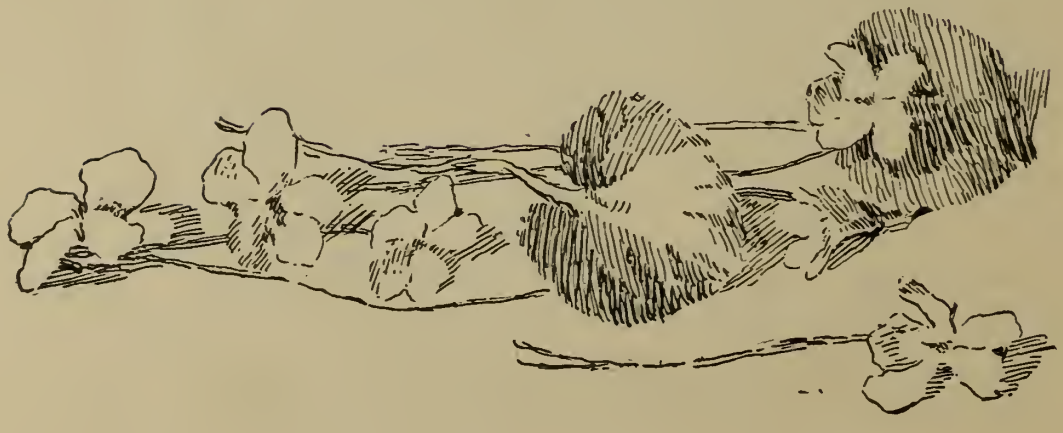
I HEAR the whisper of the tree:
"Tell me why thy heart thus grieves;
No murmur shall escape from me,
Though winds of Autumn snatch my leaves.

"For, as the Lord in his good time,
Takes my leaves and gives again,
So, too, he smites in his own time
Mortal hearts, then soothes the pain."

I hear the rippling brooklet say,
"Why do tears thy spirit blight?
Through clefts and thorns I break my way,
But in the end I find the light.

"More radiant far the heavenly light
Shines from out the cleft's gloom deep;
So some day will the joy gleam bright
From eyes that now in sadness weep."

Translated from the German.



What to do in case of an emergency is something which is of the greatest importance for old and young to know, but it is a branch of learning for which no infallible text book has yet been written. How then shall we gain this knowledge for ourselves, and how impart it to others — particularly to our children ?

Would that I had a wise and comprehensive answer to give to this question. But if one were to undertake to furnish a specifie which would meet all emergencies it would need to be something after this sort —

1 ounce general knowledge (text books boiled down), 1 ounce observation, 1 ounce accurate memory, 2 ounces presence of mind, 2 ounces prompt action, 5 pounds common sense. Mix well and shake before using.

And even with a most reliable prescription of this sort on hand the difficulty is not overcome, for alas ! not every one possesses the requisite ingredients, nor are they to be had for money. Some persons have one and some another, while a few gifted natures are endowed with all of them. Fortunately, however, they are qualities which we can, to some extent, cultivate in ourselves, and help to develop in those with whom we come in contact. The first step towards this cultivation is learning to be calm in time of accident or other emergency requiring prompt action The young ladies at Mt. Holyoke College are said to have illustrated this quality admirably at the time of the recent fire — one of them even stopping to get broom and dust pan and carefully sweep up the fragments of a bottle which she had dropped, when carrying out her possessions in order that no one should be injured by the broken glass.

One summer day, a young girl was passing a new building where a laborer had just met with an accident hy which an artery had been severed and his life endangered. But a wise fellow-laboror was tying a rope around the arm of the wounded man, placing a stout stick under the knot and by turning the stick twisting the rope so tight as to stop the flow of blood from the heart and thus save the life of the man. Twenty years later this same girl was visiting a factory, when the arm of one of the workmen was caught in the machinery and so badly cut that the man would surely have bled to death, the doctor said, when he arrived, had it not been for the presence of mind and prompt action of this girl, who had observed and remembered the treatment of the builder twenty years before and applied her knowledge when others were useless from fright and ignorance.

Whatever the need of action we should always temper our knowledge with the last and largest ingredient — viz — common sense. So often harm rather than good is done by foolish haste and unwise action in time of emergency, that one can see reason in the reply of the doctor, who, when asked why he was in such haste to answer a call, replied that Mrs. — had a book on " What to do before the doctor arrives," and he wanted to get there before she had time to do it.

