NEWS.
WEEKLY, BY
MER & BACKUS,
AT ANDOVER, N. Y.

ANDOVER, N. Y., DECEMBER 25, 1903.

OUR KEYNOTE:
If There Is Not a Way, Cut a Way.

The Dollar will be charged for a card of thanks.

Notice for space advertising made known on application at this office.

Five cents a line, each issue, will be charged for resolutions and business notices.

Copy for change of display advertisements must be in the office Tuesday noon to insure change the same week.

AN INSULT TO PURITY.

One of the greatest mistakes committed by the United States was the admission of Utah as a state January 1st 1896. It will soon be eight years since her admission and ever since every scheme and cunning device that could be employed has been used to secure a foothold for the "Mormon Propoganda" in the counsels of the legislation of the government. It is true that under her sovelign right as a state Utah should be represented and has the right of representation, but there has been a series of misrepresentation of the facts. Poligamy was the one thing the committee that had the admittance of Utah under consideration feared. They were assured that the evil had been suppressed and there was no fear of its revival and the house was given like assurances. The facts are that the conditions in Utah to day are as bad as they ever were and a perusal of the charges filed with the committee in the Smoot case will confirm this opinion.

1. The Mormon priesthood, according to the doctrines of that church, is vested with supreme authority in all things temporal and spiritual.

2. The First Presidency and twelve Apostles are supreme in the exercise and transmission of the mandates of this authority.

3 As this body of men has not abandoned the principles and practice of political dictation, so also it has not abandoned belief in polygamy and polygamous cohabitation.

4. That is the attitude of the First Presidency and Apostolate, even since the suspensory manifesto of 1890, is evidenced by their teachings.

5. This body of officials, of whom Senator-elect Smoot is one, also practice or connive at and encourage the practice of polygamy and polygamous cohabitation, and those whom they have permitted to hold legislative office without protest or objection from them sought to pass a law nullifying enactment against polygamous cohabitation.

6. The supreme authorities in the church, of whom Senator elect Reed Smoot is one, to wit, the First Presidency and twelve Apostles, not only connive at violations of but protect and honor the violators of the laws against polyamy and polygamous cohabitation.

If these charges were made by a set of religious enthusiasts in opposition to the Mormon church we should hesitate about endorsing them, but they are made by eighteen citizens of Utah, men of wealth and repute. There can be no doubt of their truth so it is evident the Mormon priesthood is absolute in its authority in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. It claims to exercise the right in religion, in business and in political affairs. This is a growing menace to the 250,000 people within its jurisdiction and the evidence is abundant that the leaders practice polygamy in violation of the law, some of them in secret, others openly. It is evident that while it may be a difficult matter to deny Smoot the right to a seat it should be done. A church that will countenance open and flagrant violations of law, which will seek thru political machinations further its power should be resisted. Polygamy is a crime and an amendment should be made to the constitution of the United States forbidding under penalty its practice within its borders. The Senate of the United States may be a slow deliberative body, but much can be forgiven for the past acts if Smoot is sent home and all other attempts in the future prohibited by an enactment to the constitution forbidding such the right to hold office or to vote. The attitude of the Mormon Church to its vices in the face of the protest of women is an insult to home and motherhood.

THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDING.

