

# THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER.

VOL. IV NO. 24.

ANDOVER, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 180

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**Andover Advertiser**  
PUBLISHED BY  
**E. S. Barnard,**  
AT  
Andover, Allegany Co., N. Y.

TERMS: \$1.00 per year, in advance. If not paid in advance, \$1.25 will be charged.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the following low rates. Those orders exceeding the above rates will be charged at the regular rates.

1 inch	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1 week	25	20	15	10	7	5	4	3	2	1
1 month	1.00	.75	.50	.35	.25	.18	.12	.08	.05	.03
3 months	2.50	1.75	1.25	.85	.60	.45	.30	.20	.15	.10
6 months	4.50	3.25	2.25	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.35	.25	.18
1 year	8.00	5.75	4.00	2.75	1.80	1.30	.85	.60	.45	.30

**Job Department.**  
Having just made up important additions to the material of this Department, we can now give all our subscribers the most complete and up-to-date list of orders from abroad promptly at hand.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**  
Cards of business or law will be inserted in this column for \$25 per year, subject to the usual conditions.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
**Dr. W. W. Crandall.**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office at the corner of Duane & Franklin streets, Andover, N. Y. A. I. call promptly attended to.

**Dr. Lewis A. E. M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon, associated with Dr. W. W. Crandall, Andover, N. Y.

**A. E. V. DURAND, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & OCUList  
cor. Duane & 1st St., Andover, N. Y.

**Dr. T. F. J. BART.**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Office at Duane & 1st St., Andover, N. Y.

**J. M. Forbes, Dentist.**  
Office at Duane & 1st St., Andover, N. Y.

**ATTORNEY & COUNSELLORS.**  
**CHARLES A. BOISBY,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Office at Duane & 1st St., Andover, N. Y.

**Russell Scott,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, 1st St., Andover, N. Y.

**Angel & Jones,**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, 1st St., Andover, N. Y.

**B. H. HOUGH,**  
Real Estate Agent & Auctioneer  
Tribune Office, Hornellsville, N. Y.

**HOWE & WILSON,**  
AUCTION & COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
Tribune Office, Hornellsville, N. Y.

**HOTELS.**  
**American Hotel,**  
ANDOVER, N. Y.  
Wm. Byles, Proprietor.

**SWINK'S HOTEL,**  
ANDOVER, N. Y.  
PETER SWINK, Proprietor.

**Exchange Hotel,**  
ARGUELICA, N. Y.  
D. D. VOORHEES, Proprietor.

**American Hotel,**  
BRENDESBURG, N. Y.  
J. J. HARRIS, Proprietor.

## ERIE RAILWAY.

NEW AND IMPROVED DRAWING ROOM AND SLEEPING COACHES, combining all modern improvements, are now running on all lines between Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

Station	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Dunkirk	12:00 PM	12:00 PM	12:00 PM	12:00 PM
Ellettsville	12:15 PM	12:15 PM	12:15 PM	12:15 PM
Chester	12:30 PM	12:30 PM	12:30 PM	12:30 PM
Gettysburg	12:45 PM	12:45 PM	12:45 PM	12:45 PM
Buffalo	1:00 PM	1:00 PM	1:00 PM	1:00 PM

**Additional Local Trains Eastward.**  
5:00 A. M. except Sundays, from Dunkirk to Buffalo, via Chester, Gettysburg, Ellettsville, and Buffalo.

**Additional Local Trains Westward.**  
5:00 A. M. except Sundays, from Buffalo to Dunkirk, via Chester, Gettysburg, Ellettsville, and Dunkirk.

**WESTWARD.**  
No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100.

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## FURNITURE II

ALL KINDS OF Upholstered, Veneered, Solid Walnut

GO TO **A. D. & A. S. Browns** FOR **HARDWARE.**

PLAIN FURNITURE.

LOOKING GLASSES.

CTUR FRAME

FINE Walnut, Mahogany,

PLAIN COFFINS.

UNDERTAKING

WELLSVILLE MARBLE WORKS, WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

MONUMENTS

HEAD STONES, CENTRESTONES, TABLETS, URNS, VASES, &c.

SEASONED PINE LUMBER

UNDERTAKING

SEASONED

SEASONED

SEASONED

SEASONED

SEASONED

SEASONED

SEASONED

SEASONED

SEASONED

MISCELLANEOUS.

**JOHN CUTTS'S SECRET.**  
"Is Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman who having knocked at a door, was saluted by a woman from an upper window with, "Well, what's your name?"

"Yes, he's in or almost somewhere, I suppose," she replied, "but I'm Mr. Cutts when my business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts' cat and drinker and sleepin' sometimes."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still further out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see him myself," was the reply.

"Is it real business for pay, or only a favor you want? I can let your boss have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why I can do anything for you that he could, and a great deal more. I take the money and write the receipts, and pay the men; and take off the produce. I am as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horse flesh."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing his face down solemnly, "you can not take his place now. Find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look a here, Mister, maybe you do not know the circumstances of the case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me, and Cutts, he haint no more claim to it than the head down there has. And besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more—What's your business on my place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting up out of his chair and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he had seen him.