Das Kaiser Manoovre..

Doubtless my Andover friends would prefer as a guide through the fascinating and bewildering mazes of the Kaiser Manövre in Deutschland, a genuine German officer resplendent in a blue uniform, golden epaulets, clanking sword, and truly I cannot blame them, for he would be much more interesting (to say nothing of his somewhat superior ability)in that capacity, than a plain little "Puritan maiden;" but if they will accept the latter I will do my best as "proxy." The subject is "kolossal," as the Germans say, and I began to hear about it long before I left the shores of America.

Görlitz has been in a wonderful state of flurry and excitement, but just as matters culminated in a grand success for us in Andover, May 20th, 1896, the date of our 250th anniversary, just so have matters brightened and warmed to boiling heat, until yesterday, when every German man, woman, and child was bubbling over. The decorations were very artistic; the use of garlands of oak leaves and pine branches, besides the tall poles and graceful arches covered with many colored large and small so-foreign-looking flags, made a gala appearance.

The city itself is so beautiful nestling among the mountains, with a romantic little river, a delightful promenade of linden trees and the most picturesque parks, that it hardly needed artificial decorations to make it more attractive; indeed the Kaiser has named it the "Garden City," and is very fond of coming here. But the "decorationen" began at the Bahnrhof (station) where a regular forest was planted on the roof, and a gorgeous pavilion-like portico arranged over the entrance, covered with garlands, wreaths and festoons, brightened with many colored flowers; while the interior, where the royalty alighted from their special train, was carpeted, and the walls hung with rich tapestries of gold and velvet, heavy banners bearing the royal coat-of-arms, numerous flags, flowers, palms and luxuriant plants.

The Czar Nicolaus II and the Czarina of Russia were the guests of honor for the day; and despite the constant danger from nihilists in which the Czar lives, through the protection of a special body-guard and the courtesy of the German Emperor, the Russian "Kaiser's" first visit to Germany was most pleasant and satisfactory.

The Kaiser Mauövre is a magnificent military drama enacted once a year, under the personal inspection of the Emperor. It lasted in this case from the 7th to the 12th of September, consisting of the grand parade, dinner, and "Zapfenstreichmusik" on the first day, with sham fighting on the field of battle on each of the remaining days. Princely personages from all the German provinces, as well as from other lands, were invited by "Kaiser Wilhelm" to be present, and take part in the manövre, So that it was an every day occurrence to meet dukes, counts, and princely personages, and even kings during one's afternoon rambles.

September 9th at 7 A. M., accompanied by a little German Fräulein of some five and forty summers, I found myself "en route" for the field where the parade was to be held. We rode through the oldest part of this very old city, by picturesque, antique churches, houses, walls, clois-

ters, and bridges, past inviting green lanes leading to quaint, little, low, red-roofed houses with their lace-curtained windows, up hills and down, until, finally, we reached our destination about half after eight to find the grand-stand, (about twenty-five times as large as that on the P.A. campus), rapidly filling even at that early hour. The parade was to begin at eleven.

Several companies of infantry had already assembled and stood in a long straight line of blue coats and white trousers before us. From that time until quarter of eleven, regiment after regiment of infantry, cavalry and artillery poured into that field, a perfect military kaleidoscope. As far as the eye could reach, along shady roads, over hills and through vales, we saw them coming in endless numbers. At ten minutes of eleven the Commander with his "staff" rode to the brow of the hill. There, Emperor Wilhelm and the Czar of Russia mounted their horses, and promptly at eleven the royalty had arrived and were received by 120,000 soldiers, as straight and stiff as so many wooden statues! All the bands were playing, and thousands and thousands of civilians on the grand-stand, and lining the edges of the field were shouting most voluminous hurrahs, and waving hats, caps, handkerchiefs, anything, as the beloved Emperor, escorted by the royal train, rode the entire length of the line of soldiers, greeting them continually, and back again to a position opposite the "Tribüne."

