THE POINT OF VIEW.

A crystal sky and a shining sea,
Smooth wide strokes of sparkling sand,
And watching the rippling waves at play
Two lovers are seated hand in hand.
Beside them the hull of a great gaunt ship,
Flung dismantled upon the shore;
Youth and beauty and hope and peace
Where death and disaster had been before.

No thought of the black and awful sky,
The bitter wind and the beating rain,
The cruel breakers that reached and roared
For the ship that struggled for life in vain.
No sound of the shrieks of the drowning men,
Dashed to their death on the rocks below,
While a soft white hand with a diamond ring
Is laid on the ship wrecked long ago.

"This is just ideal!" the young girl said,
"And isn't it nice that it lies just so?
No seashore is perfect without a wreck,
It's no picturesque and so sweet, you know.
And then, when it serves for a seat like this—
I get so tired upon the sand—
It's the nicest arrangement that could be made
To have these timbers up here on land."

—Boston Transcript.

A DASH TO THE VILLAGE

Midnight and the scouts are not yet in. For twelve hours the battalion rode through the hot July day, mostly at the trot, sending the dust clouds sailing high over the winding trail and powdering the rearward troopers with a thick coating of their mother earth. There were eieht companies in the long column when we came filing out of the misty valley just at the gray of dawn, but those wagons had to be guarded, and so M troop was ordered to remain with and "fetch along" the train.

The rest of us are pushing northward as fast as our steeds can bear us, for somewhere ahead of us—somewhere between that low ridge where the coyotes are yelping and sneaking about under the rays of the waning moon and the broad valley of the Platte, with its sandy wastes and shallow waters, is a big band of renegade Indians. Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes are "streaking it" for the great reservation to the north, and every man in our army knows well that when they left the burning settlement on the Solomon they bore away with them two poor women whose husbands and brothers and children they massacred in cold blood.

"If I kill every horse in the regiment," said the colonel when the news was brought to him, "I'll run those scoundrels to earth before they can reach the river. Five hundred o'em, you say, Bill?" he continued, as he looked up from the dispatch he was writing on his knee. "I don't care if there's 5,000."

And that was practically what the regiment thought. All the livelong day, from dawn to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we had trotted in the wake of our scouts, hoping mainly that every ridge we neared would prove to be the one from which the fleeing foe would be sighted. How we strained our eyes in watching the movements of our few Pawnee allies darting about far in the advance! How we followed every move that body made!

Was there ever such a prince among scouts as "Buffalo Bill?" It was he who made the long, perilous ride 'cross country to where we were camping far to the east; he who warned us of Tall Bull and his savage warriors and of their rapid retreat, scalp and plunder laden, to scatter among the villages of the still distant reservations. It was a war party, unaccompanied by women, unencumbered by lodges, that made the dash along the Solomon valley, but the Pawnees swear that somewhere "over that way," still toward the snow peaked Rockies, these maraulers have a big village of their own. If we can only reach the Platte ahead of them!

All day long, jog, jog, jog, sometimes through deep ravines, sometimes clambering over grassy bluffs, but all the while taking the shortest possible route that Bill Cody's plainscraft enables him to select, heading for the fords of that river of quicksand and shallows. Once there, if we make it ahead of them, we can turn and bar the way.

"No water between here and the river," said Bill, as the dusty column halted on the banks of a tiny rivulet. "Dismount," rang the trumpet. "Unsaddle," came the brief order. "Herd the horses well back along the slope, and don't let 'em near that stream till they're perfectly cool," said the colonel. We rummaged our saddle bags for a cold lunch, washed it down with what "Bill Arp" would call "branch water," and those of us not detailed for guard or picket threw ourselves on the turf to catch what sleep we might. The sun went down unseen by more than half the eyes in our grimy little force, and here it is midnight now and no report from the scouts. There is a little knot of officers gathered about the colonel's pillow—an old McClellan saddle, for there isn't a stitch of canvas nearer than the wagon train some where far to the rear—and leaning on his elbow that officer explains the situation.

"We pull out at 2 o'clock—surgeons or no wagons. If they reach us and we can give the horses a hatful of grain and the men a cup of coffee, well and good. If not, we'll push ahead on empty stomachs. That's all there is about it."