As I sat in reverie Christmas eve and waited in the twilight or the evening hour for the shades of night to fall I must have fallen asleep. Scenes passed before my eyes, I lived in another world and yet each scene was familiar. The thoughts and scenes ran back to the old school days, the happy days of yore in the old building yonder, soon to be disused to echo no more the ring of the childrens' footsteps, soon to be a thing of the past. The faces of Principals and teachers passed in review. There were Armstrong, Eates, Grantier, Potter, Gillette, Morse and Tucker. The teachers—who can name them?—some gone to higher rewards, some still teaching young ideas how to shoot, others burdened with the care of happy lives. All good men and women, not a failure among them. If the old walls could only speak the thoughts of those who have labored within, their visions, hopes, discouragements, heart breakings, yes, and joys to, the disappointments that come to the teacher over the failure of the scholar. The old walls could they tell how much of sympathy and heart breathings for pupils and anxious moments for their welfare, tired throbbing heads, worn and weary bodies, yet faithful teachers poorly compensated, thinking more of duty to pupils than to self. The old walls could tell of that. The scholars; some high in the world's professions; some in politics, reaping well earned rewards; some in business, men known in the commercial world; some tillers of the soil, wooing fortune from mother earth. Women to, filling spheres of activity in school, profession and business, as well as wives and mothers. Perhaps, methinks, you would not care to have the old walls tell it all. The little love tales hidden away in those notes surreptitiously passed. Oh what tragedies when caught by the stern eye of the teacher! The walls might tell of the dire things threatened when the ruler came down. The wads of paper that struck the old walls that now might tell tales of the story books read behind geographies, of the loving glances at your girl chum, of the gum stuck under the desk covers. Yes, a thousand and one, what if they told of the dreams of fame, honor, ambition, oh what a story there might be in it all, and could they also tell of the punishment you thought so severe. How in the world of discipline it plays a part, and bye and bye the old building will be no more. No wonder there is a sadness about it all. There's a story in every board, a fact in every nail in the old building, but in my reverie I walked thru broad halls and up wide stairs. The air was not too cold or too warm; there's a freshness about it, light and airy; ceilings not having the cracks, colored in tints that rest the eye; floors smooth and clean. The bell rings, school begins, bright, happy faces the same. The old has passed into the new. The same tricks revised will be tried over again, human experience will repeat itself, but no better men and women will come out of the new than came forth from the old. The bell rings again. I awoke. Life is one long school day, methought, and bye-and bye the new will be that "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere, where they will gather after the holiday of life.

* * *

As the days grow longer the wage roll will grow faster and the workers' pocketbook fatter.

* * *

There will be a good many happy hearts to-day, but the happiest heart will be the one who made another happier.

* * *

Gossip, the scandalous kind, is like the pimples that sometimes appear on the face. Let them alone and they will disappear. Pick them and you will make a sore spot and sometimes serious trouble.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthen the stomach and digestive organs. Cures dyspepsia, indigestion, stomach troubles and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure rebuilds wornout tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson, of W. Va. says: "I have used a number of bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and have found it to be a very effective and, in deed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends." Sold by O. E. Vars & Son.

Always Excuses. You of course have noticed how ready the Turkish Government is with an excuse whenever there is a disturbance between it and the representatives of any foreign nation. Always an explanation and excuse. Twice recently representatives of the United States have been subject to indignities and dangers in the Sultan's province. Instantly in Both cases the charges were denied and explanations and exaggerations were offered in excuse. The general opinion is that the Turk is both wily and wicked, and reports of the last affair is that the assault of the Turkish officers upon Consul W. R. Davis at Alexandretta was wholly uncalled for and unprovoked. Mr. Davis was acting entirely within his rights and powers when protecting a naturalized American subject. That he had a true American spirit and grit is evident for on recovering his foothold the Consul promptly and soundly thrashed all five of the policemen. The outlook is that Turkey herself will be the "boy" to receive a spanking unless she affords proper protection to American subjects.

* * *

Santa Claus must feel pretty good at the prospect of an old fashioned sleigh ride and the jingle of the sleigh bells.

* * *

The powers that be are continually talking no war in the East, but why are they hurrying battleships and cruisers into eastern waters?

* * *

Don't get discouraged if somebody kicks once in a while. You wouldn't want a village of dead folks. They are the only ones that don't kick.

* * *

If you don't have a Merry Christmas something is wrong with your heart. A wise man once said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

* * *

In that freak city of strange doings, Chicago, a young lady is sueing a gentleman (?) before the courts for awakening her by throwing three pails of cold water upon her while she was sleeping. My, if the water is as cold in Chicago as it is in Andover, don't blame her do you?

A Rural Financier.

"I suppose you'd like to make about 1,000 per cent on a little investment while you're in the city," remarked the confidence man.

"You bet I would!" replied the sheepder from the farm.

"Well, how much can you put into the deal?"

The farmer gave the matter thoughtful consideration.

"Well," he said at last, "if it's a sure thing there's no use goin' too strong at the start. I'll invest a dime right now, an' then I'll invest the profit on that when I get it, an' so on up as long as it works."—Chicago Post.

How to Prevent Croup.

It will be good news to the mothers of small children to learn that croup can be prevented. The first sign of croup is hoarseness. A day or two before the attack the child becomes hoarse. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the rough cough appears, and it will dispel all symptoms of croup. In this way all danger and anxiety may be avoided. This remedy is used by many thousands of mothers and has never been known to fail. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by O. E. Vars & Son, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

A Proverb That Fails.

