APOLOGY.

...away,
...uch today,
...to say

...ay time
...ch in rhyme;
...publish a

...her is
...rather thin;
...ne and skin

...won
...she'd done,
...ket their fun

..."we stubborn things,"
...lung, and clings,
...she sings

...they say
...rather gay,"
...they pray
...lan!"

...solo concern,
...torch and urn,
...notes, and words that

...so steep;
...I keep,
...writes a heap.

...in Murray's Magazine.

...HMAN'S BOY.

...night watchman at
...in the screen room
...r Jep himself was
...e.

...had been idle for
...ount of the strike.
...no work. No one
...ike would end. Med
...veaded persons were
...tween employer and
...ry one feared trou
...the post of night
...of danger as well a
But Jep's father
...one nor shirked the

...evening, as he stood
...his cottage, dinner
...dy to start for th
...tly task, there wer
...ips. They were not
...year, but by a sense
...t loneliness that lay
...ose quickly from his

...ith you, father," he
...ago."

...art down on him in a
...anced, "what be
...d'd ye be doin' wi

...do, father," replied

...d for a moment in
...vident that the prop
...er him unpleasantly.
...at last, "I like the
...other!" he shouted.
...way. "Put a bit
...r Jep. He goes wi'

...ed to the door in

...he exclaimed, "Jep
...vert!" me."
...heard the like?"
...ther." said Jep;

...rrupted the man
...no time to lose.
...ones till in."
...t Jep went that
...r. It was a good
...eaker, and it was
...hey reached the

...r pail—was hung up
...ghed they made th
...er, man and boy—o
...a lantern for the
...ly dark, so dark that
...the massive structure
...ing against the

...stood in the engine

...ght to watch, ain't it.

...a father,
...dark an' rainy, you

...that to do wi' it?"
...night to hide."
...anxiously off into
...of the engine room.
...ump out from some
...er see him till he was

...ay night an' there was

...they've threatened
...er, an' they"—
...be scarin' yourself,
...n' trash. Nobody'll
...warrant ye, an' no
...in' us wi' this in mi
...placed his hand sig
...butt of his large re

...in the great bald
...we as of pounding.
...and then all
...ns of any kind
...and examine the
...nish anything
...s, announce

...room, they stood for an instant as if to recover themselves and looked about, but finding nothing out of place they soon came back again.

Later on Jep grew sleepy.

"Lay down on the bench an' put your eyes an' go to sleep like a man," said Jep's father, "an' don't be noddin' your head off."

Within five minutes from the time Jep laid his head on the ride pillow he was fast asleep.

An hour later he was awakened by a noise. It sounded as if men were scuffling just outside the door and as if some one was trying to shout.

Jep raised himself to his elbow and looked across the room. The lantern was still standing on the engineer's stool, but his father was nowhere in sight.

He was just about to get down from the bench when the outer door of the engine room was opened and two men entered. They were strangers to Jep and they looked rough and desperate.

"He'll keep a still tongue in his head for awhile," said one of them.

"Did ye kill him, Jerry?" asked the other.

"If I didn't he'll not wake soon. Give me the lantern and we'll go fix the pump man."

He seized the lantern and started out of the door. But his companion did not follow him.

"Come on!" he continued, turning back; "are ye goin'?"

"No!" replied the other, "I'm not. He knows me. I'd be a fool to show myself to him."

"Stay where ye are then. I'll settle him alone," and the man and the lantern vanished into the darkness and storm.

Jep saw and heard it all. He knew from their words that the ruffian had assaulted his father and left him unconscious, perhaps dead, and that the pumpman was about to be similarly treated. If they should discover him there was no doubt but that he would share the fate of the other two.

Suddenly it occured to him that it was to escape now was the opportunity, while the coast was in darkness before the man should return with the lantern. before the breaker should be set on fire, an act which these men doubtless had in contemplat

Slipping from the bench he felt his way carefully to the machinery of the engine, climbed cautiously over the big shaft and keeping his hand on the boiler plate crawled along beside it till he reached the starting bar. He knew that straight ahead of this and up two steps was the door that led to the screen room.

So far the sound of his progress had been hushed by the noise of the beating storm outside. If now he could reach the screen room unheard he would be safe. The man in the door way was not twenty feet away. The outline of his figure was dimly discernible in the darkness.

