STEPPING STONES.

I read it on the brow of night,
Before the dawn hunts on the sky,
The darker hour, the deeper sigh.
Are tokens of some softer light.

I hold this true with all below,
Each second sorrow has its meaning pale,
Or kindly deed is but a grain
From which some precious crown will grow;

That he who has a grief to bear,
And bears it nobly through the day
Will somewhere on the distant way
Receive a priceless pearl to wear.

The aches and trials of the boy
Bear wisdom in some after year,
The hated thing we call a tear
Is but the price we pay for joy.

The wrecks, the failures of each life,
Its baffled hopes and thwarted schemes,
Will ever shine as beacon gleams
To guide us through some future strife.

The luring vice, the tainting shame,
The ills of earth with all its moans,
May be hewn into stepping stones
To climb the golden hill of fame.

In rugged hut or marble walls,
Among the low, among the grand,
He is the greatest of his land
Who rises every time he falls.

And, treading on the erring past,
All meaner things, the base desire,
Mounts slowly upward, high and higher,
To reach the summit height at last.

Our foiled attempts are not in vain
If some defeat or care should make
Us wiser, better for its sake,
Like flowers freshened with the rain.
—W. A. Havener in New Orleans Picayune.

A CHANGED IDENTITY.

I am not a brave man, but on one occasion I acted like one and saved from drowning a fellow creature.

I had remained late on the pier that afternoon chatting with some friends, and when at length we turned to go we found ourselves almost alone.

Midway toward the shore a slight noise caused me to look back, when I saw a man emerge from the shadow of the pavilion and rapidly run along the pier.

When he reached the extremity he hesitated for a moment. But there could be no doubt as to his intention. He was about to throw himself into the sea.

Without an instant's delay I flew toward him, shouting to the others to follow.

My action apparently removed all reluctance to the final step, for, just as I came within a few yards of him, he suddenly leaped into the waters below.

Hastily slipping down the cross bars of the pier, I reached the level of the sea. Fortunately, I found, close to my hand, a rope used to attach boats to the pier. Seizing this, I plunged in boldly.

I am a fair swimmer, and had no difficulty in reaching the would-be suicide. As I clutched him by the collar he made no resistance, lying passively in the position of one floating. There was scarcely a ripple upon the water, and accordingly he was able to do this without difficulty.

Holding him thus with one hand I pulled on the rope with the other until we floated alongside the pier, on one of the bars of which I succeeded in seating myself, sustaining the stranger's head between my knees.

After a short interval a boat, which had been launched, approached and took us on board, amid the ringing cheers of the crowds which now thronged the shore.

On landing my first step was to look to the condition of the man whose life I had saved. He was not unconscious, but seemed dazed and incapable of answering the questions put to him. Who he was and where he lived were enigmas apparently beyond his powers of solution.

Of course he could not be left on the beach in his present state. But what to do with him? In the difficulty a generous impulse moved me.

"Bring him to my rooms," I said. "I will see that he has everything needful for his comfort."

Once there the stranger's recovery was singularly rapid. I furnished him with a suit of my own clothes, which, if lacking something in length, amply atoned for the deficiency by their surplus breadth. By the time he was costumed dinner was ready, and at my invitation he placed himself opposite me. I do not wish to appear hypercritical, but truth compels me to say that in all my life I never saw a man eat so much or so voraciously as he did that evening. When we had finished I put him into an easy chair, and taking another myself offered him one of my choicest cigars. He made no pretense of refusal and proceeded to smoke it with the air of a connoisseur.

I was curious to discover what his motives were for the extreme steps he had taken, but as he did not himself allude to the subject I felt it would be indiscreet in me to do so. Our conversation was therefore of lighter importance.

Toward 10 o'clock I rang and ordered the servant to bring up the whisky. On its production I mixed and offered him a stiff glass of grog, which he received with manifest relish.

"You will need it," I said, "before you face the night air."

"Thank you," he replied, "I'll take it as a preventive; but, to tell the truth, if there is a spare bed about I'd rather not face the night air just yet."