A schoolmaster has concluded that it is not safe to teach proverbs to very young children.

"Now, boys, always remember," said he one day, "that the early bird catches the worm."

Next morning a small boy toed the line with a tear stained face.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, you said that it was the early bird that got the worm."

"Yes."

"Well, father thrashed me."

"What for, my boy?"

"'Coe, sir, I let our canary out early this morning, and it's never come back with the worm."

He Was Warned.

"They say," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mr. Paddlethwaite, who used to belong to our church, has become an agnostic."

"Is that so? Jeslah used to take his lunch at the same place he did downtown, and he says he often warned him that he'd get it if he didn't give up eatin' so fast."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Way.

"In our house we follow William Morris' teaching," she said. "We have nothing that is of no use."

"But that always makes a house look so bare."

"I know it. But, then, we have four children."—Syracuse Journal.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion, try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seitz of Detroit, Mich., says, "They restored my appetite when impaired, relieved me of a bloated feeling caused regular and satisfactory movement of the bowels." There are people in this community who need just such a medicine. For sale by O. E. Vars & Son, Andover and N. E. Coston Greenwood. Every box warranted.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample.
Be sure that this picture is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
Scott & Bowne CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and $1; all druggists.

FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THE time is now on when your attention is all taken up with Christmas shopping. This week we open our Christmas goods consisting only of useful articles such as leather goods, toilet articles, fancy pillows, pillow tops, gloves, handkerchiefs, fancy boxes, suspenders, hosiery, fine linens, bed spreads, ladies' fancy neckwear, laces children's handsome coats and furs, gift books, ladies' silk petticoats, fine furs for the ladies in single scarfs, silk waists, art goods, and numerous other holiday goods to be found at our usual, popular prices. Only the best qualities.

HIGGINS BROS. & McPHERSON,
25-27 North Main st., WELLSVILLE, N. Y.
Agents for W. B. Corsets $1, $1.50, $2.75.

A WONDERFUL QUERN.

How the Norwegians Explain Why the Sea Is Salt.

There is an old fashioned Norwegian folk talk that accounts in a very curious way for the salt in the sea. According to the story, the waters of the ocean were not always salt. But long ago there were two brothers living away up in the northland. One was very rich, and the other was very poor. One brother had herds of cattle and flocks of fat mountain sheep, while the poor one had just about nothing at all except a wife and ever so many children.

One Christmas eve there was nothing in the house for them to eat, and the poor man's wife said to her husband:

"If I had a rich brother, as you have, I would go and ask him for something for these poor children to eat. Tomorrow will be Christmas day, and there is not a crust of bread in the house."

So he went to his brother and told him how much they needed his help. The rich man gave him a nice flitch of bacon and told him to go to an old magician who lived somewhere in the mountains. I do not know why he sent the poor man to the magician, for the latter did not bear a very good name in the neighborhood. However, when he came to the magician's stronghold everybody about the place wanted to buy his flitch of bacon. He could not understand why it was, but he thought if there was so much demand for the bacon he would at least make the best bargain he could for it.

"Well," he said, "I ought by rights to take this bacon home to my good dame for our dinner tomorrow, but since you all seem to have set your hearts on it I suppose you must have it. If I sell it, however, I want a good price for it."

They offered him a good round sum, but that would not do.

"I will let you have it," he said, "if you will give me that quern yonder behind the door."

A quern is one of the things that it would be very hard to find nowadays, because they have gone out of fashion. A quern is a mill for grinding corn by hand, and it consists of two large stones, an upper and a lower one, the upper one having a handle by which it may be turned around on the lower stone, grinding the corn or grain between them.

The old magician at first laughed outright at the idea of any one thinking that he would part with that quern. But the owner of the bacon insisted that he would be satisfied with nothing less than that, so he finally got it.

When he reached his own door the clock was striking 12 and his wife was waiting for him, ready to scold him for staying so long.

"What in the world kept you so long?" she asked. "And what are we going to do with that old quern when we have no corn to grind?"

Then he told her of his trading the bacon for the quern. She was dreadfully put out about it and especially at the loss of the bacon.

"Just wait a minute," said her husband, "before you begin to complain, and see if I did not do right this time."

And, putting the quern on the table, he told it to grind enough good things to make a great fat dinner for twelve hungry mouths. His wife could hardly believe her eyes as she stood there and watched the quern grinding out dainties enough to last a week.