"Do you a doctor? Cause there's a livin' t'ing the matter with Cutts. He's the worst man in the town, and so he is," said this woman for the times.

"No, my good woman, I am not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Said that boy to find him?" said the stranger.

"The boy looked up in his mother's face but he knew his own interest too well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister, I suppose, by your black coat. I may as well tell you and save you time, that we don't go to meetin', and don't want to it ain't no use for you to leave no tracks nor nothing—far I've got a big dairy and haint no time to idle away readin', and I keep him about so early and late, that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I'm no minister, madam, I wish I was though, for your sake," said the gentleman.

"Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again and looked into his mother's eye, but it gave no marching orders.

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking dejectedly at him, "is a school-master huntin' up a district school; and you think he's a committin' man; but he ain't this year."

"What's Cutts?" as the neighbors called her, dropped by hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, now mister," she said, "I can read you a right through, and I know what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eye on you. I can tell by your evanlistin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We haint got no quarrels, don't want no deeds drawn or wills made, so if you're huntin' a job of my husband, you may as well unhitch your horse and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstood my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence alone. If he chooses he may break it to you but what he can't."

"O, my goodness sakes alive—Brother Liff's blowed up in the Mississippi boat, I bet. O, la me, the poor fellow. He left a little something, didn't he?"

"I never heard of him and nobody's blowed up that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"O—now I know. You're the man what wants to go to Congress, ha, and have come here bustin' stories. He shall not vote for you. I haint politicians, especially them that goes agin women, and thinks they are wags to droge, and nothing else. I go for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for

Scripture says, "there isn't neither men nor women, but all's one in politics." I believe the day is coming when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to women, store you get the big places and high pry that's eatin' us up with taxes. You can't see my husband. We are goin' to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and don't know who you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went toward Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her husband to follow him; but by time she got to the bars, her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong minded woman shouted after her husband, "You'd better come back, I tell you!" but the wind was the wrong way, and carried her words into the potato patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts, "I should not like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full I can tell you, to keep out of scraps now that I've done it, and haint an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you needn't reply to my question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Dixie place, that I have just bought, and I was directed to inquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow at the store said, 'Cutts can tell you, if a wife will let him, but she won't.' She'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive you wherever you go to order them."

"I told them I would see you, and ask you only, and the fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and two or three widows in town a cord of wood each. If I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive, and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts and keep dark, for the jokes sake. I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night; I don't own it," replied the good natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to the place and see to getting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly, on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," said Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about it."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in this life. The simplest act is important, and the easy good nature of yours will ruin your family. Baffle that spirit to day, and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man at the head of your own house and family."

"You see the puss is here," he added, "and that has been a crueler feller than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good and the children's."

The boy was sent with the message but the boy wasn't sharp enough—Madame Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up and went after him.

All the way home, and far into the night she used her eloquence, both in pleadings and threatenings, to find out about the mysterious errand of that loutish town nabob that had come in to the country to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a dumb spirit for the night, and no measures could induce him to talk on any subject, but she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out and went to sleep; but as daybreak she began again. Her husband ventured to say, "As soon as breakfast is over, I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house, I can tell you," cried Kautippe, "I'll give you told me what that man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it," said Cutts, "for I have vowed I'll never tell it till I had first eaten my breakfast, and with these words he went out."

Madam Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got break-

fast. She called at the door to no one in particular, "Come."

But Cutts didn't come. After a little she went to the barn, and found big seated on a half busted mound eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you. Your breakfast is cooling; go down in."

Here was a point gained. Cutts went in as requested, and ate his breakfast. When that was over he sat back in her chair, and said:

"What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," said Cutts, "and I haint a notion of where to get 'em. He wanted to know if I had any, and I told him I had."

"I am the laughing stock of the town, added Cutts, "and from this hour I'll wear a new face. I haint the wind of my family, and unless this house is made mine, I'll finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll live there with my boys."

"Since then the farm has been called 'John Cutts' place,' and he's the head of the house."

**LAKE ERIE.**  
A correspondent of the Boston Globe says: "I have been so long in this lake view, and confidently as I expect to have my lake, my river in heaven, I propose to show reasons for believing that Lake Erie—the path of a mighty commerce, and the admiration of the traveler and the dweller on its shore—will not continue afloat. The time will doubtless come when it will be a vast marsh—even when it will be the home of a teeming population, and covered with vineyards and orchards and thriving cities. A careful survey has shown that while Lake Michigan has an average depth of 1,800 feet, Lake Superior of 900 feet, and Lake Ontario of 500 feet, Lake Erie has an average depth of 120 feet. The upper part above Point Pelee Island has an average depth of but 20 feet. The middle portion between Pelee Island and Long Point is but 60 feet deep, while the lower part below Long Point averages only 120 feet. The bottom of the lake is quite level, and composed of soft clay. This clay is constantly accumulating from sediments carried down by tributary streams. The south shore is composed of easily disintegrated blue, gray and olive shales and gray sandstones. The western and northern coasts are made up of limestone of the Helderberg group, which quickly yields to the action of the water. Consequently both shores constantly are contributing to fill up the bed of the lake. The work is not rapid, but it is as certain as fate.

