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Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Loan and Real Estate Agency.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

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A beautiful red roan, with black points, sired by WOOD'S HAMBLETONIAN, and has three celebrated strains of trotting blood—Hambletonian, Norman and Morgan, making him a most desirable Horse to breed to. Terms—

$10 TO INSURE.
PRINCE FREDERICK will make the season of 1891 at the stables of the undersigned in the village of Andover.
A. PORTER.

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DEALER IN
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Bone Phosphates,
Portable and Agricultural
ENGINES,
Threshing Machines, Buckeye Mowers and Binders,
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THE BEST COUGH CURE
Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

Wolff's ACME Blacking
IS WATERPROOF.
A HANDSOME POLISH.
A LEATHER PRESERVER.
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.
Shoes can be washed daily.
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Look at my old chip basket, isn't it a beauty? I have just finished painting it with
PIK-RON
A 10c. BOTTLE
will do half a dozen baskets.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.
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It stains, paints, lacquers, japans.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In pursuance of an order of the Surrogate's Court of Allegany County, New York State, made by Hon. S. McArthur Norton, Surrogate of said county, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of William Bines, late of the town of Andover, Allegany County, New York, deceased to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of said deceased, at the residence of Hester Bines, in the town of Andover, N. Y., on or before the the 17th day of April 1892.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., October 12, 1891.
HESTER BINES, Administratrix.
O. A. FULLER, Attorney for Administratrix, Wellsville, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

In pursuance of an order of the Surrogate's Court of Allegany County, New York, made by Hon. S. McArthur Norton, Surrogate of said County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Henry C. Beebe, late of the town of Andover Allegany County, deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, at the residence of the undersigned in Andover, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of March, 1892.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., August 14, 1891.
HARRIET S. BEEBE, Administratrix.

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AMERICAN TASTE IN ART.

This Author Thinks That Sculpture as an Art Does Not Live Today.

The realistic element attracts in all stages of artistic development, at least in all but the most technically cultivated; the ornamental, sufficiently pervasive in all, is especially characteristic of the inchoate, the barbaric; and a critic who had no dread of hot water might say that as far as concerns the public our appreciation of art is akin to the barbaric. Everything that makes for splendor—color, ornamental effect, decorative material—commands attention. The popular art is decorative; the favorite decorator is he who has most contrivances of new materials, mechanical novelties, and the most opulent color; the favorite source of inspiration is the art of the east, which lives by color and not by design.

In painting the attraction is not figure painting, which works by form—unless it be in pronounced realism or in genre, which combines realism and decoration—but landscape, which gives the greatest range of color and picturesque effect with the minimum of drawing. To this obliquity of taste—I do not use the word contemptuously, but to imply a one sided vision—to this obliquity of taste the arts of form and design are under eclipse. Sculpture, the art of form pure and simple, in spite of the efforts of a few able artists, does not live among us, and is, I think, decadent abroad.

Portraiture apart, the average American at home has eyes only for the graveyard angel or for Rogers' statuettes. The traveling American is called upon to admire the salacious or tortured realism of Falguiere or Rodin, or the inanities of Italian lace carvers. If there is sculpture that attracts him it is the animal sculpture of Barye or Caine. Architecture, the art of form applied to design, or of design applied to form, if you will, made indispensable by its ministry to practical wants, call out a passing admiration by its bulk or its ornament when there is enough of either, but its essential qualities are under eclipse.—W. P. P. Longfellow in Scribner's.

Is Poetry a Defunct Art?

Sculptors, singers, painters there must always be; but need there be poets any longer, since the world has discovered how to say all it wants to say in prose? Will any one who has anything of importance to communicate be likely, for the future, to communicate it through the medium of metrical language? A large number of thoughtful persons at the present time are undoubtedly disposed to answer in the negative, although a certain decency forbids them openly to say so. Plenty of clever people secretly regard the Muse as a distinguished old lady of good family, who has been a beauty and a wit in her day but who really rules by sufferance only in these years of her decline. They whisper that she is sinking into second childhood, repeats herself when she converses, and has exchanged her early liberal tastes for a love of what is puerile, ingenious and finikin.—Edmund Gosse in Forum.

Flexible Currycomb.

The currying of a thin skinned horse is often an operation as trying to the temper of the groom as to the hide of the animal, and a considerable amount of practical philanthropy is embodied in such inventions as a flexible currycomb, which has recently made its appearance. The comb has a leather back and teeth made of coppered wire. The points of the teeth are rounded and flexible, and thus while effectually cleaning the skin they obviate the excessive irritation suffered by many horses. It is claimed that by this construction all the good points of the softest rubber combs and those made with sharp teeth are combined, and thus one comb will take the place of two.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Talk Reduced to Figures.

Everybody knows, in a general way, how much more talk than work is done in the world, but few people realize the fact until it is reduced to figures. A speaker of average rapidity will use about 100 words a minute, and in conversation the rate is about the same. Now suppose the average talker talks four hours a day, he will repeat 24,000 each day, equal to twelve columns of the ordinary newspaper, or to forty-eight pages of a book of ordinary size. In a year he will have uttered words that will fill 17,520 pages, or thirty-five volumes of 500 pages each, and in thirty years 1,050 volumes will be filled with the nothings that are said from moment to moment.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some Queer Jail Razors.

