OF FATE.

...and he went ...ance and fame, ...ness sense, ...weak love and with pride, ...his youth quickly sped, ...of his was denied—

...he was wed.

...sped along ...in the sense of sorrowful years, ...his brown beard grew long, ...smiled at the sight of his tears. ...to win the world's praise, ...his heavy heart hungered for bread. ...not the chaplet of bays ...wreaths on the brow of the dead.

—Eugene B. Doherty in Boston Transcript.

A WILD RIDE.

In a saloon in Denver one evening not long since several men were gathered who were sipping various kinds of drinks, smoking cigars and pipes, and telling stories. One of them was a swarthy man of some 35 years of age, who sat with his feet, in huge, miner's boots, resting on an adjoining table. He wore a large brimmed black hat, and sat with closed eyes, as if asleep or in profound thought.

A story had just been finished, and there only remained the dark man who had not been heard from. Some one suggested that lodgings must be paid for in advance, and then a young fellow went over and slapped the apparent sleeper, and asked what time he would like to be called for breakfast, and whether he had not best take in his feet for fear of catching cold. The man took down his feet, pushed his hat on the back of his head, and said he had not been asleep.

"Then give us a story. It's your turn."

"All right, boys."

And then he told them what follows:

In 1880 I was in Denver and wished to go back to Leadville, where I had some claims. At that time there were two ways of getting to that point from this place. One was to take the railway from here to Buena Vista and the stage up the Arkansas river. The other was the stage from Denver across the mountains. I had generally gone to Leadville by the river road, and for the sake of variety I concluded to take the all stage route.

We were off at daylight, one of my acquaintances calling out to me as we started: "Good-by, old man; I'll never see you again."

"Not Why?"

"You'll be smashed up so that even a fine toothed comb won't collect the pieces."

With this ominous good-by we rolled away. The coach was one of the old Concord pattern, and almost as large as Noah's ark. It was swung on leather hinges, so arranged that it was capable of every conceivable form of motion. It would lurch, ditch, roll like a ship in the trough of the waves; it would rear, kick and buck like a mustang, and had the solid jolt of a dromedary.

Like all the other coaches used for carrying passengers over the mountains, it had a mechanical attachment within the easy control of the driver by which he could in an instant detach the horses from the coach. It was to be used to save the team in case the vehicle toppled.

There were three seats inside, each of which had three people, who were so closely packed that in case of an overturn there was no extrication, but all must go over as one. There were all must go over as one. There were six more on the top besides the driver, all of which were filled; making a total of eighteen, including the man who held the reins over the four horse team. I occupied the seat behind the driver and on the right hand side. In the front seat were an Englishman and a young woman; he an agent of some English capitalists to inspect some mines, and she a variety actress, as I afterward learned—going to Leadville to secure an engagement.

The driver is always the most important feature of the outfit. The one with had charge of us was a mere boy in appearance, not apparently more than 20 years of age. He was rather slender, very slender as to his hair, and smoothly shaved save as to a mustache, milky in its whiteness. He wore an immense sombrero with a round top, and his hair was so long that the ends lay on his shoulders.

I studied him with curiosity and a feeling of anxiety. He seemed to me to be very young for the responsible duty of holding the ribbons over four horses on a route that is regarded as the most difficult and dangerous in the Rockies. I found that this was his regular run, that he had been driving it for several years, that he had never met with an accident, and that he knew every inch of the Arkansas Valley. This was not in his favor, as the valley is almost a dead level and affords no training for mountain driving.

He was very reticent, unlike the average driver, and hence the passengers did not know much about him. We tried to pump him, but he made only replies in surly monosyllables. He spoke only once to the passengers, and then only for two words, when he called to a shanty on a bit of tableland beside which stood a dog regarding us with a friendly glance and exhibiting his satisfaction by wagging his tail.

Suddenly from the seat behind me a voice was heard:

"Say, driver, will your horses scare?"

The driver as well as the rest looked around and saw a young man holding out a revolver, pointed in the direction of the dog.

"Put up that gun, you —— fool!" roared the blonde driver. "What do you want to shoot at the dog for? What harm has he done you?"

The young man, very much abashed, muttered something about "only wanting to have a little fun and scare the dog," and sheepishly returned his pistol to his pocket. The little incident had the effect to raise the driver in my estimation, and the favorable impression was further heightened when the Englishman offered him a drink from a flask of whisky, which he refused in a gruff manner.

The second morning we reached the summit of the pass. The road was steep, difficult, and in places very dangerous. The driver seemed always cool, and began to exact the confidence of the passengers.

