THE ANDOVER NEWS.
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AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

ANDOVER, N. Y., APRIL 4, 1900

TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

The quiet of Greenwood was disturbed on Friday evening by the cry fire," and in a few minutes its citizens were appalled by seeing smoke pouring out of the rear of the G. W. Smith & Co.'s drug and grocery store, where it had started near their oil tank. It burned slowly, and it is the general opinion that had there been any organized forces on hand at the time, that it could have been easily subdued, but by the time that pails were procured and pumps located, the fire demon had made such headway that further labors were turned toward saving the contents of this and the S. Kellogg building in the same block. The latter building was occupied by S Kellogg and W. G. Kellogg as law offices and by Jesse Webster as a residence. About one-half of the Kellogg law library was saved, and some of the office furniture and papers, but most of the latter and many of the books went to feed the hungry flames. From Mr. Webster's rooms but little was saved, and himself and wife were turned homeless and nearly empty-handed into the street, with no insurance whatever to cover their loss. The losses are estimated as follows: G. W. Smith & Co., on building and stock about $3,000; insured for $2,400. S. Kellogg, loss on building, library, furniture, etc., about $3,000; insurance, $2,400. Jesse Webster, loss on goods, from $300 to $400; no insurance.

In the destruction of these two stores Greenwood loses a fine business block, and leaves in its place a row of yawning cellars in the center of the business portion of the town, and what was one week ago a handsome and attractive business street is now an ugly stretch of unsightliness. A week ago people would select Green wood as a pleasant place to locate; to day it looks repulsive. As to what will be done to restore the street to former conditions it is difficult to predict. Some advocate that in case stores are not rebuilt that a town hall will be erected instead; but a building of that description in the center of the business part of the street that would be open but a few days in the year, would give the place a deserted look. It would be as a block of ice in the business center. Canisteo has an expensive town building, but it does not add to the business appearance of the street as much as some of the humbler wooden business places on the same street do. The place for a building of that kind in Greenwood would be on Andover street, or between the stores and the depot. On one proposition all are agreed, that is, the village needs a system of water works before it is again visited by the fire fiend Main street had enough open cellars before this last visitation, and it now has two more. Will the number increase or diminish?

There has been a turn in the tide of the South African war and the laughers have made a brilliant dash, the results of which are calculated to revive their drooping spirits. If it serves to make their complete subjugation appear too expensive to the British and thereby tends to a peace on terms of independence, then it will accomplish the object of their forlorn hope. The continuation of the struggle on their part now seems to be to make their final surrender on terms. All they ever asked was to be let alone. Will they secure such favorable and just conditions.

The case of a man at Brunswick, Md., is reported in which life persisted for 60 hours after the reception of several gunshot wounds, one of which, it was found on post-mortem examination, had perforated the heart and another the intestines.

All tired out—
Once a day's work didn't use him up so—
Now he comes home with an aching back, aching head, aching limbs, feeling tired, miserable, discouraged.
It's the kidneys.
The backache is kidney ache, tired kidneys—
They are not filtering the blood as they should—are leaving the uric acid and other poisons in the system—
The kidneys must be strengthened—
Well kidneys make a well man.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Make well kidneys—they are not a new medicine—not an experiment—they've been tested and thousands endorse their merit. Here's a case of it:

Mr. John Mitchell, night baggagemaster at the Erie depot, Hornellsville, N. Y., says:

"Some time ago I handled trunks and baggage as carefully as the most officious passenger could desire. I had to, for my back ached and was painful across the loins. Afraid that the trouble might become more serious and still further interfere with my work, I bought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and took them. The result was all that could be desired, my backache disappeared. I endorse Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

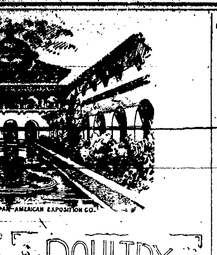
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The children of an American citizen born abroad are born within the American allegiance, and are, in contemplation of of the constitution, "natural born citizens."

The only companion of the latest hermit discovered is a pugnacious goat. He had tried dogs, but concluded to make his piles for seclusion a little more emphatic.

Artificial flowers, mixed with the real ones, are just now used for table decorations.

Sportsmen's shows are a growing attraction throughout the country. One just held in Boston has been highly



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POULTRY & BEES

HANDY CHICKEN COOP.

Not Too Heavy in Construction to Be Carried to Any Place Where It May Be Desirable.

