THE LAST PEOPLE.

'Tis in the year A. D. 9,450,235. A dense fog envelops the entire globe, growing thinner and lighter only at the poles. The rays of the sun that are dotted with millions of dark spots and cannot penetrate the thick, wintry fog; over the earth a pale red twilight spreads.

Nature round about is dead and barren. The dome of the horizon is not visible; no friendly star sheds its light upon this immense, rigid desert; the soft rays of the moon have ceased to shine over the giant snow fields and icy prairies; they are no longer reflected upon the glistening surface of the narrow, far expanding frozen seas, the remnants of the oceans of the world not yet absorbed by the sunlight.

And should this impenetrable fog break away and the continuous fall of the fine, misty snow come to an end we would still seek vainly for the trusty comrade of the earth, the moon. Thousands of years ago she was destroyed, partly through a constantly increasing cold and partly seared by the burning sunrays, which no atmosphere could soften, and her fragments were hurled into the immense space of the earth. It was thought that the end of the world had come then, and this terrible catastrophe caused dreadful earthquakes, floods and storms, the description of which came down from generation to generation in myths and legends, until at last the influence of the moon upon the earth, the tides and eclipses of the sun was not even known by name to the human race of that period.

As far as the eye can reach this desert lies in the throes of an almost complete rigidity. The fire in the interior of the earth is burned out; the rays of the sun have lost their power to warm it. Everything is cold and dead. But there is still some organic life under the white shroud; there are still human beings living in this inhospitable wilderness, remnants of a dwarfed and stunned tribe, who for thousands of years have been accustomed to wring day by day a hazardous existence from the inimical elements; a tribe who know nothing of a life during mediæval days in warmer climes, where a voluptuous and magnificent flora grew under a deep blue sky and earth and air and ocean were peopled with manifold animal creatures. For thousands of years the inhabitants of the globe have known no other zone than the northern, no other nature but one of snow and ice and cold. There were many old scientific records which spoke of a milder climate, and sagacious hypotheses were laid down in these volumes of an antediluvian fauna and flora; but later on nobody believed them or imagined it possible that they could ever have existed.

During an immeasurable period of time the earth had gradually cooled off, and this cooling off emanated from the poles, moving slowly and gradually—for thousands of years were mere seconds on the dial of the clock of the world—toward the equator. What a sensation it aroused when in ancient times, for instance in the Nineteenth century, fossil remnants of a vegetation and animal world were found way up in the north underneath the ice and snow, such as could have existed only in the tropic zone, not thinking then that the time would come when the equator would reveal under its cover of ice and snow the fossils of its own tropical nature.

Constantly the inhabitable space of the earth grows smaller, the battle for existence and life becomes more severe, resistance against the elementary powers weakens and the human race gradually melted away, until in the year of 9,450,235 it had become almost extinct. This remnant of a race, which had once covered the entire earth ball and boasted of its mastership of the world, is found secluded in huts of ice way up in the mountains of the Loango region of western Africa, near the former sea coast. Hardly distinguishable from their surroundings, it is difficult to find these human habitations. Woe to the lonely wanderer who should lose his way. He would perish surely, unless a streak of the north light, which now and then breaks through the fog, comes to guide him aright.

No star, not even the sun, can point him on his way, for everything is enveloped in this impenetrable mist. Long, narrowly winding tunnels lead through the snow into the cave like hut in which these few human beings live with their last trusty companions—the reindeer and the dog. One of their greatest labors is to keep the hut and its entrance free from the snow, which is continually drifting, and to gather the necessary nourishment for these animals. Should they neglect to do the one they would be buried alive, and if they omit to care for their reindeer, which supply them with their meat and milk, they will die the death of starvation; for the seal and walrus hunt is combined with untold hardships and yields but a rare find.

Two men clothed in heavy, thick sealskins are turning a sled hitched to a couple of tan colored dogs toward the hut, which lies a little way above the narrow passage which they are traversing. They are just returning from an unsuccessful seal hunt. It is a long time since they have killed one of these animals, which are now but rarely seen. They have eaten the last morsel of meat, and the death of starvation is stealthily but surely approaching.