It was not quite light when we reached the divide and began the descent on the further side. The pass was scarcely a pass in any proper sense of the term. It was simply a broken, ragged hollow, which cut through the ridge at an elevation many thousands of feet above the level of the sea. The shadows of night were just sinking from the mountain tops, and the scene was one of grandeur.

Above us, to the left, rose a single peak, clad in snow, and which, catching the earlier rays from the eastern horizon, stood in the clear atmosphere clean cut, massive, and glittering with a resplendent opalescence. Just below us extended a cloud formed ocean, still dark with the shadows of night, which was as level as a floor and which extended to the distant horizon. The high peak, with its brightness, seemed a huge dome of light, as if a great lamp to illuminate the cloud land be low.

As we descended we entered the ocean of clouds, which receded a little way from us, making it seem as if we were dropping down into an enormous well. Through the walls of this cloud shaft we could see distorted objects; pines assumed fantastic shapes, and great fragments of fallen rocks became hideous monsters ready to spring on us out of the void. The composition of this ocean was something wonderful. It was of two colors—a fleecy white and a blue. These two were not intermingled except in large masses; there was clearly a defined stratum of one, and then the other intervening. They were like the seas of the blue and white, all exhibiting a superb stration.

Suddenly we passed through the cloud masses, which left open the view below. The hollow in which we began to descend had sunk rapidly to a fathomless ravine, and we were seen to be crawling a narrow shelf blasted out from the side of the mountain, and which was but a few inches wider than the space required for the wheels of the coach. We were between what seemed two parallel mountains. I glanced up; it was like looking out of a deep slit in the earth. I looked down to the right, and withdrew my eyes with a dizzy feeling of horror. It was on the very edge of a precipice that we were moving, and so close was the outer edge that it seemed as if with my extended hand I could have dropped a pebble directly into the abyss. In the momentary look I had caught sight of pines so far down that they seemed like hot house plants strewn along the walls of the chasm.

Not a sound was heard save the querulous creaking of the leathern hinges and springs of the coach, and the dull grating of the brakes on the wheels. Even though the latter were so fastened that the hind wheels no longer revolved, they were not sufficient to control the speed; held by a grasp of iron, the wheel horses were almost on their haunches, and were tugging at their pole straps till they were apparently about to be carried from their feet. I glanced along the road in off front with the hope that we might be some visible termination of the appalling situation.

At this moment we entered on a comparatively straight line of road, which appeared to run till it was cut off a long distance down by a spur of the mountain that extended across the track, and at which the road seemed to end. We were descending such a grade as not less than 30 degrees and at each step it seemed as if the horses would be carried off their feet by the tremendous pressure of the coach. The wheels at one instant would sink into the soft wash from the mountain side, and the next strike a detached fragment of rock, sending the vehicle bounding to the vault on the left, then over to the right till the abyss yawned beside us, like the ravenous jaws of hell.

We had descended a short distance when the driver, without a word, uttered a fierce shout of the driver. Within and without the coach a paralysis possessed all. The only sound was the fierce pounding of the iron hoofs on the rock-faced road, the roar of the wheels and the frantic creaking of the leathern springed coach as it rocked like a tempest tossed vessel.

On neither side did anything take definite shape. We moved, as it were, between two great walls of darkness, somewhat, as we seen in a swift railway train when passing through a narrow gorge. There was no difference between the wall of rock on one side and the abyss on the other. I continued standing, clinging to the stanchions with a deadly clasp, possessed by a vague impression that a jump must be made at some approaching crisis. I have an indistinct impression that the woman in the driver's seat had both her arms about the waist of the Englishman, and that he stood with his face to the wall to the left, and clung to the railing of the seat, like a drowning man to a storm tossed spar.

I recall that we seemed scarcely to touch the ground; that we flew; that our movement was one of vast leaps, in which we successively touched and a resounding clash like a vessel in a storm when its bow is met by a wave.

The air pushed against my face as if it were some demoniacal energy trying to wrench me from the coach. All the time, in my hazy consciousness, the rock which I had noticed in the distance, lying apparently across the road, was impending death. I felt it was the fate which menaced us; it was a black wall against which we would break, and then—annihilation.

I have no notion of the time; it might have been a second, it might have been a century, for aught that I comprehended during our descent. I can only recall that we went rocking, thundering down the steep grade, and then—unconsciousness.

Here the dark man stopped his narration as if there were no more to say.

"You weren't killed, evidently," said one of the listeners. "What else happened?"

