Andover Advertiser.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY
BARNARD & UNDERHILL.
ANDOVER, ALLEGANY Co., N. Y.
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ANDOVER ADVERTISER.

VOL. 2. NO. 16.] ANDOVER, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1870. [WHOLE NO. 68

THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER
JOB OFFICE
IN THE COUNTY.

Job Department.

Having just made some important additions to the material of this Department, we shall be ready to do all kinds of Job Work in the neatest style, on short notice. Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 w.	2 w.	4 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 sq.	$1 00	$1 50	$2 50	$3 75	$5 00	$8 00
2 sq.	1 75	2 50	4 00	5 75	8 00	10 00
4 sq.	2 50	3 25	5 50	8 00	12 00	17 00
¼ col.	3 50	5 00	8 75	12 00	16 00	22 00
½ col.	5 50	8 50	12 00	15 00	20 00	27 00
1 col.	8 00	12 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	50 00
1 col.	10 00	15 00	25 00	35 00	50 00	

No notice less than $1.
Editorial Notices, 15 cents a line each insertion.
Local Notices Required by law to be published will be charged at the legal rates.
Business Notices, 20 cents a line first insertion; 10 cents a line each subsequent insertion.
Advertisements without directions as to time kept in the office until out, and charged accordingly.
Obituary Notices, containing more than the ordinary announcement of death, no Obituary Poetry, 10 cents a line.

Business Directory.

Cards of five lines or less will be inserted in this column one year for $5; every additional line, $1.

PHYSICIANS.

W. W. CRANDALL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office and Main st., Andover, N. Y.

DEL. McCLARY, M. D., Office at Residence, corner Main and Water streets, Andover.

Dr. L. A. SIMONS, Electrician, and Electro-Medical Practitioner, Office and residence two doors west of the Baptist Church on Washington street, Belmont, Allegany Co., N. Y.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

Angel & Jones, Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Belmont, N. Y.
WM. ANGEL. GEO. S. JONES.

V. A. Willard, Attorney and Counselor at Law over Dunham & Solars' store, Brick Block, Allegany, Belmont, N. Y.

Enos Scott, Attorney and Counselor at Law, office over Scott's Store, Brick Block, Belmont, N. Y.

HOTELS.

American Hotel,
BELMONT, N. Y.
REUS. FOWLER, - - Prop'r.
Nothing more than a House to the Travelling and business community. Free carriage to and from the Depot for all Passengers and baggage.

American Hotel.
ANDOVER, N. Y.
B. B. MILLER, - - Proprietor.
This old and favorite House for the travelling public and the citizens of Allegany county, has again passed into the hands of the undersigned, who, having thoroughly renovated and refurnished it, flatters himself that from his long experience in the business, that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. He desires to see his friends and the travelling public generally.
Free carriage to and from all Passenger trains.—Good Stabling, etc.

Exchange Hotel,
ANGELICA, N. Y.
- - - Proprietor.
This old and favorite House for the travelling public and the citizens of Allegany county, has again passed into the hands of the undersigned, who, having thoroughly renovated and refurnished it, flatters himself that from his long experience in the business, that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. He desires to see his friends and the travelling public generally.
Free carriage to and from all Passenger trains.—Good Stabling, etc. - - NILES.

Union Hotel,
ANGELICA, N. Y.
H. HOLWOOD, - - - Proprietor.
House has been refitted, and the Proprietor is ready to entertain all who may see fit to give him a call.

National Hotel,
BELMONT, N. Y.
ABNER SHULTS, - - - Proprietor.
This old and favorite resort for the travelling public and the citizens of Allegany county, has again passed into the hands of the undersigned, who, having thoroughly renovated and refurnished it, flatters himself that from his long experience in the business, that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. He desires to see his friends and the travelling public generally.
Free carriage to and from all Passenger trains.—Good Stabling, etc. - - NILES.

ERIE RAILWAY.
1200 Miles under 860 Miles without One Management. Change of Coaches.
BROAD GUAGE—DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE FOR
Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Omaha,
AND ALL POINTS WEST AND NORTH-WEST.
Mansfield, Galion, Urbana, Dayton, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville,
AND ALL POINTS SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST
New and Improved Coaches are run through without change to Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland and Cincinnati.