When I was in charge of the city jail, several years ago, as a disciplinary measure I abolished the jail barber shop. A week passed, and when the men were let out on Sunday afternoon for exercise I was much astonished to find that most of the young men were cleanly shaved. The next morning I called the prisoners out in line and ordered a search of the cells. The result was the discovery of four "razors." And such razors! Truly, said I, necessity is the mother of invention.

The razors had, in every instance, been made of the piece of spring steel that sustains the instep of a shoe or boot and is known as "the shank." This is easily removed from the shoe and will stand a very fine edge. The ingenious amateur cutlers, after putting an edge upon the steel by means of a piece of stone, or by rubbing it against the iron bedstead, would make a handle by wrapping twine around half of the blade.

Prisoners are allowed soap. These four razors had been passed from cell to cell all over the jail. I had to confiscate the "razors," and, as in the hands of the vicious they would have been quite dangerous, I kept a sharp lookout for them ever after. During my term I captured no less than ten of these peculiar razors. Their manufacture continued even after I re-established the barber shop.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Two Bouquets.

At a flower show in India the ladies were judges in one hall, while in another hall the gentlemen awarded the prizes. A comparison of results brought into strong light the contrast of opinions, or rather the difference of standards.

"We had no great difficulty," says Mrs. King in her book, "in awarding the prize for the best arranged cut flowers to a basket filled with a most graceful and artistic combination of scarlet, yellow, white and blue.

"It was in amusing contrast to another bouquet to which the masculine judges awarded their first prize. We begged them to let us guess which was the prize winner, and going round the table we unanimously fixed on one; but the men shook their heads. So we tried again, and after fixing unsuccessfully on three more we humbly confessed ourselves beaten.

"The judges' faces fell, and with some shyness they pointed out the arrangement that had seemed to them the most commendable. It was like a cauliflower in shape, and contained a great quantity of flowers all so tight and neat that they might have been clipped! Our presence of mind was not equal to saying more than 'Oh, really!' and one of the judges remarked almost apologetically, 'You see we like something solid!'"

Startling a Steamer.

Down below Natchez, while the boat was running in close to the left hand bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, we saw a native sitting on a stump fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes and there was scarcely a movement to tell that he was alive. We had a smart Aleck with us on the promenade deck and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks and one was quickly tossed up.

"Now see me startle him," said Smart Aleck as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet, and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as to how he did it, but in about three seconds he had dropped his fishpole, pulled a revolver as long as his arm and fired at Smart Aleck. The bullet bored a hole in his silk hat just above his hair, and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. When we restored him to his senses he carefully felt of the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers or only one?"—New York Sun.

The Problem Solved.

Wife (looking up from a book)—This writer says that half the miseries of married life come from the fact that wives do not have a certain, regular sum per week to spend as they please.

Husband—True; and the other half of the misery comes from the fact that husbands do not have a certain, regular sum per week to spend as they please.—New York Weekly.

IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loath the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good.
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.
—New Orleans Picayune

A FAMOUS KENTUCKY ROAD.

The Old Turnpike Through Cumberland Gap and Its Interesting History.

The road I traveled was that great highway between Kentucky and the south which at various times within a hundred years has been known as the Wilderness road, or the Cumberland road, or the National turnpike, or the "Kaintuck Hog road," as it was called by the mountaineers. It is impossible to come upon this road without pausing or to write of it without a tribute. It led from Baltimore over the mountains of Virginia through the great wilderness by Cumberland gap. All roads below Philadelphia converge at this gap, just as the buffalo and Indian trails had earlier converged and just as many railroads are converging now.

The improvement of this road became in time the pet scheme of the state governments of Virginia and Kentucky. Before the war millions of head of stock—horses, hogs, cattle, mules—were driven over it to the southern markets, and thousands of vehicles, with families and servants and trunks, have somehow passed over it, coming northward over it into Kentucky, or going southward on pleasure excursions. During the war vast commissary stores passed back and forth, following the movement of armies. But despite all this, despite all that has been done to civilize it since Boone traced its course in 1790, this honored historic thoroughfare remains today as it was in the beginning, with all its sloughs and sands, its mud and holes and jutting ledges of rock and loose bowlders and twists and turns and general total depravity.

It is not surprising that when the original Kentuckians were settled on the bluegrass plateau they sternly set about the making of good roads and to this day remain the best road builders in America. One such road was enough. They are said to have been notorious for profanity, those who came into Kentucky from this side. Naturally. Many were infidels—there are roads that make a man lose faith. It is known that the more pious companies of them, as they traveled along, would now and then give up in despair, sit down, raise a hymn and have prayers before they could go further. Perhaps one of the provocations to homicide among the mountain people should be reckoned this road. I have seen two of the mildest of men, after riding over it for a few hours, lose their temper and begin to fight—fight anything—fight their horses, fight the flies, fight the cobwebs on their noses. —James Lane Allen in Harper's Magazine.

Intellect a Detriment.

M. Got, the doyen of the French theatre, sheds some original light upon his profession. He says: "You ask me if a comedian requires intellect in order to succeed. None whatever. I would even go further, and say that the less intellect he has the better he will get on. Actors without intellect—and heaven knows there are plenty of them—rush forward without fear, full of self reliance, while if they were intellectual they would be continually afraid that their interpretation of such and such a character was wrong, and, fearful of having made a mistake, would lose their confidence. Speaking broadly, therefore, it is best that the actor should not be possessed of a great intellect. Many artists are in exactly the same position. For my own part I know many sculptors and painters of real talent who, outside of their own line, are as foolish as geese."