In the interior of the hut a pallid young woman is anxiously awaiting the coming of the men. She knows but too well the meaning of their return without the coveted prey. It's a question of life and death, and her lips falter as the two appear in the entrance, over which the skins of the seal are hung.

"Nothing—nothing again!" she cries desperately.

With a convulsive sob the young mother presses her wan, slumbering infant to her breast and sinks upon her knees. An older, hollow eyed child, frightened by its mother's unusual manner, cries aloud. While the younger man endeavors to pacify his little daughter the older of the two approaches the wretched woman and folds her tenderly to his breast. "Esther, my daughter, do not despair. We are in the hands of God. He will not forsake us," he whispers, and is himself in need of consolation, for he realizes fully their terrible position. Tears come to the eyes of the disconsolate woman; gradually she grows calm under the encouraging words of her aged father and the tender pleading of her beloved husband. She listens anxiously to the debating of the two men, who are making various plans to escape the dreadful death of starvation.

Since time immemorial there has been in existence a tradition of a country where it is not so cold, where the fog is not so thick and where for hours the snow fall ceases and seals and other animals are plentiful. Yes, they must endeavor to reach this blissful region, so the old man proposes, after all the other plans have been discussed and rejected. Hope is again kindled in the breasts of these wretched beings, who have no idea that the same fate awaits them everywhere—the fate of perishing from cold and starvation—for the Eden of which they are dreaming has grown inhospitable and uninhabitable, too. The entire globe is wrapped in snow and ice as in an armor of steel; the deep shadows of the night prevail, which change now and then into pale, gray twilight.

A better land—ah, it can be found only beyond this world, and not upon its snowfields, which were fixing in death, and could neither produce new life nor sustain that which dragged out a weary existence.

But as the drowning man clutches a straw, these unfortunate creatures grasped the hope of finding this land, with which tradition had made them familiar. Before they could carry out this daring plan, however, born of sheer desperation, the winter storms broke in upon them earlier than usual, forbidding them to remain outside the hut for even a brief space of time, and making their proposed emigration a thing impossible.

Horror and despair filled their hearts and finally gave way to a sullen resignation. Their pallid children moaned with hunger, and the cry of their loved ones inspired them with renewed energy. All is not yet lost. Unexpected succor may come from above. They will fight the battle for existence to the last; yes, they will hold out for the sake of their innocent children. It did not occur to them that the life for which they were saving them was one of utter privation, else their heroism and courage would have failed.

But they feel the hunger and its pangs more and more, and with a heavy heart they resolve at last to kill one of the four faithful dogs, although he can but illy be spared. In a few days the second follows, then the third and finally the last. The aged father partakes scarcely of any nourishment, refusing to deprive his loved ones of the few morsels which might still the pangs of his hunger. Hour by hour he grows weaker, and at last he can arise with difficulty only from his pallet in a corner of the hut. His eyes have sunk way back in his head, and in them shines a supernatural light. He realizes that he will soon be transported to yonder fields, where there will be no tears and no suffering. He tries to support the hope of the despairing young couple, whom terrible anxiety is almost driving mad, and to interrupt their dismal, gloomy brooding he narrates to them with faint voice stories of ages long since past, when ice and snow did not cover the earth everywhere, when people lived all over this globe and a second sun shone through the stillness of the night. Esther nods her head thoughtfully while he speaks. Aye, her father is describing the paradise where the gentle, balmy breezes blew, and some day they will reach it. How wondrously fair the journey would be were it not for the dreadful bridge which leads to its destination—death!

At last the pallid lips of the aged father are set in death, and his eyes have closed in that long slumber from which there is no awakening.

Hope slowly dies away from day to day that the storms will cease at last and Esther's husband, Ahasver, may go out and seek help in one of the neighboring huts, a long way in the distance. It would have brought them no succor, but increased their misery and destitution, for the few scattered human habitations had not sheltered a living being for many weeks.

The storm has piled the snow high before Ahasver's narrow entrance, and it would take a hundred brawny arms to remove this frozen wall instead of those four emaciated ones. Still he has been able to guard the entrance to this tomb from completely closing up and to prepare the moss for his reindeer that he has gathered with infinite labor.