The rich brother chanced to hear how well his poor brother's family was living, and when he came and saw what an elegant table they kept he was envious and wanted to know where they got the money to buy the things. For a long time they kept the secret of the old quern, but somehow it got out at last. They were so proud of it that they could not help telling all about it, and the rich brother insisted on buying the quern. Finally they let him have it for $300.

It kept on grinding for its new owner, but he was afraid of it, never feeling sure of what it would do next, so he made his brother take it back at the same price. The poor man was glad to get it back again, and it ground out untold riches for himself and his family. They had everything they desired, among other things a golden house to live in, and the people came from every land to see the magnificence of the family that owned the wonderful quern.

One day a stranger, an old seaman who had been all around the then known world, came to see the quern and wanted it to grind salt.

It is supposed that the owner of the quern was rich enough by this time, for he let it go for a moderate sum, and, fearing that he might repent of having sold it, the old sailor put to sea at once with his prize, anxious to know how it would work. When he had sailed so far out that no one could reach him, he said to the quern:

"Grind salt and grind both fast and good."

No sooner had he given the order than the quern began to grind heaps and heaps of salt all over the deck until the ship was ready to sink to the bottom of the sea. Scared half to death, the old sailor begged the quern to stop grinding salt. He got down on his knees to it.

But there was no use talking to it. It went on grinding, grinding, and soon the vessel went down with its weight of salt. And the quern still keeps on grinding in the depths of the ocean, and that is why the sea is salt.—Virginia McSherry.

It is a good plan occasionally to take your troubles to some one who will point out that you are to blame for having them.—Atchison Globe.

Another One.

"You say some very sharp things," he remarked.

"You give me some splendid opportunities," she replied.—Chicago Post.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are nature's blood purifiers, they filter out the waste and impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from the case of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, sluggish, poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Name of Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Attorneys.

JESSE S. PHILLIPS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
Practice in State and Federal Courts. Andover, New York

CRAYTON L. EARLEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR . . . AT LAW
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Andover, N. Y.

L. C. VAN FLEET,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR . . . AT LAW
No. 9 Main St.
Andover, N. Y.

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

W. G. KELLOGG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

Physicians.

C. W. O'DONNELL, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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THE ALLEGANY SANITARIUM,
ANDOVER, N. Y.
Rest Cure, Scientific Treatment of all Diseases
Baths, Electricity,
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DELEVAN HOUSE,
HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.
Rates $1.00 and $1.25 per Day. Meals 25c. Good Barn Attached.
27 and 29 Broad St., 3 doors from Opera House
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When you go to Hornellsville stop at
THE OSBORNE,
WITH BRAINARD & MARVIN.

LUNCHES AT ALL HOURS.
JAMES CANNON,
North Main Street, Andover

Cas-Co SENNA AND QUININE TABLETS
WILL CURE HEADACHE IN 1 HOUR. BREAK UP A COLD IN 3 HOURS. CURE A COLD IN 2 DAYS. CURE LA GRIPPE IN 3 DAYS.
P. O. R. Stamped on Each Tablet. 25c.

A Hacking Cough
Irritates the throat and racks the lungs. A remedy that will instantly relieve and quickly cure Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Throat and Lung troubles generally is invaluable. Gray's Emulsion is a remedy guaranteed to cure. Since Pneumonia, treated in Bellevue Hospital, New York, has thoroughly reliable, will not dry up a cough, and is a safe children's medicine. 25 cents. Sold by druggists. Stanley K. Pierson, Lehlor, N. Y.

Oil Leases.
The oil lease that is just right, fair to both parties, plain and short. For sale at this office. Sent to any address at 50 cents the dozen. tf

From the Greenwood Times

The Tramp ON THE Park Bench

A Christmas Story by ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

[Copyright, 1903, by Zoe Anderson Norris.]

IT was Christmas night, and the Philanthropists' club was holding its usual celebration of the festival. The Christmas dinner had arrived at the stage of the demi tasse and remarks.

Naturally, the president was the first to speak.

"Reynolds," said he, indicating by the gesture of a massive hand the member of the club situated on his left, "you may relate your experience last night in helping the poor. According to our agreement, if you remember, we were to expend a certain amount in charity on Christmas eve, not only for the purpose of giving immediate relief so far as our funds went, but in order to ascertain something of the extent of the poverty existing in this great city of New York, in which we live."

