

# THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., DECEMBER 26, 1900.

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### NEW YEAR'S WISHES

By Gilbert Frederick, D. D.,  
Pastor Covenant Baptist Church, Chicago.



It is a pleasant custom at this season, of wishing others a happy New Year. This custom is more singular than our familiarity with it would suggest. While there is nothing more general throughout the world than wishing, there is nothing more singular than a general custom of wishing happiness to others—indeed, the extensive observance of this custom is a significant mark of our Christian civilization.

Peoples of all lands wish. They wish by the moon, by the stars, by the clouds, by the birds, by almost every phenomenon. With some it is at certain periods in the year, with others it is a daily enjoyment. Not every wish comes true, just as not every seed that is planted matures. There is a pretty custom among uncivilized tribes in the orient, wherein fair virgins make little boats with sails, place on the top a lighted candle and put on board a cargo of wishes. At evening twilight these frail barks are launched on the doubtful current of the river. Anxious eyes watch them as they float away, for if the boat sail out of sight without overturning and the candle burn without dying, then will her burden of wishes come true, and the dark-faced maiden will happily wed. Too often, alas, more often than otherwise, these wishing boats and their cargoes come to a fateful end and disappoint the hopes of those who risk them on the treacherous stream—such is the end of many a wish.

We wish always for things that are good, but not always do the things that seem to us good turn out to be so. Perhaps no greater calamity could come to us than the getting of every wish. In an ancient Italian fairy tale Fortunatus, by means of his wishing cap, always had a full purse, but that purse proved the ruin of himself and his sons, a result not uncommon in real life today.

We wish a happy New Year to others, not for its opening days alone, but for all its days and all its hours, even to when the year is dying; wishes for December as well as May, for May as for January. We wish that good which is ultimately good, not that present sweet which turns to bitter, but such fruit as grows sweeter with ripening prosperity and never knows decay.

We wish happiness, but mean more than amusement, and even more than pleasure. To be amused is the need of children, but the high intelligence of man needs more than amusement for its satisfaction. So pleasure, if we mean that which pleases, comes far short of our best wishes. A child is pleased with fire, and some poisons please the taste; indeed, many things that please also harm, and things displeasing often bring ultimate blessing. Happiness is more than amusement or pleasure. It reaches deeper into the inner life and is far more abiding. Inward conditions determine happiness rather than outward touches. To gad about in search of happiness is like doctoring a blood disease by skin applications. The source of health is in the soul. Happy are the pure in heart.

There is a picture in one of the galleries of Europe representing the final judgment of all men. Among the many figures on the canvas is one surely meant to be conspicuous. He evidently is not a saint though he is among the saints. A study of his face reveals the fact that instead of being happy he is wretched. He is now seeking to get out of that Heaven into which formerly he crowded himself. Then he was sure he would be happy could he but reach the place. Now he has learned that happiness is not a place, but a state. Eden must be in the heart if the fruits of Eden are to be in the life.

Let us wish others a happy New Year, but such an one as is here indicated.

### GOOD BOY'S PREDICAMENT.



"What are you crying about?"  
"Doo-hoo! Fur so good dere ain't nuffin'er me to swear off dis year!"—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Five of ten prisoners in the county jail at Mexico, Mo., escaped by means of tools concealed in the cravats of two of the prisoners.

### SCHULZHEIN, GROCER

WHY HIS NEW YEAR WAS A HAPPY ONE

By Ethel Maud Colson.

THE old-time "corner grocery" is by no means extinct, even in the great cities. Schulzheim's grocery, on the corner of South Halsted street, Chicago, and one of the little dark alleys which lead out of this thoroughfare, is a typical "Dutch grocery" of the kind seldom seen nowadays. Schulzheim himself is a staid and kindly old German who says little, but sells groceries cheaper than anyone else in Chicago. He has been doing this so long that the low prices have ceased to astonish anyone but the residents of the social settlement near by.

"What is the social philosophy underlying your 'cut rates,' Mr. Schulzheim?" one of the residents asked him, half humorously, on the last day of 1899. Mr. Schulzheim did not receive the query in quite the spirit she had expected.

"I haf no philosophy," he said, quietly, "but I believe some t'ings, and I know some t'ings. Dey are poor people who live here, and dey cannot pay much. I haf nobody but mine own self to take care of, and I need not large profits. Dere you haf der whoe case in von word."

"Have you always been alone in the world?" inquired the visitor, wondering. The sudden contraction of the old storekeeper's eyebrows told of a pain somewhere.

"My wife, she dead 30 years," was his quiet reply, "and mine little daughter, she lofe a bad man, more dan 20 years back, and she run away wid him. He tell her I disown her if she marry him, so she did not tell me. I would not haf done so, but she believe it."



"I HAF NO PHILOSOPHY."

Dis is in anodder city, and I hear not from her since. Dat is der reason I haf heart-aches sometimes, and need not large profits. Der money in der bank, who shall I leave it to?"

