THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., JULY 16, 1890. NO. 47.

THE MORNING.

...ery in perfect peace,
...ight in solemn gray,
...ith of coming day.
...ing trees!
...ness, careless way
...ing lay
...ing asserting trees;
...ness, singing mist,
...ness, loveliness are borne
...ing pinions to be kissed
...by smiling Morn;
...the gray gods of the night,
...ed banners of the light.
—Benjamin Barsley in Washington Post.

BURGLARS.

To Dolly Haviland the listless June day was inexpressibly dull, almost unbearable.

Here she was all alone in that big house, with no other company save her own morbid thoughts, and her mischievous Dick's chimpanzee, the relic of a deceased uncle, a sea captain, who had returned from his last voyage utterly broken down in health, and to Dick's great delight he found himself the possessor of Ripper, so his darling wish was gratified.

What else could any one expect but that the household was constantly kept in a state of furor and apprehension when the capricious Dick was so tireless in his teachings to master Ripper.

Mrs. Haviland, with the children, had departed early in the forenoon to spend the day with a lady friend, and for some unaccountable reason, Norah insisted that dire necessity called her forth also.

It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and Dolly had returned to the sunny bay window show which projected from the parlor, a favorite nook of hers.

Her ramble through the house had afforded her no relief from her restless thoughts.

Everywhere and in every room and corner was prevalent the same oppressive silence, and she groaned aloud when she contemplated the hours she must put in before the return of her mother or Norah.

Even Ripper, she noticed, as she passed his bunk in the little alcove in the rear of the long hallway, was slumbering peacefully and serenely, appearing not at all desirous of indulging his mischievous and wicked pranks.

"He, even," Dolly murmured, nodding toward the innocent looking Ripper, "doesn't seem at all inclined to break this horrible stillness. I believe I should go mad if I had to endure this very long." She added, half in jest, half in earnest.

Returning to the nook in the bay window, she snugly ensconsed herself in a willow rocker.

Catching up a book of her favorite author, she sought to find solace and oblivion in its pages, but even here there was not a jot of the interest that had always before enthralled her mind.

With an impatient mutter she allowed the volume to fall to her lap, and, clasping her hands above her head, leaned back, the personification of indolent ease.

"Ralph Everleigh," she mused—"quite a pretty name. I doubt, however, if he is the saint Harry has reported him to be. I suppose I should expect nothing more than the common run from the young men of his age. My Prince Raphael," with a nod at the book in her lap, "is an exception to the rule, but then this deviation exists only in imagination.

"Harry has graduated and is through with college. He wrote me that he would be home positively this week, accompanied by Ralph Everleigh, and he says it is Friday already and there has been no sign of him. His letter planned such jolly times during his vacation, with his 'dear Ralph' as chaperon, and he even went so far as to warn me to be careful of my heart," she concluded satirically.

And still closing her big blue eyes, which, all unconsciously, had become unmistakably moist, she gave herself up to reflection.

Suddenly a noise overhead, as if of a stealthy footstep, seemed to straight-ten her lithe form; her orbs took on a scared look; her slim, nerveless hands became rigid as they fell to her lap, and all the bright color left her dimpled little face to be replaced by a deep pallor.

"Burglars!" Dolly involuntarily cried, rising unsteadily to her feet. "Oh, what shall I do?" her voice dying away in a painful wail.

For that instant there was a terrific knock on the door bell, and hardly reverberations died away ere Dolly quickly recovering footing herself, as if the author of the disturbance apprehensive and fled from the scene.

With a beating heart and tottering gait she went to answer the ring.

Who she did hope and pray might be her father, or failing in that it should be Harry.

It was not Mr. Haviland, nor Dick, nor was it Harry, but a tall, dark complexioned young man, with the prettiest of raven like hair.

But when Dolly realized that the caller was no acquaintance or relation of hers, her face assumed a disappointed look and the pallor deepened, while her lips seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth, and she could make no sound.

"What is it, miss?" he questioned in a rich, deep voice, as he noticed her embarrassment. "Can I be of any service to you?" he implored, quietly removing his hat.