There was an easy assurance in his tone which surprised me. Still I thought after taking the trouble to save a man's life it might look ungracious to refuse him a night's hospitality.

"Well, I suppose we can manage you a shake down somewhere if you're not over particular," I replied.

"Thanks," he answered more humbly. "Pardon me, but you saved my life, you know. Will you consider me too curious if I ask what you are going to do with it?"

I looked at the man in doubt as to whether he was in earnest. But his face was as serious as his words.

"Don't talk nonsense!" I retorted warmly.

"My dear sir, I never felt less inclined to do so than now. Life is a gift. Well, ungrateful though you may think me, I grew tired of mine and threw it away. For some reason, which as yet is not wholly obvious to me, it pleased you to pick up that which I discarded. And so I ask what are you going to do with it?"

The position was becoming ludicrous.

"Come," I said, laughing in a forced way, "a joke can be carried too far."

"I give you my word," he answered with perfect seriousness, "I had and have no intention to treat the matter as a joke. Why should I?"

A cold perspiration broke out over me. Why should he, indeed? Clearly he gained everything by a transference of his identity to me. But was I, because in a weak moment I had gone to his assistance, to be burdened through life with the care of him?

"You know," I remarked, "I needn't have pulled yout out unless I had liked."

"Exactly my argument," he returned. "A man doesn't risk his life to gain a thing unless he has some object in view regarding it. I presume you had in this case?"

"Great heavens!" I cried, "have you no sense of humanity? Can't you imagine that I saved your life to give it back to you?"

"But I didn't want it back," he replied coolly. "It was to be rid of it that I walked off the pier."

I stared in blank amazement. What was I to answer? Logically, all he said was perfectly just, but it was monstrous that I should be forced into such a situation. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck me.

"Well," I said, "if your life belongs to me"——

"As it does," he interrupted.

"I can do with it what I please?"

His face fell.

"Yes," he replied, "that's quite true."

"So that if I wish I can toss you into the water again and you will have no right to complain."

"You have stated the case with the utmost clearness and precision," he answered.

The fellow's coolness staggered me, and I was silent. I felt that at all hazards I must rid myself of his presence, were it but for the night, in order to think the matter over quietly. Surely I should find some way out of the difficulty.

"You had better go to bed," I said shortly.

"As you please sir," he answered, "but did I understand that you wished me to finish the bottle?"

"Take it with you and be hanged!" I cried.

Then, violently ringing the bell, I bade the servant show the gentleman to his room, and with a sense of relief saw him depart, the bottle under his arm.

Next morning I rose late, feeling unrefreshed and irritable. Nor was my mental condition rendered more equable on finding my self imposed guest already seated at the breakfast table.

"Good morning, sir," he said, as I entered.

"Good morning," I replied, sulkily, thinking that if homicide was justifiable it was so now.

We began breakfast together, and again the stranger made manifest his powers of absorption. Nothing came amiss to him—eggs, bacon, fish—all disappeared down his capacious throat. I noticed that he still wore my clothes, and when we had finished I said:

"Don't you think, my dear sir, you had better resume your own things?"

"Just as you please," he answered, and at once rose and left the room.

When he returned I nerved myself for another attack.

"I think it well," I remarked, "that we should understand each other once for all. Let me tell you that I am resolved not to submit longer to your presence in my house. If you refuse to leave it, I shall call in the police and compel you to do so."

He replied in a matter of fact voice:

"You will of course do what you think proper; but it is right I should point out to you that, even did the police possess themselves of me, the responsibility would only be removed from your shoulders for a brief period. I should consider it my duty to return to you as soon as I was free."

I ground my teeth in despair. Was there, then, no way of ridding myself of this monster?

As the days passed he became more and more of a fixture. In vain I tried all means to be quit of him. I sent him on errands and locked the door behind his back, but he only returned to take up a position on the front steps until he was readmitted. I went to London for three days, to find on my return that, after consuming everything in the house, he had betaken himself to bed, whence he refused to be dislodged. I might do with him as I would—starve him, swear at him, beat him—he never complained. The only remonstrance I ever heard him make was on one occasion, when he remarked that he thought a man ought to have greater regard for his own property.

