THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., FEB. 3, 1890. No. 24.

A SHOWER OF RIBBON.

"I have to confess that I said yes"—(say you)
"Which I do with each tender tone,"
"Yet, dear, I'm afraid you thought as much,"
"When I gave you the ribbon."

"Twas a fair day in the Georgia fair!
"I had not fear,
"I had not care,
"Yet I'm afraid I was rather free
"With the blue ribbon that I wore
"Pinned on my breast,
"Where it was meet
"Your eyes should rest
"Upon that autumn holiday.
"Now do you need to ask me "where?"
"Why, my friend, 'twas at a Georgia fair!
"We stood from out the throng apart,
"And I, with proudly beating heart,
"Watched, how before her all the crowd,
"In constant admiration bowed.
"The eyes of all were turned on her,
"The pulses all (my pulses stir!)
"Felt the throb of her. My friend, her face
"Had eyes for none, for none but me:
"Oh, thought to thrill the blood like wine!
"Thy peerless one is mine! is mine!
"From dainty head to slender feet,
"Mine, only mine, my own, my sweet!
"Then through the crowd ran whispering,
"What is there here, but the loveliest thing,
"From mount to sea, could Georgia bring?"
"Why, she it is beyond compare,"
"The queen, the queen of the Georgia fair!"
"Well, the judges so decided it,
"And this they told in her bridal kit,
"The "ribbon blue" at the Georgia fair,
"Was won, my friend, by my bonnie bay mare!
—Mrs. B. W. Hunt in Atlanta Constitution.

THE DEACON'S WOOING.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills of New Bethany and the lingering lights on the mountain tops were changing from rose to purple, when Deacon Finch stopped his melancholy old mare in front of the village post office. It was Saturday night, the only time when New Bethany roused itself from its lethargy and showed any signs of life and energy. The rest of the week it drowsed and languished after the fashion of small country towns remote from railway and manufacturing centers.

"Whoa, Mary Jane!" said the deacon with unnecessary emphasis, throwing the reins on the mare's broad back, and springing to the ground.

But the despondent Mary had already ceased her shambling gait from sheer force of habit. A ten year's service with the deacon had made her perfectly familiar with the accustomed round of stopping places. Wednesday night it was prayer meeting; Sunday the church service; and Saturday night invariably the postoffice, and, as a late variation, an after pause at the house of Mrs. Betsey Hill, the milliner, who for a quarter of a century had supplied the women of New Bethany with headgear fearfully and wonderfully made.

The moment the deacon stepped inside the office he knew, from the unusual buzz of conversation, that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"Heard the news—eh, deacon?" asked one of the village loungers.

The deacon looked up inquiringly.

"Miss Keziah's had an amazin' streak of luck."

"It's been nothing but an amazin' streak of luck ever since she was born," returned the deacon. "If ownin' the best farm in town and hevin' money at interest isn't luck, I'd like to know what it is."

"Yes; but this is something out of common. You used to know her brother who died years ago and left his only child for Miss Keziah to bring up! Wa'al, when the old man Mead died, Miss Keziah took the farm as her share. He property, and her brother, Jim, cuvin' of a roving mind, took the thousand of personal property as his, and invested 'em in western lands, which turned out to be worthless, and he lost everything he put in. Folks always blamed him for bein' so foolish and hasty, and they say grief and mortification alike hastened his death. Wa'al, it turns out that he put a railroad square thro' the lands, and it's sent real estate way up, nobody knows where. Miss Keziah's been offered nigh onto $8,000 for the lands, and they say she'll get more so much more if she only holds on."

"You don't mean it?"

"I dew; it's as trew as Scripture."

"She'll hold out, never fear," said the deacon, "and I hold it to be our bounden duty as neighbors to advise her to that end."

Instead of lingering as usual for the village gossip—for New Bethany postoffice on Saturday night answered the purpose of a weekly paper—the deacon seemed in a great hurry to get home.

It was the night of the choir rehearsal, and in driving by the church he saw Mary Mead, Miss Keziah's niece, going up the steps. He suddenly whipped up his sleepy old mare and drove home at a breakneck rate of speed.

"Now's your time, Solomon Finch," he muttered to himself. "Its mebbe a long while afore ye'll hev such a good chance agin. She'll be gone to be choir for a couple of hours, or so—his old lady I mean, of course," he added, giving the lines a sudden twist as Mary Jane showed an inclination to stop before Betsey Hill's house. "I've no other fish to fry, now, at all."