The club members, among whom was an artist rendered somewhat conspicuous by the length of his locks and the exceeding breadth of his soft black tie, lit their cigars as Reynolds rose.

"MY GOOD MAN, HOW COME YOU TO BE HERE?"

T. G. WOOSTER & BRO

"It was snowing"—he began.

"Skip all that," hastily put in a newspaper man. "Of course, if it was Christmas eve, it was snowing."

"The hapless outcasts in the park had ranged themselves as nearly as possible according to the tree branches; but, being large in number, they overlapped them, some to the length of two branches or more, so that these sat unprotected from the snow, which softly soaked them."

"The newspaper man raised his hand admonishingly.

"Will you permit me, Mr. President," interrupted he, "to suggest that all description be eliminated? Otherwise we'll be sitting here in broad daylight."

"It may be as well," assented the president suavely, "to omit descriptions of scenery, for, as the gentleman has just stated, it may have the effect of detaining us longer than is absolutely necessary."

Reynolds, reaching for a glass of water, wet his lips before he began again.

"I buttoned my overcoat to the throat," he said then, "for the wind was raw and keen, and walked up to the first tramp I came to. He sat near the fountain on the corner seat of a long bench. I touched him gently on the sleeve and said to him:

"'My good man, how come you to be here?'"

The newspaper man leaned forward absorbedly, his eyes aglean.

"Were those your exact words?" he inquired in so rapt a manner that the president once more let fall the fork.

Reynolds, disdaining the question, sought in several pockets for a pocket handkerchief, and, finding one at length, delicately mopped his lids.

"The story he told," he stammered, "would have brought tears to the eyes of the coldest hearted.

"It was not so different from the usual run of such stories," faltered Reynolds. "He had seen better days; he had not always been obliged to sleep in a park, etc.; he had a wife and two children; he had been unable to support them; they were all three with his wife's mother. As I say, it was not so much the story as his manner of telling it. It affected you beyond description. It couldn't help but affect you. I took a five dollar bill from my vest pocket and thrust it into his hand."

"And then," queried the president, "what did he do?"

"He became so deeply affected," returned Reynolds, "that I whirled about and left him, unwilling to witness the overwhelming nature of his grief.

"He sat down. The artist coughed slightly, covered his mouth with his hand a moment, relit his cigar, which had gone quite out, and blew the smoke to the ceiling.

The president motioned to his neighbor to rise. His name was Caruthers. He scanned his listeners attentively, frowning as he talked.

"My experience," said he, "resembled to a certain degree that of my friend Reynolds there. I must have visited the same park. Union park, was it?" with a nod to Reynolds.

"Yes," replied Reynolds; "Union park."

"I circled the fountain," he went on, "and proceeded to a long bench, where I stopped near a seedy looking individual who in spite of the steady fall of snow sat napping there. I tapped him on the shoulder, roused him from his sleep and asked his history. It was rambling, as that related by Reynolds. He had seen better days. Most of us have. He had not always slept in parks. Few have. And, like Reynolds' tramp, he had a wife and two children, whom he had been obliged long before to send home to the wife's mother. Like the story of Reynolds' tramp, there was nothing out of the ordinary with the exception of the manner in which he stammered and shook telling it."

At this point Caruthers appeared to experience some little difficulty in articulating. When he had recovered, "Really," he finished, "it was distressing; most distressing. It grieved me deeply. I thrust a five dollar bill into his hand and hurried away."

He had hardly time to resume his seat when three members of the club rose simultaneously.

"There's some fraud about this!" they cried. "We went together. We saw the same man. He had the same wife and two children who were living with the same old mother-in-law. By Jove! We were so distressed we gave him $5 apiece, and that made fifteen good old solid dollars between us."

They flung themselves back in their chairs and gazed in an excited and indignant way from one face to another in search of some reasonable explanation of the phenomenon.

The newspaper man suddenly stood. It was as if he had just waked up.

"Was he tall and thin?" he questioned. "Did he wear a shaggy red beard, long hair, an old slouch hat and a ragged gray overcoat out at the elbows and fringed with a mighty fringe around the hem? I say, were his shoes old, and did he go barefooted in the snow?"

"Yes, yes," answered the rest in a chorus, "all that, and more."

"Then," declared the newspaper man, "I, too, took out a five dollar bill and made him a present of it." And, falling limply back in his chair, he took to tapping the arm of it with impatient fingers.

