THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., JAN. 29, 1890. NO. 23.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

"I was assigned to write about the affair for my paper, and can personally testify as to the beauty and grace of this elegant and charming Emma Brown."

At this stage of his narrative Jenkins asked for a light, and after blowing an avoirdupois cloud of fragrant smoke from his Reina turned his keen and searching eyes upon me and said confidentially in an undertone:

"Her name was not Emma Brown; what it really doesn't matter. I saw her frequently after that at many notable social gatherings, and she was invariably the cynosure of all eyes literally the observed of all observers.

"She acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of one of New York's richest ladies, and as I was assigned to write it is needless to say that she figured conspicuously in my report. In fact, to be brief in the description of her personality, she was the petted daughter of wealth and a society belle.

"At about this time the police got wind of the existence of a gang of young thieves of both sexes operating in the slums of one of the down town wards, either the Fourth or Sixth, I don't distinctly remember which. One of their number, a hardened and incorrigible young thief of the Artful Dodger type, was arrested for picking pockets in the Bowery. The property which he purloined from his victim was ultimately recovered, but the juvenile delinquent obstinately refused to tell who were his confederates. Upon being informed that he would be the recipient of judicial clemency if he complied with the request of the authorities—in other words, and in the ones he understood best, 'if he squealed' or 'gave away' his pals he would be 'let up'—he made a full confession.

"He told of the existence of a subterranean dive in one of the most wretched of the down town quarters, over which the presiding genius was an attenuated and wrinkled old hag, a veritable senile fury. This wretched and repulsive old 'fence' used to receive the stolen property of the young thieves, whom she harbored and instructed in the reprehensible tricks of their calling. The boy told that the Owl, as the antiquated 'fence' was called, used to disappear for weeks at a time, and when she did condescend to act as high priestess over her youthful, though thoroughly depraved pupils, it was invariably at night. It was when the great city was wrapped in profound gloom, that the Owl would crawl out of her hole—the location of which was always a mystery to her patrons—and enter her wretched haunt over which she presided.

"The information which the boy gave was productive of no permanent good, however. The police, of course, raided the place and bagged a number of depraved youngsters of both sexes, against whom, however, they had no criminating evidence, and after imposing a light fine the magistrate discharged them. The Owl was among the number, but having a good deal of this world's goods, no matter how acquired, she was able to employ good legal talent and she got off with a fine like the others."

The cigar of the journalistic narrator having gone out he proceeded to relight it, and, after drawing a deep sigh, as if deprecating the depravity of the inhabitants of this sublunary spheroid in general, continued:

"Being, as you doubtless know by this time, the possessor of a penchant for gazing at the morbid or seamy side of life, I saw here an opulent field for the exploitation of my peculiar idiosyncrasy. I determined at once to be a visitor at the den of the 'Owl,' and if possible to cultivate her acquaintance. My object in this was of a dual nature—first, I wished to gratify my peculiar taste, and again, being a reporter, there was a chance for the acquisition of material for a genuine sensation, something remarkably graphic, and as always, alert for a literary delinquency, but make no effort to overcome it, aware, no doubt, of the futility of such an attempt, such traits being in the majority of cases congenital and, therefore, insuperable, or, more properly speaking, ineradicable. Masters of fiction have from time to time chosen as their heroes or heroine members of this class of humanity, as for instance Stevenson's 'Jekyll and Hyde.' The elaboration of the character of the physician Jekyll was undertaken by the great novelist to demonstrate the practicability of transcendental medicine.

"During my connection with the daily press of this city I have in the pursuit of my professional duties met with some strange incidents, among which the case of Emma Brown stands out boldly. An ultra-fashionable levy of young prodigals, moving in the most aristocratic of this great city's social circles, gave a fair at one time for a charitable purpose. The patrons of the fair consisted exclusively of the crème de la crème of metropolitan society. The social standing of the promoters of the undertaking, of course, precluded the possibility of any person other than the wealthiest from attending. It is needless to say that it was a tremendous success in a financial sense.