Esther has kept alive the flame of hydrogen gas, which she generates from snow water by means of an ingeniously constructed apparatus. This gives both light and warmth to the wretched people. Since her father has closed his eyes in death her own strength wanes day by day, her courage fails and her resistive power decreases daily. There is but one chord in Esther's breast which responds in clear and rich intonations to the demands of life—it is her mother love. With consuming anxiety she watches the oldest of her darlings die a slow death of scurvy. At last its sufferings are ended; the mother's heart is breaking with agony and more fervently than ever she clasps her remaining child to her bereaved breast.

Two more terrible days have passed over their heads; they begin to feel the penetrating cold as well as the gnawing hunger, for the human body needs food for its inward fuel to generate the necessary natural warmth. Everything has been consumed except the last reindeer, which provides the infant with milk. The parents shrink from killing the animal and thus deprive their delicate child of this one source of nourishment which nothing can replace.

No, they would rather die.

And what is then to become of the little helpless creature? Is there no way out of this labyrinth of misery?

They decide to postpone the killing of the last reindeer as long as possible, and for a short time will share the food of the animal, the moss.

With leaden heaviness the hours drag wearily by. Esther almost faints with hunger. Suddenly the child awakens. It was hungry when she rocked it to sleep and now demands its food with infant vehemency. The feeble cry of her baby arouses Esther from her stupor. She springs to her feet, seizes the knife and places it in her husband's outstretched hand.

"Our child, Ahasver! Save our child!"

Ahasver's apathy instantly dispersed; he must feed his famishing child, and he hurries into the adjoining space. A dull thud, a gurgling sound, and it is done. After they have fed their child on the warm blood of the reindeer these two starving people still their own hunger.

Days pass by—perhaps weeks—for these two have ceased to measure time. The portions of food become smaller, the child grows weaker, for the meat diet is not good for it, and the hope of salvation from this misery has fled.

The infant, with its tiny, shrunken body and wizened face, lies dead in its mother's arms. The cry of anguish breaks from her lips at this last, cruel lash of fate. No tear of grief falls from her burning eyes. Ahasver and Esther have watched the inevitable draw near with silent resignation, and their hearts are filled with but one desire, of being reunited soon with their loved ones. They are calm and composed now, and submissive to the will of the Almighty. Without uttering a complaint they divide the last morsel of the reindeer meat.

Days have passed since they have eaten the last bite. Everything has been consumed; there is nothing left. They hold each other in one last embrace—death lingers in their faces.

The quiet of the tomb reigns within. Each hears the other's heart beating faintly. The flame of the gas is dying away. Esther is too weak to replenish the material, and she does not want to be separated for even the brief space of a moment from her husband's loyal breast.

Profound darkness envelops everything.

There, oh, wonder! suddenly a ray of light illuminates the hut. The ray steals softly through the roof. It is the magnetic polar light. Ahasver and Esther, almost unmoved from this world, show no surprise. Heavenly joy fills their souls and more firmly than before they clasp each other, for death cannot part them. It grows brighter before their eyes; mild, warm breezes sweep softly around them; heavenly melodies fall on their ears, and before the enraptured gaze is spread a world of whose wonders they have never dreamed.

Arrayed in garments of softest light and wandering under glorious palms their children come toward them and nestle against their hearts. And holding their darlings to their breasts they are carried upward as if on angels' wings to a life of heavenly bliss!

* * * * * * *

The space is detailing on unoccasingly. All life on the globe is dead and it will never be renewed. The earth, no more the mother earth, an atom in the immeasurable space of the world, pursues her course unerringly, until after millions of years destiny is fulfilled and she will be hurled in the burning sun ball that she may become its fuel and bring life and warmth to other spheres and other organic creatures.—E. S. H. in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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

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10 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	10,000
20 PRIZES OF	500 are	10,000
40 PRIZES OF	200 are	40,000
50 PRIZES OF	150 are	45,000
500 PRIZES OF	100 are	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 PRIZES OF	$250 are	$22,500
100 PRIZES OF	100 are	15,000
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1:45 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accommodation.

6:54 p. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12 Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:48 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:19 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accommodation.

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

1:51 p. m. daily, No. 29, Accommodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:14 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from G. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt., W. C. RICHARDSON, Gen. 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.	5.30 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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LADIES

John Adams' Pupils.

After taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard John Adams taught school at Worcester, Mass. In the following letter, written March 15, 1756, he gives a lively description of his school and certain thoughts thereupon. The letter was to Judge Richard Cranch, of Boston:

"I sometimes in my sprightly moments consider myself in my great chair at school as some dictator at the head of a commonwealth. In this little state I can discover all the great genuises, all the surprising actions and revolutions of the great world in miniature.

"I have several renowned generals but three feet high, and several deep projecting politicians in petticoats. I have others catching and dissecting flies, accumulating remarkable pebbles, cockle shells, etc., with as ardent curiosity as any virtuoso in the Royal society.

"Some rattle and thunder out A, B, C, etc., with as much fire and impetuosity as Alexander fought, and very often sit down and cry as heartily upon being outspoke as Cæsar did when at Alexander's sepulcher he recollected that the Macedonian hero conquered the world before his age.

"At one table sits Mr. Insipid, toppling and fluttering, spinning his whirligig or playing with his fingers, as gayly and wittily as any Frenchified coxcomb brandishes his cane or rattles his snuff box. At another sits the polemical divine, plodding and wrangling in his mind about 'Adam's fall in which we sinned all,' as his primer has it.

"In short, my little school, like the great world, is made up of kings, politicians, divines, LL. D.s, fops, buffoons, fiddlers, sycophants, fools, coxcombs, chimney sweepers and every other character drawn in history or seen in the world. Is it not then the highest pleasure to preside in this little world, to bestow the proper applause upon virtuous and generous actions, to blame and punish every vicious and contracted trick, to tear out of the tender mind everything that is mean and little, and fire the new born soul with a noble ardor and emulation? The world affords no greater pleasure."

In a Fool's Paradise.

An American prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, but it is curious how much his countrymen's estimate of him depends upon foreign appreciation, especially that of Englishmen, and therefore how rare is his opportunity for self congratulation, considering that England has so slight a regard for America's foremost men, her poets and prophets, and so little real knowledge of them. Today it may almost be said of American writers, painters, sculptors that they require the stamp of European approval in order to attain a recognized place of esteem in American opinion. America as yet is not sure of its judgments. But woe to the Englishman who commits the tactless indiscretion of saying that this is so.

Americans, however, see no reason for humbly impressing their deficiency upon others. While the Englishman prefers to live in a fool's paradise of imperial pride, the American, with the assurance of immaturity, assumes a certainty and omniscience which he knows to be ill founded, and which can deceive nobody acquainted with history and human nature. He may admit, within the privacy of his own geographical boundaries and to other Americans, bitter things about himself and his fellows; but, like the English in their assertion of their own pushing dominance, he is not possessed of sufficient magnanimity to own the truth to others who are not of his own kith and kin.—W. M. Fulleton, in Fortnightly Review.

Difficult Pronunciation.

An individual whose features and general ensemble betrayed his Gaelic origin entered a Broadway car the other day, and after paying his fare requested the conductor to stop at "the Prance street." The conductor not comprehending the name, the passenger repeated with some emphasis, "Prance—Prance street." Still he was not understood, when a fellow passenger suggested that Prince street was his destination. With many expressions of gratitude the son of Erin turned to his self constituted interpreter and explained that "Prance street" was not precisely where he wished to alight, but that it was the only street the name of which he could pronounce.—American Grocer.

A Wonderful Doll.

"Why do you play with that nasty little doll, Jennie?"

"Coz it's a nice nasty little doll."

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

A law approved March 30, 1874, in the California Legislature, read as follows:

SEC. 1. Females employed as teachers in the public schools of this state shall, in all cases, receive the same compensation as is allowed to male teachers for like services, when holding the same grade certificates.

A pretty good law for 16 years ago. No attempt has ever been made to repeal it. The deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction is a lady, Mrs. Julia B. Hoitt, and several of the counties have lady superintendents. Women can hold any educational office in California.