All around the silent bivouac—silent except for snoring troopers—the herds of the different companies are clustered "sidelined" upon the rolling prairie. Most of the horses, worn out, are lying down. Out beyond them the sentries are crawling, for only three nights ago the Cheyennes charged the camp, hoping to stampede our stock, and very nearly succeeded.

Out beyond the pickets the prairie wolves are lifting up to the starry skies their querulous yelp, but suddenly from the northeast comes the sound of rapid hoof beats—the challenge of the sentry, the spirited, cheery hail of the coming party, and in another minute "Buffalo Bill" has leaped from his horse before the colonel's party, and the Pawnee scouts who follow at his horse's heels bend over the necks of their panting ponies to listen:

"We struck the big trail about fifteen miles over to the west. They're moving, village and all. They have their rear guards out looking for pursuit along their track and never dreaming of our trying this dodge. It's my belief they are camped to-night within a day's march of the Platte, and if we pull out now we can head 'em off."

"Pull out" it is. No trumpet call, no sound, no excitement. "Tumble up, men," is the low toned order of the sergeants, as they scatter among the sleeping groups. And in twenty minutes we are away, riding in silent, shadowy column up the northward slopes and moving at a steady walk. Some men have not been sufficiently aroused to prevent their dozing off again. A score of troopers are nodding over their pommels as we reach the ridge.

For hours we glide along over the dew laden sward. The dawn comes stealing up the eastern skies. The dim figures of the scouts become slowly revealed—far to the front. The night lamps in the heavens fade slowly away and a rosy blush spreads like a mantel over the orient. Lighter and lighter grows the morning, and along the column the bearded faces look pinched and blue. How welcome would one tin of coffee be!

"Confound those Indians, anyway! Why can't they give a fellow a chance for a breakfast?" growls the captain of the foremost troop. Five o'clock. Six. Seven. And at last the Platte Valley is in sight. Ten—and we are unsaddled in the shade of the cottonwoods. Eleven, and the scouts are back with stirring news. "By the eternal, boys! we've headed 'em!"

Noon, and again in the saddle. The blue, pinched look is gone from every face—banished by tidings that stir the blood. Over to the southwest, not six miles away, big herds of Indian ponies have been espied, grazing quietly along the northward slopes. Hidden from view of pursuers from the south, faithfully guarded by the vigilant scouts left back along the trail, dreading no attack from any other quarter, Tall Bull has pitched his tepees at the springs, and there is wild revelry among his women and children over the reunion with their braves. There must be over eighty lodges, say the Pawnee scouts, and no one guards them from our side. White men never played this game before.

Look along the column now, as it steals away under the shelter of the bluffs and ridges. Gaunt and weary as were the steeds at dawn, hungry and tired as was every man, the cry of "Indians ahead!" has banished every sluggard thought. If we can only approach unseen! If we can only reach the village before they have time to mount and meet us, we can rescue those poor women and deal vengeance to the murderers of their loved ones.

"Trot" is the word passed down the column, but the colonel's hand warns the trumpeters to silence. "Look to your carbines, men! Loosen a few cartridges in the loops!" are the muttered cautions of the officers as they move up and down along the trotting ranks. We are marching by fours now, and heading just a little south of west. Crouching along the ridge line to our left we can see the Pawnees, and still further on rides Buffalo Bill, every now and then peering over the crest, with his brown curls tossing in the rising breeze, and still signaling "straight ahead! straight ahead!" At last we must be due north of their position. The colonel canters away in answer to a sign from Cody, and with eager eyes we watch them pointing southward over the divide. Then comes the adjutant at a sputtering gallop.

"Troops! Column left!" is the order. And the next thing we know half a dozen little columns moving briskly in parallel rows are popping up over that divide. Away to the south stretches a rolling plateau. Beyond that there is a deep depression, wherein, as every troop leader will understand, the hostile village is lying, and beyond that, covering or dotting the upland prairie for acres and acres, are almost countless numbers of Indian ponies. The quarry is in full view.

