

THE ANDOVER NEWS.

ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., FEB. 20, 1890.

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

THE ANDOVER NEWS,
Published every Wednesday at one dollar
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in a first-class manner.

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Practicing Physician & Surgeon.
Office at Store on Main Street,
ANDOVER, N. Y.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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A nice fresh line of
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**STATIONERY,
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Accessories in town. We are Head-
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medicines at 44 cents, pills 15c a box, por-
celains 10 cents, three for 25c.
What is the use of paying big prices?
Come and see me and I will save you
money.

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ENTS' UNDERWEAR, STOCKINGS, &c.
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like it in the universe. When you select
which is of true value, sales are sure. All
truly deserving paying employment and look-
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ceptionally low price, should write for descrip-
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Pullman's finest palace cars and su-
perior modern coaches to New York,
Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleve-
land, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

TIME TABLE.
Adopted Nov. 17, 1889. Eastern
Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7:23 a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibule limited for
New York. Does not stop at Andover.
11:18 a. m. Daily. No. 10—New York day ex-
press stopping at all stations to Hornellsville.
Connects except Sunday for Philadelphia.
7:23 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accom-
modation. Connects for Philadelphia daily.
7:45 p. m. Daily. No. 12—Night express for New
York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover.
12:57 p. m. No. 36—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.
1:41 p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accommodation for Dun-
kirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
8:22 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accommodation for
Salamanca.
7:00 a. m. No. 95. Except Sunday—Way freight
and accommodation for Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON,
Agent at Andover, or
Geo. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.,
L. F. 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 p m
" Allentown... 8.38 a. m. 2.53 p m
" Bolivar... 9.05 a. m. 3.20 p m
" Ceres... 9.33 a. m. 3.45 p m
" Eldred... 10.05 a. m. 4.20 p m
Arrive Bradford... 11.35 a. m. 5.30 p m

EAST BOUND
Leave Bradford... 8.15 a. m. 2.10 p m
" Eldred... 10.15 a. m. 4.25 p m
" Ceres... 10.52 a. m. 4.30 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. 6.30 p m

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't.,
Wellsville, N. Y.
F. M. BAKER, Ag't Receiver.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE
NEW HOME
THE FINEST
WOODWORK OF ATTACHMENTS
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE & ORANGE MASS
CHICAGO, 28 UNION SQUARE, SPRINGFIELD
ATLANTA, GA. CALIFORNIA
ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLAS, TEX.

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Peelers Dressing Colors.
Peelers Laundry Blueing.
Peelers Ink Powders—7 colors.
Peelers Shoe & Harness Dressing.
Peelers Egg Dyes—4 colors.

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AN ANCIENT MAN OF STRENGTH.
The Unequaled Feats Performed by a Ger-
man Showman in the Last Century.

The first theatre manager of Berlin,
Johann Karl von Eckenberg, was the
so called "man of strength," who
showed himself nearly 200 years ago,
first as juggler, then as athlete. Of
his life little is known except as in his
career as theatre manager, as he was
the founder of the first Berlin theatre.
He was extensively written of and an
article under the title of "An Athlete
of the Eighteenth Century," published
some years ago and recently un-
earthed, gives an interesting account
of his prowess, as follows:

By an athlete of the Eighteenth cen-
tury we do not mean the Prince Fred-
erick August, of Saxony, king of Pol-
and, commonly called August the
Strong, who could knock off the head
of an ox with one stroke of his sword
and besides distinguished himself in
all kinds of respectable performances
of strength, but another Hercules who
would have wrapped the strong August
around his little finger, if such a thing
would have been permitted. This man
was the athlete Johann Karl von Eck-
enberg, who in the twenties and thir-
ties of the last century showed his
productions of strength in public. He
was the most stately of all gymnasts
and was born in the town of Harzgerode,
and out of respect to his native
town he called himself for a time, on
his bill posters, Sampson Hercules
Harzgerode.

It borders on the fabulous what his
contemporaries related of his remark-
able exhibitions of strength. He broke
an anchor-ropes as if it were ordinary
thread, iron nails and bolts he turned
playfully between his fingers into
screws, a cannon pipe he carried
around as if it were a baby. His teeth
were as strong as iron. He bit into a
piece of oak wood; then a strong cart
horse was harnessed up to it. In spite
of the horse being urged on it was un-
able to pull the stick out of the juggler's
mouth or to pull the athlete from the
place where he stood. A bench made
of wood, sixteen feet long, he grasped
with his teeth by one end and carried
it around, while a trumpeter blowing
his instrument sat on the other end.