One who has kept a record says that in the last two years 2,900 wives have died of brutal treatment, committed by their husbands while under the influence of liquor. A writer in commenting on these figures says: Had 2,900 boys died of the cholera in that time, every state would have passed prohibitory and preventive legislation and have petitioned Congress to take measures to prevent the spread of this disease. Almost every horror that touches woman's honor or her heart's core is due to the dethronement of reason by strong drink.

Those who say women ought not to vote because they do not fight, should note the part taken by Mrs. Mary A. Cushing, who has just received $50 increase of pension. Mrs. Cushing is the mother of the late Lieut. Alonzo H. Cushing, Fourth United States Artillery, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, also the mother of Howard B. Cushing, late First Lieut. Third United States Cavalry, who was killed in battle by Indians in Arizona in 1871; also the mother of Wm. B. Cushing, Commander of United States Navy, who commanded at the sinking of the Confederate war vessel, Albemarle, during the civil war, and who died in 1874. Is not the rearing of the soldier as important as the soldier himself?

In response to the suggestion of an old soldier at the Grand Army gathering in Boston, the W. C. T. U. did a kindly and graceful act which they have been too modest to report, but which we learned from *The Woman's Voice*. At four places along the route of march were stands of lemonade supplied by the Massachusetts and Boston W. C. T. U., bearing the placards "Free to the G. A. R." Here, all day the women stood preparing and dispensing cool lemonade freely to the veterans as they passed. In their work they were ably seconded by gentlemen. The fact that 32 boxes of lemons and three barrels of sugar were used in making the beverage so freely given away, gives some idea of the quantity dispensed. That it was thankfully received was evinced by the hearty "God bless you's" of the men, and the more formal acknowledgements of the officers. "Hurrah for the W. C. T. U." often rang out from the ranks. An officer of high rank handed the ladies a card on which he had written a high testimonial to the W. C. T. U., giving it the credit of being foremost in every good work. All agreed that much drunkenness was prevented by this generous provision of lemonade. At the stands was the picture of Gen. Fisk; we doubt not that he, looking down on the serried ranks of his old comrades, rejoiced over what was being done for them by his comrades in the peaceful war for "God and home and native land."

Old newspapers, for use on pantry shelves, &c., for sale at this office.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

No more ether or gas. Simply something applied to the gums.

We, the undersigned, have had teeth extracted by F. H. Ellsworth, and had his new local anæsthetic applied to the gums, and do solemnly say there was scarcely any pain connected with the extraction, and do heartily recommend it to those wishing teeth extracted:

Mary G. Wilson	Mate Gillett
Calvin H. Dunham	F. Ahrens
H. L. Minor	~~Sam Baldwin~~
Louisa Miller	Fred Arnold
Alex. White	Otis Green
E. C. Gale	John Gonter
Fred C. White	Thos. O'Donnell
James McMurray	Aaron Coleman
Abraham Ganoung	Fred Shepherd
Levanch Eastman	C. S. Parker
T. S. Bucaning	Kate Anderson
Ett. Ingerham	Sarah Mall
Julia Lynch	Ella Morris
Wm. VanBuren	S. E. Kenyon
W. O. Monroe	Mrs. W. Freeman
E. C. Paxton	Mila Freeman.
J. C. Bierman	Melia Vosburg
Mrs. Norman Hills	F. M. Clark
L. T. Shannon	Ed Freeman
G. Junker	Robt. Mingus
Jack Frederick	L. E. Blue
Anson J. Black	Mrs. Pendleton
Joe N. Dwight	Maggie Sullivan
Bert Sherwood	E. S. Catlin
Chas. Schrader	Mrs. Ida Pisli
Henry Holton	O. P. Hazzard
Roswell Graves	F. W. Bixby
Nicholas Flannagen	Helen Wyvell
Wm. Bloom	Mrs. H. L. Jones
Fannie Crittenden	Joe McDonald
L. R. Jordan	Fred Richardson
Mrs. Fannie Keane	E. C. Smith
Ernest Wright	Thos. Moran
E. L. Eastman	M. C. Andrews
C. Arnold	Mrs. J. Grossman
Jennie Goff	Fred Hawyard
Mrs. Fred Kaufman	August Shear
A. Braunschweiger	Lottie Crandall
Jennie Keane	J. W. Apgar
Dana Gillett	N. S. Hull
Cora Mead	S. E. Evans
E. L. Hitchcock	Minnie Schrader
Mrs. L. West	F. E. Black
Fred Wescott	Clara Clark
M. B. Titus, M. D.	Lester Doan
Mrs. Emma Thomas	Will B. Dandy
Mrs. W. m. Teater	K. S. Black
Chris. Leo	Mrs. Wallace White
R. A. Kerr	Marion Wheaton
J. F. Peters	Adelbert Dildine
H. B. Suftin	Chris Hornburg
Robert Isaacs	T. C. Rixford
Will Robinson	John Coulston
P. F. Smith	Mrs. J. Coulston
Frank Aldrich	Pat Cline
Emma Trask	Mrs. H. B. Sutfin
Mrs. Harriet Korks	J. B. Winkleman
Wm. Witter	Mrs. James Welch
Fred Eberling	Mrs. Thos. Moran
Francis Mooning	Mrs. Ed Catlin
Lewis Norton	E. M. Burage
Anson Allen	Clara Olivey
Mrs. Virgil Spencer	E. C. Foster
Oliver D. Mather	L. H. Thornton
Chester D. Green	Lester Stone
D. G. Spicer	E. J. Norton
Kate Murfy	Lewis Cass Thomas
Frank Serene	Lizzie Robertson
Eddie Wedenteyer	Will McClay
Lorena Heers	A. Braunschweiger
Bertha Heers	Nella Norton
Gertie Shroughder	Mary Greenan
Mary E. Francisco	C. H. Paulman
Mrs James Moran	M. R. Newton
Kate Flavin	Eugene Colgrove
Samuel D. Spicer	Lorenzo Halsey
Susie Quinn	J. Clark
Augustus Panton	Mrs. H. C. Eastman
John B. Cowlston	Myrtle Lane
Henry Grastorf	George Taylor
John C. Hurd	Jesse Ostrander
Mrs. O. D. Browning	Mrs. Kate Riley.
Mrs. C. F. Vincent	Mrs. Willis Nichols
Mrs. J. B. Goodliff	Mrs. Grace Lane
Lewis Shear	E. Guinnip
Geo. H. Williams	Bessie Ganey
Mrs. A. Chubbuck	Agnes Nolan
C. D. Slaughter	Myrta Tompkins
Ella Roche	Mat Moran
M. F. Clark	S. J. Stanley
Nellie Salone	Fannie Heinman
Percy Green	Mrs. A. J. Black
Fred Weinz	Will Reid
Amelia Galliman	S. H. Brown
John H. Brandes	Mrs J. C. Frazer
Bertha Ream	Kate Hurly
Geo. Signor	E. J. Peets
Wm. Beebe	W. W. Right
Mrs. Thos. Sweeney	Mrs. Geo. Lish
Owen Costello	J. S. Tucker
J. S. Alexandre	Mrs. F. R. Fenton
Fred Johnson	Criss Link
Will Wilson	J. Sullivan
Mrs. M. H. Dutton	Lee Osee Snead
John Keefe	Mrs. Kate Moran
Sophia Wedemeyer	C. F. Weinhauer
Stephen Barnes	Josie Abeling
Arthur Hurd	J. M. Dixon
Arthur Sawyer	Ida Browning
Mary E. Coyle	Maggie Deal
Kate Knorr	Martin Brown
Anna Schramin	Myrtle Krusen
A. A. Butterfield	Addie Smith
John D. Crowner	R. Pendergrass
E. P. Burt	Mrs. S. W. Case
Minnie Lane	Grace Smith
Cordelia Witter	Eddie Beerman
Sophia Link	N. H. Leonard

All kinds of Dentistry done with neatness and dispatch. Teeth without plates, crown and bridge work a specialty.

I am the inventor of this Local Anæsthetic. No other dentist uses it. No charge will be made for it when I make the plate.

H. B. Sutfin, the druggist, is willing to make an affidavit that there is nothing harmful or injurious in this local anæsthetic. Read what he says:

I compound the local anæsthetic for Dr. F. H. Ellsworth, and there is nothing injurious in it. H. B. SUTFIN.

F. H. ELLSWORTH, Opposite Howell House, Wellsville, N. Y.