THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. I. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., MAY 16, 1888. NO. 37.

McTighe's Low Prices

Worry the patience of Competitors and make Customers happy.

The Largest, the Finest and the Best

Stock of Goods to select from.

Don't miss the Special Sales

FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK!

L. C. VAN FLEET,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Loan and Real Estate Agency.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

THE ANDOVER NEWS,
Published every Wednesday at one dollar per year. Job Printing done on short notice and in a first class manner.

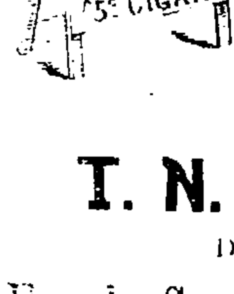
N. P. BRAINARD, M. D.,
Practicing Physician & Surgeon
[illegible] Main Street,
ANDOVER, N. Y.

[illegible] M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
[illegible]

W. O'DONNELL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
[illegible] Residence, Crandall Dwelling
[illegible]

T. E. COMSTOCK, M. D.
[illegible]

A. I. HARMAN'S
BILLIARDS AND POOL.
Hot, Fresh Roasted Peanuts
EVERY DAY.
ALL KINDS of TEMPERANCE DRINKS



TOBACCOS AND CIGARS
Agency for Tansill's Cigars
M. H. HARMAN.

T. N. BOYD,
Dealer in
Fresh Creamery Butter.
Will Fill Packages from Fifteen to Fifty Pounds.
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended To.
T. N. BOYD, Andover, N. Y.

GEO. A. GREEN,
DEALER IN
NEWSPAPERS,
Periodicals, Magazines,
BOOKS,
Fine Stationery, Blank Books, School Supplies, etc.
Subscriptions taken for any Publication in the World.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

THE NEWS
$1.00 per year, 50 cents for 6 months, 25 cents for three months.
IT GIVES ALL THE NEWS!
TRY IT.

N. Y. L. E. & W. RAILROAD.

TRAINS LEAVE ANDOVER.

EAST	No. 6—Way Express	11 59 a m
	No. 12—Atlantic Express	[illegible] p m
	No. 96—Way Freight	1 05 p m
WEST	No. 9 Local Train	7 [illegible] a m
	No. 29—Way Express	2 3[illegible] p m
	No. 1 Through Express	[illegible] p m
	No. 95 Way Freight	

P. CANNON,
RESTAURANT
Choice Cigars and Tobacco
CONFECTIONERY
[illegible]

[illegible]

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY
[illegible]
H. MOURHESS, Andover, N. Y.
[illegible]
Rifles, Guns & Cartridges
[illegible]
REPAIRING
[illegible]
A SPECIALTY MADE OF
The Centennial Watch!
They are first class timers, warranted. I sell them for
$6.50 EACH.
and they are the best watch sold for the money.
H. MOURHESS, Andover, N. Y.

MRS. S. J. MOURHESS
has a beautiful line of
SPRING AND SUMMER
MILLINERY!
and all the new shades and styles of
Ribbon from No. 1 to 40.
A fine line of Ladies' Furnishing Goods.
CORSETS AND BUSTLES
a specialty. Also Embroidery material. Please give us a call. Mrs. Mourhess is agent for the Universal Perfect Fitting Patterns.

H. P. BENTON,
Dealer in
COAL, LATH, SHINGLES, AND SAND.
Also
CORNING BRICK, MARBLEHEAD LIME and BONE PHOSPHATE.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

Bring your job work to the News.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

Two Leading Types of Female Beauty—Various Intermediate Complexions.

A blonde should have a fair skin, blue eyes and light hair. Her lashes may be dark, and so, of course, would be her eyelashes; but this seldom happens when the eyes are blue. A brunette should have a clear olive skin, dark eyes, black hair and brows and lashes. The general woman is a blonde-brune—that is, she has brown hair, which is neither very dark nor very light; she has blue eyes, a complexion that is not absolutely clear pink and white, and dark brows and lashes, usually not very heavy. The special woman has the skin of a blonde, light hair, verging on the yellow, dark eyes and brows and lashes. A typical American woman has a fair skin that lacks color, dark gray or deep brown eyes, either looking absolutely black, and hair that, while it is light, has not the slightest tint of yellow in it.

The blonde cendree has the same dull skin, dark eyes and hair that seems close akin to gray, and yet never becomes so. Somebody said that Mrs. Langtry was a blonde cendree. Now, this is perfect nonsense. Her hair is a warm brown, her eyes a very deep hazel, and her skin absolutely blonde, the warm blood underneath showing through the white skin. She is the opposite, a blonde brune. The blonde type predominates, but there is sufficient color in her hair and eyes to suggest the brunette. A perfect blonde is seldom a beautiful woman for many years. The pink and white skin becomes rather doughy with them; blue eyes will fade, and gray hairs, charming as they are among black, make yellow look very passee. The blonde has not always much staying power; she is apt to grow limp after a very little worry, and too often becomes fretful. Mankind ought to be thankful that there are so many bleached blondes, as they do not lose their energy as a natural born one would.