The artist had slipped out of the room.

After a period he returned, transformed.

His beard was shaggy and red, his shoes were worn at the toes and down at the heels, his hat was one of the slouch variety, and his overcoat was gray and long and so fringed at the hem as to assume the appearance of having been fringed intentionally.

Ten fingers pointed at him.

"That," shouted ten voices, "is the man!"

The artist bent a humble and apologetic head.

"Yes," acknowledged he, "I am the man."

"But you are a member of the club," they stormed. "You knew all about our plan of relieving the poor. You had part of the money yourself. Why did you take ours?"

The artist shrugged weary shoulders. He turned out two deprecating hands.

"Why, gentlemen," he explained simply, "I had a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.

"THAT," SHOUTED TEN VOICES, "IS THE MAN!"

Christmas at Wooster's---You Press the Button, We Do the Rest.

SOME PLAIN FACTS every Christmas shopper should know. The largest Christmas custom comes to the store that handles the largest every day custom that is natural, space hasn't any thing to do with it. The Merchandise and the Capital is the magnet. Merchandise make a store. There is only one hundred and ninety-six shopping hours for the Christmas buyers. One who has considered the problem thoroughly makes this suggestion: "If I go early I am satisfied that I can get the best in the market at Wooster's." We have thirty thousand square feet of floor space arranged with the choicest of Christmas gifts, all are something useful.

LONG COATS FOR WOMEN.

Paris predicts a great future for long Coats this year, reaching far into the season, and she calls everything long from thirty-six inches down to the ground. See what that includes in this store. 72 coats just arrived, latest patterns.

Zibeline Coats, plain backs, from $10 to $12.

Imported black Thibet and Kersey Coats coming below the hips from $10 to $20.

In plain goods, half fitting and loose backs, $12, $14 and $30.

SUITS.

A special assortment of choicest patterns lately arrived.

COLD WEATHER UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

The amount of custom in our Underwear and Hosiery department points to one of two conditions, either that Wooster's is the only place to buy Underwear and Hosiery or that the prices and quality are more attractive than in any other store. The first alternative is not a possibility, so the second must be the truth.

WOMEN'S UP-TO-DATE NECKWEAR.

This will be another day of great value-giving in Neckwear for women. It's on a special counter in the west center store, main aisle.

Lace Stocks with pointed or medallion front, properly shaped and correct styles, a fine variety in white, cream and ecru, 25c each.

Canvas Stocks, prettily embroidered in Bulgarian effect, tab fronts in two designs, very effective and the correct style, 25c each.

Mull Ties with embroidery ends, all white or colored edges, 25c each.

EIDERDOWN SACQUES.

Ripple Eiderdown at 85c. Just notice how thick and warm it is and that the seams are finished with a neat over lock stitch, about all edges goes an effective little finish in black crochet, gray, blue and red, a special assortment in these.

FLANNELETTE NIGHT DRESSES.

Pleasant to sleep in. Their softness and warmth take the sharp edge off the cold sheets. Dainty colors made with yokes and have a little figured braid for trimming at 75c.

HANDKERCHIEFS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Not alone for personal use do we sell hundreds of handkerchiefs at Christmas time, but for making many dainty gifts which nothing but handkerchiefs could be turned into. Embroidered handkerchiefs will make corset covers, pretty turn overs and handkerchief bags. These tiny squares of linen edged and set with lace always feel more important about Christmas time.

GIFTS IN FURNITURE.

Exquisite pieces of the best workmanship and all kind of price steps.

MUSIC CABINETS.

Twenty-three different styles to select from. Imitation Mahogany inlaid and Oak from $8.50, $10, $11.50 $16 $25.

DISHES.

China, semi-porcelain and the best of American wares.

T. G. Wooster & Bro.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers and Mfg's. of Home Furnishings,
153—7 MAIN ST., HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.
Leading Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

LECUURE AT THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. John A. Copeland lectured Sunday evening at the M. E. church to a large audience, his subject being the new crusade. The object in view is explained in an appeal to the Christian nations, published elsewhere.

Mr. Copeland is an interesting and versatile speaker and his hearers were deeply moved by his denunciation of the horrors of Turkish rule over its Christian subjects.

At the close of the lecture a branch of the Queen Isabella Society of America was organized as follows.