"Nothing much. When I came to myself we were in front of a ranch used for a station. The coach was dashed and several men were running toward us from the stables. The road along the precipice widened into a broad, level space. The four wild horses stood, with drooping heads, in front of the coach, and were hardly visible through the dense cloud of steam which rose from their reeking bodies. The driver was sitting in his seat, his elbows on his knees, his chin resting on his hands, and himself as impassive as if cut in marble.

"How about that rock you were going to smash up against? that's what I'd like to know."

"That's what I'd like to know myself," replied the dark man. "I believe, however, that just where we rounded the rock there was a deep impression in the road on the side next to the wall, and it was the dip of the wheels in this hollow which prevented the coach swinging outward so that, as it righted, we had passed in the open place just a few feet from the gulch. It was the tremendous shock as the wheels plunged into the depression and the thought we had struck the rock and I was killed which made me insensible."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Not even a hair of one of our heads. The driver landed us in as good a condition as we are at this minute in this room. We made up a purse for him on the spot of $350, and the company made him a present of $1,000 more. That's all. I'm off. Good night."—Chicago Herald.

A Honeymoon Warning.

He—The cutlet is cold again, darling. Now what would you do if I scolded just a little?

She—Make it hot for you, dearest.—Jester.

THE NEWS.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., JULY 2, 1890. NO. 45.

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2ZE OF	10,000 are		20,000
2ZES OF	5,000 are		10,000
2ZES OF	2,000 are		10,000
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THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE.

She Will Belong to Combinations to Raise the Price of Her Labor.

Combination among skilled women workers is increasing every day, though slowly, for woman are naturally conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of unionism. They have, many of them, suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long period during which their employment must cease till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant—and, above all, that in a struggle such as a long strike must always be it is only the strong who win; the weak ones go to the wall.

All these things make women shy and slow to join a trade union; while the introduction of foreign labor in England and the increasing demand, on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods have made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, however, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers, as with the men, the supply is rarely in excess of the demand. And were technical instruction given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England, instead of being executed by French women, who are trained for it in the many technical schools which exist for women in France.—Tit-Bits.

In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers is very much more promising than in England. Scotch women are more independent and self reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower.

The rapid increase of the population and the influx of people from the country to the large towns make the problem of how to deal with our skilled female labor every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the standard she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that is getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and as the majority of them marry while practically children, neither the necessity of being apprenticed nor of joining a union appeals to them.—English Illustrated.

He Astonished the Judge.

Monday afternoon Officer Coolidge interviewed an Italian rag picker, who was harvesting the copper from the ruins of Stevens' block. The man was locked up, and on Tuesday morning was brought before Judge Field in the district court, who imposed a fine of $20 and costs. The culprit coolly drew out a clean $50 bill and tendered it to the court, at the sight of which the judge nearly fainted away, and as there was not wealth enough in the court room to change the bill an officer was despatched to the bank for that purpose.—Gardner (Mass.) Journal.

High Interest in Chicago.

The other day a gentleman who is engaged in the chattel mortgage business here in Chicago took a friend from the country up to the top of the Auditorium tower to give him a bird's-eye view of the smoke. While up there he was accosted by a friend who appeared to know the peculiar features of his business, for he said: "Hello, Jones! What's you up here after? Looking for higher rates of interest? If you are, this is the place to come." The chattel mortgage man ground his teeth and was silent. But he was mad clear through.—Chicago Herald.

A new method of ventilating railway carriages and preventing dust from entering with the air has lately appeared in Venice. The more quickly the train moves the more rapidly the apparatus works. The air is made to traverse a receptacle containing water, which cools it and relieves it of dust, after which it goes through another filtering before entering the carriage.

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Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

8:47 a. m. daily, No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.

1:35 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

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" Allentown	...8.38 a. m.	...2.53 p m	
" Bolivar	...9.05 a. m.	...3.20 p m	
" Ceres	...9.35 a. m.	...3.48 p m	
" Eldred	...10.03 a. m.	...4.20 p m	
Arrive Bradford	...11.35 a. m.	...5.30 p m	

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	...8.15 a 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	...11.43 a m.	...5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	...12.20 a m.	...6.30 p m

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A Business Man's Literary Education.

Capt. Ed H. Webster, of Kansas City, is a hustler and has been from his youth up. There are few men, however, who have at ready command so much general information on literary matters. Knowing that he began at a high pressure speed when he was a boy in Indiana; that he was a captain in the army when he was 18 years old, and that he has been on the pace that kills most people ever since, I asked him one day when he found time to read and how he had obtained so much information.