"But it isn't of the fair that I'm going to speak, but of the beautiful young lady, who among the many beautiful young ladies who were her patronesses, the bazaar, was also over the queen regnant. The peculiar wave and coquettishness of the smile in her lovely undulations when she drew the dollars from their pockets and fluttered them in the faces of the under

...ue on the

her head, concealing the greater portion of her forehead and a great deal of her face. Around her rheumy eyes were a pair of well defined circles, which appeared to me at the time to be the beginning of a pair of diabolical halos which, when they spread all around her head, she would die in the odor of sanctity.

"Perceiving that I was not disposed to go, and being aware of the fact that I was an entire stranger, she eyed me with some suspicion, or at least I thought so.

"'What did you say your name was?' she asked, turning her watery and terrible eyes full upon me.

"'Brooklyn Jim,' I responded, not without some trepidation.

"Being desirous of avoiding further interrogation for prudential reasons, I determined to become interrogator, and, assuming as tough an air as I could without overdoing it, I said, 'I want some one to help me do a "job;" could you get me a good pal?'

"'Where is it?' she eagerly queried, a horrible leer overspreading her features.

"'Over in Brooklyn,' I answered.

"'Is it a good crib?' she again asked, rubbing her yellow old hands gleefully.

"'First class, it's a second story job.'

"'Tim the Sneak is your man. Oh, Tim is a good one; he'll be here shortly.'

"A young girl of about 17, tall and lissome, and whose features, despite the vitiated moral atmosphere which she breathed, were classical in cut and beautiful to the degree of absolute perfection, approached much to my chagrin as I was beginning to become interested, and said, without noticing me:

"'Did Jack turn up yet?' As she spoke, I noticed that her voice still retained some of its pristine sweetness; but her reckless life was evident in its every tone.

"'Not yet, Kate, but I expect him every minute; he's away behind his time now,' was the answer in the peculiar squealing, wheezy, rasping voice of the hag.

"'I suppose you know that Mickey the Kid is pinched.'

"'No, I didn't hear about it; what was it for?'

"'He "copped" a "super," a "red one" from a bloke in Nassau street, and a flatty got him.'

"The diabolical features of the pubescent Jezebel was screwed into an expression to correspond with her frequently expressed sympathy for the recalcitrant but unfortunate Mickey, who got 'pinched' for copping a super.

"'Kate, this is Brooklyn Jim, a second story man,' said the Owl by way of introducing me to the fair but frail young girl at her side, who now for the first time noticed me. 'He wants a pal to do a "crib" over the river and I've recommended Tim.'

"'Tim's a daisy, you can just bet your life,' was the eulogistic response.

"Without further notice the pair drew apart—one the very antithesis of the other—and whispered in a low tone, the hag accentuating her utterances with leers and shrugs.

"They motioned to a boy to approach, and from a few unguarded utterances of the precocious young ster, I learned that they were planning to rob a house up town near Central park, and expected to make off with considerable silverware. After satisfying myself that my information was correct, I stole from the place unobserved, and at once determined to frustrate the plan of the robbers.

"The house which the thieves intended to plunder was located in Fifty-eighth street, and was the residence of a wealthy merchant whose wife was a society leader. I informed the gentleman of the conversation I overheard between the Owl and her two pupils, and he in turn notified the police. On the night planned for the execution of the daring plot, I, together with two police detectives and the owner of the mansion, lay secreted in the house awaiting the coming of the thieves. I expected to make a sensation by writing about the whole affair, and, as I was the only one outside of the officers who knew it, excepting the owner, I was considerably elated.