Kaiser Wilhelm was dressed in the white uniform of the First Kürassiere and mounted on a magnificent jet black horse, whose saddle trimmings were of yellow and gold. The Kaiser von Russland (as the Czar is here called) appeared in the dark blue uniform of the Hussaren, and rode the daintiest of brown horses. The Empress Augusta Victoria and the Czarina, (exceedingly young and pretty), dressed in light colors, rode in a most beautiful court equipage, drawn by six majestic black horses, attended by six richly liveried servants and pompous outriders. Then came the train of royalty.

All the companies, one after another, preceded by its "Kapelle" (band) which took up its position opposite the Kaiser, marched past the royalty; then, when the Emperor's pet regiment came, he rode out to meet it, accompanied by the Kaiser von Russland. The Empresses stood in their carriages until the Emperors returned to their positions. During all this time the most inspiriting music was being played.

The "Infanterie" I did not find particularly attractive; the "Jaegers" (huntsmen) with their green uniforms and heavy black plumes, being more so; but of the German cavalry I cannot say enough! The "Kürassiere," in immaculate white uniforms, blazing armor and helmets, the Hussaren with black or dark uniforms literally covered with silver trimmings, the Dragoner, in blue-gray and yellow, the Ulanen, (Lancers) with their showy blue and red, *all* mounted on spirited horses, each man carrying a long lance topped by a tiny white and black flag, fluttering gaily, was a most exciting and thrilling sight! Next came the artillery, each cannon drawn by six horses with their riders. After marching past His Majesty, company by company, the entire military body collected at the lower end of the field, a perfect blaze of color, shining helmets, glittering swords and fluttering flags, preparatory to a second quick march by regiments, in the same order; infantry, cavalry and artillery. The way those horses kept time to the music, and in line just like the infantry, was really

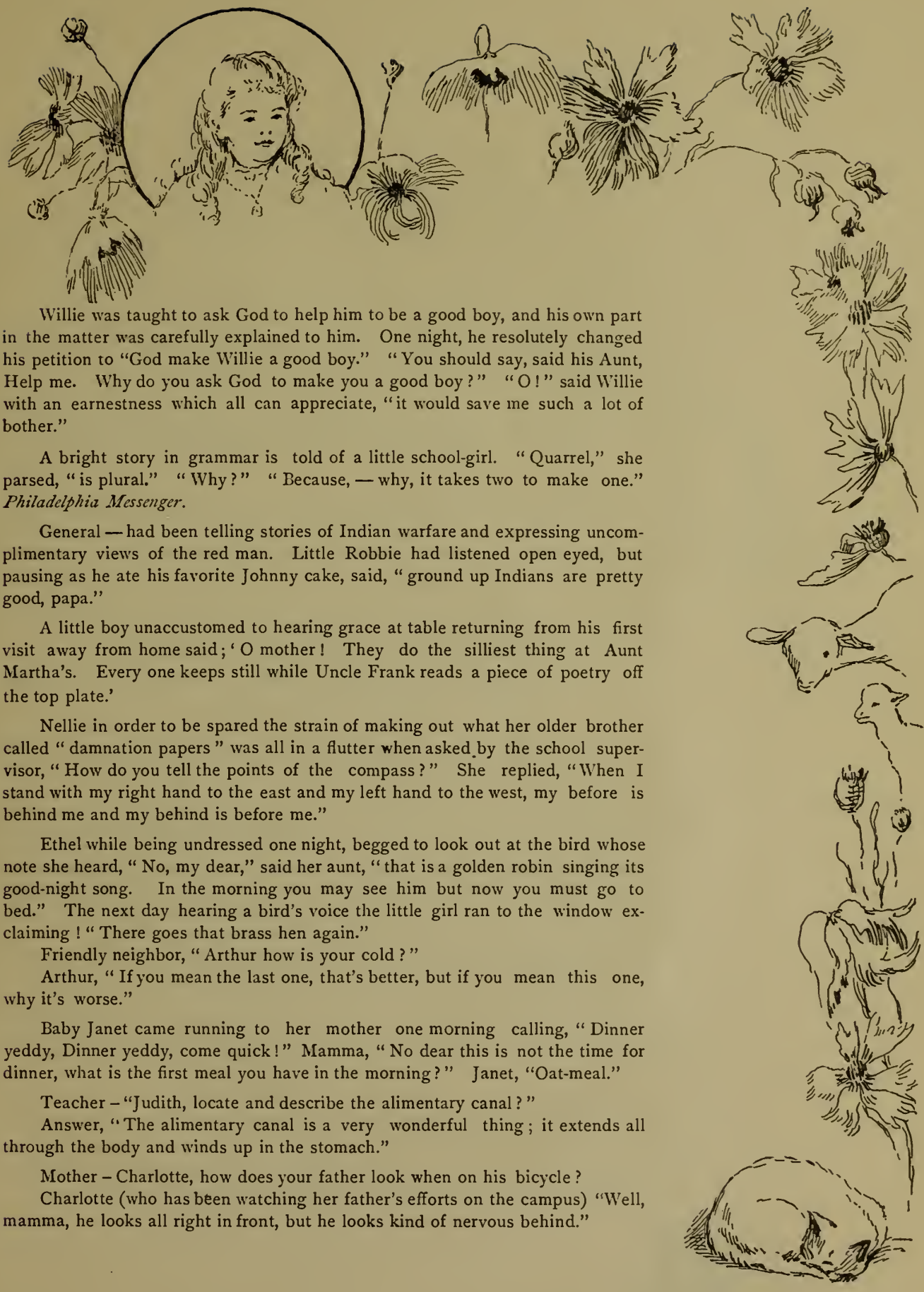
wonderful, and when the artillery horses came rushing along at a gallop, their feet fairly flying, still they were in rank and file, and looked like one cannon and three horses instead of eight cannons and forty-eight horses.