"Oh, yes, sir; I don't know—that is, I think there is some one in the house," Dolly managed to stammer, at last loosening her tongue.

"Yes, I see; it is quite likely that there is some one in the house. I called to see Mr. Haviland—Mr. Harry Haviland," he returned, with an amused smile, not appearing to interpret her words or actions.

"You do not understand me, sir," not paying a bit of attention to his latter remark.

"Understand you?" he echoed. "Your words were quite lucid enough for me to comprehend them," regarding her with a strange look, and no doubt the thought entered his brain that he was in converse with a mild species of lunatic.

"But I am all alone in the house," she insisted, with pathetic entreaty, "and I have reason to believe there are burglars".

At that instant there was a tremendous noise in the upper part of the dwelling accompanied by the report of a pistol, which resounded throughout the house with ominous distinctness.

With a cry of distress Dolly flung back the door and would have been out in the open air had not the strong arm of the handsome stranger detained her, as he pushed his way in, saying, in a quiet, even tone:

"Be calm, miss; you have nothing to fear. I shall investigate."

So, suiting the action to his words, he proceeded to mount the stairs, but a hand on his arm stopped him.

"Please don't, sir," the young girl pleaded. "They will hurt you, shoot you—kill you, perhaps."

"Have no fear as regards my safety; I am quite able to take care of myself," he assuredly replied.

"I beg of you, sir, not to risk your life in this manner... Go to the police station and get an officer."

The last was delivered with such pleading pathos that the young fellow was half inclined to follow her wishes, but a second pistol shot at that moment quickly defined his purpose in the negative.

Turning from Dolly he hastened up the stairs to the portion of the house from whence came the shot.

Dolly hastily followed him, and as she made the top landing in the third story and looked down the hall, she saw her opportune caller halt before the door of her brother Dick's room, from which strange sounds proceeded.

She had taken but a few steps when the stranger flung open the door and rushed into the apartment.

Simultaneously there came from within the most horrible cries, screams, then another pistol shot, followed by the sound of breaking glass and what appeared a slight scuffle.

Dolly's senses then deserted her, and with a shrill scream she fainted away.

After a few moments she threw off her unconsciousness to find herself reclining upon a couch in the sitting room, and her ears were greeted with a couple of the heartiest laughs imaginable.

Glancing up to the faces of those above her she recognized her brother Harry and her handsome acquaintance of a few moments before.

Both were looking down at her with amused countenances, and Dolly at once divined that something unusual had occurred.

Rising to a sitting posture, she regarded them with a strange mixture of wonder and perplexity, a confused look creeping into her eyes.

Glancing up into her brother's face, she said, rather petulantly:

"What is the meaning of all this, Harry? When did you come? I do believe this is some trick to place me in this undignified position, to say the least of it," and her sweet red lips assumed a decided pout of disapproval.

Stooping down, Harry Haviland lovingly kissed the pout from his sister's lips, and said in a composed voice:

"No, my dear Dolly, I assure you it is entirely inconsistent with my nature to indulge in such pranks. You shall see in a moment. Meanwhile Dorothy, allow me to acquaint you with Mr. Ralph Everleigh."

And Ralph Everleigh, the most timely caller, bowed and quietly took the waxen little hand extended to him so shyly, while its owner could only stammer and blush and hang her head in confusion.

The handsome fellow, with such curling locks of glossy black hair, a fine mustache of the same hue, big black orbs to augment the contour of the noble looking face Ralph Everleigh—he of whom her brother had so often fondly spoken.

Dolly could scarcely credit it, and the belief at once formed itself in her mind that the eulogies of Harry when speaking of Ralph Everleigh were not in the least exaggerated—on the contrary were only half advanced.

"It seems, however," continued Harry Haviland, "that some unfortunate accident has completely forestalled me in my presentation. I was lucky enough to arrive on the scene at the culmination of a most tragic act in the drama, and just in time to effect the escape of the hero from a decidedly unpleasant contretemps, and was so fortunate as to also be of service to the heroine, and with a pretty twinkle first at Ralph Everleigh and then at Dolly, he added, "But allow me to present to your gaze the scene of the recent tragedy."

Turning, he left the room, followed by Ralph and Dolly.