One evening I had dined late and was too restless either to remain in the room or to go to bed. It was an exquisite night. On the sofa lay the torpid form of my incubus, sound asleep. The opportunity was not to be lost. I eagerly seized my hat and, quietly slipping downstairs, let myself out. Presently I found myself on the summit of the cliff, gazing down upon the water, which rippled up to the very base of the rocks.

"If I were you I wouldn't stand so near the edge," said a voice behind me.

I turned. At my side stood my tormentor.

"Miserable being," I cried, "you have rushed upon your own fate! I have but to speak the word to compel you to leap over that cliff and free myself from your presence forever."

He cast a glance toward the edge, but his expression remained unchanged.

"Yes," he returned, "you have stated the case quite accurately."

"Then," said I, exasperated beyond endurance, "your blood be upon your own head. Jump over!"

He had advanced almost to the brink when I seized him by the arm.

"For heaven's sake!" I said; "take care! I will have no man's death upon my conscience."

He said nothing, but placidly withdrew to a more secure position. I was furious with him and with myself. Why had I been so weak as to interfere? I strode rapidly across the cliff, not heeding where I went. I knew that he was following, for I could hear the regular beat of his step behind me. At this moment a cloud swept across the moon, plunging the world into comparative darkness. But I did not pause. Onward I hurried, looking neither to right nor left, when suddenly I heard him call to me:

"Take care!"

The warning came too late. My foot slipped and I felt myself falling forward. The thought flashed into my mind that I was going over the cliff. I struck out blindly and found myself grappling with something. It was a slight shrub which overhung the abyss, just of sufficient strength to sustain my weight for a few minutes. But as the moon again shone out I could see that my support was rapidly yielding at the roots.

"Give me your hand," I cried, "or I am gone!"

With a presence of mind which did him credit he knelt down and, burying his hands in the long grass, took a firm hold of it. Then he cautiously advanced one foot within reach of my grasp. This I clutched, and with an agony of thankfulness drew myself on to the level again.

The escape had cooled me and I held out my hand.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "if I have spoken harshly to you at times. You have rendered me a service for which I shall never cease to be grateful."

"Yes," he answered, in his stolid manner, "you've reason to be so. I rather think I saved your life."

The words were scarcely uttered before he saw—and recognized, too, that I saw—their full importance. The faintest indication of a smile played about his lips as I said, "So we are quits."

"Hardly," he replied, looking serious again. "At present each stands possessed of the other's life."

"Let us exchange then."

This time he really did smile.

"My modesty," he remarked, "will scarcely allow me to rate an existence so insignificant as my own on an equality with yours."

"Would five pounds turn the scale?" I asked.

"You estimate your own worth at far too low a value," he replied.

"Then we will say ten. Is it a bargain?"

He bowed his head in assent. I took out my purse and extracted therefrom the required number of sovereigns. These he received without a word, and after transferring them to his pocket saluted me with grace.

"I resume my identity," he said, "not without a feeling of regret. I thank you for the care you have taken of it," and with that he turned away.

Nor from that hour have I set eyes upon him again.—Belgravia.

Fish That Are Caught in Florida.

While fishing at Ormond, Fla., a fisherman hooked a two foot shark. Upon pulling him in he found that on the upper hook was the head of a small shovel nose shark, and on the lower hook the aforesaid two footer. It appears than the larger shark found the smaller one hooked, devoured him up to the head, and then taking the bait of the other hook was in turn caught. The opening of the larger shark disclosed the above fact. The small one was about sixteen inches long.—Exchange.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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THE PRESENT SEASON

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FOR 1891.
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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

12:21 p. m. daily, No. 10, Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8, the Scotsbluff limited, which passes Andover at 12:41 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:15 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

6:54 p. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:30 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accomodation.

8:47 a. m. daily, No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.