After the last had gone by, the princes, noblemen, and higher officers gathered to hear a short speech from the Emperor. During that time the royal equipages, with outriders and attendants, drove around close in front of the "Tribüne" so we could see the occupants beautifully. *How* the people cheered, and yelled, and shouted! the Empresses bowing gracefully all the way along. Then came the two Emperors and the tumult was doubled! They rode their horses magnificently, saluted all most cordially, and no one can wonder that Germany is proud of her Emperor. At six o'clock the Russian royal pair left Görlitz. In fact, I think everyone breathed a sigh of relief when the Russian ruler was safely out of the city.

After the grand dinner for the royalty, was held the "Zapfenstreich" by eight hundred musicians in the park in front of the "Ständehaus." At nine o'clock, the Kaiser appeared in the uniform of a black Hussar, the silver garniture shimmering in the strong electric lights, while the Empress was radiant in evening dress of soft yellow, diamonds, and other precious stones sparkling in her hair. At the same time, the eight hundred musicians took their places noiselessly, and in one grand outburst poured forth the most inspiring, martial music, with such precision, such unison, such thrilling effect, as only the bands of the music-loving Germans can produce! Of the rest of the Manövre, the sham battles fought for five days between the Saxons and the Prussians, I can only say it was as severe a test of the strength of the army as a real war, minus the shot.

September 11th, the day on which Emperor Wilhelm pushed the Prussian troops so successfully forward, I spent, in company with a retired officer and his daughter, on the battlefield of Bautzen, where in 1813 Napoleon fought the Russians and Prussians. We were ever on the alert to get the best views of the various attacks. Colossal ranks of infantry marching through the valleys, the cavalry riding in hot pursuit, the artillery stationed in eminent positions opening fire against the oncoming troops, the incessant thundering of the cannon, rolling from hill to hill, the everlasting attacking and retreating of the two opposing enemies—all this was an experience more thrilling and exciting, than I can well describe. Ninety thousand men contending against each other! After all was over, and the troops collected in little companies here and there, building their camp fires, cooking their scanty meals, preparing their beds of straw, the nightly "bivouac" was a quiet ending; and the distant "Gebet" or evening prayer, a beautiful benediction over all. This colossal display of one of the largest and most powerful armies of the world was indeed a revelation to one, who, in spite of the fact that she was alone in a foreign land, surrounded, crushed, overwhelmed with German festivity, military, nobility, royalty, secretly (out of courtesy) wore under the lapel of her coat, her red, white and blue United States ribbon; and while we admired and rejoiced in the splendor of the old world, thanked the stars in her own American flag, and in the heavens above that she was, is, and ever will be a loyal and true American.

GÖRLITZ, Sept. 15th, 1896. *Bertha Louise Manning.*



Willie was taught to ask God to help him to be a good boy, and his own part in the matter was carefully explained to him. One night, he resolutely changed his petition to "God make Willie a good boy." "You should say, said his Aunt, Help me. Why do you ask God to make you a good boy?" "O!" said Willie with an earnestness which all can appreciate, "it would save me such a lot of bother."