On and after Monday, Jan. 31st, 1870, Trains will leave Andover at the following hours, viz:

GOING WEST
6:42 A. M. WAY FREIGHT, Sundays excepted.
1.36 P. M. DEPOT MAIL, Sundays excepted, connecting at Carrollton for Olean, Bradford, etc.
6:54 P. M. DEPOT ACCOMMODATION, daily, connecting with trains for the West.
11.44 P. M. EXPRESS TRAIN, Daily, for Salamanca and the West.

GOING EAST.
1.22 A. M. NEW YORK AND BALTIMORE MAIL, Sundays excepted, connecting at Elmira for the South.
8.00 A. M. HORNELLSVILLE ACCOMMODATION Daily
7.05 P. M. WAY FREIGHT, Sundays excepted.

A complete "Pocket Time Table" and Passenger Fares on the Erie Railway and connecting Lines, have recently been published, and may be obtained on application to the Ticket Agent of the Company.
D. LADDER, Gen'l Sup't. WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS
Patrick Cannon
Keeps constantly on hand a fresh supply of
BALTIMORE OYSTERS,
FORTY CENTS PER CAN.

MAMMOTH.
Hardware Establishment
OF
Western New York,
Sheldon Bros.
Hornellsville, N. Y.

A large stock of
STOVE
TIN WARE,
CUTLERY,
Leather and Rubber
Belting,
Hand Cider Mills,
Dog Powers, Scales,
And all kinds of
FARMING UTENSILS.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention

Call and examine Stock and Prices

SHELDON BROTHERS.

FURNITURE !!
ALL KINDS OF
Upholstered,
Veneered,
Solid Walnut
—AND—
PLAIN FURNITURE,
LOOKING GLASSES,
of various styles and sizes.

PICTURE FRAMES
PUT UP TO ORDER.

FINE
Walnut, Mahogany,
—OR—
PLAIN
COFFINS.

UNDERTAKING
Done with the utmost care and promptness.

SEASONED
PINE LUMBER
Constantly on Hand.

ALL KINDS OF
BUILDING MATERIALS
READY FOR USE.
Turning, Planing and Slitting
DONE TO ORDER.

Selling off at Cost.

I will sell for the next 30 days, at cost, a large stock of WINTER DRESS GOODS, consisting in part, of MORENOS, PAREMETTAS, POPLINS, DELAINES, SCOTCH PLAIDS, and ALPACEAS.

Also at Cost,

Woolen Shawls, Heavy Cloths, Ready-Made Clothing, Ladies Cloaks and Sacques, Hoods, Scarfs, Gloves, Breakfast Shawls Under Shirts and Drawers, Furs, &c., &c.

Also at cost,

Woolen Blankets, Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, Hats and Caps, &c., &c.

I hope my friends will not be bashful, but call early and often, and secure some of the bargins to be had here, for the next thirty days.

Andover, Feby 17, 1870. J. J. Harman.

NEW GOODS
AT
VanSickle & Burrows.
Closing out
Winter Stock
AT
Great Bargains.

Written for the Andover Advertiser.

Recollections of My School Boy Days

BY AQUIDNICK.

Among my classmates was Wm. D. Marble, who was quite an artist. He was successful on a portrait or caricature, beyond anyone of his age that I ever saw. One afternoon, the Principal who was as sharp sighted as a lynx, discovered by the movement of Will's hand, that he was not making figures, although using slate and pencil, and thus addressed him:

"Marble, bring that slate this way, and do not erase anything on it."

Poor Will! he was in sad dilemma and he looked as he approached the platform with his slate under his arm, as if his own portrait would have made a suitable illustration for the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Mr. S. took the slate and after inspecting it for perhaps a minute, remarked "Very well done, Mr. Marble, you are destined to become famous. My counterfeit presentment, although not flattering, is as faithful to the original, as is Stuarts celebrated portrait of Washington, in the State House. Look at this boys, and pay proper tribute of respect to the genius of William Marble." He held the slate up to our view as he thus spoke.