One hundred and fifty miles have we come on this night and day chase, sweeping around their right flank, and here we are square on their front—the last quarter on earth from which they look for attack. Mark the eyes of the foremost men in every troop! See how they gleam! Look at the colonel out in front of the center. His old gray pricks up his ears and sniffs the air. That horse can smell an Indian five miles, and any man in the regiment will tell you so. "Guide center," cautions the adjutant, glancing back, for far out on the extreme right those fellows in "A" troop are bulging ahead, eager to be the first in the fight.

Over on the left, too, the men in F troop are doing the same, despite the threatening frowns and gestures of the captains of the center companies, who are restrained by discipline from pushing upon the heels of the commander. "Down with that guidon, you idiot!" yells the adjutant at an enthusiastic corporal riding in the ranks of G troop, who suddenly unfurls the silken colors of his company, determined that they shall be foremost when the dash comes. "Down with that flag!" he repeats as he trots back to the offending soldier; "haven't you sense enough to know that nothing would attract their attention quicker than that?"

We are half way across the plateau. In front the ground gently rises to a line about 1,000 yards away. Still we are steadily trotting in parallel columns, for there may be shallow ravines to cross before we get there. "Bill" and the Pawnees cover the front, the latter wildly excited and tearing off any garments they fancy may impede them in the fight. "Keep well to the right," shouts the colonel to the chief of A troop. "Dash around the village and capture the herd when we charge." Similar orders go to the troop on the eastern flank. "Pass around and head them off from that side."

Every bit is foaming now. Every carbine is grasped and advanced. The officers have drawn their revolvers, and now they twirl the cylinders to see that all works well. Now the ground dips a little and we lose sight of the distant slopes. Now we are trotting up the gentle rise ahead. The colonel looks back and shouts something that the breeze seems to catch and carry away, but the gesture is enough. "Left front into line—gallop!" are the prompt orders of the captains.

Up came the rearmost horses, plunging into their new places, and now in long line of dust covered blue the battalion sweeps southward to the attack. Every man knows well that the village cannot now be more than a mile away. A few more yards, and the pony heads come into view. And now look! We are seen! Riding like mad, swift as a storm, straight as a hawk, an Indian lashes his racer down the opposite slope, tearing diagonally across our front. We can see that he is yelling wild warning, but the wind whistling down from the mountains to the west bears his voice away.

Not an instant to lose now. Look! Bill has reached the edge. He swings his broad brimmed hat and grasps his rifle. Look! The colonel spurs to his side and turns with one joyous wave of his hand. The trumpeter digs spurs to his horse's flanks and raises his brazen clarion to his lips. No one waits to hear it. Every man knows and knows well that it means charge.

"Charge!" "Ch-a-a-a-rge!" shout the troop leaders. "Come on, men! Hurrah!" is the answering yell, and in one instant we are bursting after the chief and the scouts, racing like mad down the long prairie grade beyond the ridge, and there, nestling all along the shallow dip, sheltered among the willows at the springs or spreading up and down the trickling brook, are scores of smoke stained tepees—the lodges of the Sioux.

Crash! crash! bang! Hurrah! Heavens! what a wild thrill of exultation there comes with it all. Bang, bang, crack, crack, go rifle and revolver. Thunder go the hoofs. With shriek and yell squaws and braves come slashing their way out of the lodges, while others, after one startled, terrified glance at the coming foe, dive again within the friendly shelter and burrow under robe or blanket.

In the very center of the village the warning herder and the foremost troopers meet face to face and down he goes, plowing up the dust, to be trampled by the myriad hoofs that come thundering after. Right and left our horsemen dash, their cheers and rallying shouts ringing with their carbines on the breeze. Out to the south and west their comrades are "rounding up" the great herds of startled ponies.

Down a winding ravine to the east scores of Indians are scurrying away, pursued by the troopers of the left flank company. Here and there in the straggling township fierce hand to hand fights are going on, but most of the Indians who are unable to escape throw down their arms and beg for quarter. Squaws and shrieking children are driven together in the center of the village, and while the fleeing warriors are followed and fought by dozens of the soldiery quick search is made for the captive women.