A bright story in grammar is told of a little school-girl. "Quarrel," she parsed, "is plural." "Why?" "Because, — why, it takes two to make one." *Philadelphia Messenger.*

General — had been telling stories of Indian warfare and expressing uncomplimentary views of the red man. Little Robbie had listened open eyed, but pausing as he ate his favorite Johnny cake, said, "ground up Indians are pretty good, papa."

A little boy unaccustomed to hearing grace at table returning from his first visit away from home said; 'O mother! They do the silliest thing at Aunt Martha's. Every one keeps still while Uncle Frank reads a piece of poetry off the top plate.'

Nellie in order to be spared the strain of making out what her older brother called "damnation papers" was all in a flutter when asked by the school supervisor, "How do you tell the points of the compass?" She replied, "When I stand with my right hand to the east and my left hand to the west, my before is behind me and my behind is before me."

Ethel while being undressed one night, begged to look out at the bird whose note she heard, "No, my dear," said her aunt, "that is a golden robin singing its good-night song. In the morning you may see him but now you must go to bed." The next day hearing a bird's voice the little girl ran to the window exclaiming! "There goes that brass hen again."

Friendly neighbor, "Arthur how is your cold?"

Arthur, "If you mean the last one, that's better, but if you mean this one, why it's worse."

Baby Janet came running to her mother one morning calling, "Dinner yeddy, Dinner yeddy, come quick!" Mamma, "No dear this is not the time for dinner, what is the first meal you have in the morning?" Janet, "Oat-meal."

Teacher – "Judith, locate and describe the alimentary canal?"

Answer, "The alimentary canal is a very wonderful thing; it extends all through the body and winds up in the stomach."

Mother – Charlotte, how does your father look when on his bicycle?

Charlotte (who has been watching her father's efforts on the campus) "Well, mamma, he looks all right in front, but he looks kind of nervous behind."

Household Hints . . .

In sweeping carpets, use newspaper wrung nearly dry and torn in pieces. The paper collects the dust, but does not soil the carpet.

The white of an egg and salt mixed to a thick paste is one of the best remedies for sprains, bruises, or lameness for man or beast. Rub well the parts affected.

Silver that is not in frequent use will not tarnish if buried in oatmeal.

To prevent the smoking of a lamp. — Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble of preparing it.

Plaster of Paris ornaments may be cleaned by covering them with a thick layer of starch, letting it dry thoroughly and then brushing with a stiff brush.

From Mrs. H. B. Stowe's *My Wife and I.*

"You are a little poet, my dear; it will be your specialty to turn life into poetry."

"And that is what I call woman's genius. To make life beautiful; to keep down and out of sight the hard, dry, prosaic side, and keep up the poetry — that is my idea of our 'mission.' I think woman ought to be, what Hawthorne calls, 'The Artist of the beautiful.'"

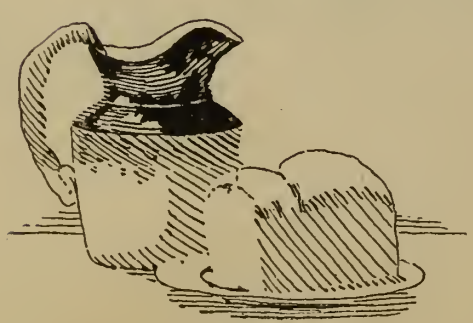
There 's too much worriment goes to a bonnet,
There 's too much ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt
With grease and with grime from corner to centre,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter —
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

To be comfortably clean is good, but to be extravagantly and inconveniently clean is a greater mistake than to go dirty.

Though kerosene is frequently used in laundry work, and in scrubbing the kitchen sink, it is not, I think, generally known that it can be successfully used to remove grease from China silks of even delicate shades. A dress, a part of which was covered with axle grease, was washed in kerosene, which took out all the black grease. The cleansing was finished by putting the breadths through a suds made from ivory soap and hot water, and rinsing thoroughly. Kerosene is useful also in cleaning wrought iron and in removing rust from steel.