Jep rose to his feet, held his hands out before him and moved cautiously forward. The next moment he came in contact with the stool on which the lantern had stood, tipped it over, stumbled over it and fell heavily to the floor.

The man in the doorway started, turned and looked back into the room, but in the darkness he could see nothing.

"Hello!" he shouted, "who's there?"

For answer Jep scrambled to his feet and groped his way, regardless of noise, to the steps.

But the man did not attempt to follow him. He turned instead to the open door and called to his companion

"Jerry! hello, Jerry! Come back here wi' the lantern, quick!"

But Jep, having reached the steps, stumbled up to them, opened the door and the next moment was ascending the longer flight of steps that led to the screen room.

Down in the engine room he heard the two men moving about, apparently in the search for him. He knew that they would follow him, and he felt that in some way he must make his escape from them. Without considering where the course would lead to, he dropped to his knees, and with one hand on the iron sheathed shaft he began climbing alongside of it up the long slope of the screen room.

The two men having finished their hasty rape of the engine room were already on the first steps of the flight which the boy had just ascended. Jep heard them and knew that he must make haste. Coming to the lower screen he felt his way along under it till he reached the outside wall of the breaker; then, rising again to his feet and placing his hand against the wall, he walked up the narrow cleated passage that led to the dump room at the head just as the lantern, in the hands of his pursuers, flashed its light across the dust laden timbers of the screen room.

"Whoever it was he must 'a come this way," said the leader.

"I'm sure ye didn't imagine it, he exclaimed, suddenly interrupted the other.

"Listen, where?" he exclaimed, suddenly

"Did ye hear that?"

a noise, like the sound of a slamming door, coming from somewhere above them in the breaker. Both men hurried across the chutes to the passage through which Jep had just disappeared and began ascending it.

The noise they had heard was indeed that of a slamming door, the handle of which had inadvertently slipped from Jep's grasp as he closed it behind him in his way to the head of the breaker. A new scheme of escape had come into his mind. It was simply to cross the mouth of the shaft and pass out by the car tracks to the trestling and thence to the hills, whence came the mine cars with their loads.

With this end in view he crawled up by the dump chute bars to the weigh platform, and thence to the carriage way of the shaft. It was easy enough now to follow the rails of the mine car track. But it was well for him to be sure that the horizontal gates were covering the mouth of the shaft; otherwise he might go stumbling into the pit and plunge down 100 feet to the bottom of the mine.

So he felt his way very cautiously, and finding the gate in place stepped on it with a light foot, realizing that nothing save these hard wood slats lay between him and instant death. Once across the opening he moved on more rapidly through the head house and on on to the trestling.

He was in the open air now, with the storm beating on him; under his feet a network of timbers a hundred feet in height; off to the left a faint glow in the sky reflecting the lights of the town; everywhere else complete, impenetrable darkness. He knew there was a handrail running along by the side of the track for the safety of men and mules. He felt for it, grasped it and touching it as he went he made still greater haste. He almost ran.

Suddenly he stopped, with a new fear striking in upon his heart. He remembered that the company had taken advantage of the cessation of work in the mines to build a new trestle in front of the breaker. He knew that it was not yet completed, and that over the new part there was only a line of narrow planks laid on the beams for men to walk on. He thought he must be near that portion now. Indeed, the next step might bring him to the end of the platform; another might plunge him into the depths.

He pushed his foot cautiously forward; it needed but a space of three feet to verify this fear. From that point on there was only the narrow path of plank above the dizzy height, a path which none but builders and sailors would have dared to venture on in the broad light of day.

But Jep had no time to hesitate. His pursuers were even now crossing on the gate that covered the mouth of the shaft. They had marked his progress and were hot upon his track. To limit of their lantern flashed out and revealed him to their eyes.

"There he is!" cried the foreman.

"D'ye mind that. A bit of a brat no worth chasin', but I'll have 'im now! it takes the life o' me!"

"It's a pretty sure lad's give us any way," panted the other. "Catch 'im Jerry; give it to 'im. Drop 'im over the trestle!"