His arm was more powerful than
his teeth. He spread out his hands,
on each one was placed a bottle of
wine, then a rope was attached to each
wrist and to each rope there were
three men from the audience who
pulled with all their might, so as to
make it impossible for this Hercules
to convey the wine to his mouth. All
their zeal was without avail, as the
arms of the gymnast bent themselves
irresistibly and brought the jug to his
mouth without spilling a drop of
wine.

He generally saved his grandest per-
formance of strength until the close
of the exhibition. He ascended a scaf-
fold of beams under which was a plat-
form of thick planks fastened on
strong chains. A trumpeter mounted
on a horse, clad as a herald, rode upon
the platform and played his tune. The
Hercules then took a place on the
point of the scaffolding, held a glass
of wine in one hand and with the
other, by means of the chains, lifted
the heavy platform, the horse and the
trumpeter high up from the floor, and
for a little while held the whole
weight, the trumpeter shrilly blowing
a tune, while the athlete drank the
glass of wine, at the same time giving
a toast to the magistrate and the citi-
zens of the city in which he happened
to be staying.

When Herr von Eckenberg became
older, his power gradually left him;
therefore he gave up the herculean
business and became chief theatre
manager of Berlin, where for some
time he possessed two show booths, which,
however, did not bring him as large
an income as did his exhibition of
strength. But when he had this large
income he did not know how to save
it. He had a competitor, Peter Hilderling,
who had a show booth with privileges
and at the same time was a practical
joker and clown under the name of
Pantolon de Bisognosi. Provoking
quarrels with this man embittered
the life of the "man of strength." His
numerous creditors seized both his
booths with all belongings, completely
impoverishing the celebrated Hercules,
who died in the year 1754.—From the
German.

"These Darned Socks."
"Walking well is often an affair of
boots," says Henry M. Trollope.
"These boots should not only be com-
fortable and easy to your feet," con-
tinued Mr. Trollope, "but they should
be well made. Another very impor-
tant thing to recollect is not to walk in
darned socks. I started for Great St.
Bernard and walked into Montigny.
My feet were so torn afterward that I
could not put on a boot for ten days.
And all from those darned socks!"
Gentleman's Magazine.

"Please to give me something, sir,"
said an old woman. "I had a blind
child, who was my only means of sub-
sistence; but the poor boy has re-
turned his sight."
—Exchange.

Treed by Panthers.
Robert Warren, who has a logging
camp out on Little river, had an expe-
rience which he will not soon forget.
He had gone along across the river to
look at a brake of cypress timber with
a view of buying it. Night overtook
him and he lost his way, and in order
to attract the attention of the camp,
hallooed.

Warren was seemingly answered
by a human voice, and he continued
to halloo, while the answering voice
rapidly approached, until he discov-
ered an immense panther within a few
feet ready to spring upon him. His
only means of escape, and he was un-
armed, was a friendly sapling which
was at hand; up this he sprang, and
the panther at the same time jumped
on the side of an adjacent tree.

After remaining in this position for
over an hour, during which time Mr.
Warren kept up a wail of distress;
with the hope of attracting the atten-
tion of the camp, the panther finally
left. When he thought the coast was
clear he descended and pursued his
way, and when he again hallooed to
attract attention the panther returned,
this time accompanied by his mate.
Up a sapling he again went, armed
with a stout club and determined to
sell his life as dearly as possible.

In the meantime the boys in camp
had become alarmed at his absence
and had started out to search for him.
They had reached a point within a
quarter of a mile where he was treed
when they caught the sound of his
call for help, and, as an answering sig-
nal, fired a gun, which had the ef-
fect of frightening off the panthers.—
Osceola (La.) Times.

An Unfortunate Millionaire.
A tall, erect man of 45 years strolled
along Chestnut street the other day,
idly looking at the passers by who
thronged the thoroughfare, says The
Philadelphia Press. He wore a derby
hat, a dark top coat and carried a
stick of the most approved pattern.
His clothing was cut in the latest
style, and his heavy Vandike beard
proclaimed him to be a man of fash-
ion. For convenience he may be
called Mr. Clinton and he lives in New
York. Mr. Clinton was left an or-
phan with \$60,000 income when he
was 14 years old. Since then he has
been everywhere and has seen every-
thing. Yet, as he said last evening,
he is the most miserable man on earth.
He never married, because so many
girls laid in wait for his money, thus
making him suspicious. He doesn't
know what to do or how to kill time.
He is by no means unknown as an
ethnologist, and is an authority on cer-
tain gasses. He is musical and fond of
pictures and books. But everything
bores him. Just now he is especially
melancholy. Last summer one of his
cousins was taken seriously ill, and a
nurse from Philadelphia was called
into requisition. The nurse is a mag-
nificent specimen of womanhood, tall,
lithic and agile, possessing eyes and
teeth and hair that perfectly charmed
young Mr. Clinton, who had been all
over the world. Her manners and
conversation captivated him. He fell
in love, proposed and was rejected.
Since July he has been "getting mis-
erable and miserabler," so he says,
and has proposed twice more to the
nurse.—Philadelphia Press.