The picture referred to, represented the principal in the act of tanning Ned Fay. That aspiring youth had been detected in the act of writing a love-letter to one of the young ladies in the "Girls Senior Department" up stairs. Ned's punishment was to visit the girls school, announce his errand publicly, and present the aforesaid love-letter in person, to the "Fayre Ladye" When discovered the amorous young gentleman had not completed his letter but it was finished by order and dictation of the principal.—Had Ned "accepted the situation" quietly, and presented the amatory document, the matter would have ended there, but he refused to comply with the teacher's very moderate request, and was flogged into submission. The picture as I have said, what Tom Wyman called "the most *sickling* scene in Doves labors lost." It was certainly a good thing, the likenesses were perfect, and under the picture was written "The Culprit Fay."

"You will notice boys," continued Mr. S., who actually relished a *bon mot* as heartily as any of us, "that his artistic talent is equaled only by his wit in giving his picture the name of J. R Drake's beautiful poem 'The Culprit Fay.' I like to encourage talent, and Mr. Marble may transfer this from his slate to the blackboard."

"Mr. S.," said Will imploringly, "punish me in any other manner but that, do anything but expel me, or ask me to do that."

"William, I have named the penalty for your offense, and I shall not change it, here is a crayon, petition is useless now to work"

He hung the slate up over the blackboard.

"If you prefer to draw from life, I will stand for you, and perhaps Fay will accommodate you by taking a place on the floor."

Finding he could do no better, Will commenced work. He worked very slowly and was inclined to favor the "boss" who was furnished a remarkably long nose. Many was the joke cracked on the Principal's "sweetie."

"Just another inch on my nose, William," remarked Mr. S who stood by overseeing the drawing

Will groaned in spirit as he made the proposed alteration.

A movable blackboard was placed between Marble and the school, and he was instructed to take his time and make a faithful copy. A class in history was called out, and at the close of the recitation, Will appeared and announced his work done. The blackboard which had served as a screen was removed, and our artist "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," while to make use of a hackneyed phrase, "thunders of applause brought down the house."

"William," said our teacher, who was really one of the best natured men in the world, "under embarrassing circumstances, you have done well.—Now sir, you have liberty to withdraw."

Scarcely was Will at his seat, when the Rev. Dr. D., a member of the school committee, with three visitors entered. They looked with surprise at the caricature, but Mr. S. gave no explanation.

Will Marble never drew pictures again during study hours, but to-day he is one of the most successful engravers in the "City of notions."

I once experienced not a little mortification from a course of treatment similar to that above narrated. W

"Who is it Will? I enquired as my chum returned to his seat.

"Don't know, Quid, mighty good looking girl though," he replied in a whisper.

Now as I am in a confessional mood I will inform my readers, that about that time I had frequent and severe attacks of "calico fever," and I determined as the coast was clear of assistant teachers, to have one glance of her whom Allen had pronounced to be "mighty good looking." Walking on tiptoe to the door, I peeped through the keyhole. But I was destined to more than disappointment, for the young lady had gone, and Mr. S. who always moved with the rapidity of a lamplighter, opened the door to discover me, a self-appointed committee on keyhole. He understood matters at a glance.

Shutting the door, he quietly remarked: "Aquidnick, look through that keyhole until further orders."

During the recitation of four classes (the time I think could not have been less than an hour,) I remained bent over with my eye at the keyhole.

Of this I am positive, whatever curiosity I may have inherited as a lineal descendent of Mother Eve, then and there departed from me, but the name of "Keyhole Quid" stuck to me closer than a brother for a long time.

Tom Wyman was the acknowledged "plumagh phellough" of our school. He was always ready with tongue and pen to say or write a good thing.

One of our boys, named Knight attempted to pay his attentions to a young lady called Carson, but Mr. C. thinking his daughter rather young to receive the homage even of our chivalrous Knight, and being a bluff, impetuous man, peremptorily ordered him to leave his house. One day a dozen or more of our boys, Wyman and Knight among them were passing Carson's house, and Tom pointing to the house remarked, "There shall be no (K)night there."

A number of us, boys and girls were walking on the beach one Saturday evening. Bob Gunn had commonly acted as cavalier to a Miss Carr, but on this occasion she was accompanied by Joe Steele. This caused some surprise among us, and we made some enquiries about Bob, but Miss Carr was non-committal. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Wyman, "It appears that Fanny has discharged her Gun(n) and now defends herself with Steel(e)."

On the marriage of George Lyon and Lucy Lamb, he said "The Lion and the Lamb shall lie down together, and (after a while) a little child shall lead them."