Alas! True to their savage custom the Indians have striven to revenge their bitter loss. One poor victim is shot dead. The other still lives to tell her dreadful story. But Tall Bull and fifty of his braves have paid the penalty with their lives, and the richest village on the plains is ours.—Capt. Charles King in Philadelphia Press.

The New Industry.

A bridegroom, in taking out a marriage license at the city clerk's office, insisted that his occupation should be recorded as "United States pensioner," as his pension money supports him.—Springfield Republican.

The Lost voice in the choir of St. Paul's church in Des Moines belongs to a boy only 8 years old. He can render solos from the English cathedral services that would do credit to opera singers.

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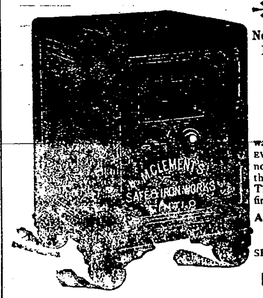

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. IV. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., DECEMBER 17, 1890. NO. 17.

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR.,
(1787)
RECORD - 2:29.
Awarded, with four of his get, the First Premium in the Standard class at Wellsville Fair, fall of 1889, also
THE FIRST PREMIUM
In the Standard class for Stallions, four years old and over; also First Premiums were awarded two of his colts, one and two years old. (The judge in the Standard class was an expert from Wallace's New York office.)

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F. N. WHITCOMB,
BELMONT, N. Y.
THE PRESENT SEASON

THE SUN
FOR 1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has been farther into the millstone.

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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

12:21 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 12:41 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:15 p. m. daily except Sundays. No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

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 7:30 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.

1:15 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:22 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
A. W. BODLE, Div. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. RINEARSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R.

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

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't,
Wellsville, N. Y.
F. M. BAKER, Ag't Receiver.

W., C. & P. C. Railroad.

Time table Nov. 17, 1890.

North Bound. 6	4	2		South Bound 1	3	5
p.m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	a. m.
12 55	5 45	8 40	ar Wellsville lv	7 05	4 00	10 00
12 48	5 41	8 41	Dukes' Mills	7 09	4 04	10 08
12 36	5 31	8 31	Ford's Brook	7 19	4 14	10 20
12 25	5 22	8 22	Marsh Creek	7 27	4 22	10 28
12 10	5 16	8 16	Graves	7 35	4 30	10 47
12 00	5 10	8 10	Shongo	7 41	4 37	11 00
11 45	5 00	8 00	lv Genesee ar	7 50	4 45	11 10

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Events of the Week at the National Capital.

[From the NEWS' Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, DEC. 15, 1890.

"More money, more money!" is the cry of the people which rings continously, ever growing louder and louder, in the ears of Congressmen, and the number of Congressmen who believe that it is absolutely necessary to take some steps at the present session of Congress to largely increase the amount of money in circulation is constantly growing. Some propose accomplishing this result in one way and some in another. More bills for the free coinage of silver have already been introduced in one week than were ever before known to be introduced in a whole session upon any one subject; and there are other bills introduced for the purpose of affording the people the financial relief they are asking for.

Senator Sanford has by no means abandoned his idea of having the Government loan money to farmers at low interest, taking mortgages upon their farms as security, notwithstanding the unceremonious manner in which the Senate Finance Committee tried to squelch it at the last session, and he has again introduced it, and in order to get a chance to speak upon it has requested that it lie upon the table until called up by him. He informs me that, if it be possible, he intends to bring the bill to a vote at this session. No one can talk with him without being convinced that he is very much in earnest, and that he believes in both the constitutionality and the practicability of the bill.

A unique financial idea is embodied in a bill introduced by Representative Carleton, of Georgia, who thinks that every individual should enjoy the privileges now exclusively granted to the National banks. His bill provides that any man holding a United States bond may deposit it in the Treasury, as national banks do, and receive for it "national bond certificates" to its full par value, such certificates to be full legal tender for all obligations.