1:15 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:22 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
A. W. BODLE, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. RINEARSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R.

T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

EAST BOUND.

Leave Eldred	10.15 a. m.	4.00 p. m.
" Ceres	10.52 a. m.	4.37 p. m.
" Bolivar	11.15 a. m.	5.00 p. m.
" Allentown	11.39 a. m.	5.24 p. m.
Arrive Wellsville	12.15 a. m.	6.00 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	1.45 pm
" Allentown	8.36 a. m.	2.23 pm
" Bolivar	9.00 a. m.	2.45 pm
" Ceres	9.28 a. m.	3.13 pm
" Eldred	10.00 a. m.	3.47 pm

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

W., C. & P. C. Railroad.

Time table Feb. 19, 1891.

North Bound. 6 P.M.	4 P.M.	2 P.M.		South Bound 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.
1 40	5 45	8 45	lv Wellsville ar	7 05	4 00	11 00
1 34	5 41	8 41	Dukes' Mills	7 09	4 04	11 06
1 22	5 31	8 31	Fork's Brook	7 19	4 14	11 18
1 13	5 22	8 22	Marsh Creek	7 27	4 22	11 30
1 00	5 16	8 16	Graves	7 35	4 30	11 42
12 53	5 10	8 10	Shongo	7 42	4 37	11 50
12 40	5 00	8 00	lv Genesee ar	7 50	4 45	12 00

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A GEOLOGICAL WONDER.

The Wonderful Rocking Stone of Sullivan County, New York State.

To the traveler and tourist no spot in eastern United States is of more interest than Sullivan county, N. Y., whose confines contain more picturesque beauty than any area of like dimensions east of the Rocky Mountains. Its shaded vales and abrupt, wooded hills, lofty ridges of the latter often taking on all the characteristics of true mountains, are the originals of many of the fine paintings that grace the spacious parlors of the New York, Philadelphia and Boston millionaires. Picturesque scenery is, however, not the only claim Sullivan county has on the attention of people who regularly make sight-seeing trips.

Within its limits nature has left evidence of some of her most astonishing freaks. Joseph McLaury owns a farm in Sullivan county, the title to which also gives him the possession of the famous New York "rocking stone," the greatest curiosity in New England. At first it probably would not attract more than passing notice, but it is when a second and closer observation is made that the wonderful and delicate hand of nature is seen both in its composition and the remarkable position which it occupies. The total weight of the immense bowlder has been variously estimated at from forty to sixty tons, and its bulk at from 500 to 700 cubic feet. It is almost perfectly round, much resembling a huge orange, and so nicely balanced on a table of stone as to be easily set in motion by a single man, provided the operator exerts his strength on the north or south side.

On either of the other sides the combined strength of forty elephants would not be sufficient to cause the least oscillation. Although it can be rocked back and forth with perfect ease, all the men that could get around it would not be equal to the task of dislodging it from the pivot upon which it has rested since the days of the stone age man, the cave bear and the glacial epoch. The McLaury farm, upon which it is situated, is in an elevated valley some 1,500 feet above the sea level. The body of the huge oscillating mass is composed of a species of soft sand stone, which has become loose and badly decomposed by exposure, all except the portions underneath, which are still intact and solid.—St. Louis Republic.

Music with a Twenty-five Cent Dinner.

It is interesting to watch the development of the cheap restaurant in this city. Although there are hundreds of Italian and French restaurants here, where a table d'hote dinner can be procured for fifty cents, yet the mass of the people do not know of the existence of such places and probably care less.

In the restaurants of the class alluded to the food is prepared in a different way to that which the majority of the clerks have been accustomed, and is consequently distasteful to them. Laying aside this objection, however, the chief reason for the large patronage of the cheap restaurant is the matter of the expense involved. Very few mechanics or clerks can afford to pay fifty cents for a meal. The average meal check comes nearer to twenty-five cents.