Repairing to Dick's room, they all entered, and such a scene as was presented to the sight of the trio it is almost impossible to depict.

Littered indiscriminately about the floor were bits of glass, bric-a-brac, the remains of what was once an exceedingly handsome pair of vases, a pillow here and some bed clothes there, chairs overturned and scattered over the floor were numerous boyish trifles and trinkets, while tied to the leg of bedstead, and viewing the ruins with a complacent and self satisfied gaze, was Ripper himself.

The ludicrousness of the strange scene seemed to at once strike the astounded trio, and the heartiest of laughs were in place for the next few minutes.

When the mirth had subsided somewhat, explanations followed.

It seems that Harry and Ralph had each arrived on different trains, and through some inadvertence or misunderstanding had missed each other, and so without further ado had repaired immediately to the Haviland house.

Ralph had arrived first, as has already been shown; and just as the third pistol shot rang throughout the house Harry had appeared.

Ripper, it was obvious, had grown tired of his unwonted inactivity, and so had proceeded to scour the house on a tour of investigation.

Entering Dick's room, he at once made himself at home, and, in nosing around, ran across a revolver which Dick had left loaded since the Fourth of July.

With human like perspicacity he had discovered the means of discharging it, and was hugely enjoying himself when Ralph Everleigh rushed in and put a stop to his ruinous amusement.

He was just in season to perceive Ripper, evidently angered beyond endurance by the belligerent attitude assumed by himself in the mirror, cast the revolver with unerring aim at the reflection, to the utter destruction of the mirror.

Descending to the lower floor, they were in time to greet Mr. and Mrs. Haviland, who had returned together, and when at last Dick had made complete the family circle the scene of the ruin was once more viewed and the story repeated.

Dolly was the last straw that broke the cord which bound the unimpressible Dick and his protege such close friends, and then and there Ripper's fate was inexorably decided upon.

"It's no use; I've stood this long enough. He's got to go!" and Mr. Haviland was firm in his purpose.

The next day Ripper went to bright en the home of son.* other unsuspecting victim, and you may be positive his departure was followed by very slight regret.

A week later the family departed for the mountains, accompanied by Ralph Everleigh, who had long before decided to make one of the party, and had no such previous intention been thought of, he could hardly have resisted the importunities of Dorothy Haviland's sweet face.

And such delightful times as were indulged in for the next couple of months could scarcely have failed to produce any other result than that which followed.

Harry Haviland saw it all, and a look of complete satisfaction lighted up his face as he observed how devoted and solicitous to each other's comfort they were.

After all, it was nothing more than he had hoped for, and planned.

During a ramble through a picturesque glen one early autumn day Dolly declared that she must have a rest—that she was completely fatigued.

Making room for her companion beside her on a moss grown bowlder, she seated herself.

A lengthy silence followed, when suddenly the young man blurted out:

"Miss Haviland—Dolly, we return to the city on Monday!"

"Yes, I hope he says," she returned, blushing rosily at the familiar manner in which he had addressed her.

"This will be the last of our delightful rambles," he said, deprecatorily.

"Yes," with a long drawn sigh.

"Dolly!" he cried, passionately, seizing her trembling little hand in his own, while he endeavored to look in the eyes which so persistently avoided his gaze.

The only reply was another sigh, and then a deeper flush.

"Dolly," he repeated in a low, soft tone, which thrilled her strangely, "why must this be the last of these rambles? Can you not give me your hand as confidingly as you have already permitted me to direct you, and say that you will trust me to lead you in a ramble that will never cease—a ramble through life, till the grave parts us?"

She understood him. It was an impossibility to misinterpret the yearning earnestness both in his words and his looks, and with a sigh of the most supreme contentment she answered him in one little word:

"Yes."

And when the May sunshine and flowers echo again Mrs. Ralph Everleigh will preside over a home of her own.—Victor Vigor in Philadelphia Telephone.

One doctor has tersely said: "The man who prescribes drugs for himself to prevent sleeplessness has a fool for a patient and a fool for a doctor."

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A CRAB'S SUMMER SUIT.

How the Luscious Mollusks Get New Shells Every Spring.