President, Mrs. Mary D. Webster; Vice President, Mrs. Frank Young; Secretary, Mas. A. B. Taylor; Treasurer, Mrs. Dr. C. F. Smith; Directors, Mrs. Geo. Woodard, Mrs. J. A. Lansing, Mrs. T. E. Mallory, Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Mrs. P. D. Watkins, Mrs. M. Rogers, Mrs. Fred Miller, Miss Ellen Young.

A WORLD WIDE CHRIRTMAS APPEAL.

The Queen Isabellas of America in behalf of the women of Christendom, implore the rulers of all Christian nations to unite in fulfilling the vows and prayer of Christopher Columbus. St. Louis and other great souls of whom the world was not worthy, to deliver Jerusalem and put an everlasting end to the abomination of all Turkish despotism which degrades womanhood, persistently and defiantly outrages humanity, and persecutes Christianity with everlasting cruelty, bigotry and hate, filling the whole earth with Armenian and Macedonian cries for help which extend into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath; and to this end earnestly beseech the powerful aid of the press, the pulpit, the bar, the platform, the stage and the schools of all enlightened lands and also fervently entreat our sister women everywhere to organize, agitate and promote in the name of the Lord Jesus, the new crusade in order to bring in speedily this blessed consumation so devoutly to be helped, to the glory of God, and the good of all mankind.

A SERIOUS RUNAWAY!

Saturday Night Lyman Travis' Team Ran Through The Village And Seriously Injured Mrs. William Whitemarsh.

Saturday evening while Lyman Travis was returning from West Greenwood to his home in this village, his team became unmanagable, and starting at Mrs. Marvin Goff's residence, ran thru town. When near the band stand William Whitemarsh, and wife and daughter met the crazed team and attempted to get out of its path, but to no avail. The horses struck Mrs. Whitmarsh and her daughter and bowled them over like nine pins, both sleigh and animals passed over and dragged the girl a distance of twenty feet, injuring her internally. Mrs. Whitmarsh escaped with a few bruises and slight infernal injuries. It seems miraculous that both were not killed.

The team was brought under control near the railroad station.

Grange Meeting.

On Saturday evening the West Greenwood Grange Patrons of Husbandry met with Mr. and Mrs. David Travis in this village. These were present; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. Knox Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Goff, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson McCauley, Bernard Murray and wife, Ed. Daily and wife, John Guyon, Gordon Pease and Stephen Taylor.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year;

David Travis, Master.
J. K. Miller, Secretary.

Next meeting was appointed for two weeks from Saturday at Nelson McCauley's when oysters will be served.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Grip in Two Days.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

Can't Stand It.
Constant backache—
Tired all the time.
Nerves on edge.
Distressing Urinary troubles.
Hard to keep up
With any Kidney ills.

Doan's Kidney Pills
Relieve the aches of a bad back promptly—cure all Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Mr. Howard D. Jetton, of 1313 Grape street, Hamilth at Collins' shop, Oswego street, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I became lame and sore across the loins so that I could scarcely get around. Mr. N. E. Cowles, my employer, advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, but I paid no attention. I kept growing worse, and, as timing roof after roof is very hard on a man's back, I got so bad that I resorted to remedies. Those I tried did me no good, so I went to Mr. Cowles and asked him what he advised me to get, as I had forgotten the name. He said: 'Doan's Kidney Pills will fix you up all right, for they helped me; but you must give them a good, fair show, and take two or three boxes if it is necessary.' Well, I got them, and I felt better by the time I had used half of the first box. Three boxes cured me, and I have not been troubled since."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold at all drug stores; 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PARK'S COUGH SYRUP
Is prescribed by our Best Physicians; it is endorsed and used at the Bellevue Hospital and Mothers' Home for Children. It is pleasant to take children love it. PARK'S COUGH SYRUP will cure all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, La Grippe and Consumption if taken in time and as directed. Large Bottles 25 and 50 cents. It is guaranteed to cure or no pay.

WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $21.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash direct every Wednesday from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Colonial, 532 Dearborn St., Chicago. dec11

BARGAINS!
WHY PAY FULL PRICE
FOR LEADING PAPERS AND MAGAZINES?

To all who pay one year in advance for the Andover News or Greenwood Times, the publishers will make the following prices on other periodicals. Because you do not see the paper listed below you want, is no indication that we cannot quote you a much lower price on it than you can get elsewhere. We will duplicate any list combination offer advertised at the rate published, and many times can even quote you lower prices than they.

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