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E. S. BARNARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Andover Advertiser

H. S. Barnard,
AT
Andover, Allegany Co., N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements for one year will be inserted at the following rates. Those for a longer period will be charged at the special rates. For each subsequent insertion, the advertiser must be paid quarterly in advance.

Length	Per Line
1 line	\$1.00
1 week	\$5.00
1 month	\$15.00
3 months	\$40.00
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1 year	\$125.00

Job Department.

Printing and bookbinding of all kinds. Estimates given on application.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Cards of business or text will be inserted in this directory for \$1.00 per copy.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. W. W. Randall,
Physician and Surgeon, residence at No. 10 W. Washington St., N. Y.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLORS.

Charles A. Dolson,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, residence at No. 10 W. Washington St., N. Y.

REAL ESTATE AGENT & AUCTIONER.

E. H. HUGH,
Real Estate Agent & Auctioneer, residence at No. 10 W. Washington St., N. Y.

HOTELS.

SWINK'S HOTEL,
ANDOVER, N. Y.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

H. D. FOURBES,
Proprietor, residence at No. 10 W. Washington St., N. Y.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

E. FAIRBANKS,
Proprietor, residence at No. 10 W. Washington St., N. Y.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

L. DANA CRANDALL,
Proprietor, residence at No. 10 W. Washington St., N. Y.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Dr. J. W. BARNARD,
Veterinary Surgeon, residence at No. 10 W. Washington St., N. Y.

ERIE RAILWAY.

NEW AND IMPROVED Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all Modern Improvements, are run through on all Trains between Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridges, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

Station	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Buffalo	12:00	1:00	2:00
Niagara Falls	12:30	1:30	2:30
Suspension Bridges	1:00	2:00	3:00
Cleveland	1:30	2:30	3:30
Cincinnati	2:00	3:00	4:00
N. Y.	2:30	3:30	4:30

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A New and Large Assortment of Holiday Goods at J. J. Harman & Sons,

THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY RUTH MILD ST. JOHN.

"So now what I have seen, behold the strong man bowed, With quivering teeth, lips bathed in blood, And cold the livid brow; His eyes, his nostrils, and his mouth, Then think upon the widow's son, See if he be a better man!"

"Where are you going this cold night, Herby?" asked old Mrs. Norton, as he left the hall, standing beside him.

"I'm going over to Annie's; I promised to take her to the concert, this evening."

"But you'll come home as soon as you can—won't you, Herby?"

"Certainly mother! You seem very nervous to-night; what is the reason?"

His mother answered not, but sat looking into the fire. Her seventy years never seem old, but heavy on her as they do to-night. A wearied, tired, sorrowful expression was on her still lovely face, and the little, white hands were clasped tightly.

"Mother, you are not well; do not wait up for me! Let the young man tenderly, and a shade of care passed over his handsome face."

"I do not feel very well, my son; but I shall wait up for you, so do not tarry one moment with any person after you part from Annie."

"No fear, mother, I shall be home early," returned Herby, with a bright smile; and whistling a gay tune, he left the house.

Old Mrs. Norton sat thinking in the fire-light, and the worried, sad look was still on her face; softly murmured to herself:

"How childish of me to allow this fear to rest in my heart—there is no danger as long as he is with Annie. 'God bless that girl! She has saved the widow's son from a drunkard's fate.'"

"Three years now since Herby left his bed companion for Annie's love, and next week the trial-time will be up, and she will become his bride, for he has kept his promise well."

"After the marriage there will be no fear, for Annie will make his home so happy, that he will be homesome when from it he is absent."

"What a calm rest I shall have then; my mind shall be so much at ease."

Herby Norton soon reached the hotel where Annie boarded. Annie was a girl of high principles and had taken in hand to reform Herby, whom she loved passionately.

The time wears on, and poor Mrs. Norton slumbers in her chair. Where is Herbert Norton? When Herby parted with Annie, he turned his steps homeward, and was only a short distance away when he was halted thus:

"Don't be in such a hurry, Norton! Herby turned, and saw Jim Dudley, the young man who had saluted him as he left the hall, standing beside him.

"Is that you, Dudley?"

