THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., APRIL 30, 1890. NO. 36.

...D JOE.

...was such a ...seemed to be ...that she could ...there wasn't on a ...raising colts down ...Sundays. She did everything ...was so jolly comforta- ...says—why, a boy could ...around her.

...her in some things; I ...after her for nothing, ...with my hand to lots of ...when I wanted fun in 'em. ...like to take life easy. Jo- ...Wingate, that's as near to Jo- ...Wingate as you could ex- ...name to be. It seems my ...had talked of naming the Jo- ...I am glad they didn't. The ...boys would have been sure to call me Sissy, whereas I now flourish under the sturdy name of Joe.

My aunt was immensely rich. Of course, I was to be her heir. That was understood in our family. Mother would always say "Sh!" when I talked of it boldly, but her eyes would glisten proudly just the same. More than once, too, I'd overheard her talking with some neighbor about my wealthy sister-in-law, the widow without children, for whom Joseph was named. Father and mother seemed to let me off easier on chores and such things. He knew, of course, that some time better fortune would come to the family through me.

We weren't very well-to-do. We had to "scrape along," as father said, and put up with what we could get. But both father and mother took things cheerily—they understood that it wasn't to last on in this way always. There were six of us boys, and father was a printer. I tell you, it was a comical sight to see, sometimes, the long legs and arms stretching out of the overgrown and patched up suits of five of 'em. But I never looked that way, because I was named for Aunt Josephine. I used to comfort ...specially when I got off easy on ...share of the work, by telling what ...could do for 'em when I came into ...property.

I spent my summer vacations with Aunt Josephine every year after I was ...years old. She wouldn't have ...because she said I wasn't ...enough to "study up." I didn't ...exactly know what that meant then, ...I believe I found out afterwards. ...Aunt Josephine was queer, though ...clever. She used to go about her ...work on the farm in a thick, short ...gray dress and a straw hat that looked ...like a thing, and her hair was bobbed ...into a little knot behind. She had ...stout figure and eyes that looked ...like blue ice. She really seemed ...more like a man than a woman. About ...work, I mean. But when work ...was done, she'd fix herself up in silk ...dresses and be the lady of the White ...House shouldn't be grander.

I was like her that way, too. I liked to work it at play; but could do just ...to be smart and in the proper place ...better than any boy I knew of. Those ...suits came pretty hard on father, but, ...of course, he knew they were due me. ...It was funny, but Aunt Josephine ...didn't take to those suits as one would ...suppose she would.

Once she said to me, with a sniff of her nose:

"Seems to me, sir (she always said sir instead of Joe), your father dresses you better than he does the other boys."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; why shouldn't he?" I answered.

"Humph!" was all that she had to say ...this.

"How I traveled in Aunt Josephine's strawberries, plump cherries and golden raspberries! Those summers I spent with her were a constant picnic. Nothing to do but eat and play. She ...tended the raspberries herself. She wouldn't trust any of the men, but was up early every morning weeding or taking precautions against the bugs.

"That's right, aunt," I said once. "If you want a thing done well you must do it yourself."

"Do you live up to that principle, sir?" she asked sharply.

"Why, no ma'am; I'm not obliged to," said I.

"Humph!" exclaimed my aunt.

I said I was as fond of doing lots of things as my Aunt Josephine, but I think I made it understood it was the things that had plenty of fun in em. There wasn't a fellow who could play cricket better, or swim, or shoot, or in fact do anything that required a steady arm or a long leg.

Once Aunt Josephine drew me up before her, and with her gray eyes fixed upon me keenly, asked:

"Do you manage to have a pretty good time at school, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered; "master, he's a little deaf, and he's near sighted, too, and that gives us boys a good chance."

"Don't get as high rank as your brothers, do you?"

"Of course not. What's the need?"

"Humph!" she exclaimed again.

But I guess she didn't say so, that time, because she looked at my myself. Many's the ... I liked to some one of the ... asked to do a bit ...thinking that I ...answered, ...

popguns and go up Cat alley—that's a ...of tenement houses where the cats ...are awful thick—and we just fire away at them with little stones till there isn't a tail to be seen. It's great fun."

"Well, sir, do you expect to earn your living by and by, peppering tom cats?"

"I don't expect to have to earn my living."

"Humph!"

Another day she tired questions at me as thick and fast as Dick and I did pebbles at the cat.