Some of the prettiest women in the world are the Irish girls, with their deep blue eyes, very black hair, and wonderfully clear skin. French women are seldom beautiful; they realize they are going to be old some day and they cultivate the art of dressing and of being chic in word and manner. A perfect brunette is seldom seen in this country; the average one, as noted in the Russian belle, loses decidedly [illegible] with the blonde-brune. Her skin [illegible] low and she is much apter to [illegible] angles than to curves, a [illegible] at all in the line of beauty.

Here's a word of advice to the blondes: If you want to keep your skin looking as if it were alive, take as much exercise as you can, drive, ride or walk, and don't be afraid occasionally to bathe your face in a strong mixture of gin and water. You will feel brighter and fresher, and really one is cleaner after its use.—Bab, in New York Star.

The Pope and His Guards.

Leo XIII talks willingly with the gentlemen of his guard because they are young and living in the world and in high society they know everything that is going on. As the pope never goes outside the Vatican this furnishes him a means of knowing what passes in the city and what is done and said. He is much interested in building and likes to know how the public works that are now in course of erection go on and how the city of the popes is being transformed. Besides, Leo XIII likes the noble guard to be as active as possible. When the last batch of gentlemen were admitted to the guard—there were twelve of them—he made them a little address, urged them not only to be true gentlemen, but also to emulate the example of Count Soderini, who has gained much honor by important literary and political works. All the great questions treated by Leo XIII, all the difficulties that have arisen between the Holy See and Italy or the other powers have furnished to Count Soderini occasion for bringing out pamphlets or larger works, which have displayed lively intelligence and solid learning.—Rome Cor. Chicago Times.

Triumphs of Modern Chemistry.

English swindlers are treating yellow diamonds by some process by means of which they palm them off as pure white gems. This fraud may be ingenious, but the process by which artificial rubies were evolved two years ago by fusing aluminate of lead with silica and a little chromium added for coloring matter was something more; it was a triumph of modern chemistry. The Paris syndicate of diamonds and precious stones sat in solemn judgment upon the new product, decided that the stones must be sold as artificial and not as precious gems, and required Paris dealers to cancel the sales and return nearly $200,000 received for artificial stones that had been sold as natural rubies.

Mr. Kunz says the color of these stones is good, though not so brilliant as that of very fine rubies. Since he read his paper on these manufactured gems before our Academy of Science, it is reported from Europe that by another chemical combination still, apparently perfect specimens of rubies have been artificially produced. Modern chemistry is working out the wonders the alchemists of old dreamed of achieving.—New York Sun.

Advertise in the News.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

Well, Mary, we buried George Bennett to-day,
Your schoolmate, my scholar, "A promising youth;
A boy who would make his mark!" folks used to say.
Of my forty-six pupils there was not, in truth
One possessing more talents, more virtues; and he
Of whom I was jealous in our younger days
(I may own it, dear Mary, for you know it well
I thought your bright smiles and your sweet, winning ways
Were intended for him, and it seemed like the knell
Of my hopes; for although I strove hard to conceal
From my scholars the fact that I loved Mary Bell,
In you, then my scholar, concentered my weal)
Is sleeping now under the sod on the hill,
Not far from the schoolhouse where you, love, and I,
His teacher and classmate, looked out with a thrill
Of pride as the young volunteer passed us by
On his way to the camp, clad in Uncle Sam's blue.
How the big boys all cheered! how the little folks cried!
And you know Emma Perry cried bitterly, too;
[illegible] his bride.

[illegible] only nineteen on the day he enlisted;
He had read, at recess, but the evening before
[illegible] soldiers were needed [illegible] I insisted
That such striplings as he were not fitted for war.
[illegible] proudly he answered, "My sound father fought
When he was but [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
With a look that betrayed how he loved the brave boy;
[illegible] eyes were opened with joyful surprise
I discovered that she was his pride and his joy.
He gave his books to Jerry Murphy's boys;
Old Jerry, you know, was a cripple and poor
To Emma Perry, [illegible]
He gave [illegible]

Five years I taught the school on Murray Hill,
The last two years you, Mary, were my wife.
News came from George which made our bosoms thrill,
Obedient, loyal, foremost in the strife,
Deserved promotion had our young friend won.
A captain in the Sixty-seventh Maine,
He wrote his mother thus: "Your loving son
Still greater honor in the field shall gain."
To Emma thus: "My darling, I shall come,
To lay my war-won laurels at your feet;
The crack of rifle and the roll of drum
Shall be succeeded by your accents sweet."
You know what followed—Jerry Murphy's Tim
Joined George's regiment as a recruit.
"I'll win a name," said he, "as well as him."
Bad grammar? Yes, I know; but then that suit
Of Union-blue, that self-reliant look,
That martial bearing and commanding tread
Meant more, much more, than talking like a book,—
I never could get grammar through his head—
But when the Sixty-seventh reached Bangor,
With gallant Colonel Bennett in command,
Brave Color Sergeant Murphy proudly bore
The regimental standard in his hand.