Within the last year or two there have sprung up a class of restaurants where a perfectly satisfactory meal can be procured for a quarter of a dollar, with an evening paper and a toothpick thrown in. One of these adds music to the menu. It is decidedly pleasant to chew away on a chunk of Texas steer while your jaws are warring with the delicious strains of the "Schubert Serenade" or "The Palms," played by the orchestra, or to gulp down your coffee or tea to the rhythmic measures of the ode to the lamented McGinty.—Ernest Jarrold in New York Journal.

Girls That Should Not Wear Boas.

A choky, croupy look is the result of the fluffy boas, ruffs and collarettes now so generally worn. Absolutely no judgment is displayed, and not a thought is given to appropriateness. Short necked women should have nothing to do with the boa. It is not suitable for them, as it tends to bring shoulders and ears into too close contact. The ruff is a new fad that only a swan throated woman can wear, with good effect.—Dress.

Understood the Case.

First Sportsman (with big load of game)—You don't appear to have had such good luck as I had.

Second Sportsman (with empty game bags)—No. My guide wasn't as good a marksman as yours.—New York Weekly.

A Novel Duel.

It isn't often that a healthy Maine deer gives up one horn, keeps the other, and fights a duel with a hunter, but it so happened recently. A gentleman named West, of Lynn, Mass., can tell you all about it. He was hunting in Kingsbury and came out upon Thorn Brook, where he paused to rest. All at once he beheld a noble looking deer stalk out upon the brow of the hill above him. He let drive one barrel and the deer fell. Hastily he scrambled up to examine his prize and found to his grief that he had shot one handsome horn off close to the animal's head. The deer was apparently dead. Half in reverie he fitted the horn back upon the deer's head in order to see how the animal would look when intact.

To his amazement the deer sprang to his feet and, thoroughly maddened, pitched into his assailant with all the fury of an animal at bay. Mr. West, retaining the disconnected horn in his hand, commenced to belabor the animal, and the battle raged furiously. In the heat of the melee both tumbled plunk into the brook and this ended the conflict. The deer swam for one bank, while Mr. West clambered out upon the opposite, wet, scared and mad clear through. His clothes were torn and he received several painful bruises, but hung on to the horn. He carried the trophy back to Lynn with him and left a standing offer of $50 for the mate.—Bangor (Me.) News.

Roumania's Popular Queen.

The queen of Roumania was on a visit to London and staid at one of the West End hotels. It was noised abroad that she intended leaving, and in order to witness her departure a vast crowd of people surrounded the hotel staircase. Our informant formed one of the crowd, and it so happened that he had just been to Covent Garden, where he had purchased a bunch of mignonette, of which he was a lover.

A few minutes after his arrival the queen of Roumania passed down the hotel staircase, holding in her hands a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Seized with a sudden impulse to present the queen with his bunch of mignonette, our informant stepped forward, and in a rough, though kindly way, asked the queen if she would accept "the mignonette."

The queen at once threw away the bouquet of flowers which she held in her hand, took the rough bunch of mignonette, and, kissing it, said:

"Oh, thank you very much, I love it so; it is my favorite flower."—London Tit-Bits.

Is the Manuscript Divine?

June 1, 1873, the city of Richmond, Mo., was visited by a terrible cyclone. The residence of David Whitmer, the possessor of the manuscript of the "Book of Mormon," was directly in the storm's path. Although the house was almost totally demolished, one room, that in which the book was deposited—being an extension of a porch, consequently not as substantial as the other parts of the house—was left uninjured in the least degree; not a shingle was removed or a single crack made in the plastering.

Like the Athenian watch tower it stood, piled up with wrecks on all sides, itself unwrecked. When the citizens of the afflicted city learned of the above facts they formed a committee and made a report on the miraculous preservation of the room and its highly valued treasure. The written report of the committee is now in possession of one of the prominent attorneys of the city in which the events related occurred.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

St. Louis Book Collectors.