Manilla paper, such as grocers and butchers use, is far too useful to be thrown away. It will instantly absorb all grease from fish cakes, fried potatoes, ham, or anything of the sort, and it is but a minutes work to slip out the paper and put in the fire when the dish is ready to serve. A piece laid over your bread dough, under the cloth, will prevent the formation of that hard crust which is so annoying to bread makers.

How to keep lemons fresh. — It is not generally known that lemons may be easily and almost indefinitely preserved under glass. Some, one year, were purchased on the fourth of July, and by way of experiment, each one was put under an inverted goblet. Thus kept from air, they were finally removed on Christmas day, in perfect condition, and as juicy as ever.



THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS. By Sarah Orne Jewett.

Each book of Miss Jewett's gives its readers that fine pleasure which comes from contact with a gracious personality. One is charmed by a lovely goodness pervading the whole, by delightful humor and good sense, and by the sympathy which brings the writer into, what John Woolman would have called an "inward unity" with the somewhat isolated lines whose worldwide relationships she discovers to us. The grateful qualities of a gentlewoman may impose certain limitations on an author, but they also give great possibilities of insight and a serene beauty of expression. All this one found in Deephaven, as well as the skill of an artist. It has been said, and it has been easy to say of each succeeding work, that it was perfect in its way. But surely this story of a summer among the pointed firs on the Maine Coast, is the most beautiful thing Miss Jewett has ever given us. It holds the high tide of whatever has refreshed us before. Is there not added a distinct and eloquent force in the fuller expression of the charm and companionship of Nature? The characters and incidents are few but we are given enriching imtimacies. Mrs. Almira Todd is a whole season's enjoyment in herself, with her herb lore, her wit, and her wisdom; and it is a great event when we visit her enchanting little old mother, Mrs. Blackett. Nothing seems quite comparable to the exquisite day on Green Island, where we first meet that sweet-faced dispenser of joy, till in the same choice company, we mount the "grocery," and journey over country roads to the Bowden gathering.

Certainly the pen of Stephen Crane made a lucky slip when it produced for him "The Red Badge of Courage." The author is quite a young man, still in his early twenties. He did little in the line of good study at his University, thinking it perhaps a promise of genius to neglect a prescribed programme.

"The Red Badge of Courage" is an episode of our late civil war. It narrates the experiences of a country boy whose desire to enlist had been aroused to an uncheckable degree by his own imagining and by the war-gossip of the village. The working of the boy-volunteer's mind before he had had an engagement, his terrible fear that he should run in time of danger, his mental experiences while under fire, are a clear and interesting psychological study. His transformation from an individual to a member of the great army, his battle rage against the foe, his conviction that his line was unsupported by the others, and that his commander had blundered, his mad flight, his shame and brave recovery, his victory over himself, his final confidence in his own faithfulness, are all clearly conceived and described.

The book closes with a hint that he had now a different conception of the glories of warfare, and that he turned "with a lover's thirst to images of tranquil skies, fresh meadows, cool brooks — an existence of soft and eternal peace."

PIRATE GOLD. By F. J. Stimson.

The scene, shifting from 1829 to 1862, is laid in Boston. A pirate ship has been captured and the crew are brought to port as prisoners. The Spanish commander's little yellow-haired girl falls to the lot of a bank clerk; his bag of gold, with one brown blood spot upon it, lies for about thirty years in a vault of the Old Colony Bank, marked, "for the benefit of whom it may concern." It concerned the Scotch bank clerk and his employer, Mr. Bowdoin, the bank president. Jamie is unselfish, but unwise in the rearing of Mercedes. She finally marries a villain named St. Clair, whom Jamie shields substatially by taking the "pirate gold," for his little girl's sake. The St. Clairs go to New Orleans. Later the war begins, and news of St. Clair's death arrives. For thirteen years Jamie has been playing miser and buying Spanish gold. One thousand dollars are yet needful to fill the bag. He receives permission to visit Mercedes, with the gift of one thousand dollars from Mr. Bowdoin, but finds that every account must be verified in his absence, as the bank is about to become National. The danger to his good name alarms him; fever follows, and he loses his reason. He recovers to find that Mercedes has died and her little girl has been sent to him. He inherits the bag of gold through the death of her pirate grandfather. Jamie goes to the bank once more. He requests Mr. Bowdoin to count the coin while he opens an old ledger. Once he had written here "Cr. June 22, 1848. By money stolen by James McMurtagh, to be accounted for, $16,897." Now he adds, "Restored in full, June 26, 1862."