When he reached home he drove the mare under the horse shed, and tied her there, instead of unharnessing her as usual. Then he entered the house and hastily swallowing the scanty supper which the hired woman, Mrs. Bobtejee Him, doaned his best to give him, started out again at a rapid gallop.

"Mighty like a young man in the village of the Fu."

"Law sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman, amazed. "The deacon's got sumthin' on his mind sure! It's the first time I ever knew him to disremember to ask a blessing."

Ever since the death of his wife Deacon Finch had looked on Miss Keziah as her probable successor. For years he had gazed with covetous eyes on the fine Mead farm, with its substantial buildings, but he never could screw his courage up to the point of facing the snapping black eyes of its owner. Of late he had been seen several times knocking at the door of Mrs. Betsey Hill's little brown house, and the worthy milliner—was enjoyed at the opening of the brilliant prospect before her. But the news of the sudden rise in western lands caused Mrs. Hill, with her small possessions, to sink into insignificance by the side of the rich woman with her well tilled acres, her overflowing barns and her prospective thousands of dollars.

The idea of failure in his matrimonial venture never entered the deacon's head. "The way afore ye is as plain and straight as a pipe stem, Solomon Pinch," he murmured, rubbing the palms of his hands together, as he walked toward Miss Keziah's side door. "Women is mostly alike—eager an' willin' to embrace matrimonial opportunities.—They'll snap at an offer like a hungry trout at a worm. She has got the money, and I hev got the prominence and influence; that's a p'int not to be overlooked; and dearcons isn't to be despised every inch. Put her money and my influence together, and I rather guess we'll stand about top of the heap in New Bethany."

Miss Keziah was sitting by the table knitting as usual. She had just began to narrow for the hole of the stocking, when a step sounded on the walk. She threw down the stocking and opened the door, and holding the lamp high above her head, her eyes rested upon the amazing spectacle of the deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and shiny black broadcloth. "Well, I never!" she ejaculated, and then, feeling that her reception had been hardly hospitable, she lowered the lamp and said kindly, "Come in, deacon—come in."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

"Take a seat, deacon."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I dew."

The deacon surveyed the attractive room, which, with its cheery fire and comfortable rocking chair, seemed a veritable paradise in comparison with his untidy, ill kept home. He placed his hat on the floor beside his chair, displaying his scanty gray locks ingeniously disposed over the top of his head so as to cover as much of the bald surface as possible. There was a long pause.

"Anything going on, deacon?" asked Miss Keziah, resuming her knitting. She was greatly puzzled to account for those Sunday clothes.

"Nothin' within the range of my observation. There won't be much more a-goin' now till 'lection time; things'll be pretty lively then."

"Want to buy any hay this year?" chirped Miss Keziah. "Mine is extra fine this year; my hired man says it's the best harvest yield in town."

"I rather guess I'll hev enough to carry me thro' the winter. If I don't I shall know where to come for hay—is-n-hay. I dedare, your farm does beat all! I feel kind o' rigged like when I think the best farm in town is managed by a woman."

Miss Keziah smiled graciously, and the deacon drew his chair a little nearer his hostess. "It must be a great load for ye to carry alone. Such a large farm is a tremendous responsibility for a lone woman."

"Oh, I don't mind it; it keeps me proper busy."

The deacon hitched his chair along a few inches farther. "Ye'd ought to have a brother or cousin, or some relative like, to share the burden with ye."

"My shoulders are plenty strong," returned Miss Keziah, proudly. "I'm glad to show the folks that there are women good for something besides giddy-gaddying and tattling."

"Yis, yis," answered the deacon. "we can all testify to your valley and worth. You're a real honor to your sex. You're—you're a bright and shinin' beacon light to the triflin' and vain minded women of the world;" and the speaker waved his hand at the conclusion of this little oratorical flourish.

Then hitch, hitch, hitch went the chair Miss Keziahward. "Don't you feel sort o' lonely at spells?" he asked, insinuatingly.

Miss Keziah glanced suspiciously at the rapidly advancing chair. She dropped her knitting and went to the fire and piled up the blazing sticks of wood. Then she came back to the table and set herself down as far from side of it, thus putting a barrier between her and the visitor. "I'm never lonely, deacon; plenty to do is the best medicine for loneliness."