"If you had your living to get, sir, what should you choose to be?"

"I really can't think, aunt," said I.

"A printer, like your father?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!"

"A fancy farm producer, like myself?"

"I don't work in that."

"A lawyer? a doctor? a merchant?"

"No, ma'am."

"Sailor? carpenter? bootblack?"

"No, indeed!"

"Well, sir, there seems scarcely any occupation left you, unless it's peppering tom cats!"

Aunt Josephine went off looking as if she were for once vexed. I wondered why it could be.

But at dinner she was as comfortable and easy as ever. We had strawberry shortcake. She kept passing the cake to me until I thought I should burst. If there was anything I was fond of it was strawberry shortcake. After dinner she said to me, patting me under the chin as if I had been a baby instead of a boy over thirteen:

"Well, sir, it's lucky you have not got to take up a trade or profession, as you declare, since you are so fond of goodies, and it requires lots of hard work for a pock man to get them."

So, too, again, when she had been working over an hour nursing a sick calf, which was at last comfortable, she burst out with:

"Could you do anything like that, sir?"

"Oh, yes, if I had to, aunt," I replied.

"Humph! Think you have the patience?"

"Yes'm."

"The perseverance?"

"Takes those things to learn to swim, to play baseball well, and such things."

"Yes, but there's fun in them. That makes a difference."

"I don't know about that, aunt. You look as much interested in these things as if they were fun to you."

She laughed. "There is something in what you say. But it remains to be seen if useful things could interest you."

"How you do hang around me!" she said another day. "I don't suppose you have anything, either."

"Yes, ma'am, I do. From watching you I learn to do about everything on the farm."

"Pshaw! Let me see you weed here, then."

"Oh, aunt! I'm off now for a swim. I could do it if it was needed."

Away I ran.

I really cared a great deal for Aunt Josephine. There was something in her gray eyes that held me fast to her, and sometimes I could not help throwing my arms about her and telling her so.

Then she would give me one of her quizzical smiles and ask:

"Why do you love me, sir?"

"Why, you're so nice!"

"Suppose I hadn't a cent, sir?"

"That hasn't anything to do with your being nice, has it?"

"Humph! No, I suppose not?"

We were a good deal together, although she was a middle aged, busy woman, and I a fun loving, half grown boy. I think she liked to have me around, and I know there was no one I enjoyed more—not even Dick Hawley, when we were on one of our raids.

I remember all these words of Aunt Josephine very well because they were said the last summer I was with her. The next winter she died very suddenly. It was dreadful news to hear, and, although I was expecting to be her heir, I wasn't able to keep from crying most of the time; I couldn't help thinking. Why couldn't she have lived and let me come into the property all the same? What is the need of people dying in order that somebody else can have the money? Aunt Josephine and I, we could have always got on together.

There was the funeral and then the gathering of the family together in her large parlor to hear the reading of the will. Luckily no one was present but the relatives. Mr. Green, the lawyer who had drawn up the will, was a comfort. Such a will was never heard before. First, there was a list of articles to be given away, one to each relation—a picture, a chair, or something of the kind. But for the property! A couple of hundred dollars was given apiece to each, and the rest was placed in trust with the lawyer. The estate was to be carried on as usual, the annual income to be used in helping support a large charitable institution in Boston. This to last for three years, at the end of which time a further letter of instruction was to be opened and its contents carried out according to the wishes of the deceased. My name was mentioned last of all, and as follows:

"I will and bequeath to my nephew, Joseph Hidden Wingate, my best wishes for his success in life, especially in his chosen avocation of peppering tom cats. I leave with affectionate ...him my dog Peter, which may be of aid to him in his efforts and a constant reminder of his aunt's interest in his welfare. There will also be found in my letters of instructions, to be opened three years from the date of my death, a further expression of my wishes as to my nephew Joseph."

I must have turned very white on hearing this strange bequest, for I heard my mother call quickly for ...

"Get away!" I said to some one who wanted to put it to my nose. "There's nothing the matter with me. I'm going right out home to find Aunt Josephine's cat and try my hand at peppering her!"

I didn't say that with any malice, but only to throw off my feelings. To tell the truth, it came over me with more of a rush than ever how Aunt Josephine had left everything she had so enjoyed to a lot of stranger young men in the city, who never cared for her and never would understand what she'd done for them.