The sweet faithfulness of the little Scotchman to child and employer attract one. He would not steal from the bank, and though he used what was not his, we feel that he is strictly honorable. There is a pleasant thread of story about the Bowdoin family. Mr. Bowdoin is a type of the Boston gentleman of the old school, just and generous. The story of the capture of the negro Simms and St. Clair's appearing in the city as slave-hunter is interesting and artistic. The book is full of variety and sparkle, and might paradoxically be called "The Story of an Innocent Crime."

Editorials

According to old and wise authority, there is nothing new under the sun. Had Solomon lived in our time, there is bare possibility that he would have made exceptions of the New Woman and the Popocrat; but we say, in respect to the former, that she is "as *weiblich* as ever."

The so-called "new theology" is believed by its advocates to be only a good degree nearer to the true "*auld licht*" than that of our grandfather's possession.

Confidentially, our columns are full of original contributions, save for a few choice old bits, which it is always fitting for the journalist to pass on from one to another. Patrons will find here tact and talent, and fortunate is that author who can combine the two. But brilliant people are not always tactful, either with pen or tongue, and rarely with both. Mr. Lowell once tried to prove to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that "Tom Jones" was the best novel in the world, while, at the same time, Dr. Holmes demonstrated to Professor Stowe that "the pulpit was responsible for all swearing.

It is a pity that so many good conversers are not facile writers. Swarms of bright ideas teem through some people's brains, let them attempt to preserve them in ink, and either they become hopelessly mixed, or they fly away like birds when one goes to put salt on their tails. Some little friends of ours tried this old-time method for catching birds and failed. After expressing their surprise to their mother, she suggested "fresh" salt. Then followed the question about how to get it. The answer was "Soak it over night."

Some of our readers may be of Solomon's opinion, that there is "no new thing." Still we open these pages to these and to all others with modest pride; we are confident within them traces of that faculty, which has the power of turning the kaleidoscope of old thoughts with such tact and talent, as to bring together ideas hitherto separate; and of presenting thereby much otherwise worn and faded material, in colors fresh and bright.

"For out of oldë feldes, as men saith,
Cometh this newë corn from yeer to yere,
And out of olde bokës, in good faith,
Cometh all this newë science that men lerë."

We must be speaking for others when we ask the question whether it is not possible for some arrangement to be made whereby our street railway be connected with the steam railroad? Are there many of the residents of Andover, who have not felt at some time that the Essex Street hill was an Alpine climb when at the end of a weary day in Boston, they turned their faces toward the Square, perhaps only to see the car gliding along, just to soon too be caught?

Cannot some fertile brain devise a "Loop" whereby the public may be accommodated, and the Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill Street Railway System receive the nickels which would be most gratefully paid?

Surely if the ladies of the South church could be the means of securing this blessing to the community they would enjoy a privilege not to be lightly esteemed. Y.

We quite envy our Reading Friends who, on their return from Boston always find an electric car in waiting, to which they can almost step from the platform of the Station, and be whirled comfortably away to their homes. When shall we in Andover find a like convenience awaiting us? Forced by our Railroad Management to fetch our own bundles, if we can't afford to send them by express; it is no joke after a hot hard day in town, to labor up a long hill to find the car had just gone up, and we must wait a long half hour in the Square, or trudge on with our packages slipping from us. To say all this ruffles the temper of the average women is to put it mildly. Time fails us to speak of the trials of an icy morning in winter, for all too soon we shall experience that. Will not the managers of the Electric Car Compauy come to our rescue, and give us a "Loop" or some other device more practical, if "Virtue is its own reward." We think this would pay. z.

A Word to the Men

This Magazine, as you know, is gotten up by what used in the old days to be called "the gentler sex." As we expect you to purchase, read and criticise it, a few words to you seem appropriate. You may be in the mood of the southern gentleman of the old school, who, on being asked to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," began, "The ladies, God bless them; once our superiors now our equals." But of course he had taken too much wine, and got muddled.

You are no longer then "Lords of Creation.' 'You will however still be allowed to do all the heavy disagreeable work, pay the bills, and discharge the cook, if there is likely to be a scene. We sincerely hope Max O'Rell's wicked article on the subject of women will not have wide circulation. Our only reason for referring to it is to caution you against filling your mind with such nonsense. As the heart of some men seems fully set in them to be becomingly attired, a few hints in regard to dress may be acceptable.