The accompanying illustration gives an idea for the construction of a neat, handy and healthy coop. It can be made of any size. For one or two broods of chickens, about 4 feet square and 2 feet high in front and 18 inches high in the rear, is a convenient size. It should be made with a tight floor to prevent the entrance of rats, skunks, etc., and also to aid in keeping clean. The entrance should have two doors. One of them merely a frame over which a stretched wire netting with meshes

COOP AND CLEANER.

fine enough to exclude all prowlers of the night. This is to be used in the summer time when it is too hot to shut the coops with the tight doors. The other door can be made to shut over the wire door by hinging at the top. The wire door is made to slide in from the top or end. With the coop tightly closed there will not be sufficient ventilation. A ventilator made of 3 or 4-inch boards nailed into a box about 2½ feet long, set in the middle of the coop roof and extending down inside to within a couple of inches of the bottom will suffice. At the rear, to aid in cleaning, should be a door about 8 inches wide, extending the whole length of the coop at the bottom. By lifting this and using a small hoe-like tool, a, made by taking a block 4x8 inches and boring a hole in the center and putting in a handle about 2 feet long, the job of cleaning is a short and easy one. All coops should be painted and the roof made tight enough to prevent leaking. These coops are not too heavy to be carried to any place where it is desirable. The illustration shows the coop with one door raised, showing the wire netting.—American Agriculturist.

BEES IN THE SPRING.

Why It Is Not Advisable to Remove Them from the Cellar Before the Weather Is Settled.

There are often warm days in the early spring when bees might be removed from the cellar, but the trouble is that winter is not always over with the advent of the first spring-like day. There may be several days, or even two or three weeks, of quite warm weather, in which the willows, alders, elms and soft maples bloom, and it is really desirable that the bees enjoy all these advantages; but such fine weather, when it comes early, is quite likely to be followed by freezing weather of several days' duration, and even by a snowstorm. The fine weather encourages the bees to fill their combs with brood that would eventually produce workers ready for the fields just at the opening of the first white clover blossoms, but the cold drives the bees into a compact cluster in the center of the hive, leaving half the brood, perhaps more, unprotected. This brood perishes; besides, the newly-hatched bees, if any there are, are tender, like a newly-hatched chicken, and easily succumb to cold. The old bees have lost a good deal of their vitality and the cold snap is the "last straw" needed to send them to the bottom of the hive.—Farm and Home.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

In placing an incubator in position use a spirit level, to be sure it is level on all four sides.

There is greater danger now from too much ventilation in the poultry house than from too little, especially when the wind is blowing.

It is a wasteful habit to throw grain or any food for poultry onto filthy ground or into unclean troughs or vessels. It also endangers the health of the flocks.

If the poultry yard does not pay the grocers' bills, then one of two things is true—either the fowls do not have enough attention for you credit is too good at the grocery store.

Have the brooder heated to 90 degrees when you first remove the chicks from the incubator, but do not keep it at that temperature longer than four or five days. By that time so degree of high enough, and in three weeks it may be lowered to 70 or 75 degrees.—Farm Journal.

Cleanliness in Feeding.

It was once supposed that the best mode of feeding was to throw the soft food in dirt, as the more dirt a hen could eat the better, but it has been found a delusion. Fowls eat all the dirt they will without having it forced on them. In cases are induced by compelling the hens to eat a mixture of food and filth, and all feeding places should therefore be kept very clean, as filth is not always discernible and may be present in a decayed condition. The better plan is to feed on boards, or in troughs, and clean them daily.—Prairie Farmer.

Mixing Kerosene Emulsion.

Many speak of the emulsion as troublesome to make. I find it very easy by the following method: A bar of common washing soap is dissolved in a quart of water and allowed to boil, then two quarts of kerosene are added to the boiling soap. This is churned, while hot, with a revolving egg beater; a force pump would be better, but I do not own one, and a beater answers very well. When the emulsion is properly made it will come like butter, so thick that the beater will not work. A pint of the thick emulsion is diluted with eight quarts of water, making a liquid resembling skim milk in color but closely related to kerosene in odor

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PREPARE for the turn of life. It is a critical period.

As indications of the change appear be sure your physical condition is good. The experience is a wonderful one and under some circumstances full of menace. Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice without charge. She has done so much for women, surely you can trust her. Read this letter from Mrs. C. A. GRIFFITH, of Georgeville, Mo.:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—The doctor called my trouble ulceration of womb and change of life. I was troubled with profuse flowing and became very weak. When I wrote to you I was down in bed, had not sat up for six months; was under a doctor's treatment all the time, but it did me no good. I had almost given up in despair, but your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new woman. I cannot thank you enough. I would advise any woman who is afflicted as I have been to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and get her advice and be cured as I have been."