"We had not waited more than two hours before we heard the window of the basement being skillfully unfastened, and going below observed a masked man enter. He was shortly followed by a woman; evidently an old one, judging from her slow movements. They proceeded to the dining room, where the plate was, as we knew they would. They had scarcely entered when the gas was turned up and we were upon them with drawn revolvers. Judge of my surprise when I saw the Owl in the person of the woman. She fought like a fury as did her companion, but her struggles were useless; we had them secure enough. When overpowered, the Owl broke down completely, and one of the officers, noticing something peculiar about the old hag, pulled the hood from her head, and with it came the gray wig of the counterfeit old woman, revealing the face of a beautiful young woman, although it was considerably, yet artistically, smeared with pigments, to imitate the wrinkles and furrows of old age.

"The owner of the mansion staggered back upon observing the face of the spurious old hag, and with dilating pupils exclaimed in a voice in which horror and amazement were strangely blended:

"'Emma Brown!' Had a park of artillery been exploded at my back at the moment I could not have been more surprised than I was when I heard that name, for I recognized at a glance the society queen and reigning belle in the person of the burglarious woman who confronted us.

"She at first stared at us boldly, then laughed hysterically, and finally broke down completely. The gentleman's wife entering upon the scene at this moment he turned to her and said like one in a dream: 'Agnes, what mystery is this? This young lady was a guest of yours last evening, and here she is, a few hours later, masquerading as an old woman, and entering my house with a criminal as her companion to steal my plate. It surpasses my powers of solution.'

"The Owl was now crying pitifully and was led away by the lady of the house, the detectives consenting when appraised how matters stood. Her companion, who stood like one petrified upon observing the character of his aged pal, was also allowed to depart. The social standing of the beautiful culprit precluded the possibility of the matter being ever brought to the notice of the public, her family being one of the wealthiest in the city, and she herself an heiress. What was it? Why, another case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

As my friend concluded the narrative he gazed at me interrogatively, but his story had interested me and I asked:

"Is that story true, Jenkins?"

"As true as you sit there, and that today is Tuesday."—Peter Donovan in New York News.

Panic in Hotel.

A night police reporter: The other night we had a quiet tip from the fire alarm office that a "still alarm" had been given to Engine No. from the Tremont house. I was the only reporter on deck at the time, and quietly slipped out congratulating myself that at last I had a scoop—for in this age of electricity, my boy, scoops are as scarce as gold filling in a hen's tooth. When I arrived all was quiet. The night clerk was reading. I asked him what was up, and he said nothing. I told him I knew better; that I was in possession of information which contained no element of humor, and that he had better give up. Reluctantly he told me. He said a guest was sitting in the office at a late hour alone. Everybody else seemed to have gone to bed. Suddenly there was some unusual noise. The clerk didn't explain what it was, and the lone guest jumped from his chair, gave a shriek, and went out into the night. Somebody inadvertently turned in a still alarm. That was all. This was all right as far as it went, but it was still lacking in that dramatic wind up which the critical public demands. I asked politely, and finally asked the clerk if he didn't know the name of his guest. He said he did, at the same time pointing to it on the register. The name of itself indicated nothing, but when I saw that the writer of it hailed from Johnstown, Pa., I understood. The average Johnstown man is always on the verge of a panic, and wears his hair standing for emergencies.—Chicago Tribune.

Unequaled.

An epicure, who was also an ardent sportsman, was asked suddenly to name the best fish. He was greatly embarrassed, he says. He thought of the delicious smelt, of the salmon, of the shad, of the Spanish mackerel, and the more he thought the more impossible became the decision. Then all at once the word came to him and he answered: "Gentlemen, I think the best fish is a fresh fish."

This reply was almost as happy as one given by a famous negro cook in Richmond.

A company of diners out got into a warm discussion as to which bird should be pronounced the finest for the table.

Some favored the woodcock, others set the canvasback duck at the head. A Philadelphia man stood up for the red bird, a western man talked about the grouse and the pheasant, and one or two would have the palm for none of these were equal to the grass plover.

Finally it was agreed to leave the question to the cook. He hesitated, looked from one man to another, and scratched his head. Then he delivered himself thus:

"Gemmen, 'pears to me dat de best bird am de American eagle, nicely spread out on a silvah dollah."