"But woman's a feeble, dependent creatur'. Woman's a vine," here the deacon took up the weekly prayer meeting drawl, "and needs suthin to cling to an' hold up her tendrils. Double waves and winds o' affection and sorrow roll ever her."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Keziah, with a contemptuous sniff. "I shouldn't have expected that a man of your sense, deacon, would repeat such silly trash. I have no patience with the people who are always talking as if women couldn't stand alone, and needed propping up like a rag doll that hadn't any back bone. I'm no vine, or creeping, helpless thing, I can tell you. I can stand alone as well as anybody, if the Lord so wills it, although I admit, deacon, that it's pleasanter to have some one keep you steady."

"That's just it; yer hev hit the nail squar' on the head! It's pleasanter to hev company in our sojourn on this mortal yearth."

The deacon seized his chair with both hands, and by a circuitous line of hitching he placed it within three feet of Miss Keziah's table. "You're a forehanded woman, Miss Keziah; I'm a man of prominence and influence in the community; it seems to me that it would be a good thing if we could walk hand in hand through this vale of tears. Providence seems to print it as plain as the finger that way." The deacon was thinking at that very moment of the money he could save by a thrifty manager like Miss Keziah in place of his inefficient, wasteful hired woman.

Miss Keziah was dumfounded. She dropped her knitting, and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor. "Mercy!" she faintly gasped.

"I'll make ye a first rate husband, and ye'll make me a good wife. We've been members of the same church for thirty years or more, and we've been members of the same spiritual family, we'll now be members of the same human family."

Miss Keziah straightened herself up in her highbacked chair, and drew in her chin, while her voice rang out shrill and clear:

"I rather guess it'll take two to make that bargain."

A second look at the aged admirer, who was edging up to her with a sheepish simper, exasperated Miss Keziah beyond control.

"The old fool!" she said wrathfully.

The color came into the deacon's thin cheeks and he started to his feet, looking anxiously toward the door, as if meditating a hasty retreat. But the yarn was wound around his boots and he was forced to repain.

Miss Keziah likewise rose, and folding her hands grimly in front of her, remarked grimly:

"When you first began your talking I hadn't the least idea what you were driving at. I thought you were hinting about Betsy Hill, and wanted to take me into your confidence. I never dreamed that you meant me. Why, I supposed every one in town knew that I would not give up my freedom for the best man living. Betsy Hill is a pious, likely woman, she'll make a good home for you and she needs a home herself."

The deacon was completely withered, and Miss Keziah continued: "If you'll step around a little livelier, deacon, and pick up the stones on your lots and put them into good fences, and mow down those peaky weeds, there's no earthly reason why your farm shouldn't look as well as mine. If I've said anything to hurt your feelings, deacon, I hope you'll overlook it. Why, you are all tangled up in that yarn; I'll untangle it."

The delay of unwinding the yarn from the deacon's feet gave Miss Keziah a chance for further remark: "Once more, deacon, have you heard about the western lands?"

The deacon wished he was anywhere out of the range of those merciless black eyes.

"I—think I've heern tell suthin' about 'em," he replied meekly.

"I thought so! I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Keziah, savagely. "Well, deacon, those lands rightfully belong to my niece, Mary; I only hold them as her guardian."

The deacon began to look upon his rejection as a certainty. Disgusted, without the western lands Miss Keziah's attractions seemed tame compared with those of mild, blue eyed, brown winged Betsy.

"I can trust ye never to mention this?" he asked timidly.

"I shall not mention it. Now follow my advice, deacon; make sure of Betsy Hill before another week goes by. You have my good wishes. See to this at once."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

The good woman followed her crestfallen visitor to the door. As a sudden gust of cold night air put out the light, she said:

"The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, eh, deacon?"

And the discomfitted deacon felt that he had been nipped by something sharper than a frost.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Sardines.

We are prone at times to boast of our sardine packing industry in this country, but it should be borne in mind for the sake of accurate knowledge that, as a matter of fact, we have the rapidly advancing industry in this country. We pack a great many boxes of a little fish which is a species of shrimp, and pour cottonseed oil over it, and people buy and eat them under the delusion that they are eating sardines dressed in olive oil. The only genuine sardines are taken on a few sections of the coast of Europe, and the French packers have nearly monopolized the market by establishing a reputation for the absolute genuineness of their fish and their oil, and by their careful, thorough method of packing, which preserves the exquisite flavor.—Good Housekeeping.