This little town furnishes most of the crabs all the year around for the markets of the leading cities of this country. The crabs are caught in Chesapeake bay, and are packed in crates or barrels for shipment. Over half the inhabitants of the town make their living out of crabbing. There is a secret about the success of Crisfield crabbing. The crabber here never ships a female crab. When one of the female sex is scooped up in the crabber's net it is always thrown back into the bay. Crabs are caught every month here in the year and in all stages of development.

The crabs are dormant from fall until spring, even in the Gulf of Mexico, where they are more abundant than anywhere else on this country's coast. In the spring, when they come out of the mud and masses of seaweed, they go right into the business of shedding. Really, it seems as if the crab had little else to do in summer but shed his shell and get a new one of larger caliber. The hard crab first puts on a leathery undergarment, and while it is growing he is known as a "comer." In a day or two, when this under skin is completed he is known as a "shedder," and then he is best fitted for bait, because his hard shell can then be stripped off, leaving the leathery integument entire.

In a single day the "shedder" parts his shell and becomes a "buster," and in a few hours he will throw off his shell, crawl out of it entirely and commence to swell and stretch out his elastic covering. Then he is a soft crab par excellence. On the night of the day the crab divests himself of his misfit shell he is in the best condition for frying. In another day, if he is not taken from the water, his new covering becomes like parchment, and in twelve hours more the parchment hardens so that it just yields to pressure. Then he is known as a "buckler," and is of little use except as a broiler.

The crab fishing business is put down at half a million dollars per year by the fish commission, and probably the estimate is by no means complete.

The crabs are caught in summer by baiting set lines with tripe or fish, and the catch per man will average sixty dozen a day. All the soft crabs taken during the summer are sent to market and in May and early June the only soft crabs found in New York come from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. In the latter part of June soft crabs begin to be caught in Jersey waters, and the price then declines. Taking a crab out of water arrests the process of development and packed in sea weed in a cool place the shedder of a soft crab will remain alive for several weeks without undergoing any change. —Crisfield (Md.) Letter.

Ruining the Feet.

Dr. James Lewis Howe delivered a popular scientific lecture at the Polytechnic society. He said: "There are few or no shoes made at the present time which do not to a greater or less extent compress the feet into an unnatural position, and the result is a plentiful supply of corns and bunions."

The effect of high heels was spoken of and demonstrated from a specimen of fashionable shoe, with the heel nearly in the middle of the foot. This, the lecturer said, had the effect of throwing the foot forward upon the toes and thus not only is the foot deformed, but the gait is to a greater or less extent stilted. The practice of making children wear tight shoes in order to keep the feet small can only be compared to the Chinese method of deforming the feet.—Herald of Health.

A Washerwoman Princess.

Pope Sextus V was as all the world knows, of the very humblest origin. He had been a goatherd and one of his sisters was a washerwoman. When, however, he became supreme pontiff he brought his kinswoman, the laundress, to Rome, made her a princess and installed her in a magnificent palace. The next day the statue of Pasquin was found to be endued with a shirt, the cleanliness of which left much to be desired. The inimitable Marforio asked, in a placard which was read with a universal grin, the why and the wherefore of the grimy undergarment, and the next morning Pasquin replied that he could not get his linen washed because his washerwoman had become a princess.—London Telegraph.

It Took More Than a Leg.

Swagger—You said you'd have that suit done if it took a leg.

Tailor—Well, but I found it took two just to make the trousers.—Chatter.

Foot Prints Made by Jesus.

In the church of Domine Quo Vadis, Rome, carefully preserved under a plate glass, bell shaped dome, 3½ feet high and 4 feet in diameter across the bottom, may be seen the last foot prints made by Jesus on this earth; those made by him the night he appeared to Peter when the latter was leaving Rome in hot haste on account of Nero's persecution of the Christians. After the burning of Rome, Nero threw upon the Christians the accusation of having fired the city. This was the origin of the first persecution, in which many perished by terrible and hitherto unheard of deaths. The Christian converts besought Peter not to expose his life, and he started to leave the city. As he fled along the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour traveling toward the city. Struck with amazement, Peter exclaimed, "Lord, whither goest thou?" (Domine quo Vadis?) to which Jesus, looking upon him with a mild sadness, replied, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time," and immediately vanished.