His verdict was approved, and he got the dollar.—Youth's Companion.

Lots of "Sure Cures."

Said George Catlin, the manager of the drug department in the Fair, the other afternoon: "I wish you could see, some day, the callers I have. They come to see me with the idea of having their patent remedies put on sale here, and they think if they get them in here their fortune is made. Remedies for what? Why, for everything—every ill which the flesh is heir to. But as a rule the 'sure cure for catarrh' is the article most frequently brought in. I hear the merits of at least half a dozen new catarrh cures every day. The 'inventors' know that catarrh is almost universal here in this climate, and they are always coming at it with new remedies. Then I have corn cures offered, and toothache cures, and headache cures, and neuralgia cures. I listen patiently to the vivid word pictures of all comers, and then I tell them as gently as possible that I cannot keep them. If they insist I usually have in mind the names of a few friends who are always ailing, and I hand out their addresses. They don't like it, but I get rid of the boxes."—Chicago Herald.

Buffalo Statistics.

Twenty years ago there roamed over the plains and mountains of the far west 8,000,000 buffaloes. Today there are less than 500 head of the animals in existence. There are but 85 head of wild buffaloes, 304 alive in captivity, and about 200 under the protection of the government in Yellowstone park. There is also said to be about 500 head in the British possessions, north of Montana, but this is rumor.—Exchange.

LESTER Binghamton Boots and Shoes sell.

LESTER Boots have stood 40 years' test.

WHEN COMING ON THE MARKET 1889 — One of the BEST 10c. Receipts FREE to the world. Our fastidious ex-amateur cook, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to any address on receipt of 10c. to defray cost of postage, packing, etc., a receipt for 10 cts. at once can make over 50 dishes. All you need to do is return to show our goods to those who call on your neighbors and those around you. The beauty and simplicity of the invention shows the small cost of the table-spoon. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fifteenth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 342, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE FIREMAN'S CHILD.

How a Little Girl Tried to Wake Her Father Who Was Too Drunk to Stir.

The San Francisco Examiner tells the following story:

"What is the matter with my papa?"

Steve Neall's five-year-old daughter had caught sight of her dead father in his coffin, and asked the question of those who had gathered about the bier.

"Papa is asleep," they told her.

"Why is papa in that ugly box?" she persisted.

"He can sleep better there."

"Good night, papa."

She passed into an adjoining room and was soon asleep.

The mourners sat about the coffin of the dead fireman all night.

Shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning the gong on the wall that had so often announced him to his duty clanged an alarm for the Polk street fire. It had sounded once, and was repeating the alarm, when the little girl came flying into the room in her long, white nightdress.

She looked at the silent watchers, and then ran to the side of the dead man. Climbing on a chair, she reached into the coffin and shook her father by the shoulder.

"Papa, papa, wake up!" she cried. "There's fire!

"Wake up, papa. You'll miss the fire and be fined!"

When he did not stir she knew that something was wrong, and turned her tearful, puzzled face to the older people.

"Never mind the bell, darling," some one answered; "papa won't go to the fire to-night."

"But," persisted the baby, "he always got up before when the bell rang—why wouldn't he wake up? What's mamma crying for? What's everybody crying for?"

And the troubled little child burst into tears, and, crying piteously at what she did not know, was gently carried back to her cot to cry herself to sleep again.

Great Bridge Foundations.

The method of constructing the foundations of the great drawbridge over the Thames at New London is of exceptional interest. Timber curbs were constructed, which were sunk eighty feet into the bed of the river, the bottom of the curbs being mud for this depth. The mud inside the crib was excavated, and the piles driven into the solid ground then obtained. The heads of these piles were then bound together with concrete, on which the masonry of the pier was finally erected.—New York Telegram.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS well and promptly done at THE NEWS OFFICE.

FREE! FREE! 308 NEW Useful Articles FREE which is the world. 1000 SOLID GOLD Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Cameras, Guns, Bicycles, Watches, Clocks