Near Silverton, Ore., is a quarry of what is called "fireplace stone." It is soft when mined, and can be sawed or chopped into any desired shape, and when subjected to intense heat does not seem to be affected. It is considered the best material for fireplace or flues.

TOLD BY AN UNDERTAKER.

Grotesque Incidents of the Funeral Director's Grave Yard.

"I have met with a thousand and one odd freaks and curious notions during my connection with the undertaking business," said a prominent funeral director to a reporter the other day. "Indeed, I think it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons have and express a preference of some kind or another as to the disposition of their bodies after death. Sometimes their requests are complied with, and sometimes they're not. Generally the preference relates only to some minor detail, either of the coffin, or the grave, or of the burial ceremony. Some people want a plain, wooden coffin—mahogany, walnut, or ebony. Some want a metal casket. Some want their caskets covered with black cloth, some with white. The desire for a certain style of handle is often expressed, and women are frequently concerned about the lining, wanting it of a color to suit their complexion. Some people, too, want their coffins large and roomy, others to fit exactly.

"Very often people want to be buried in a particular spot, and give express instructions as to the direction in which the grave is to lie, and how deep it must be. Then, too, some persons want a quiet, private funeral, while others are uneasy until promised that they will be given a grand and costly burial.

"All these are matters that can be easily attended to, and they generally are. But there are requests made by people in regard to their obsequies that are extraordinary, and in some instances ridiculous. I'll tell you about a few cases that have come under my own notice.

"There was an old lady died a few years ago who had a new and very costly set of teeth made just before her last illness. When she learned that death was imminent, her greatest lament seemed to be that she should never have an opportunity to wear those teeth. Finally a bright thought struck her, and calling her husband to her bedside she begged him to have her lips so arranged after death that her friends would be able to see and admire her beautiful teeth. The old man promised, and almost with her dying breath she reminded him of it. We were summoned to perform the necessary duties after her death, and the widower, having explained the matter of the teeth, declared that his wife's request must be carried out. He had promised and could not think of declaring it undone. We did the best we could. The result was rather startling, but the deceased had lived a long old man was satisfied, so we didn't have anything to say of course.

"I remember another case of a middle aged single man who had been a great dressing and regular dandy, in fact. He left directions that he should be buried in the last suit of clothes he had bought. As he was a man of considerable wealth, and had left some very generous bequests to his friends, they decided to comply with his request, and his valet was told to bring the suit. When he returned he carried the loudest suit of clothes I ever saw. It was of plaid two or three inches broad, and green, blue and yellow in color. With it came a shirt covered with pictures of ballet dancers in every conceivable attitude, and a necktie to match. The appearance of these unexpected articles caused some consternation, but the dead man's friends finally decided to let him have his way and bury him as he had requested. The body was accordingly robed in the flashy shirt and suit, a dog head pin stuck into the tie, a single eyeglass placed over the starving eye, and the dandy was ready for his last resting place.

"Sometimes people want things buried with them. A lady whose principal fortune consisted of her many costly jewels made a great stir among her friends and relatives by requesting in her will that she should be adorned with all of them when finally prepared for the grave. She had provided, too, that unless this was done not one of her friends should receive a penny from her estate. Here was a quandary, but the matter was finally settled by placing the jewels upon the corpse, and then, after it had remained a few days in the vault, removing them.

"I was once called upon to bury a man who had at some previous period chopped off one of his great toes. Just as I was about to screw down the cover of the casket his weeping widow came to me with a small jar, and said that her husband had expressly desired her to bury this with him. I looked at it and found that it was the missing toe, neatly and carefully preserved in alcohol.

"I never buried anyone who had made his own coffin, but I have heard of such cases. Several times, however, I have sold people their own coffins, and in some instances two or three years or longer before they died. Sometimes the boxes were left with me until needed, and sometimes they were taken home at once. The most peculiar case of this kind I ever had was that of an artist who lived in a couple of rooms by himself over in the western part of the city. He had plenty of money, and his rooms were elegantly furnished, but all in the most somber colors. One day he came to me and ordered a coffin made. It was to be black inside and out, and was to be large enough for him to lie in comfortably. Another thing he was explicit about was that it was to be lined throughout with spring cushions. I made it and sent it to his rooms as he directed. Four years later I was called to bury him. I then found that during all that time he had used his coffin for a bed—sleeping in it always—and he had left a request to be buried in it. He died in his sleep, and did not think he would sleep well in any other."—Baltimore Herald.