The man with the lantern sprang forward, while Jep, desperate with fear, dropped to his knees and crawled on upon the narrow plank, grasping the edges of it firmly as he went. He ventured only for a moment on his perilous way by the light of the stars, the glare of the lantern and the lantern bearer at his heels in quick pursuit.

But it was only for a moment. Then behind him there was a cry of horror as the man carrying the lantern, tripped down among the forest of timbers, instantly and impenetrable darkness again. In the confusion of self preservation the man had fallen to save his life, but in the fall had extinguished the light.

But it was only for a moment. Then behind him there was a cry of horror as the man carrying the lantern, tripped down among the forest of timbers, instantly and impenetrable darkness again. In the confusion of self preservation the man had fallen to save his life, but in the fall had extinguished the light.

Jep was now at the end of the plank walk. Before him his hands touched nothing. He almost lost his balance, and recoiled in sudden terror from the edge of this black abyss. But he imagined that the men were still following him. He thought he heard them crawling on the plank almost at his heels. In his wild dread of them anything was better than capture.

He turned quickly in his tracks and let himself down at the edge of the plank, swinging by his hands. How far below him the solid earth was he did not know; he hardly stopped to think. The fear of those whom he believed to be above him led him into desperate chances.

He dropped. But less than six feet below him lay the solid earth, and he was not harmed. The shock of surprise weakened him, though, and for a minute he lay quite still.

Somewhere above him he heard an angry voice and the noise of heavy footsteps, and still fearful he rose to his feet and began to grope his way down the hill along the base timbers of the trestling.

Soon he saw a light coming up toward him. It was carried by the pumpman, who had heard Jerry's cry of distress and had come out to investigate.

"Why, Jep," he cried, as the ray from his lantern flashed into the boy's white face, "what ails ye, Jep! an' where's the father?"

In a few words Jep told his story, and then they both hurried back to the engine room they found Jep's father, bound and gagged, and cruelly, though not fatally beaten, and they helped him inside out of the storm, restored him to consciousness, and then Jep, taking the pumpman's lantern, went to the nearest cottage for help.

Afterward they found the fallen ruffian lying across the sill of a trestle, bent quite dead. His companion, afraid to go forward and unable to return through the dark wilderness of the breaker, was captured, tried, convicted of participating in the assault and sent to prison.—Homer Greene in New York World.

It Is the Liver.

The value of the liver medicine sold in the United States in 1889 was $28,000,000. You can make a man believe that his liver is out of order when he won't admit consumption with one lung gone.—Detroit Free Press.

In a certain college in which the attendance on prayers is optional the number of students who attend is relatively greater than the number of professors.

Nothing in Legends.

An old cynic in Boston has investigated about fifty legends connected with ledges, waterfalls and gullies in different parts of America, and he has found every one of them to be a deception of the first water. Don't pay no summer hotel an extra price for the Legend near the spot where "the withered hair" leaped to her death because her pa scolded her.—Detroit Free Press.

Interested in Science.

Miss Millie—Oh, my dear, Professor Science is to lecture to night. Can I go?

Mother—Dear me! What's got into you?

Miss Millie—Why, he's to lecture on "Sun Spots," and I'm just wild to get a good earful for freckles.—New York Weekly.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., AUGUST 6, 1890. NO. 50.

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

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LIST OF PRIZES:

1 PRIZE OF	$150,000 is	$150,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
3 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	30,000
3 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	10,000
10 PRIZES OF	2,000 are	10,000
10 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	10,000
40 PRIZES OF	500 are	10,000
100 PRIZES OF	300 are	30,000
300 PRIZES OF	150 are	45,000
500 PRIZES OF	100 are	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
300 PRIZES OF	$150 are	$22,500
300 PRIZES OF	100 are	15,000
300 PRIZES OF	50 are	7,500
999 Terminal Prizes of 50	are	49,950
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TIME TABLE.

Adopted May 11, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

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12:25 p. m. daily, No. 10, Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8, the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:40 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:45 p. m. daily except Sundays. No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

6:54 p. m. daily. No. 18, Hornellsville accomodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:08 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays. No. 95, way freight and accomodation.

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

1:13 p. m. daily. No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:24 p. m. daily. No. 1, Express for Chicago. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

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

GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.
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T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

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.	5.30 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	11.43 a m.	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a m.	6.30 p m

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E. H. Socwell's Trip Through Dixie.