Peter, taking this as a sign that he was to submit himself to all manner of suffering for the sake of his religion, retraced his steps to the city. He told the story of meeting with Jesus at the divide in the roads. Some of the faithful repaired to the spot, cut out of the damp clay the holy foot prints, and preserved them as above stated.—St. Louis Republic.

A Bright Outlook.

There was once upon a time an old lady who had known many sorrows and heartaches, who had lost children, husband, friends, and who was alone and poor in her old age. One day a lady who had gone to see her, pitying her sad fate, said: "Why, grandma, what a dreary outlook there is from your window—only barns and back doors." "Yes," said the old lady, cheerily, "but there are people who are blind, and who, although they live always by the ocean, cannot see it. There is always a bit of sky for me to look at, and when it is very fine and sweet I always think of the blind people and pity them, even though they be rich and I poor."—West Shore.

When a Woman Is Well Dressed.

The general woman is the woman you know and I know, you like and I like. She has wit and sense enough to realize that the most expensive fashions are often the key note to the development of pretty coats and frocks in less costly fabrics. If she is wise she will study out the colors and stuffs that suit her best. She will buy each frock and gown with the thought to that which is already in her wardrobe, and in this way will avoid inharmonious effects. Gowns, gloves and hats in harmony are what, after all, make a well dressed woman. They need not absolutely match, but not a color must, as the French people say, "swear at each other." The general effect must be that gained in a many hued flower, each shade blending into the other until perfection is obtained and the woman, like a flower, is a symphony in tints.—Mrs. Mallon, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Dairy Floors.

A flagstone floor with cemented joints is recommended for the dairy. Wooden floors are apt to rot out, and brick floors absorb the spilled milk, soon becoming very offensive. If bricks are used the floors should be kept painted all the time, and even then it is not so good as flagstone and cement. The flagstone under ground is always easily kept cool, as a dairy floor should be.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Greek Meets Greek.

Mrs. Kurius (with opera glass, looking into window opposite)—I declare to goodness if that impudent woman over the way hasn't got a spyglass and is trying to look into our flat!—New York World.

Fighting the Strikers.

A Scotch baker named Cameron, in Melbourne, had a strike in his shop, and when his delivery wagon went out it was followed by a buggy containing pickets of the strikers, who endeavored to induce the men in the wagon to quit work. Cameron hired another buggy and drove along behind the pickets with a gun across his knees. Whenever the pickets attempted to talk to his men on the delivery wagon he jumped down and threatened to shoot. He succeeded in making the pickets abandon their work, but he was summoned to appear in court for intimidation with armed weapons.—Exchange.

THE UBIQUITOUS HAIRPIN.

The Numerous Ways That a Woman Makes the Best Wire Useful.

The hairpin is an indispensable article to a woman's toilet. She could not get along without one. A woman may spend one hour in dressing, and half the hour is usually occupied in arranging her hair, which she skillfully twists into coils becoming to her face, and to keep it in place she will use about one dozen hairpins.

A woman finds a hairpin useful in many ways, and if she be about to begin that important operation of disarranging everything, called house cleaning, it is safe to say she will put one extra pin in her hair and will need it before going far in her work; many a crack, crevice and corner is poked into with its aid.

It is woman's most useful ally, and with her skill in using it becomes a kind of combination tool that can be used in many ways. Sometimes the key of a trunk is lost, and the inevitable hairpin is used to push back the spring and the lid is raised.

While scrubbing it is used in every corner to poke out the dirt. In fixing up for the merry years of thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty years of the transition state, for the times of the Revolution, for the years of the Civil War, for the years of the Mexican war, for the years of the Indian war, for the years of the Spanish war, for the years of the Philippine war, for the years of the Boer war, for the years of the Chinese war, for the years of the Russian war, for the years of the Turkish war, for the years of the Greek war, for the years of the Roman war, for the years of the Egyptian war, for the years of the Babylonian war, for the years of the Assyrian war, for the years of the Persian