An Orator's Vanity.
An orator is apt to be vain. A Yan-
kee clergyman who knew the oratorical
nature called at the house of lords,
and sent in his card to Lord Brougham.
His lordship appeared in the lobby,
scanning the card, and the clergyman
apologized by saying that he could not
leave England without hearing or see-
ing her greatest orator.

Brougham not only gave him a seat
in the house, but made a speech for
the entertainment of the shrewd min-
ister.

Mr. Philip Hone records in his "Di-
ary" that in 1840 he met at a Wash-
ington dinner party Senator Preston,
of South Carolina: "One of the most
captivating men I ever saw. His voice
is like music."

The next day Mr. Hone was on the
floor of the senate, and heard Critt-
enden, Southard, Webster and Preston
speak. He was delighted with the
eloquent South Carolinian, who, after
he had finished, came to Mr. Hone and
said:

"There, I made that speech on pur-
pose for you! I had no idea that you
should go home without showing you
what I could do."—Youth's Com-
panion.

Ancient History.
Abracax was another of those old
fashioned gods who would look funny
in this day. The Persians had an idea
that he was the supreme being No. 1,
but the Greeks who used to job lot the
gods, marked him down to No. 385.
Under either system he got into the
400. He was very good, and had the
most complete collection of virtues in
the universe. The precise date of his
death is not known, but the presump-
tion is that he died young.—New York
Sun.

"Don't Wake Him."
Forty years ago—the leader of the
New York bar was George Wood,
whose grave department and habit of
closing his eyes when in thought gave
him an owl's appearance.
—One day a gentleman called on Dan-
iel Webster, who had temporarily for-
saken politics and resumed the prac-
tice of law, to retain his services in a
case involving a large sum of money.
Mr. Webster, in accepting the re-
tainer, asked what counsel was to op-
pose him.
"Oh," answered the client, "he is
some New York lawyer, with a com-
monplace, every day name which I
forget."
"What sort of a looking person is
he?"
"Rather a sleepy looking man."
"Is his name George Wood?"
"Yes, that is his name."
"Then," rejoined Mr. Webster, with
emphasis, "don't wake him up!"
—Youth's Companion.

Chief (to fireman throwing water
into a burning church)—Why are you
keeping a steam on after the fire's
out? Fireman—It's the first time in
my life that I ever had a chance to play
on the organ.—Philadelphia Saturday
Evening Post.

THEY'RE NOT ALL WISE.
Silent Men May Forge to the Front, but
They Often Fall When Forced to Speak.

The silent man buildeth better than
he knoweth. He acquires wealth, rep-
utation and the odor of sanctity. His
forte is keeping quiet. He is the origi-
nal of the poet who said: "Silence is
golden."
But Sir Boyle Roche, the author of
that famous Irish bull about the man
who put his foot in it every time he
opened his mouth, plainly outlived
the ultimate fate of the silent man.
For that is the invariable fate of near-
ly all the men whose entire reputation
rests on the rocky foundation of sil-
ence. Lucky he who has already
achieved a competence on the strength
of his silence.

In nine cases out of ten he talks too
much when he talks at all. He gives
himself away, so to speak. He makes
a braying donkey of himself; his rep-
utation vanishes into thin air. Every-
body says: "I always knew he was a
fool!" And everybody goes complac-
ently about his business, and the fate
of the silent man is sealed. Nobody
can forgive him for once having made
a fool of himself, because nobody can
forgive him for having made a fool of
everybody else for many years.

And still the silent man waxeth fat
and prosperous. He is one of the
towers of strength in any community.
When all the other men have had
their little say, more or less eloquently,
and to the point, the silent man alone
has not spoken. All eyes turn to him
for refutation or confirmation of what
has been said. But it is not his cue to
speak. He has his reputation for su-
perior wisdom to maintain, and hence
he keeps his mouth shut. And every
man about him thinks: What a superi-
or man he is.