I called "Come on, Pete!" and off we went.

We didn't find the cat, for I ran to my favorite cherry tree with the seat aunt and I often used to sit upon when it was full of plump fruit.

I tell you I did have heaps of thinking there. First I thought of the disappointment to father and mother and all the expense they had been at for suits and so on. All for nothing. Then I thought of the lessons behind bend at school and the work I'd have to do to catch up, for of course I'd got to take hold and work now like other boys. No shirking now. No more fun, but just good, solid work for a boy who by and by had got to earn his living and make up to folk for what they'd lost on him. Then I thought again of dear Aunt Josephine and all the jolly days I'd had with her, now gone forever, and I sniveled so Peter whined until I had to stop.

When I came back to the house the folks were getting ready to go home. Father spoke sternly to me, but mother put her hand softly on my head, saying, "Poor boy!" Then I remembered. I walked out to father.

"Father," said I, "I want you to have the $200 Aunt Josephine left me as part payment for what you've spent on me. I'll pay up the rest when I'm a man."

Father and mother looked at each other with looks that lightened me up considerably, though I couldn't exactly have told what was in their faces.

After that I just worked hard at whatever I had to do. In school and out I kept at it, for I never forgot that I had now to make my own way in the world; and that fact means for a boy that he has no time to waste in fooling. My school reports grew better and better. Sometimes the master sent home a letter telling mother how famously I was getting on.

This was rather comforting to me, for the boys had got hold of the story of the will, and I was now called by them "Disinherited Joe." Not a fine name for a fellow to go by, especially under the circumstances. But there was no use fighting against it. When a set of boys are bent on making something go there's no stopping it. And I had held my head pretty high, and they had rather put up with it because I was bound to be a boy with prospects. I had to come down now; and I did try hard to do the square thing, but I couldn't check off that name, though.

At home it never let father speak twice when he wanted a thing done; and that stern word the day of the funeral is the only one I ever remember of his using to me. But, then, he was the kindest father in the world.

When vacation came I asked Lawyer Green to let me work on the farm. He said I might if I would work well. I remembered Aunt Josephine's ways, and did my best to follow them. You may be sure there were plenty of things to set my wits to work. The chunky men were very different from my clever aunt. I saved the cherries, for if I hadn't been there they would all have gone to the bugs. Sometimes I was awful hard on my feelings to be there, for I missed Aunt Josephine so; yet there was a kind of satisfaction through it all, for I used to fancy I could hear her say:

"That's right, sir, since you've to make your own way in the world."

Well, the three years passed. I got through the grammar school sooner than my one expected, and had been a year in the high. I had decided to go through the four years' course there, and then go into my father's business and save up enough to start toward owning a fancy farm like Aunt Josephine's. I knew I could run one if I once got started. I remembered all her ways, and I had seen her at work yesterday, and the summer vacations there were a great help.

The third anniversary of aunt's death came round, and we all went up to the farm to hear the letter of instructions read.

"Sound more advice in it for me," I thought, "but if Aunt Josephine were alive she'd see I didn't need it."

I tell you it was something of a trial to go there again. Mother and father were fearfully nervous, and mother she couldn't keep her eyes off of me all the way there, and kept saying, "Poor boy!" just as she did the day of the disappointment. I tried to cheer them up, knowing her to never mind what was coming; I'd made up my mind to own as good a farm as Aunt Josephine's when I grew up, and that I should stick to that. Then she would say: "Bless you, my boy!" in a way to make a fellow feel all hollow.

Lawyer Green took hands with all most warmly, especially me.

"You've heard good words of you," he said, "both from your home and your place. But I'scarcely need them, seeing you work so like a man in vacation. It would do your aunt's heart good to know her little sarcasm in regard to my nephew Joseph."

"Sarcasm!" I said to some one who asked me what I was about.

"Yes, sir, sarcasm! Did she not leave you her property because you could not do it? Sarcasm, I call it, sir, sarcasm!"

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---

A Harmless Battle.

An awkward misunderstanding occurred in Burmah between British columns sent out to punish a rebel tribe, the Kachins, on the Shweli river. One column started from Momeit, the other from Bahmo, intending to meet at Manton, which was supposed to be held by the rebels. But when the first column arrived the Kachins had decamped to the hills and the troops took possession and fortified the village. Presently column number one appeared, and, seeing the village occupied, opened fire upon the supposed foe, which promptly returned the Kachins. Column number one in their turn concluded that the Kachins had come back to attack the intruders, and so returned the fire with interest. The rival columns blazed away at each other for some time before discovering their mistake, but happily no lives were hurt—which does not say much for the accuracy of the fire.—London Graphic.