A year passed on, and George and Emma joined,
For good or ill, the current of their lives.
Alas! that Old King Alcohol purloined
George's proud name, and that among the wives
Whose wedding day dawns cloudless and serene,
But whose declining sun is viewed through tears,
Our neighbor, Emma Bennett, should be seen,
Bowing beneath the weight of woe, not years.
'Twas a curious thing that the couple should plan
To be married in Murray Hill schoolhouse, and that
Ellen Connor was bridesmaid, Jim Murphy best man.
Deacon Jones, strong sectarian, murmured thereat.
Said he: "Such a mixture of creeds! Only think,
Roman Catholic folks standing up with a pair
Who were brought up strict Baptists! Good Christians should shrink,
As from a contagion, from such an affair!"
But the schoolhouse was crowded, despite the false zeal
Of the self-righteous deacon, and Ellen and Tim,
Bound by holier friendship than creeds can unseal,
Shone that night with a luster that creeds could not dim.

As years rolled on, riches succeeded fame;
In legislative halls George Bennett sought,
Deserved and won a people's glad acclaim.
As true a soldier in the war of thought
As ever wore the panoply of power,
Conferred upon him by the vote of freemen.
I thought that not far distant was the hour
When he should rule our State; but that fell demon
Who robs mankind of intellect and health,
Who kills the strong, the brilliant and the brave,
Destroyed his hopes, his honor, and name, his wealth,
And, near the schoolhouse, in a drunkard's grave,
To-day we laid George Bennett [illegible] clay.
His wid[ow] [illegible] poor
[illegible] kind Tim Murphy [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A reading of the message must convince every intelligent and fair-minded man that Governor Hill has done his duty in vetoing the [illegible] bill.

No one recognizes the ultimate certainty of such a measure becoming a law more frankly than Governor Hill. All his references to the subject show that [illegible] the difference of opinion between himself and the legislature on the matter relates only to detail.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The theory of high license is radically wrong. The business of liquor selling would not go into more respectable hands because of a larger entrance fee. On the contrary, those who were profited most by the abuses of the traffic would be the first to proffer the increased rate, and to profit by the monopoly it would confer upon them.—*New York Star.*

Mr. Hill's veto of the high license bill was "a political blunder."—*New York World.*

Governor Hill's message vetoing the high license bill receives as it merits universal contempt outside the circle of his most servile partisan sympathizers and of the interests which would suffer should the bill become a law. It is a pitiably weak document in its logic and its excuses, coming from a man of the governor's conceded ability to make the best of even a bad cause; it demonstrates conclusively that there is absolutely no legitimate argument against the bill.—*Rochester Herald.*

To speak plainly, if Governor Hill is not in secret ashamed of his high license veto, then there is no shame in him.—*New York Tribune.*

The quibbling message of Governor Hill, vetoing the high license bill, can not perhaps render its author more insignificant and contemptible than he was before, but it confirms the estimation in which he is held by the great majority of decent people. And yet this man has been spoken of seriously in connection with the presidency of the United States.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

How Hot is the Sun, Anyway?

Professor Young uses a striking illustration. He says: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of 93,000 miles, and if then the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, nor in a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum, and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained, to the solar system. If we estimated in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent on the [illegible] to about fifty tons raised a mile high yearly, or to one horse power continued, acting, [illegible] feet of the earth's surface. [illegible] this enormous supply [illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

New York, May 1[illegible]—President King, of the [illegible] returned to-day from a week's trip over the whole system. He said that he was much pleased with the situation. The physical condition of the property, especially the main line, is excellent and with the completion of the improvements now going on will be surpassed by no competitor; the business, especially passenger, coal, express and package freight, is all that could be desired and at times embarrasses the road to handle the same promptly. He added that the double tracking of the Jefferson road into the Pennsylvania coal fields will be completed before August 1, 1,200 men being now at work.

* * *

It is whispered that Mrs. Cleveland has discarded the bustle.

Chauncey M. Depew and Adam Forepaugh, the circus manager, bear a strong resemblance to each other.

Experiments with "bellite," a new explosive invented by Lamm of Stockholm, show that it is more powerful than dynamite, but that its explosion is quieter. There is less scattering of fragments, and it is much safer to handle.

They were contributing toward a fund for the extinguishment of the church debt in a New Jersey town the other evening. "I'll contribute $20," said one brother. "I'll go $30 better, and make it $50," said another. And then the first contributor, in the excitement of the moment, shouted: "I'll call you; what have you got?"

A New York bachelor over seventy years of age recently visited Maine, fell in love with a damsel less than half his age, was accepted and went home to prepare for the coming of his bride. When all things were in order, instead of going after his betrothed himself, he sent his younger brother. The younger man was pleased with his future sister-in-law, so pleased that he persuaded her to marry him before starting to New York.