THE ANDOVER NEWS,

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unacquainted with this country, and who are unable to meet them, will be relieved of any anxiet in this respect, as authorized Erie agents, famil-iar with the various languages, meet every incoming steamship from European ports, and render any and every assistance in their pewer. There is no charge for this service, and it will be cheerfully arranged upon application to any of The Erie has the most complete system of round-the tickets to the numerous health and pleasure resorts, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, affording the greatest variety of routes and the fewest possible restrictions a<del>No necognity or business can arise but will find</del> an advantageous form of transportation to meet iks requirements. To commuters the Eric offers exceptional inducements, and in addition to its

ber of trips between commercial centers and surtrounding towns. The Brie offers low rates and st perfor accommodations to prospec. tors and settlers in the West. Trustworthy and limate rested information in regard to any local ity desired, will be furnished upon application to the nearest ticket or passenger agent, and special are will be taken of parties and excursions ime of the most beautiful and romantic lakes a perks in America, and popular excursions

## CIME TABLE.

ments are offered to societies, churches, an

Eastward from ANDOVER. Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y Daily, excepting Sundays.

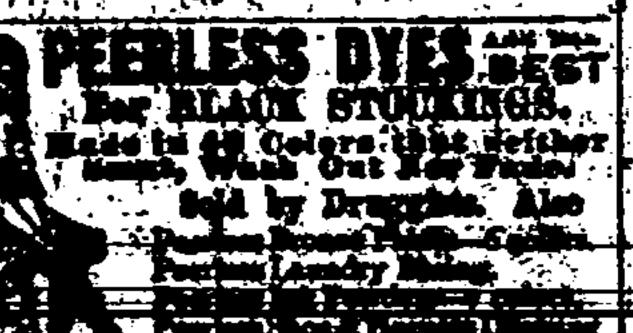
<u>Further information may be obtained from</u> C. H. RICHARDSUN, agent at ANDUVER, or from GHO. H. ALLEN.

Gen'i Northern Pass, agt., Buffalo N.Y.

# T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

Leave Wellsville .... 8.00 a. m... 2.05 pm BAST BOUND.

Leave Brackord ..... 8.15a m. 2.10 Arrive Wellsylle... Il Man ... 555 I m L course, Maromobie Mandio Jesest and



Whan mammy, rooking slowly, with the baby on Told many a wondrous story-"Jus' es true es 1 100 Of the shabby room. true could be !"

"Well, once dar wus two lectic boys, Jesms and Johnny Wood: An Jeems was led as bad could be an Johnsy man of manner: "I hope you will for more than satisfied.

Do was good as bad could be an Johnsy man of manner: "I hope you will for more than satisfied.

It gave Any Hesseltine a thrill to She brought back to his remembrance Deir ma, she had a bag o' gol' hid in de cobby when I explain its cause. But before hear the clear little voice as she stood a picture that had hung over his bed

An' lef' his me en' br'er so poo', dey dunnd what bes' he could, Tel once she sent him to de awamp to chop some oser wood:

An' dar a lot o' 'gators come er free, er fo', er An' de biggest gobbled Johnny up, an' awollowed An' dar, inside de critter's maw, what did he he

Ilman Service. Pulman's mest run to and from But de odder injy rubber shoe, and his mudder's my very ideal. I saw Mr. Hesseltine "Well—den he tuck his lectle ax, an' right away he

> Tel he chop a mone ous hole right frough the 'gators ugly back! Den out he pop an' nebber stop tel he reach his mudder's doo'. parlor floo'!

> Now, honey! member dis, from de tale you les De bad, dey alluz comes to bad—an' de good, dey gits de gol'!" --Busan Archard Weisa in St. Nicholas.

"Mother, must I do it?" The sweet voice that spoke these words was very pathetic, and the lovely child face was clouded with an expression of fear. Her listener sighed sorrowfully.

'My darling you know why I ask you to be brave. The little girl cast an expressive glance at a closed door adjoining the habbily furnished room in which this conversation took place, and said with

evident effort: 'Yes, I know why, and I will try ordinary excursion tickets, issues mileage books. to be good and not to mind so much for father's sake."