However, as was remarked before,
there is generally a day when he is
found out. To illustrate: Several years
ago a young man went to the general
office of one of our leading railroad
companies in town. He was the bearer
of strong letters of recommendation
from an old friend of the manager in
a small rural town. The letters re-
ferred especially heavy to the discre-
tion—"unusual for his years"—of the
young man, on his marvelous capacity
for keeping his mouth shut. The man-
ager, who had been on the look-out
for just such a young man, at once
gave him a berth in his private office.
He prospered amazingly, for all that
was required of him was to exercise
his natural talent—keeping his mouth
shut. The manager swore by him.
Other men in the office caught the in-
fection. Every clerk came to look
upon Mr. Tyeleppis—let us call him
Tyeleppis for short—as a phenomenon,
as a model young man. Everybody
marveled how this country bred young
man had acquired so much wisdom.
Thus Mr. Tyeleppis rose, step by step,
and his salary with him. One day he
was inducted into a high and respon-
sible position, commanding an almost
princely remuneration.

For a little while it was all right.
He continued to keep his mouth shut.
But there was a turn in the tide. At
a directors' meeting some information
and suggestions bearing on the better
working of the department whose
head Mr. Tyeleppis had shortly be-
come, was called for. Mr. Tyeleppis' as-
sistant, a man who had grown gray in
the service of the company and who
knew all the ins and outs of the de-
partment to a T (but who had the mis-
fortune to once in awhile talk too
much), was sick at home. So Tye-
leppis himself had to respond. And
when the questions had been fired at
him and the board was waiting to be
enlightened, Tyeleppis shook his head
sagely, coughed and hemmed and
hawed. That "didn't go." He had to
do some talking. Then the directors
unanimously came to the conclusion
that Tyeleppis was a monumental ass
and ought to be bounced. And he
was bounced not long after. At least
he was reduced to the ranks. But he
couldn't stand this long. He went,
and when last heard from he was ped-
dling matches or apples or something.
—Chicago Herald.

Stamps as an Investment.
Stamp collectors are commencing to
shiver in their shoes over a report that
photograph engraving is being called
in for the counterfeiting of rare speci-
mens. There is no improbability in
this rumor, though it at present lacks
confirmation. However, no man with
an eye in his head is likely to be de-
ceived by a fraud of this sort. All
others had better employ an expert to
do their buying for them; still, with
rare stamps reaching the great values
they do, and large fortunes locked up
in stamp albums, one cannot blame
the philatelists who insist upon the
necessity for guarding against forged
specimens. According to an English
publication, a famous collector, who
is collecting English stamps, has an
exclusively English collection that is
worth in the open market \$50,000.
This sum would be realized if the col-
lection were broken up and sold piece-
meal, and there are several collections
in England which range in value
from \$10,000 to \$350,000. What is un-
doubtedly the most valuable collection
in the world is the property of a Ger-
man gentleman residing in Paris. The
holder of this wonderful collection
would not take \$1,250,000 for it.
Money would not purchase it. It is
simply unique. Yet there are gaps in
this collection, the owner of which is
still one of the most enthusiastic col-
lectors, always on the lookout for
fresh acquisitions.—Yellowwine's News.

Observations from a Balloon.
The observations made during night
ascensions, or those which were con-
tinued into the night, on tempera-
tures at different heights, gave results dif-
ferent from the theories previously
held on the subject. An increase of
the temperature with the height was
noticed after sunset. The rate of de-
cline of temperature with elevation
varies near the earth was subject to
variation as the sky was clear or
cloudy. From an elevation of three
miles cirrus clouds were seen appar-
ently far above the observers as they
seem when viewed from the earth,
and that under such conditions that it
was hard to believe that their pres-
ence was due to moisture. The audibility
of sounds from the earth depended
considerably on the amount of mois-
ture in the air.

The noise of a railway train can be
heard in clouds four miles high, but
not when the clouds were far below.
The discharge of a gun was heard at
10,000 feet; the barking of a dog at
two miles; but the shouting of a mul-
titude at not more than 4,000 feet.
Many differences in the results of ob-
servations were supposed to depend
upon atmospheric conditions, which
these vary with the time of day and
the season of the year; so that a great
many observations would be required
to determine the true laws. Having
followed up one of the observations
recorded above with a captive balloon
and by other means, Mr. Glaisher de-
clared to the Meteorological society,
in 1870, that the theory that the tem-
perature is always lower at higher ele-
vations is not true.—Popular Science
Monthly.

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an eye in his head is likely to be de-
ceived by a fraud of this sort. All
others had better employ an expert to
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rare stamps reaching the great values
they do, and large fortunes locked up
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the philatelists who insist upon the
necessity for guarding against forged
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publication, a famous collector, who
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This sum would be realized if the col-
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