"I should think it was! Come, what's bringing you home so early?—we can have a stroll to-night, yet."

"Could not think of it, Dudley; I promised to be home early."

"Stuff! by Jove, Norton, what are you coming to—can't you act like a man?" and passing his arm into Herby's, he walked off with him.

Four hours afterwards, when Herby parted with Jim Dudley, at the door of "Jones' saloon," his steps were unsteady, and in his brain was a strange, burning sensation.

Walking along some distance, with unsteady gait, he fell in the cold, dark street.

No one was near; and half an hour dragged by wearily; then a figure was bending over the prostrated Herby, and a voice said:

"Young man, you are ill—allow me to assist you home."

He raised Herby up, and as the light of a street lamp flashed on his face, he recognized him.

"Come," he again said, "I will where you live," and he led Herby along slowly, but every few steps he left the ground.

At last they reached Mrs. Norton's and the kind stranger said:

"This is the house, is it not? Shall I knock?"

"No," replied Herby, faintly, "I have a key; thank you for your kindness," and he drew out his purse from his pocket to pay the stranger for his trouble.

But the man drew back, while a deep crimson flushed his face, and said:

"Your thanks are sufficient for the little assistance I have rendered you to-night, sir," and he walked away, closing the outside door, and leaving Herby in the porch.

For a moment he stood and looked up at the windows; he saw a light in one of the rooms, and then walked away satisfied.

The morning sun was high up when Annie left her hotel to go over to Mrs. Norton's.

A strange feeling of impending calamity was at Annie's heart, and she hastened her steps.

Opening the outside door of the porch, Annie's eyes rested on what Herby Norton lay before her, frozen and dead. (A fact.)

The wild cry of anguish which escaped Annie's lips, brought Mrs. Norton to the door.

"At a moment when the poor old mother understood what had happened, and without word or sigh, she fell dead on the frozen corpse of her unfortunate son."

It has become a sort of popular-almost national—faith that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink.

Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest, drink is the beginning and end of everything. The very name of liquor is said to be synonymous with enjoyment, and dearer the liquor the more it is prized and coveted.

Every man who is not a downright drunkard, is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion, a snare. We put it to any one who has stood half the night at the bar, or sat half the night in a club room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been anything like that of a few hours spent at home with a book or newspaper.

The evil influence of a tavern pleasure on the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also, if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put the truth out of sight.

No one ever brought any good out of drinking yet. It is short, feverish eping of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach and headache.

The infamous Laura Fair, proposes to give public lectures, and make capital out of the fact that she is notorious as a murderess.

Parisian belles now braid black velvet ribbons with their hair.

The late census shows the number of horses in the country to be 9,000,000—down from 11,000,000 in 1850. They are estimated to be worth \$55,797,016, averaged at \$75 each. The mules number 1,276,800, valued at \$3,442,210. It is, one can see what the epizootic had to work on.

Shadowed Lives.

One of the saddest thoughts that come to us in life is that in this bright, beautiful, joy-giving world of ours, there are so many shadowed lives.

If suffering came only with crime, even then we might drop a tear over one whose errors had wrought their own recompense. But it is not so; alas! then we should not have it to record that the noblest and most gifted are often among those who may count their fate among the shadowed lives.

With one it is the shadow of a grave, long, deep, and narrow, which falls over a life, shutting out the gladness of the sunshine, blighting the tender blossoms of hope.

With another, it is the wreck of a great ambition. He has built his ship, and launched it on the sea of life, freighted with the richest jewels of his strength, his energies, his manhood. Behold, it comes back a wreck!

With others, disease throws its terrible shadows over the portal, and shuts out the brightness of the outside world from the sufferer within. But this is the lightest shadow of all; for it teaches the heart the priceless lesson of endurance and faith, and through its darkness the sufferer sees over the star of promise shining, leading to the great beyond. Of all shadowed lives, we find it in our hearts to feel most for those that are caused by an unhappy marriage.

Unhappy marriage is the quintessence of human bondage. It wounds daily our fondest and sweetest impulses; it trifles with and buries our boldest and dearest affections, and writes over the tomb thereof—"No hope." It embitters the victim with the thought that lost forever to her life is the glory of a great love; closed forever to her are the portals of a happy home—the fountain of freshness and delight, at which the soul must needs drink to gather strength for the heat and burden of the world's battle.