Perhaps a few of the playgoers who frequented the pretty little "Sothern" theatre missed the handsome jeune premier, who for a few weeks had been lucky enough to be engaged there in a popular comedy, but probably they would have been little affected by the news that owing to an accident, he was now unable to act by the irony of fate, just when, after years of patient work in the provinces, ture of the passenger service. Special inducehe seemed likely to obtain the share of recognition and success his undoubt-

ed talent deserved. Jack Hesseltine had always had an irrepressible love for the stage. He was a gentleman by birth and educa-96..... spendthrift father died, leaving him alone in the world with very slender means, it was natural enough that he should follow his own bent. It must be owned that was imprudent, for he married very young, and married a girl that had lost her heart to him at a country theatre, and who was disowned by her family in consequence. She had neither talent nor inclination for her husband's vocation, which was Gen. Pass. Agt. to act, but she was a charming woman, by one, and he never gave her cause to regret the union for which she had sacrificed so much.

Their only child Sybil was now ] 6 years old, and of a beauty so rare and delicate as to cause the sternest landladies to melt and the most obdurate creditors to soften when they saw her. Allentown....8.31 a.m...2.38 pm | She was literally the idol of both pa-Dollvar ..... 9.00 a. m. 3.00 pm | rents, such when the first welcome Ceres ...... 9.23 a. m... 3.28 pm gleams of success came, their first Eldfed ..... 9.50 a. m., 3.55 pm thought was that they would be able Arms Bradford...11.35 a. m... 5.30 pm | 50 give their one treasure a good education and a permanent home. For elifew menths things had looked very 10,000 m. 4.05 n m4 bright, and then, just at the end of the 10.25 a m. 4.20 pm season, Jack had a fall and dislocated 14.50 am 4.55 pm be thee In proved to be a louis D m troubleme husiness and it was Assemble of the last house in the "manery" was commended that and the managen to wheen he treed had at first intended. mich himities had gone in America . Perhaps Mrs. Hesselting for brave in her resignation. it had been a not purpose, but the and so fearful of having to return to the old drudgery if he once left London, that he insisted upon remaining there. Rothing seemed to hurt Synci the for all her fairness was very She made friends every where and attracted a good deal of

kindly attention. One day, as Mrs. Hesselting ant pow-

chance I saw your lovely little Bybil, and felt immediately that here was

in 'Fate,' and feel sure that his daughter is sure to have talent. If sh proves as satisfactory as I imagine. would gladly pay her well, for I am my own manager at present."

Amy turned pale. "Neither my husband nor I ever intended Sybil for the stage, Miss Desanges. I am not an actress, but I know quite enough of the life behind the scenes to wish to keep my little girl away from the footlights. If you can spare a few min utes I will go to my husband, but am almost sure that his opinion will coincide with my own strong feeling in the matter. I hope he will be able to come in and see you himself."

While they sat waiting the young author, who had thin, marked features and melancholy eyes, took up a framed photograph from the table Viola Desanges leant over his chair, and looked at it intently, with a soft expression stealing over her beautiful. weary face. "It is like a dream to me to think that my play will soon be brought out with you as its heroine, said Horace Melton, after a pause. "Like all poets, I have my queer fancies, and I cannot help thinking that fortune with her. She is like one of the

visions of the old masters of the angels watching round the Holy Child." Miss Desanges sighed. There was something odd and unworldly about this young man. He had a strange way of speaking his thoughts aloud that fascinated her by its simplicity She felt that he at least believed her to be a good woman, and his faith in her was more precious than the incense poured at her feet by a host of adorers, to all of whom she was equal

ly cold. But deep in her heart there was one overmastering love burning like a flerce flame, and she felt that bound in honor as she was to a mar whom she had learned to despite. he who had inspired this strong out sion pleaded he would not plead vain. All these thoughts flitted through her brain as she sat there. and poor as were all her surround ings, she knew intuitively that she was in a happy home, contrasting Amy Hesseltine's lot curiously with her own splendid misery.