MRS. F. H. ALLEN, 419 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Change of life was working on me. My kidneys and bladder were affected. I had been confined to the house all summer, not able to stand on my feet for any length of time. Terrible pains when urinating and an itching that nearly drove me wild. I had tried many remedies. I told my husband I had great faith in yours and he got me a bottle; am now on my fourth bottle. I feel that I am entirely cured. I can work all day. I can hardly realize that such a wonderful cure is possible. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine for women."

Don't wait until you are prostrated with the mysterious condition known as "Change of Life." Get Mrs. Pinkham's advice and learn how other women got through.

TALKS WITH WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Old Age Postponed.
TRADE MARK. Palmo Tablets CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.
The seat of Nervous Diseases is at base of Brain. When the nerve cells at this point waste, a train of the most distressing Nervous Disorders follows, viz: Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Pain in the Back, Insomnia, Etc., Etc., or, premature decrepitude. Neglected, it results in Paresis, Insanity, or Consumption. Palmo Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved cells, checking all drains and replacing vigor with strength and ambition. Special box (with it) to cure Lost Manhood, $5 a box. Send for Book. HAMMIS DRUG CO., CLEVELAND.
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IF
IS a small word that has caused worlds of trouble.
If you have a cough, you do not want to experiment with it. You want to cure it at once.
IF
YOU take our advice, you will use
Dean's Balsam
will cure you quickly, and save you lots of suffering—and perhaps life—from a consumptive's grave, for neglected leads to consumption.
DEAN'S BALSAM
is the King of Cough Cures—that's why we sell more of it than any other kind.
Let us give you a sample to try.
Large Bottles, 25 Cts.
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Dr. Da-Bright's Harem-fire Pills
Cures all diseases and ailments arising from
LOSS OF MANHOOD
Guaranteed cure or money refunded. $1.00 a box or 6 boxes for $5.00. Prepared by.....
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Nothing else adds so much to the charm of the drawing room or boudoir as the soft light that emanates from these candles. Nothing will contribute more to artistic effect. They are inexpensive, too, at the simplest or the most elaborate function—for cottage or mansion. Made in all colors and the most delicate tints by STANDARD OIL CO. and sold everywhere.

BRACE UP.
BEFORE. AFTER.
The above cut shows the application of "Up-Rights and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, adaptable in price. Makes old fences as good as new.
The following cut represents one of our fence constructed of No 9 smooth wire. You build them by putting in as many horizontal wires as you wish, then tie together with our Uprights and Clamps, making it hog or sheep proof if desired. It is compact, neat and the strongest fence made out of wire. Dont get the idea that our fence is expensive, it costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circular and price list. Why not look into it.
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Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with bad kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

EASTER 1900

AN EASTER SOLO

By Manda L. Crocker.

HE SANG for years at Joy Memorial, but one Sabbath morning people missed him and they never knew why or whither he had gone.

She closed her eyes to take a mental inventory of the day, which had been a peculiarly hard one. Soft, fluffy rings of curing hair, escaping their leash, straggled down around the patient face, now very grave.

All day she had smiled back to happy faces drifting in and vaguely wondered which carried sincerity with it and which meant to deceive.

There had been an order for roses, heliotrope and palms that had quite upset her nerves. It was a wedding and, somehow, before she knew, great tears were shining on the beautiful face, and, when asked as it gave her, to be sure; but the bride would never know.

Toward evening she had two orders for church decorations, and one of these made her homesick. It was for Joy Memorial's chancel rail.

It was now quite dark, and Bernice was nodding in the little chair over by the window. Joyce Carroll cut the inventory squarely across by opening her eyes and beginning again where she had left off.

"Nothing but leaves; nothing but rubbish!" she said, taking up a whisk and turning on the light.

Bernice roused up from her nap, rubbed her sleepy eyes with her pink palms and came over to where the meditative Joyce was "putting things to right." "Mamma," she yawned, "I'm awfully tired 'cause everybody hurried so to-day. What's everybody's going to do with so many flowers?"

"They want them for to-morrow, the glad Eastertime, dear."

"What do people do at Eastertime, mama?" But before the mother could speak the little chatterer answered her own question. "O, I know; Auntie Farnham said everybody forgives everybody, 'cause Jesus rose."

Joyce Carrol stopped short in her effort to tie up a refractory vine. Was this a message from the Father, or only childish prattle? Forgive? Of course she would, that minute, with heart and soul; but—would he? Merciful Heaven! if she might but find him this blessed Eastertide, when "everybody forgives—"

She used to be a Christian when—he—sang at Joy Memorial.