"He said: By reading on my business trips. I always take a book or several books with me when I go away from home, no matter whether the journey is long or short. Sometimes I take notes of what I read. I never throw a book away. I never get my hands on a book that I do not examine the contents. It is an old saying, but it is true one, that every book contains something worth knowing.

Not long ago I made a short run out of town and forgot to take a book. I didn't forget it, but I had no time. At a station down the road, where the engineer stopped to water, I got out of the coach for a rest. I picked up a piece of a magazine on the roadside. The cover was gone, and in the section I had there was nothing to indicate the waif's name or whence it came. I took it to my seat and began on it. There were not more than eight or ten pages. But out of those pages I gleaned so much that I was astounded. I made notes of the information which I had literally picked up, and that little trip will always be a pleasant one in my recollection.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Million Plants.

The chief gardener of the city—he has about 400 other gardeners under his instructions—tells me that the total number of plants employed for the toilet of Paris is about 2,000,000. The nurseries which produce them are situated in various parts of the city. In the Bois de Boulogne, near the racecourse of Longchamps, are the nursery grounds of trees with caduceus leaves. At Auteuil, on the borders of the Boulogne route, in a sandy soil excellent for their propagation, are placed a collection of resinous trees, plants with persistent leaves and heath-mold plants; on the banks of the river Marne, at a village called Petit-Bay, the plane trees that are planted along the boulevards of Paris are cultivated, and finally, out at Vincennes, near the Reuilly barrier, just beyond the fortifications, a large assignment of land is reserved for ornamental plants.—Paris Letter.

The Precocity of Mozart.

An example of precocity was the composer Mozart. In his 4th year he played the piano well. In his 5th year he composed several pieces. When he was 6 years old his father took him on concert tours, when he astonished all who heard him by his skill on the piano and the violin. At the age of 7 he astonished all Paris by his compositions as well as by his performances on various instruments. At this time he published some sonatas for piano and violin, and in the following year he composed his first symphonies. At the age of 12 he composed an opera. He became a very great musician, but, after all, he is not generally rated higher by the musical world than Richard Wagner, who did not devote himself to music until he was 16, and composed nothing worth speaking of until he was 20.—New York Ledger.

The Perfection of Politeness.

The perfection of politeness is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Mr. Lear in his "Journey of a Landscape Painter in the East." He was taking a parting cup of coffee with the postmaster of Pella, when he had the misfortune to set his foot on a handsome pipe bowl. Crash went the bowl; the Mohammedan not unnoved, Mr. Lear apologized. "The breaking of such a pipe bowl," said the postmaster, "would, indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable; but in a friend every action has its charms."

Precocious J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill is another remarkable example of precocity. He began Greek at the age of 3, and by the time he was 8 years old he had read far more Greek than most college graduates, besides all the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Rollin and many other books of a similar character. When 12 years old he read "Aristotle's Logic" in the original, a work of great difficulty even for an accomplished scholar.—New York Ledger.

MAKING DOLLS AT SEVENTY.

Margaret Ball, a Graduate of Rutgers, Eks Out a Living in This Way.

She is a dainty little gentlewoman, "an unapproprated blessing" 70 years old. Once she was rich and lived in swelldom and had her maids to serve her and a coachman and a carriage. She graduated at Rutgers, and was a winsome belle, gladsome and gracious and the dispenser of many joy giving hospitalities.

Locking the prudent genius of financiering, after her parents died, one way and another she lost a great deal of money, and one day she realized, with keen foreboding, that she was almost alone in this big world, with very little to keep her from starvation. She was only learned in gracious household ways, which are of little money value in the practical workaday world. She finally invested her bit of money in goods, hoping to make a living by "keeping store." She established herself in a quiet street in Brooklyn, and for a time her enterprise succeeded, but gradually the large stores grew more attractive and the street less desirable for the better class of people, and the little old lady was forgotten, and the problem of getting a living was harder to solve than before.

The store began to look seedy and empty, and the storekeeper's courage was almost gone, when one day a child came in to buy "the doll in the shoe." It was a rag doll, with a group of gay pigmies about it—"the old woman in the shoe"—which a kind friend had made for her window when she first opened the store. She was glad to sell it now, but soon replaced it with another, which was also sold, and so on until the worrying problem of how to earn her bread solved itself in this happy, providential way, and she decided to make rag dolls for a living. Her aged sister sewed the dresses on the machine until she had the "old fashioned rheumatism" so badly she could do nothing, and a helper had to be hired to do them.