Meanwhile, in the next room, Amy was hurriedly explaining to her husband what had happened. tunate, as he had no desire for his wife his negative was as emphatic as her own, but she could see that his fatherable to make their poor home a hap ly pride was much gratified by the visit of the great actress. "If you will give' me my-crutches I will go in and see Miss Desanges myself," and in spite of his crutches Jack looked handsome when he made his appea ance that he inspired both visitors with very sincere pity. Miss Desange plunged into business at once, exer cising all her powers of persuamon until at last the parents yielded.

It was not any love of art that made them consent, poor things. Even Jack had no wish to see Sybil on the stage, but there was the haunting conaciousness of debts that were too honest not to desire to pay, and the tear of still more grinding poverty in the near future. Miss Desanges was tim delighted when she had gained her well afford to be generous, but the hune golden haired teacher had

It took Mrs. Heweltine a long while to explain all this to Sybil, always his most only children, she was also

want, who announced with the people with capped and laughed at who were with him. Miss Desanges new in amounds that theatrepout she was quick and clever. | plicable change in her. she had to deal with a lady, and said and learned the few words of her part with her own special winning sweet | so rapidly that Miss Desanges was | from a reverse, and he followed his

The this, may I introduce to you Mr. half hidden in the wings. She let her in the old half when he was a boy Melton, the author of 'Passion Flow- I veil fall over her face, as she silently | the picture of a child angel with den he run away, so tas' he tos' a rubber lers,' the forthcoming new play at the prayed for her darling-prayers that | white lily in its hand. He remember-Parthenon? It was to have been | she might be kept pure and spotless | ed how he liked to fancy it a guardbrought out in three weeks, but a very and learn no evil in this strange, new | tan spirit when he fell asleep at night. serions obstacle has occurred likely atmosphere. Neither Sybil nor her me. What had such thoughts as these to "Well, Johnny, for his poor mamma, he wacked de Lto delay its production. A most im- ther ever guessed how strange an in do with the present? He had chosen; portant part was to have been taken | fluence was exercised by the new child | it was too late. No, not yet too late. by a small niece of, mine, who is well member of the company. Men and The flowers lay beside him; Viola was known for her cleverness, but unfor | women alike felt better for her inno on the stage; they were still apart; tunately she has caught scarlet fever. | cent presence; the very scene shifters | the barrier was not broken, as it was really in despair until quite by loved her, and Viola Desanges, who should be broken before another day had never known the magic touch of dawned. He did not follow the action baby fingers, acted the scene with Sy- of the play very closely, but its conbil as she had never acted before.

A beautiful, imaginative woman, with written especially for him? "You consented to leave her home with a with you, you can never give me back convince her, and at last at a ball at | name." With what thrilling expresher own house she gives her promise, sion Viola Desanges spoke these and then cannot resist going to the lay in her great wistful eyes! room where her child is lying asleep. There was not a sound in the the-All is dark save for the lamp held in atre. The great actress had arisen to the hand of the mother, who kneels an unimagined height of power, and by the cot weeping passionately and the audience was riveted. And the half regretting her rash impulse. The child! When the flushed face on the child sleeps calmly, as she pours out a | pillow was revealed by the lamp there pitiful prayer for forgiveness, but was a moisture in the eyes of many wakes when the hot tears fall upon | but little used to feel emotions such as

mamma? And are you going away her, forgetting the artist in the woman. that you have your cloak on?"

have got to go away on a long jour-Nothing prettier than Sybil was I

curis all ruffled. such a child as this must bring good away and leave papa and me. Oh! among the blossoms. take us with you; we cannot be left

alone, we love you so dearly." As she said this she clung round the neck of the mother who was going to forsake her, and the victory was won. The curtain fell as Viola Desanges threw off her heavy traveling cloak, and sat down holding the tiny hand in her own.

and take care of you alway."

an unseen witness, comes forward for the last time it had an added

was too simple, too poetical, too som- | wares.—Roland Grey in The Stage. ber; in fact, there was no end to the charges brought against it, and Horace Melton sometimes desponded. Not so Miss Desanges,

"I tell you I am sure of the ver- of the last century. dict," she said to him again and | When a lad he was wild and fond again. "I have never had a part I of adventure, and on one occasion helike so well. As to Sybil, she is found himself without money at : unique; that utter simplicity and that country inn. While in doubt how to face must take the audience by storm. pay his bill, he noticed a child lying I know audiences so well."