A Tale with a Moral.

"Some young fellows," said Gen. George A. Sheridan, "were telling stories and having a hilarious time. An old gentleman sat a little apart, and seemed undable to join in their merriment. He was rallied on his moroseness and requested to tell a story.

"'I don't know any stories in your vein, my young friends,' said he, 'but I will relate a little incident with a moral. There was once a little bird. He had flown about all one long, cold day trying to find something to eat. But his search had been a complete failure, and late in the afternoon he flew home, weak and disconsolate, and climbed feebly onto his perch, almost ready to drop with fatigue and hunger. He was nearly ready to drop when he detected a dead sheep which Providence had placed over in the bushes. He climbed down from his perch, hopped over and managed to climb up on the sheep. There he pecked and pecked and pecked away until his little craw was filled with mutton, if unsavory food then he felt much better. He flapped his wings and hopped nimbly about, and finally flew back to his perch. Then his little throat swelled with gratitude and he sang all the sweet lays he knew and tried to sing several he didn't know, when a hunter came along, leveled his gun and shot him.'

"The old gentleman seemed to have finished his story. 'But the moral. What is the moral?' asked the young man.

"'The moral, my young friend, is: If you will eat carrion, don't crow over it.'"—Washington Post.

They Cut Her Part.

Well, Kate Claxton dreaded some complications of some sort or other with Gertie Homans, "Bootles' Baby," and cut Gertie's part, to reduce the child's labor and remove her performance as far as possible from amenability to law. Did Gertie thank her? Not much. She frowned, then pouted, and finally burst into tears. But the most comical incident of this episode yet to come. Gertie threatened to have become reconciled to having the dancing steps cut out of her part. But in the third act, when the rooster and pig race is the chief feature of the young officers, whose joint pet she is, she had been accustomed to share with the victorious bird the iced cake, to which she had a moment before been introduced. The night after her dancing steps were cut Gertie rushed from the stage in a passion of tears. The cake scene hadn't gone to suit her. "They are not satisfied," she is reported to have said, "with cutting two of my best scenes, but they've even gone and cut the icing from my sponge cake!"—New York World.

Some Queer Logic.

It has been found in Ohio that as insane asylums multiply in number insanity becomes more prevalent. Raise a big poor fund and paupers will become more numerous, but it is queer that people should go crazy in order to fill up asylums.—Detroit Free Press.

The precepts of youth will never be forgotten.

LESTER Binghamton Boots and Shoes sell.
LESTER Boots have stood 40 years' test.

WRITE TO COME ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL
One of the BEST FREE gifts ever made by any concern in the world. Our definitions are clear, and so comprehensive that even a child can understand them. It contains 1000 pages, 3 pictures and 3 colored maps. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to your friends and neighbors and send those around you. The business is well known and established and those around you. The business is well known and established and we have the small end of the bargain. Write at once. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 986, PORTLAND, MAINE.

FREE
EYE AND MICROSCOPE
About the fifteenth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as (many to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at home, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all expenses charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 986, PORTLAND, MAINE.

INDURATED FIBRE WARE
ABSOLUTELY ONE PIECE!
HAS NO HOOPS!
NEITHER PAINTED OR VARNISHED!
NOT AFFECTED BY HOT WATER
HAS APPEARANCE OF POLISHED MAHOGANY.
PAILS, TUBS, BOWLS, PANS, KEELERS, BUTTOCKS, SLOP-JARS, WATER COOLERS, REFRIGERATORS, &c., &c.
LARGE VARIETY OF GOODS.
CORDLEY & HAYES, New York, Sole Agents,
Factories: Parlin, N. J., Perth Amboy, N. J., Hoboken, N. J., Owego, N. Y., Lockport, N. Y., Cleveland, Ohio, Wilmot, Ont.
FOR SALE BY ALL HOUSE-FURNISHING, HARDWARE, GROCERY AND CROCKERY DEALERS.
FULL PRICE LIST AND CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

RIP VAN WINKLE RECLINING AND ROCKING CHAIR
200 POSITIONS. GREATEST ON EARTH
MAKES 15 PIECES FURNITURE
HAS NEW ROCKING PRINCIPLE
NOISELESS, PERFECT ACTION, MODERATE PRICES
A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT, A COMFORT EVERY HOUSEHOLD NEEDS, BUT ONE.
BEST INVALID'S CHAIR IN THE WORLD!
SEND FOR CIRCULARS AT ONCE. WALTER WETMORE CHAIR MF'G CO., NEW YORK.