In my last letter we had just arrived at Holly Springs, Miss., and had 20 minutes for breakfast. When we had eaten and returned to the train we found a well dressed, pleasant looking man standing on the car platform, with whom we entered into conversation, asking him among other things, if there was not a battle fought here at Holly Springs during the rebellion. "You bet there was," the answer came, "we did scoop the yankees nicely right here in '62. Old Grant had a commissary department on the hill yonder and we dropped in and gobbled the whole arrangement."

I fully realized that I was in Dixie, upon historic ground and facing an ex-confederate soldier. But he being quite talkative and very pleasant we continued our conversation about the war and the country we were now in and passed away some little time very agreeably. In a few minutes we heard the 'all aboard' from our conductor and we were off again on our dusty journey pushing our way southward toward the state capitol. Not long after leaving Holly Springs we passed through a swamp of canebrakes which was a novel sight to us. Here the young cane-brakes were growing, some of them being but a few inches in height while others were much taller and the old dead canes were 12 to 20 feet high. In the swamps we also saw many palms growing luxuriantly, the species being those from which our palm leaf fans are made. Everywhere through the swamps we saw the Spanish moss hanging in great festoons from the trees and especially from the huge cypress trees which abound in that country. During the forenoon we crossed the Talahatchie river, a beautiful stream of some little size and later the Black river where we saw the old stone piers still standing in the river upon which once rested a long bridge, but during the rebellion the bridge was burned and now the smutted, moss-covered piers rear their heads as monuments of the past, when

There was a trembling of the earth
And a gleaming in the sky,
And the waters stopped to listen
As the troops went marching by."

3:45 p. m. Here we are at Jackson the capitol of Mississippi. and have had a fine view of the State House and several large businss blocks, yet quite a good share of the city is composed of poor, dingy-looking shanties inhabited by negroes, like all southern towns we have seen. We had expected to see a fine, large city but were disappointed. Here we remember, was the scene of at least two battles during the rebellion and upon one occasion the Boys in Blue, who had been mown down with grape and cannister, lay where they fell for a whole week unburied, when some union forces came that way and buried the decomposed remains in the railroad ditch.

Several boys from around our home fell here at Jackson, and some of the survivors have vividly pictured the scene of blood and carnage to us in days gone by; so we have an intense interest in this and surrounding country. Here we have the usual time alloted us for dinner and here passengers change cars for Vicksburg, which lies 40 miles to the west of us.

Dinner over we resume our journey to Bouregard, 44 miles south of Jackson. At Hazelhurst and Martinsville we see long sheds erected along the Ry., where hundreds of hands are busy packing tomatoes in crates and handling melons ready for shipping north. Here also we see string beans, cucumbers and all kinds of vegetables, together with apples, peaches and pears all ready for Chicago market, and still we remember it is only the 2nd of July.

At 6:35 p. m. our train stops at Beauregard and we alight from the train in a tired and dusty condition, glad that our journey is ended. We no sooner stand on this ground than we are greeted by warm friends, and the ball

whom we knew years ago in the woods of Northern Wisconsin, now we join them for a few days in the woods of Southern Mississippi. In company with our friends we now walk back up the railroad track 1½ miles to Hemitt's Springs, where recently a colony of northern people have located and where others contemplate locating in the near future. As we near the village site we see the homes of our northern friends scattered about here and there among the trees and to one of them we are taken and informed that this house is home for us during our stay at Hewitt's Springs. Here we are in the home of the health-giving long-leaf or yel low pine, 947 miles from home and family and the regular car fare amounts to $28.85.

(Continued next week.)

COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Mrs. Ellen Reddy of Cancadea, has passed her 102d birthday and is in fair health.

The Allegany County Farmer's League will hold a basket picnic at Belmont August 22.

Rev. James O'Loughlin of Buffalo, has been chosen pastor of St. Ann's church at Hornellsville.

The 1st N. Y. Dragoons will hold their annual reunion at Mount Morris this year instead of at Portage as usual.

The shoe manufacturing business has been reorganized at Canaseraga, and about 50 people are to find employment.