We once attended the wedding of one who had five years previously been a member of the "Boy's Senior Department. The bridegroom's name was Truman Bliss, the bride's Ellen Hoard. She was one of a family of sixteen children all at that time living. Some of these children were married, and living at a considerable distance from their early home.

TRUE.

Boys, good morals do not have their headquarters in taverns and saloons; nor do they lounge about shops and stores. I always have a poor opinion of a young man tilted in a chair on a hotel stoop, or dangling his legs in a bar-room. Such places beget a swaggering air, and a swaggering man is neither manly nor admirable, and is as repelling to a good woman as vice is to virtue. The atmosphere of places where men congregate to smoke and drink, eat peanuts, spin yarns, crack jokes, and tell stories—and you know what kind of stories some of them tell—is no more appropriate for you than it would be for your sisters. What would soil and contaminate them will you.

I find a wide-spread disposition among men to ridicule exemption from bad habits among their own sex. They think a fellow terribly "green" who has kept the bloom and sanctity of his honor as inviolate as the sweet sister at his side has hers; and they say a fellow who does not enjoy a fine cigar or a glass of claret, lacks in the ingredients of what now constitutes a "good fellow." It is the sheerest nonsense, and the most palpable falsity that ever wheedled a young man into its meshes. I am an "excellent judge" of men, and some of the very best it has been my good fortune to know, have been men of honor, generosity, large heartedness, sympathy deep and strong in feeling appreciative, possessing good sense and judgment and they neither smoke, chew, drink intoxicating beverages, attend horse-races, delight in the witticisms of the clown of a country circus, nor swear.

CURSES COME HOME.

A Temperance Sketch.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

He was dressed richly, if not with taste. A diamond solitaire, worth thousands, rested in the front of his spotless shirt. A cluster, almost as valuable adorned the little finger of his left hand—a hand never stained with the dark evidence of labor. But white as it was, there were stains on the hand, the heart and soul—but no, we must not speak ill of him. He was rich.—That elegant five-story mansion was his, and he owned tenement houses elsewhere—and all of his riches had been gained in the traffic yet carried on in the ground floor of the noble house before which he stood. He was neithmore nor less than a rum-seller and evidently proud of it, for often did his name appear prominent in the reports of the "Liquor-dealers' Association."

Playing with the heavy guard chain of his Elgin watch, he seemed to be contemplating the panorama of humanity drifting along the street, but his contemplations were interrupted by a woman, whose pale, almost haggard face here evidences of having once been exceedingly beautiful. Now want, not dissipation, seemed to have wrecked it all, for her features were thin cold and angular, and there seemed to be no blood in her veins—no life in her thinly-clad shivering form.

Approaching this man—who though a real character, might say I attacked his *respectability* if I named him—the woman in a low, piteous tone said:

"Mr. ——, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Be off—I never give to beggars," he said, not haughtily, but roughly, *brutally.*

"Sir, I am no beggar, though you have made me and mine poor, so poor that my children are thin and gaunt as I, from starvation. All that I ask is, please do not give my husband any more liquor. Once he was good, industrious and happy. Now, through drink, he is worse than worthless.—Twice, my tears and sufferings, and the efforts of good temperance men have brought him to sign the pledge, both times led away under your roof, he has broken it. Last night he signed it again. I now come to beg, for the sake of my little ones—for my sake—do not let the temptation reach him *here* again."

"Curse you, and your little ones, what have I to do with them? These temperance men would ruin——oh Heaven—merciful Heaven"

Those last words leaped from a mouth unused to them, but the man's face was white with horror.

For, far above, out on the window ledge crept a babe—his first born, his only one—not yet one year old, just big enough to creep away from a careless nurse, and now seeing "papa," it was crowing its joy as it crept toward—not his arms, but into the jaws of death.

A second—it was an age of horror, while he stood paralyzed hand and foot, and like a bird dropped by the fowler's unerring shot—down, down! through the air came the little body in its robe of white—down upon the pavement wet with misery's tears.

A low thud—a wild scream from above, a horrible groan from below, as the strong man fell swooning by the side of his dead babe, told all—the *curse*, swift as the lightnings of Heaven, had come back to him who had uttered it.

Will he who has made orphans and widows by the hundred, yet keep on in the blood-stained trade? God grant he may not—lest other curses come and come, until he, too, is homeless, friendless, and despairing.