The dolls are very cute and chic, notwithstanding they are made of stout corset jean stuffed with cotton and dressed in simple wash calico, but the dresses are pretty and so are the coquettish bonnets made of the same material. A dainty bit of lace at the neck and sleeves, and artistic touches here and there, add an air of delicacy to the rig, which tells in a subtle yet convincing way that long ago the cleeper little gentlewomen delighted in pretty femininities of exquisite style and of texture dainty and sheer.

A society belle, of Brooklyn, paints the faces of the rag dolls. She has many social demands, but makes time to do this work of love and charity with unvarying faithfulness.

A kind friend took some of the rag beauties to the seaside, and the orders from a fashionable resort kept the workers comparatively comfo table during the summer. The dolls sell for a dollar apiece at the home of the worker and a little more than that at the different exchanges for woman's work where they have found a placer. The aged maiden is affectionately called "the cheery little doll woman," and the name suits her signally well. She has no misgivings, no repinings, and, like a true little gentlewoman, that she is, never refers to the "days when she was better off." Her only worry—a great one to her—is to get clothes for her rag dolls. This question absorbs her thoughts more than anything else, and she has to buy with exceeding judgment and cut her cloth with close economy.

In her sunny personality one forgets how pathetic her life history is. To be making rag dolls in a dismal, sunless, stuffy little store in a forlorn, uninviting by-street in Brooklyn at the age of 70 is a heartsaching contrast to the time when she was cosily housed in luxurious surroundings not far from the Lorillards some fifty years ago.—New York Herald.

Slow Drying Glue.

Slow drying glue is stronger than quick drying, and for general use no method gives such good results as the following: Break the glue small and cover it with water in an iron kettle and let it soak twelve hours; after soaking, boil till done, then pour it into a tin or tight box, and when cold cover it tight. As it is required, cut out a portion and melt in the usual way, exposing no more of the made glue to the atmosphere than is necessary, as the atmosphere is injurious to made glue. Of course it never should be subjected to direct heat. It is better to use glue quite thin, wiping it into the wood, rather than too thick. Excepting veneering, glue both surfaces and never leave the wood heated.—New York Telegram.

Wrinkles That Talk.

Wrinkles across the forehead are found in children who are of a rickety or idiotic strong sunlight, with the face and eyes insufficiently covered, will also cause them, but in all cases they are normal at 40, or even at an earlier age. Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come prematurely in men and women who study much or worry themselves. This can readily be imagined.

The eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought; grief or worry produces the same effect; the action being frequently repeated produces a fold in the skin. It was said to be of the standing rules of the Jesuits to never contract the eyebrows while studying.

The straight lines extending from the root of the nose are supposed to tell of long and cruel physical suffering, or still more painful mental tortures. The crow's feet, the wrinkles so detested by ladies of rank and pride, always come to mark the passing of the fortieth milestone of life. They are characterized by furrows, which diverge from the external angles of the eye in all directions like the claws of the bird from which they are named. Wrinkles of the cheeks and chin are caused by the diminution of the fatty substance under the chin, which causes the chin to fall into folds. The small wrinkles near the eye have the same origin, and only appear in old age. Those across the upper eyelids, which give the eye an air of fatigue, are the result of hard living, grief and worry.—New York Journal.

Before Marengo.

Bourrienne tells us how the First Consul, in his cabinet in Paris, traced the march to Marengo and laid his finger on the spot in the map where he would fight and defeat the Austrian army. A proof of the marvelous boards offices of the time given lunch money, so that the may not appear to be partial, and the expenditure easily reaches the amount named, if it does not indeed exceed it.—New York Press.

A Breakfast.

Wife (in a whisper) — Give a white dollar to yet in the [illegible]

Husband (none Scotch) Made: thinks [illegible] Pittsburg Bulletin.

Six Thousand Dollars for Lunches.

Six thousand dollars a year for lunches! It seems a large sum to expend in midday meals and one can scarcely conceive of one man, no matter how wealthy, getting rid of so much money in such a way. It is not an individual, but a banking house that devotes so much cash to eatables—that of Henry Clews & Co., and the lunches are eaten by the employes of the establishment. The fifty clerks daily engaged in reporting and unraveling the complicated transactions in the banking and brokerage [illegible] firm stop work about noon and [illegible] nearly fitted up apart[illegible] of the office where [illegible] lunch. The men c[illegible] rious branch offices of the [illegible] given lunch money, so that the [illegible] may not appear to be partial, and the expenditure easily reaches the amount named, if it does not indeed exceed it.—New York Press.