Miss Mary S. Bowler, of Little Genesee, was elected by the County W. C. T. U. a delegate to the National W. C. T. U. Convention, to be held at Atlanta in November.

The board of trade of Binghamton have authorized the publication of a three-column article in the *Mail and Express* of New York. The articles will be devoted exclusively to Binghamton, her industries and advantages as an industrial centre. It is proposed to send these papers all over the country for the purpose of securing other industries.

A dispatch from New York says: "W. C. Rinearson has been appointed general passenger agent of the Erie railroad to succeed L. P. Farmer, who was recently appointed commissioner of the passenger department of the trunk lines. Mr. Rinearson has been assistant general passenger agent of the western division of the Erie.

Arrangements are being perfected for a joint discussion at Elmira during the Inter-State Fair of the question of the Tariff between Congressman McKinley, author of the McKinley bill, and Hon. Roger Q. Mills, author of the Mills bill, two of the greatest exponents in the country of the Republican and Democratic sides of the Tariff question. They cannot help but attract universal attention.

While the prisoners engaged in breaking stone at the Steuben county stone yard in Bath were at dinner on Thursday two of their number made a bold dash for liberty. Their names are Lew Baker and Michael Ryan, both sent from Hornellsville and serving short terms for drunkenness. Ryan made his escape and has not been recaptured. Baker got away but not until he had received a bullet from Keeper Craus' revolver which lodged in his shoulder. He made his way to the house of Francis Shorter, a farmer living on the Hamilton sportsroad about a mile north of the village. He was weak from loss of blood, and could go no further. Mr. Shorter brought him back to the jail and the surgeons examined him, but have not been able to

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Of 8,034 persons engaged in the liquor traffic in Philadelphia a few years ago, 6,418 had, at one time or another, been arrested for crime.

Benjamin Franklin, while working as a printer among London beer drinkers, was called the 'American Aquatic' because he drank only water.

Statistics, carefully collected, show that while the total sum of the salaries of Protestant ministers in the town of Andover is $2,600, over $6,000 is annually expended for tobacco, and the disproportion is even greater in some of the towns of our county.

Miss Willard thus enumerates the corner stone of America's temple: The co-education of the sexes; financial independence for women; a healthful mode of dress; an equal participation in the government; these are the four corner-stones of America's temple of purity and peace.

The stock of the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, amounting to $50,000, has all been bought up and the amount of stock will be increased sufficiently to make the total $75,000 or $100,000. This is exclusively owned and controlled by women.

A comparison of business failures in 1889, in Kansas under prohibition and Nebraska under high-license, shows that there were 272 failures in Nebraska as against only 183 in Kansas. While the ratio in Kansas was one failure in 136, in Nebraska one in every 76.

It is refreshing to read that Miss Belasco of Roumania, the young law student in Paris, who has just taken her degree, after obtaining the highest place in the examination, intends to return to her own country that she may practice law at Bucharest, confining herself to the cases of poor women who cannot pay for legal counsel. This seems to be the first instance on record where a lawyer has taken a decision of this charitable sort. Are there not some brother lawyers who could profitably "go and do likewise?"

The Supreme court of Minnesota has made a decision for which it deserves the thanks of womanhood; it is that photographs are the property of the person who sat for them. This decision was reached after a year's litigation growing out of suits against tobacconists and others who have purloined pictures of beautiful women and used them as trade-marks. All remember how Mrs. Cleveland's picture was used as an attractive sign in cigar stands until stopped by positive orders from her husband. Cigarette dealers do even worse than this; they take the picture of ladies, using the head and attaching it to a body in various forms of undress. It is time courts put a stop to this diabolical practice. English courts have also taken action in the matter.

Great Pioneer Excursion.

Thursday Aug. 7th the annual basket picnic, festival and jubilee of old pioneers will take place on the Pioneer and Log Cabin Grounds, Silver Lake. The usual interesting programme of entertainment is announced. The Log Cabin museum will be open to the public. The Erie Railway will run special low rate excursion leaving Andover at 8:47 a. m., Fare round trip only $1.20.

If you want invitation of any kind call at the NEWS office and examine specimens. We can furnish anything in invitations, programs, announcements, &c.

A choice variety of fresh fish at Harman's every Thursday.

Pure paris green at Beebe, Williams & Co's.