The Curtain Pantomime.

This game can only be played in the evening. It consists in stationing one of the players in a recess of a window and drawing down the curtain (shade) in front of him. At a certain distance from the curtain a light is placed upon a table. Each of the company then passes in turn between the light and the curtain, making all manner of ridiculous gestures and grimaces, so as to render himself unrecognizable. Sometimes those who take part in this pantomime dress in grotesque garments and change their appearance as much as possible. The person behind the curtain must guess who passes before it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Yours truly, ANDREW TYSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

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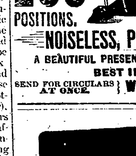

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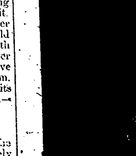

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A New Tea District.

Another tea producing district is the latest novelty in the tea trade. Lately it was tea from Fiji, now it is the growth from Perak, situated in the native settlements of the East Indies, where British capital and enterprise seem to have been employed with beneficial results.—American Grocer.

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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 17, 1889. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:23 a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibuled limited for New York. Does not stop at Andover.

11:13 a. m. Daily. No 10—New York day express stopping at all stations to Hornellsville. Connects except Sunday for Philadelphia.

7:52 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accommodation. Connects for Philadelphia daily.

7:45 p. m. Daily. No. 12—Night express for New York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover.

12:57 p. m. No. 98 Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Hornellsville.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

1:57 a. m. Daily. No. 5—Vestibule limited for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis. Does not stop at Andover.

8:47 a. m. Daily. No. 3—Pacific Express, for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis.

1:41 p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.

8:22 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover.

GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.

L. D. FARMER, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	2.15 pm
" Allentown	8.38 a. m.	2.53 pm
" Bolivar	9.05 a. m.	3.20 pm
" Ceres	9.33 a. m.	3.48 pm
" Eldred	10.05 a. m.	4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford	11.35 a. m.	5.50 pm

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15a m.	2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a m	4.25 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m	5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m	5.25 p m
" Allentown	11.55 a m	5.55 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a m	6.30 p m

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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Unions have now a membership of 20,000, and raised and expended over $35,000 in their work during the past year.

The largest owner of real estate in the State of New York, except the Astor and Rhinelander families, is said to be Miss Mary G. Pingrey. She is seventy-three.

Secretary of war Proctor gives the encouragement of his approval to the work of the W. C. T. U. among the soldiers and sailors. He says: "I am glad to say I heartily sympathize with the efforts in behalf of temperance in the army and navy, and shall do all in my power to aid the good work."

At the Baptist Ministers' Social Union of Central Nebraska, April 7 and 8, at the close of the banquet, among the toasts was one thus announced: "Woman in the pulpit: the steps may be high, the barriers mighty; but in spite of all these, she gets there." The response was made by Rev. Frances E. Townsley, of Fairfield, Neb.

The new collector of internal revenue in Chicago, Christopher Mamer, began at once to remove the women connected with the office. The places these women held had been given them as a debt of gratitude, either for faithful work in the hospitals, or because their male relatives had lost their lives for their country. But the new collector, immediately upon his accession to office, announced his intention of removing all women. He has declared further that he does this as a matter of principle, believing that all places under the government ought to belong to voters as a reward for party work. Thus it appears that the absence of votes does practically interfere with the chances of women to earn a living. But there are 400 members of the Women's Club in Chicago. They took the matter in hand, drew up a petition to President Harrison, and had it conveyed to Washington by five of their number. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Mamar will remove the women, who have not yet been discharged.

Missionary women and white ribbons have always been in potential sympathy, but the Congo and similar pagan outrages by Christian nations have brought them into active cooperation. That was a significant embassy recently decreed by four foreign missionary societies of women, representing the Methodist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches of the Northwest. Mrs. Moses Smith and Mrs. Prof. Fisk, of Chicago, were its designated leaders. They went to the President of the United States praying him to use his utmost influence to prevent the exportation of American whiskey to heathen lands. The President listened with appropriate official dignity and refrained from making any reply. They went to Secretary Blaine, telling him that the United States was the only nation that had declined to join in the agreement not to send rum to Congo, whereat he was surprised and agreed to give attention to the statements made by them. It should be added that Mrs. Gen. Logan, who belongs to the M. E. church, did all in her power to help on the sacred mission of these ladies.