JOB PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS
well and promptly done at
THE NEWS OFFICE

FREE! SEND 10 CENTS for Postage and Packing and we will send you Free a Sample Box of Wonderful Medicine. Warranted to cure Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness. Address, Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

STANDARD OF THE U.S.
"STANDARD" Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine
RADICAL DEPARTURE FROM OLD STYLE MACHINES
Shuttle Wheel-Shaped. Shuttle moves continuously in one direction.
FRICTION NEARLY ABOLISHED.
Runs one-half faster with same motion of foot.
Runs One-Half Easier.
MAKES less than one half the noise.
Rotary Motion is the Only True Principle of Shuttle Sewing Machine. Be not Behind the Times, but our agent and Examine the "STANDARD." Send to us for circulars, etc.
THE "STANDARD" Is not classed with so-called "cheap" chines. It is the
FINEST OF THE
We are obliged to use corresponding prices.
BUT It is cheaper at double the price asked for old style machines, as they are, in the end, economy to
BUY The Best
Standard Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the dozen bottles, but now I shall order a half dozen bottles in larger quantity. I think it one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and have found it a sure cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all horsemen. A. H. GILPIN, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
SALT, WRIGHT COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 18
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, to my knowledge, and have used it on myself for seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURPIN, Horse Doctor.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

L. C. VAN FLEET,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Loan and Real Estate Agency.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

THE ANDOVER NEWS,
Published every Wednesday at one dollar per year. Job Printing done on short notice and in a first-class manner.

N. P. BRAINARD, M. D.,
Practicing Physician & Surgeon.
Office at Store on Main Street,
ANDOVER, N. Y.

W. O'DONNELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and Residence, Crandall Dwelling.
Professional calls promptly attended day or night.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

F. E. COMSTOCK, M. D.,
Practicing Physician and Surgeon.
Office Hours from 12 M. to 2, and 7 to 9 P. M.
Office on Greenwood Street, Residence on Church Street,
ANDOVER, N. Y.

ERIE RAILWAY.
The Great Trunk Line
BETWEEN
THE EAST AND WEST
Pullman's finest palace cars and superior modern coaches to New York, Philapelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis.
TIME TABLE.
Adopted Nov. 17, 1889. Eastern Standard Time.
Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7:23a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibuled limited for New York. Does not stop at Andover.
11:13 a. m. Daily. No 10—New York day express stopping at all stations to Hornellsville. Connects except Sunday for Philadelphia.
7:22 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accommodation. Connects for Philadelphia daily.
7:46 p. m. Daily. No. 12—Night express for New York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover.
12:27 p. m. No. 6. Except Sunday—Way freight and accommodation for Hornellsville.
Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
1:57 a. m. Daily. No. 5—Vestibule limited for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis. Does not stop at Andover.
8:47 a. m. Daily. No. 3—Pacific Express, for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis.
1:4 p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
4:32 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Salamanca.
7:00 a. m. No. 9. Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Salamanca.
Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, agent at Andover, or
GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.
L. P. FARMER, Gen. Passenger Agent.
W. J. MURPHY, Gen. Superintendent.

B. E. & C. R. R.
T. C. PLATT, Receiver.
WEST BOUND.
Leave Wellsville.....8.00 a. m...2.15 pm
" Allentown.....8.38 a. m...2.53 pm
" Bolivar.....9.05 a. m...3.20 pm
" Ceres.....9.33 a. m...3.48 pm
" Eldred.....10.05 a. m...4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford.....11.35 a. m...5.30 pm
EAST BOUND.
Leave Bradford.....8.15a m...2.10 p m
" Eldred.....10.15 a m...4.25 p m
" Ceres.....10.52 a m...5.02 p m
" Bolivar.....11.15 a m...5.25 p m
" Allentown.....11.43 a m...5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville.....12:20 a m...6.20 p m
W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't,
Wellsville, N. Y.
F. M. BAKER Ag't Receiver.