Until the proper number of inches for turning up the trousers is cabled from London, golf trousers will be worn. This rule does not apply to evening dress.

Coats will still be buttoned in front, instead of hooked.

In the matter of cards the rules given by Bill Nye are still in vogue.

"Where great formality is required, visiting cards should not be carried in the pocket with smoking tobacco."

"Visiting cards can not be satisfactorily renovated with benzine."

"In calling upon the President of the United States, one need not leave a card for each member of the cabinet."

"Where a gentleman calls in his official character as sheriff of thecounty in which one lives,one cannot be too careful in returning the call as promptly as possible. A visiting card or P. P. C. card sent by mail is not sufficient."

"Proposals for marriage are written on blue paper this season. It is no use to offer a girl a home. Sixteen to one she can provide herself a better one than you can give her. The old plea of love still obtains in some circles. Individual cases demand individual treatment, *a la* newspaper advertisement."

And this brings us to a word of advice that we feel called upon to give the Theological Students in our midst.

A Cubian Rev. gentleman recently lost the confidence of his parishioners thro' the following unfortunate occurence. Among the members of his Church, in good and regular stauding was a notable young farmer, who was not an easy conversationalist and the minister always found it convenient to begin by asking, " How is your Mother ? " The old lady died, and the clergyman driving out to conduct the funeral service became absorbed in thought about other matters; arriving at the house,where a large company was assembled, he was met by the grief stricken son, to whom he propounded the unexpected query – "How is your Mother ?" Some discussion is necessary even in the matter of choosing a text, lest, as once it happened a *very* small man may astonish a *very* large congregation by announcing " Be not afraid 'tis I."

Thoughts will go wool gathering but it is well to know where the sheep fold is. One of our neighbors was horrified on opening the front door for her pastor, to receive him measuring his full length, six feet two, on the floor, being projected thus into her presence by an over indulged pet lamb.

Cultivate the habit of being unmoved by trifles. Deafness is often convenient. A minister was once greatly annoyed by the presence of a small boy full of unsatisfied longings, who cried out when the Voluntary ceased, — " I hear the organ, but where's the monkey ? " and his waggish father replied " Keep still Johnny, you will see him in the pulpit pretty soon."

Before the new Gospel of self had became widely known, some ladies in town thought it would be " lending a helping hand " to aid our sisters in the South Church who had promised to assist in raising funds for much needed repairs on their Church. In " The Andover Magazine " you behold the united efforts of a great many women. Probably no woman's paper or magazine has such a notable list of contributors, who out of the kindness of their hearts have given freely. No one has been in the condition of the good woman, who on being asked to do some public service replied " No I can't, I have as many as fifty notes and postals cards a year to write for the Temperance League, and that takes all of my time." The advertisers too deserve our heartiest thanks for the very generous way in which they have responded to our appeal, in these hard times. After all, who shall say that the South Church itself, with its splendid record of active service for the master, does not most of all merit our thanks?

Besides the kindly aid shown us by our advertisers, there are others who have materially aided us and whose names do not appear on our pages. With pleasure, we take this opportunity to thank them.

The South Church would send a very gracious message to every one that has aided in the making of " The Andover Magazine." Especially, to those of other churches, would we extend our thanks, for the very generous way in which they have assisted in their work of love. Good deeds need not words to emphasize them, yet we would not seem unmindful of courtesies received.

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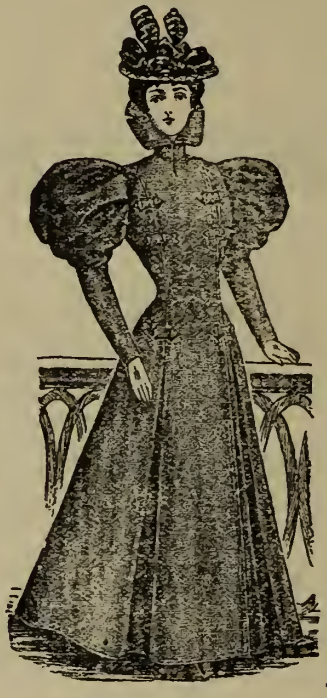

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