She was not conscious that she was crying; she was living over again that day before Easter two years ago. He was running over a solo for the Easter service; she remembered a stanza yet:

"Christ is risen; Christ is risen;
We, His own, now glad, forgiven,
Shall rise because He rose!"

"Haven't had such a tenor since Carrol went away," the janitor continued; just hear him sing."

"Yes," answered Joyce, "it is fine;" but she heard nothing, there was such a buzzing in her ears.

"Wasn't grand it is going to be," he went on; "notes and tones, impressive programme, new tenor, and all."

Joyce looked around. Where was Bernice? It seemed an age since they came into the church. The child had not waited, but had gone on into the auditorium.

When the soft light fell round her and the decorations burst on her admiring gaze, a great sigh of satisfaction escaped her lips.

There stood the big pipe organ in its old place, and she knew the organ boy was behind that screen. She remembered how she used to admire his short flaxen curls and blue tie, and wonder if he didn't work harder in his part of the service than the minister did in his.

She wondered down the fragrant aisle as one in a lovely dream, not conscious that she, herself, was the most beautiful thing in this Eastertide picture.

But the new soloist who had retired to the right, giving place to a quartette, saw her. He shut his book on his finger and felt strangely moved. Her white cap, like a big snowflake resting on the wealth of dark hair, and the luxuriant curls straying down over the fleecy white wrap suggested the glory of woman in Holy Writ.

And Bernice wondered why mamma did not come in. What would she do with the offering? O, yes; there was the new organ there where papa used to sit; he was the committeeman, surely, as he was not singing. She went up the altar steps and handed him the box.

"This is our Easter offering," she said. He took the package. Her voice, her manner.... He drew his handkerchief across his bewildered vision and read the name on the wrapper. Looking after the child he gasped out: "Little one!" But she had gone around to see Teddy work the bellows. The soloist opened the box and saw a beautiful cluster of lilies, and read: "Everybody forgives everybody at Eastertide."

A great desire to cry out with an agonizing cry came over him, but he got up quietly and slipped into the vestry, taking the flowers with him.

The rehearsal was over and Teddy and Bernice were sitting on the altar stairs talking of Easter when Joyce peeped in. She had staid outside until her emotion was controlled; no one must know.

"Bernice, where are the flowers?" she asked, approaching the twain.

"The committee has them," answered the child, rising and running forward. "Isn't Joy Memorial delightful, mamma? We haven't been here since—"

"Hush! Bernice." A grieved look crossed the child's face and Joyce drew her into the vestry for a plain talk.

"Dearest Bernice, intender understone, "you must not—"

"Mamma!" whispered Bernice, "see! there's the committee man at prayer."

Joyce looked and saw a kneeling figure at the far corner of the room. The man's face was buried in the cluster of lilies.

"Was it the blossoms or the words which had affected him so. She would go near and comfort him; but what was it about that bowed figure which—

"Bernice!" she exclaimed, in tense tone, "go over there to your papa and comfort him!" She pushed the child toward him and turned away. Would she die of joy or not?

"Is it really and truly my papa?" asked Bernice, touching him?

"Yes, darling!" sobbed he, while she crept under his arm, close to his heart.

"Come, Joyce, dear heart; come!" He held out his other arm imploringly; he was not able to look around just yet. She needed no second invitation. In a moment she was beside him and his strong right arm about her. "O, Cyril, I—"

"Hush!" he interrupted, gently. "Everybody forgives—"

A joyful reconciliation sealed by love's devotion blessed the next five minutes in the vestry of old Joy Memorial.

Easter morning the organ rolled triumphant notes until the lilies on the altar trembled in unison, and Cyril Carrol sang:

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen;
Shall rise because He rose!"

His Economy.

Mrs. Murkle—John, you know I promised to get along without a tailor-made suit if you would get me a sealskin coat last fall.

Mr. Murkle—Yes, dear, and it was a beauty that I got, wasn't it?

Mrs. Murkle—It was, indeed, love. Dear me! I shall have to get a terribly swell Easter outfit to keep folks from thinking we are slipping backward in money matters.—Chicago Daily News.

He tickled his wife with a feather;
But she laughed with pleasure at that,
For it was an ostrich feather
To wear o'er her Easter hat.
—Judge.

Regarding His Vocation.

Towne—He has been the ruination of many a man.

Browne—Gambler or saloon keeper?

Towne—Neither. He's a manufacturer of Easter hats.—Brooklyn Life.

SILAS KELLOGG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
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GREENWOOD, N. Y.

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Everything that can be named in this line of goods can be found on our shelves.
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