THE LADIES FAVORITE THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE
THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. THE BEST ATTACHMENTS
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO, ILL. 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. ATLANTA, GA. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEX.
FOR SALE BY

PEERLESS DYES
FOR BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 40 Colors that neither Sun, Wash Out nor Fade.
Sold by Druggists. Also
Peerless Brown Paints—6 colors.
Peerless Laundry Bluing.
Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors.
Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing.
Peerless Egg Dyes—4 colors.

Setting a Good Example.
When T. H. Benton was in the house, he was of the opinion that the third day of March, and consequently the congressional term, ended at midnight of that day, instead of at noon on the fourth, as modern usage has fixed it. So on the last morning he sat with his hat on, talked loudly, loafed about the floor, and finally refused to vote or answer to his name when the roll was called. At last the speaker, the Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, picked him up, and put an end to these legislative larks. "No, sir; no, sir; NO, sir!" shouted the venerable Missourian; "I will not vote. I have no right to vote. This is no house, and I am not a member of it." "Then sir," said Speaker Orr, like a flash, with his sweetest manner, "if the gentleman is not a member of this house, the sergeant-at-arms will please put him out." And so this vast constitutional question settled itself.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE NEWS.
$1.00 per year, 50 cents for 6 months, 25 cents for three months.
Subscribe for THE NEWS!
Only $1 a Year.

Book & Binding.
—AT—
THE NEWS OFFICE.
Books repaired and re-bound.

In the Costa Rican Swamp.

Go and live there, inhabit that picturesque adobe dwelling for twenty-four hours, either with or without jungle fever, and your enthusiasm will possibly be somewhat modified. The breeze, tepid and languorous, brings little refreshment to the heavy steaming atmosphere, charged by blazing sunshine in brief alternation with torrents of rain, deadly miasms from the red laden lagoon steal like ghosts through the moonlit night, and every type of winged and creeping abomination that earth produces there teems and swelters in luxuriant virulence. Great hairy tarantula spiders, centipedes a foot long, and scorpions like miniature lobsters had their being in the banana leaf thatch above me; land crabs burrowed up through the fungus grown floor to visit my couch; huge toads and venomous reptiles came frankly in at the door.

Alligators and enormous serpents infested the lagoon hard by and might be expected at any moment. I did not see any anaconda while I was there, but a blow from the tail of an alligator struggling with some creature it had captured actually broke away some of the wall of my hut one night. Beasts of prey prowled occasionally and were found by daylight pendent and pugnacious overhead, while more than once a yell, a scuffle and a rush proclaimed the disturbed intrusion of some unidentified delegate of The ore tribe. Respiratory air seemed to have acquired a third constituent, in addition to its normal oxygen and nitrogen, in the stifling clouds of mosquitoes which filled the darkness—and a Central American mosquito is as merciless an organism as any of its accomplishments found outside the arctic circle, which is saying a good deal.

Strange things whizzed and buzzed and boomed through the obscurity, dropping with a sharp thud, as though shot, or alighting with stealthy feet, reluctant of dislodgment, on one's face; all night long there was a rustling and a crackling and a creeping, suggestive of unseen invertebrate horrors all around; walls, floor and roof crawled and were horrent with hideous animation. I am a naturalist by instinct and can love and cherish the meanest reptile, but I would not voluntarily of forethought and design choose a hut in a Costa Rican swamp as a shelter for my sick bed during the delirious fever of intermittent fever.—Longman's Magazine.

Driving a Yoke of Oxen.

We were sitting on the veranda of a village hotel in Wisconsin when a man driving with a yoke of oxen and entered the hardware store opposite.

"The ox is a curious animal when you come to study him," observed the agent of a New York hardware house.

"Yes, and it is quite a knack to drive a yoke of them," replied the drummer from a Philadelphia house.

"Pooh!"

"Don't you believe it?"

"Naw! Anybody can drive oxen."

"They can, eh? I'll go you five that you can't drive that yoke around the square without an accident of some sort."

"Done!"

And we went over and told the farmer what was up, and promised him the stakes no matter who won. He looked rather anxious, but finally consented, and the drummer took the gad, stepped to the shoulder of the high ox, and called out:

"Gee up, boys—come along, now!"

They looked at him in astonishment, shook their heads, and the farmer called out:

"Look out a little for that off ox. He's been sort of uneasy all day."

"Oh, I'm onto him. Gee up, I say!"

He touched the off one with the gad, and they moved off at a fast pace. We followed, of course, and they proceeded fairly well to the first corner. Here was where they were to turn to the left, and the drummer called out:

"Gee, there, boy—whoa! Gee!"