Herbert J. Crawford says: "Few cities in the west can begin to compare with St. Louis in the matter of book collectors. Recorder of Voters Williams has one of the choicest collections in this or adjoining states, and there are books in his library which money couldn't buy. I don't think he knows how to say no when a really valuable and rare book is offered him. Judge Normile is another great book collector, and Judge Lindley is equally fond of choice literature. Capt. D. P. Slattery has a very extensive library, the contents of which are worth many thousands, and Capt. Bryan will always buy a rare book if it is in fair order. Fathers Bonacum and O'Shea have also great reputations as expert book valuers, and only a greenhorn in the business would think of offering either of them a work of only medium interest. There are in all about fifty genuine book cranks in the city."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

I RAISE YOUR OWN GRAPES.

You Can Have a Thousand Clusters in Your Back Yard at Small Expense.

There is no reason why any resident of this town who has a back yard, little or big, shouldn't have a thousand clusters of grapes for $1, said a well known viticulturist. In fact, a single square yard of soil in village or city can support a grapevine trained up against the house, on a post or a trellis along the fence, or anywhere in the free, untaxed air and sunlight.

There is in Brooklyn an illustration. The yard in the rear has on the sides and back a plant and flower border two feet wide, inside of which is a three feet wide flagged walk and inside of this a grass plot about twelve feet wide and thirty-six feet long, with a clothes line post at each corner.

A trellis four bars high stands in the center of each of the side borders and parallel with the fence, and across the yard, about half way from the house to the rear fence, is another trellis twelve feet high, with nine crossbars upon four plain posts made of scantling, one at each side and two at the corners of the grass plot, with arched openings over the sidewalks. Six grape vines, part Concord and part Isabella, were planted several years ago under the high trellis, and, two in each side border, one near each end of the cross trellis, but back of it, and another ten feet farther back.

The vines have been trained toward the rear along the top of the side trellises and the fence to the back of the yard, and also over the upper part of the cross trellis. The vines in front of the cross trellis on either side send their tendrils along the fence to the side of the piazza on the rear of the house and across the front of the piazza.

On one of the vines 246 fine bunches of grapes were counted after a great many bunches had been picked for table use. A row of hanging clusters fringes the upper front of the piazza, while on the cross trellis and along the border trellises and fence are bushels of grapes. There are not less than 2,000 clusters, and most of them fine ones.

The annual cost? For trimming and training the vines and putting on a dressing of bone dust the cost is not over $2. The family has every year more grapes than they can use. October is the best time in the year to plant a grape vine, and if any one has a square yard of earth he has a good opportunity to try this scheme.—New York Sun.

Boys at Play.

The tendency of the rising generation, as illustrated among a large coterie of boys who congregate almost nightly on Locust street, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, is not one that their parents can view with satisfaction if they even give the matter a thought. These lads of 12 or 15 or some younger, have as their chief amusement "playing robbing trains." One boy at the head represents the engineer, while a lot of others behind him are the passengers, and the conductor and brakeman are at each side.

As they come ambling down the street two or more boys, representing the robbers, rush out from a side alley with toy pistols, and, pointing them, make the engineer stop and then command the others to throw up their hands. Some boys do not, whereupon the robbers pretend to fire and they drop. Proceedings are varied by other boys taking the place of the robbers, an hour for which all contest. The pleasure is considered complete if occasionally a policeman comes in sight, when they all cut and run.—Philadelphia Times.

Singular Intermarriages.

In the year 1887 there were married at Durham, Canada, an old lady and gentleman whose union involved the following interesting connections:

The old gentleman is married to his daughter's husband's wife's mother. And yet she is not his daughter's mother, but she is his grandchildren's grandmother, and his wife's grandchildren are his daughter's stepchildren. This curious state of affairs comes about by the old lady marrying her daughter's brother-in-law's father-in-law, and her grandchildren's grandmother's stepfather.

If he chooses, her son-in-law may say to his children, "Your grandmother is married to my father-in-law, and yet he is not your grandfather, but he is your grandmother's son-in-law's wife's father." In short, this man married his son-in-law's father-in-law's wife. His wife is his son-in-law's children's grandmother, and his son-in-law's grandchildren's great grandmother.—St. Louis Republic.