The Force of Moral Influence.

There are certain evils which affect society, and which do their full part in making this a world of woe. There is squand, misgiving, poverty; there is disgusting, lamentable vice; there is horrible crime, public execution, and national war. All these things it is said are inevitable; they spring from the nature of man, and from the laws which compel him to dwell in social connection. Those who say so are shallow thinkers. The world is naturally a beautiful world. But what God has made a Paradise for our dwelling place, mankind have often rendered a desert by their crimes. Nature and revelation alike proclaim that the Creator intended we should be happy—but how has brutal ignorance, vile intemperance, gross crime and every species of evil desires, blighted our comforts and degraded our immortal being! It has never yet been proved that there must necessarily be poverty, which is the source of many evils. A striking instance of the absence of poverty in a large class of society is found in the case of the Quakers, or community of Friends. With some peculiarity in speech and dress, their body of individuals act upon a fixed uniform principle of suppressing the passions. They curb the appetites and healding impulses of human nature. They are subject to the same temptations and perversions as we are; yet by the exercise of a singular degree of prudence, they avoid them. Here, then, is a clear demonstration, that even without the aid of civil power, but by the mere force of moral influence, there is a class of men, in the midst of society, who do not escape disgraceful poverty, and who are generally free from vice and crime.

—One of our young men has recently ceased to make calls at a certain house. It appears he went the other night from an oyster supper, and on her father appearing at the door, he observed: "Hello! old father! where is my love now dreaming?" This seemed to indicate to the old gentleman that something was wanting, so he placed his hand slyly on the young man's shoulder, and turning him partly around, stared away a large amount of leather under his coat tail, and then retired in the house. The young man doesn't go there any more.

A party on seeing a pencil sketch of the battle of Waterloo said it was a drawn battle. We always thought it had to work on.

—A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *more omnibus communi*. The editor said it was a French sentence, intending to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community. At the same time, he said the sentence was evidently constructed by some idiot who thought he knew French when he didn't, and consequently several important words were left out.

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Carrying bouquets at dancing parties and receptions has gone out of fashion. They were a great nuisance, spoiling gloves, and always in the way.

The Ouedia Community has adopted the plan of eating but two meals a day instead of three. The breakfast hours are from 8 to 10 a. m., and dinner, the final meal of the day, is served at 3 p. m. Their medical advisers say that the eating of three meals a day is a habit and not a natural instinct, and that it has been conclusively proved that better digestion, better sleep, better assimilation and brighter faculties, are the rewards of those who limit themselves to two meals.

Mrs. Milford said a visitor, "Emma has your features, but I think she has got her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said the dear little Emma; "it is because I have got father's hair that he has to wear a wig."

A faithful dog was set the other day in Rochester, to guard his master's sleigh, and bit a boy who attempted to get into it. The faithful animal had to be surrendered to the friends of the boy and was slaughtered for his fidelity. —Do the world go.

The Great London Fair of the United States is an invaluable and interesting encyclopaedia of the great manufactures of this country. If you were like to know how and where everything is made, and when and by whom invented, the "Great Industries" will tell you. Contains 1,800 pages of reading matter, besides 500 engravings. Enquire at this office. See advertisement.

Talk about the use of printer's ink? Why, a man selling dry goods at Littleville, Pa., occupies nine columns in a Tusculum daily, and the same fit of Meadville paper—both parties charging \$200 a column—besides advertising in other papers. As a result he sells more paper in a minute than is sold in Andover in a day.

FASHION NOTES.—Diamonds set in jet are a favorite style of jewelry. Velvet is the standard trimming for this season. Musk is once more becoming a fashionable perfume. The leader of Modish society is the wife of American.

White satin is no longer worn for bridal dresses, while corded silk having taken its place. The pretty fashion of wearing artificial flowers in the hair for full dress has come into fashion again.

Ladies' out-door garments nowadays are all completely covered with elaborate embroidery, in cord, Rosalind and beads.

The Stull work so beautifully manufactured in the West India Islands is somewhat used this winter as a garniture for evening dresses. It is very beautiful.

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