"What lots of trouble there is in the world," remarked the visitor, picking up the sugar purchased for a sick neighbor. "Now, the poor woman I am taking this to lost her husband last summer, and she has an invalid mother and a tiny baby to support. And now she had been too ill to work for six weeks."

"Poor t'ing," said Schulzheim, sympathetically. "Take her a basket of groceries wid you. 'Why don't you take them yourself?'" asked the settlement lady, seized with a sudden inspiration. "The mother is of your nation, and it would do her good to talk German with you. Go and wish them Happy New Year, Mr. Schulzheim, for kindness sake."

"Well, I tink I will," said Schulzheim, greatly to his own astonishment. "I go dis evening, after closing-time."

Closing-time came very late to Schulzheim, who thought it hard for tired men and women to be compelled to think of everything they needed before half-past seven, and still harder for sleepy children to be dragged out of bed unnecessarily early on cold winter mornings to run over to the store, and who kept open later than ever in the holiday season. But he did get the store closed and the basket of groceries ready at last, although he went back several times after extra delicacies. And he was climbing the stairs of the Ewing street tenement to which he had been directed before it occurred to him that he did not know the name of the people he meant to visit.

A door stood open on the second landing, however; some God-given instinct sent Schulzheim straight to that door, and when, next day, the settlement resident dropped in at the always open grocery to wish Mr. Schulzheim a Happy New Year there were sounds of women's voices in the little room back of the store.

"Dat vas mine own little Gretchen, dat sick modder," Schulzheim told her, brokenly, "and dat poor young widow woman vas mine own grandchild, and der baby vas der first great-grandchild of der family. And I brings dem all ofer here to live wid me dis morning. Come in, come in, and say wid dem Happy New Year!"

And the settlement visitor was no more ashamed of the tears they were both shedding than was the old storekeeper himself.

### A DINNER INVITATION

SOCIAL COMEDY USHERS IN A NEW YEAR

By Eliza Armstrong.

"SUPPOSE there is no way out of it," sighed Mrs. Smith. "We must ask the Brownson's to dine with us on New Year's day. Such a bore as it will be, too. I believe that woman thinks she is the only person on earth who knows how a turkey should be cooked. She will intimidate us much when she comes to the table, and—"

"Humph," retorted her husband, gloomily; "that is all you know about the real awkwardness of having them. You will not be obliged to sit in a close room after dinner with an overladen stomach and listen to Brownson's interminable stories of how he booked a nine-pound salmon and almost shot a bear. When he has quite finished with these stories, he will—"

"Oh, no," retorted Mrs. Smith, with deadly sarcasm, "I shall only have to listen politely while Mrs. Brownson brings up all her children in turn through the measles."



"A NOTE FROM MRS. BROWNSON."

scarlet fever and whooping cough. And if I say a word about my children, who are a hundred times as pretty and clever, she will almost yawn in my face. Still, I suppose we must have them."

"I suppose so, since we are under business and social obligations to them, but it will be dreadfully expensive, and—"

"And the cook will probably give warning because of the extra work."

"While the Jones family, who don't speak to the Brownsons, and whom we really like, will be offended with us."

"And mamma will be angry that we did not ask Dora and Mr. Willing instead."

"Not to mention the fact that the children will in all probability behave like Comanches because there is company."

"And the housemaid will be so anxious to get through that she will squander the gravy on the best tablecloth and add the turkey dressing as an unnecessary addition to the trimming of Mrs. Brownson's waist."

"And all to entertain people who bore us nearly to death. Still, you had better write the invitation at once and have it settled."

"I will, dear. Come in, Norah, what is it? A note? Oh, Wilfred, listen. It is from Mrs. Brownson. They want us to dine with them on New Year's day and meet those lovely Van Sty'es, whom I have been so anxious to know! Isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed it is. We shall have a most delightful time. I don't know a more entertaining fellow than Brownson; I shall quite enjoy a long talk with him."

"I am sure of it. And Mrs. Brownson is such a splendid housekeeper, too. Of course, we will accept with pleasure and tell them that we are very glad that we had not sent out our invitation to them first."

The New Year.  
Here's a Happy New Year!  
Sunshine's in the sky.  
Join the throng  
And swell the song  
That comes a-floatin' by.

Wear a smile fur strangers;  
Welcome all yer kin;  
Carve the roast  
And give a toast  
To folks that happens in.

Wish we all may prosper  
In whate'er we do.  
An' we must  
Ef each'll just  
Help the others through.  
—Washington Star.

The Growth of Time.  
We'll give no thought to our increasing age.  
Nor sigh because another year has flown.  
But write upon each new and spotless page,  
'Our minds have wiser, hearts have warmer,  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

But She Didn't.  
Tommy—What does "credulous" mean, na?  
Mother—Why, if I were to take any stock in your father's New Year's resolutions, then I would be credulous.—N. Y. Journal.

Make It Unanimous.  
Concerning January bills  
There's just this thing to say:  
If everybody paid us we  
Could everybody pay.  
—Chicago Record.

The percentage of illiteracy in Kansas is less than it is in any state in this union, or in any country on the globe save Belgium.

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