But they didn't. They put their heads down, elevated their tails, and started for the country on a wild run, and in three minutes were out of sight. The farmer received the $10, and then he started after them. We did not see him again until dark. Then he came in on foot to hunt us up, and say:

"Boys! it was kind in you to give me that $10, but when I come to figure up accounts I find myself just $37 short. That ox partner of yours had better be left alone after this, and try hogs or geese."—New York Sun.

The British admiralty have increased the Zanzibar division of the East India squadron to the extent of allowing it a fleet of steam pinnaces. The object of this is to better effect the suppression of the slave trade.

Some Queer Logic.

It has been found in Ohio that as insane asylums multiply in number insanity becomes more prevalent. Raise a big poor fund and paupers will become more numerous, but it is queer that people should go crazy in order to fill up asylums.—Detroit Free Press.

The Woman's Exchange.

The New York Exchange for Woman's Work has been in existence eleven years, and its growth and prosperity have been steady and continued. It is the pioneer of such enterprises, and not only has it become successful itself, but ten now count up sixty-four exchanges in different parts of this country and Canada which have been modeled after it and have started out with the same bylaws.

The object of the exchange has been from the first to aid impoverished gentlewomen, who through misfortune have been obliged to become bread winners. There are now 2,200 names of consignors enrolled on its books, and it has paid out to these consignors, whose numbers steadily increase, almost a million dollars, besides the salaries paid to its employes at its rooms, No. 329 Fifth avenue. There are now fifteen gentlewomen employed at the rooms, and these receive better salaries and better treatment than women in similar positions in the city shops. The hours of work are the same, but the conditions are infinitely better, and each one is given a month's leave of absence on salary during the summer.

The consignors, as the women who offer work for sale are called, have a most kindly "middleman," for this is precisely the position the exchange occupies. Its affairs are managed by a board of forty women, divided into various sub-committees. Although the exchange conducts its business on a business, not a charitable, basis, it is not wholly self supporting. The reason is that it has steadily refused to charge more than 10 per cent. commission for the sale of goods, a rate at which a merchant would expect to face insolvency in six months.

Although desirable, self support is not held to be the most important work of the exchange. The opening of a market for the work of needy women, without grinding down the worker, as is done by the slop clothing shops; to give each consignor a chance to sell her work at a living price for her labor.—Agnes B. Ormsbie in Harper's Bazar.

Birds at Sea.

Every day we see playing round the ship and skimming up and down the waves follows companies of lovely little birds, not much bigger, some hardly no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the waste have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and casual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business. Yonder tiny bird with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who "lived twelve miles from a lemon." If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle quietly on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spendrift, the unlikely flying foam, and the broken sea lace which forms, and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes.

When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at 100 knots an hour, laughing aloud in canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far away Irish coast. Marvelously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea swallow back to his roost!—Edwin Arnold in London Telegraph.

Setting a Good Example.

When T. H. Benton was in the house, he was of the opinion that the third day of March, and consequently the congressional term, ended at midnight of that day, instead of at noon on the fourth, as modern usage has fixed it. So on the last morning he sat with his hat on, talked loudly, loafed about the floor, and finally refused to vote or answer to his name when the roll was called. At last the speaker, the Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, picked him up, and put an end to these legislative larks. "No, sir; no, sir; NO, sir!" shouted the venerable Missourian; "I will not vote. I have no right to vote. This is no house, and I am not a member of it." "Then sir," said Speaker Orr, like a flash, with his sweetest manner, "if the gentleman is not a member of this house, the sergeant-at-arms will please put him out." And so this vast constitutional question settled itself.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A TRAMP CLIENT'S FEE.

Originally a Barrel of Bourbon Whiskey, It Developed Into $1,000,000 Cash.

"Undoubtedly the most valuable barrel of whiskey ever distilled," said a well-known Steuben county lawyer, "was owned some years ago in Steuben county. If ever there was a barrel of whiskey more valuable I would like to hear of it, for two gallons of this particular barrel brought its owner $500,000 a gallon. There is a story connected with that whiskey that is worth telling, and worth placing on record, too.

"Some years before the war a young man named Henry H. Sherwood was admitted to the bar of Steuben county. He was a bright young fellow and belonged to the town of Woodhull. Soon after he was admitted to the bar, and before he had had his first client, a tramp was arrested and put in jail at Corning.

He had been guilty of some