There are frequent land slides on this shore, which are quickly taken up and deposited in sediment beneath the line waters. Indeed, along the shore, especially after a storm, the water can hardly be called blue. It is brown as far as the eye can reach, with the clay washed down from the hills and taken up along the shore. Let this process continue—and there is nothing to prevent it—and the time must come when the upper part of the lake, which is so rarely navigable now in rough weather, will cease to be navigable except through a very narrow channel, when even the middle and lower portions will cease to be covered with white sails, and become a vast marsh where the wild sedge and swamp whiteberry will grow. Even if this should not come through the filling up process, Niagara is slowly but surely cutting a ditch that will one day drain Lake Erie. Every observing man who has visited the great cataract knows that it has cut its way up from Lake Ontario to its present position. It is now many feet further up the river than it was the first time that I listened to its roar, and gazed entranced upon its wonders. The soft limestone that lies beneath the "table rock" is constantly dissolving and then the "table rock" cracks and drops away.

When the cataract shall have worn its way back to the head of the rapids its progress will be much faster than it is now. It is easy to see that it will one day reach the deep waters of the Niagara River. Then Lake Erie will be effectively drained, and there will be only a deep river flowing through its central channel. Then what digging and boring there will be to find the treasure that has gone down in sinking ships, and will yet go down in all the great lakes, Erie, owing to its shallowness, is the most treacherous to the navigator. A severe storm lashes its waters into the utmost fury, and woe to the luckless sailors who find themselves on a lee shore. So great is the commerce carried over this lake, that there is scarcely a storm which does not find vessels in this unfortunate position.

**ANCIENT TROY.**  
Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, the explorer thinks he has discovered the site of the ancient city, and gives the following account of his excavations:

"All the houses of which I found the ruins to the depth of two meters were built of stone and mortar, and it seems that this mode of construction runs back to the beginning of our era but from two to three meters, the disappearance of the stones and the character of the deposits lead me to doubt that, for many centuries before Christ, the buildings were of wood while, contemporaneously with the appearance of the stone tools and weapons, the houses began to be built of common stone, fitted together with mud or earth. To the depth of three meters the buildings were of wood. From that point, however, they became larger, although at eight and a half meters they barely begin to be treacherous on account of their size. The visitor of the plain of Troy discovers in the walls my excavations many walls of building which I have not been obliged to interest. This style of architecture continues ten meters, when it suddenly changes and becomes gigantic. Unfortunately hitherto I have not succeeded in seeing how these walls are constructed and of what thickness they are. The stones of which they are composed are separated from each other, as if by some fearful earthquake. Still I am persuaded that there exists between them not a trace of mud or mortar. Only one who has been an eye-witness of the excavation in the Troas had any idea of the difficulties and dangers; only he can understand why billions of men are and how much time is required, particularly in rainy weather, first to remove the smaller stones from around a single large one, to get to the machinery, to raise it to the surface and roll it through the mud to the steps of the hill."

**Some More News.**—The practical historian, as well as the antiquary, will be interested in the following recent developments about Do Soto's expedition, if they chance to be true. (Hickman County, in Tennessee, is very rich in remains of the unknown race which the red men drove from the Valley of the Mississippi to the far South. Crumbling fortifications have been found there, and the burial mounds have yielded to spades and picks, quantity-carved axes and household ware. A few days since a discovery of remarkable interest was made near the junction of the Pine and Duck Rivers, in the county in question. A grave, supposed to be that of an Indian, was opened, and, if the apparently credible report can be relied upon, turned out to be the sepulchre of one of Do Soto's men. The skeleton was armed with the crumbling copper helmet and breast plate, and by its side lay a mass of rust in the precise shape of an old Spanish musket. On one of the bones which formed the rone coffin was cut a cross with the letters, "D D 1540," while underneath was an inscription which, as well as it could be deciphered, ran thus: "Bernides Diaz Alon 42 Dec. 1539 Regm." This stone, and one or two copper bullets, were brought from the grave, and are now preserved at the house of a Mr. Whitson, a well known resident of the county. If the discovery is a real one, it goes far to settle the vexed question as to the whereabouts of Do Soto from the early part of 1539, when he left Florida, to 1541, when he found the Mississippi and Do Soto's grave.

The Baptist Year Book for 1872 says that in Georgia the Baptists numbered 145,254; Virginia has 129,882; North Carolina has 59,800; South Carolina has 75,811. Every eighth person in Georgia is a Baptist, and every ninth person in Virginia and South Carolina is of the same persuasion.

One hundred and twenty-three passenger trains run between New York and Elizabeth, N. J., daily, a communication about every ten miles of the day of eighteen hours. Elizabeth is nearer down town in New York in time than the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

A chicken thief on Long Island entered the hen house of a farmer knowing that the big dog was nearby. His bill of the thief nearly for himself, the thief has now put on his pants.

Connatious people are expecting that a hen, when on a dozen apples, will be barrel of elder.

Co. Clerk Office