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FROM IOWA TO THE ROCKIES.

Rev. E. H. Soswell Describes Such a Trip, Taken by Himself.

I.

EDITOR NEWS: Thinking that some of your readers might be interested in an account of what may be seen in a journey from Iowa to the Rocky Mountains, I will send you this description of such a journey made by myself a few weeks ago. With Pueblo, Colorado, as my destination, I took the cars at Tama City, Iowa, at 2:30 a. m. over the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., enroute for Council Bluffs. Nothing could be seen of the country through which we passed till we reached Perry, Ia., just before sunrise. Nearly all of Central Iowa is comparatively level and very fertile, but when we arrived near Manilla, in Crawford county, the surface became quite broken and in places the soil was very stony; so of course I thought of the hills and stones that abound around Andover.

At 8 o'clock in the morning we entered the Missouri River timber and began winding down among the hills to the bars along the river, and an hour later we steamed into Council Bluffs and halted at the depot, where terminates the division of the C., M. & St. P. Ry. Here the brakeman opened the car door and shouted "change cars, everybody."

Near the depot we took a train on the Union Pacific Ry. for Omaha, three miles distant and across the river. Arriving at the N. P. depot in Omaha we hurried to the Burlington & Missouri River Ry. depot and procured a ticket over the road to Denver. Here we must wait a half hour or more for our train to be "made up." While waiting we found a sightly position from which we obtained a fine view of both Omaha and Council Bluffs and of the high bluffs which skirt the city on the east, where for so many years the Indians of the vicinity met in council, which finally resulted in giving the present name to the city.

A little after 9 o'clock a. m. we left Omaha for our ride of nearly 600 miles over the level plains to Denver. Our train known as the "Denver Limited," was long and very heavily loaded, yet its speed was not limited by either the number of cars or of passengers and we became fully conscious of this fact as we speeded away over the broad level prairies of Nebraska, rushing through all minor towns with only a shriek from our steam whistle and the ringing of the bell.

We were now climbing the eastern slope of the divide between the Missouri and Platte rivers, which occupied about an hour. Having reached the crest of the divide we had a magnificent view of the Platte Valley reaching away from 20 to 30 miles on either side of the railroad, while directly in front of us stood the city of Ashland on the west side of the Platte River.

This was the finest prairie view I ever beheld, and it seems to me that whoever is permitted to view this fertile, well-improved valley as I did that bright, sunny morning can never forget the scene.

Arriving at Ashland we made our first stop since leaving Omaha. We are 20 minutes late and our conductor tells the engineer to get us into Lincoln "on time," so we must be off. Our next run was to Lincoln, 76 miles westward, and over the distance we almost flew, we came into the busy, bustling city of Lincoln "on time," and were allowed 20 minutes for dinner.

From the train we had very good views of the M. E. and Christian colleges in the eastern part of the city, also of the State House and several other fine buildings.

During the afternoon we passed through Hastings and Harvard in Clay and Adams Counties, said to be the Eden of Nebraska. Toward evening we came into the less improved parts of the state which is not all settled yet, and those who have moved in have not been there long enough to have such improvements as are seen farther east. Here sod houses and sod stables began to make their appearance and the virgin prairie stretched away for miles on either side of the track, while in places no signs of civilization were visible for many miles. Early in the evening we came near a large prairie fire sweeping over the country, lighting up the whole vicinity while thick, black clouds of smoke were driven hither and yon by the changing wind. We wondered, and are still wondering, if any unfortunate settler's cabin came within reach of the fiery sea that was spread out before us. We hope not.

At 9 o'clock in the evening we reached Oxford, in Southwest Nebraska, where we were obliged to wait an hour and forty minutes for the tardy Kansas City train which had passengers on board for Denver and points further west.

The belated train at last arrived and all the through cars were coupled to our train, giving us 16 coaches to pull through to Denver. With our long vestibuled train loaded with precious human freight we left Oxford and darted onward through the darkness, being assured by our conductor that we should arrive at Denver "on time," in spite of our being so much behind schedule time.

At 11:20 at night we arr