room in Piccadilly writing rapidly, piece of parchment, and told the mohand trembled as he wrote. Hugh and thus cure the ague. Errington was rich, free and gifted, The woman obeyed, and the delight yet he was most unhappy. The only ed parents asked Holt to accept his son of good parents, he had been a board in payment for his medical sergood man in spite of all temptations. But then he had never known the Years after, when Holt had become real force of temptation until he dis- lord chief justice, a woman was tried covered that the passion against which before him for witchcraft. he had silently bettled for years was |- Part of the evidence against her returned. He could scarcely remember was the possession of the very amulet the time when he had not loved Viola which the judge many years previous-Desanges, but he was a man of honor, by had himself prepared as a joke. and he knew that she was married. The woman turned out to be Holt's Latterly she had been more miserable hostess, and the judge told her from than usual, and then one memorable the bench how she had been deceived night each had guessed the secret of For years she had used the charm the other, and the knowledge had with immense success.—New York brought a bitter sweet rapture that Journal: was more like pain then gladness. point; she was so recently their was the stronger now, since at

terms the offered were for digital than therewest lessons of patience says you mustn't work none for and forgiveness. She was learning to month. the best down to ment Hugh Errington had grown harder a bit unbandy, comin' in the crap 

awer "Miss Desanges and Mr. Dapa when he was well, and forgot morrow his place would be vacant."

Leation." Everybody knows besuttitit him when he was ill and suffering, his story the talk of the town, when Will Desanges, with her stourny life She adored her father, and when sue honest men would have no part of the While I heard the wind without, and the spine in the plant and her brilliant artists gifts, ronce grasped the idea that if she wore with him. The play proceeded and ing of the rain.

Ing of the rain. And the broad magnolias tapping at the dripping her upon the stage, and rose to reside she would have money enough to buy was received with growing favor. ther magnificently arrayed visitor, a him all sorts of nice things, she con The critics agreed that the fact little conscious of her own poor dress sentted to try. Her little heart almost surpassed herself, and even Herself. failed her when she was taken to the Errington was conscious of an inexpense

> Little Sybil's entrance roused him struction was simple. Was it merely a It was pathetic enough in all truth. | coincidence that it seemed to have been a silent reserved husband she fancies | say you will give me everything heart indifferent, has in a weak moment | can desire, but, Godfrey, if I go away rich artist. His specious arguments | a woman's greatest treasure, my good-She goes upstairs to put on a cloak | words, and what a depth of meaning

these, and real tears fell on Sybil's "Why are you crying so, darling | cheeks as Vicla-Desanges leant over

And Hugh Errington? Surely the Hush, baby, it is still night, but I | guardian spirit of his boyish dreams stood before him in the guise of little Sybil. Silently, earnestly, the great battle between good and evil was besurely ever seen on any stage when ling waged. His friends had left him, she sat up in her crib with her golden | and he had no witness when he tank the bouquet and tore to fragments the "Mamma, darling mamma, don't go note that had lain like a serpent He would leave England, but he

would leave it alone. He would not tempt a loving woman to sin for his sake; he would begin a new life that should be higher and purer than the old. The curtain fell amid frantie applause. The actors were coming, and for a moment Viola Desanges stood before them with Sybil beside Go to sleep, my baby; I will stay | her. The smile of triumph upon her face made it more beautiful than Then the husband, who has been ever, but to the man who watched her with his full forgiveness, and all ends | sweetness, as he looked at her and flung the bouquet of roses at the feet Wiseacres expressed doubts as to of the child who had saved him and the success of "Passion Flowers." It come to them both like an angel una-

> Judge Holt's Witcheraft. A singular story is told of Chief Justice Holt, a celebrated English justit

sick in the room. It was a gray, chilly October even- Learning that it had the ague, and. ing, and a tall, distinguished looking that the doctors could not cure it, he man was sitting alone in a luxurious wrote some words at random on a was pale and agitated, and his ther to tie it round the child's wrist

No Danger. Wife of Arkansawyer-The doctor

Arkansawyer-Does het Wal, that's

don't know peans. Huh! Think it' Beht".-Drake's Ragarine.

want of nerve bod to you