Bound to see Grant.

The Bangor *Jeffersonian* tells of a Penobscot fruit grower—a genuine yankee, who stopped at Washington last winter on his way home from a little trip to Florida. He was determined to see General Grant, and therefore called at the War Office telling the doorkeeper his wishes. What followed was this:

"The General is engaged."

"Well, I want to see him."

"Upon business?"

"No sir, I want to see him. I don't want an office. I don't want to speak to him, even, I don't want to occupy a moment of his valuable time. I want to see him, merely."

"He is busy."

"When will he be out?"

"In about four hours."

"Well, I am not going home without seeing General Grant. No, sirs; and unless I am thrust out, with your leave, I will sit here until he appears."

and was introduced to General Grant. The General extended his hand and expressed himself happy to see him. He shook the General's hand, took a good hearty look at him and turned to depart, saying, "My ambition is satisfied, I have seen General Grant."

"Take a chair, sir, take a chair," said the General, approvingly. I am happy to see you.

"Thank you, sir, I will not occupy a moment of your valuable time. I came here to see General Grant; I have seen him. His time is valuable, so is mine. Good by, sirs."

And bowing, he left the room, followed by a merry laugh from the astonished President.

Shortly it was announced in the New York *Herald* that there was a mysterious stranger in Washington who did not want an office, and the editor nervously asked, "Who is it?" and called on the detective force to arrest him as conspiring against the dignity of office-seeking, as one of the most respectable of all professions.

Temperance in the Courts.

From the Temperance Advocate.

Joseph Plumb of Cattaraugus N. Y. owned a large amount of land in that village when the Erie Railroad was opened through it in 1850, and sold liberally to all who wished to purchase with the "condition" incorporated in the deed that if the grantee should manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, on the land sold, the land should revert to him and his heirs. For years all went well; but by and by a man arose by the name of Tubbs, who "knew not Joseph," and after purchasing a lot with Joseph's restriction, commenced selling liquor He was remonstrated with kindly. Moral suasion was applied, and Tubbs was besought to give up the sale of liquor, which destroys the peace of the neighborhood and brings young and old down to ruin.—But Tubbs was obstinate. "Not for Joseph" would he stop selling. Then there was war. Part sided with Joseph, and part with Tubbs. Joseph believed in

"Moral suasion for the man who drinks,
Mental suasion for the man who thinks,
Legal suasion for the drunkard-maker,
Prison suasion for the status-breaker."

and opened fire by an action of ejectment. The whisky ring gathered around Tubbs, and contributed money to defend their "brother." Joseph had but few friends and backers; but strong in the right, he determined to "fight it out on that line." The case was tried before Judge Martin Grover, at the Cattaraugus Circuit. Jury failed to agree; they had not all tasted the liquor; and the case was again tried before Judge R. P. Marvin, when a verdict was taken, subject to the opinion of the court at a general term, which gave verdict for Joseph; Judges Marvin and Daniels concurring, and Judge Grover dissenting.—Tubbs appealed to the court of Appeals, and the case was argued at the last October term, in the city of New York. Last month the Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court, sustaining Joseph Plumb in his efforts to keep the serpent out of his Eden.

A Villainous Theory.

Since public attention has been directed to the fact that Salmon P. Chase, as secretary of the treasury, advised the passage of the legal tender act, which as chief-justice he declares unconstitutional, in part, he has sought to evade the charge of inconsistency by pretending to recognize a difference between political and judicial opinions. In other words, he desires to establish the impression that a man's sentiments upon a given question may be varied according to changes in his own position. Thus, while simply a private citizen he may profess complete devotion to the platform of principles established by a certain political party; being chosen to office by that party, he may with entire propriety repudiate any portion of his former political creed which he finds it inconvenient to practice; and, finally, having been elevated to the bench for life, it is entirely proper for him to renounce the whole platform and go over, body, soul and breeches, to the enemy. This is Chief-Justice Chase's notion of political morality, if we understand him rightly. It is unnecessary to say that its adoption universally would put an end to all responsible representative government. No man possessing the commonest instincts of honesty could have originated such a theory. Much less could an upright man have reduced it to practice as Chase has done.—*Rochester Chronicle.*

Little things sometimes produce