The question naturally arises, what is to be the outcome of all this? It is not an easy question to answer. If the two houses of Congress could get a chance to vote squarely upon it, the passage of a free coinage bill would be a certainty; but there's the rub. It is perfectly easy to pass such a bill through the Senate—a majority of its members placed themselves on record at the last session; but to get such a bill before the House it is necessary to get the consent of a majority of the Committee on Coinage and of the Committee on Rules. There is a vacancy at the head of the Coinage Committee, and it is feared that Speaker Reed will select a man who holds the same anti-silver sentiments which he does, to fill it. In that case, goodbye to getting any free coinage bill before the House, unless the Republican Senators who favor free silver coinage can succeed in playing the Federal Election bill against Speaker Reed's prejudice against free coinage. An attempt is now being made to do that very thing. It is proposed to either compel Mr. Reed to promise that the House shall be allowed to vote on a free coinage bill or to defeat the Election bill, in which he is deeply interested.

All of the correspondence relating to the killing of Gen. Barrundia and the consequent recall of our minister to the Central American Republicans, has been submitted to Congress, and the opinion seems to be general that the action of the State Department was eminently proper all the way through. Ex-Governor Pacheco, of California, has been nominated by the President as the successor of the recalled minister.

A bill has been introduced in the House at the request of Secretary Noble, reducing the attorneys' fee for obtaining an increase of pension from $10 to $1, and the army of pension attorneys are in arms to defeat the bill.

Secretary Proctor's answer to a Senate resolution inquiring what steps had been taken toward disarming the Indians is a little ambiguous. After telling of the military preparations to suppress the outbreak, should one occur, he says: "It was plainly the better policy to take steps that would make it possible to disarm the Indians at the proper time, than to attempt this prematurely, when it could be only partially successful and would doubtless precipitate a serious outbreak." Congress has passed a joint resolution for the issue of arms to the states of North Dakota, South Dekota, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Montana.

The results of the first week of Congress are: In the House, the passage of the International Copyright bill, the Pension Appropriation bill, and a lot of peliminary committee work. In the Senate, six days of chinning on the Federal Election bill.

Senator Paddock is evidently in touch with the Farmer's Alliance. On Saturday he presented the protest of the Ocala convention against the Conger lard bill. It had already been practically decided by the Senate committee to report Mr. Paddock's Pure Food bill as a substitute for the Lard bill.

Mrs. Gladstone's Kindness.

A pretty American girl recently called upon Mrs. Gladstone at her London home. She carried a most favorable letter of introduction as a member of a well-known American family. Her brightness and sparkle attracted the wife of the great English statesman, and for an entire afternoon and evening she lived in the Gladstone household. She confessed to Mrs. Gladstone that her visit had a purpose—that of writing an article on the home-life of her hostess for an American magazine.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Gladstone, "your people are interested in Mr. Gladstone; they do not know me."

"That is just why I came," replied the girl, "in order that Americans may learn a little more of you."

At the tea-table, Mr. Gladstone joined with his wife in entertaining the American girl, and few were ever given a better opportunity of seeing the Gladstone home-life.

The quiet part which Mrs. Gladstone has played in the career of her famous husband is known to only a few. While thousands of articles have been written of Mr. Gladstone, none of an authoritative character have been printed of his wife. Even her portrait is rarely seen in English shops; and seldom in print. She always felt that public interest in her own country and across the sea was centered on her husband, and in order that his greatness might stand out more strikingly, she has each year further retired from public view. A freshness will, therefore, attach itself to the story 'A Day with Mrs. Gladstone,' as it will be told by her bright young visitor in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia during the coming year. This article will be one of the series of "Unknown Wives of Well-known men," which this excellent magazine will contain during 1891.

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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Only Now and Then.

Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong.

When you have a habit
That is wrong you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then!

Mrs. Cleveland provided a Thanksgiving dinner for eighty children belonging to the kindergarten of which she is vice-president.

Frances Willard said in her address at the recent annual convention of the W. C. T. U.: "It has been wisely said, 'Only let justice prevail among men, and there will be small need of charity.' Each age develops a new conscience—becomes just concerning a class to which before it had considered itself generous. For instance, a charitable master thought well of himself because he took good care of his slave, but a just master liberated him that he might care for himself. 'An indulgent husband,' as the phrase is, thinks well of himself because he permits his wife to do as she chooses; but a just husband perceives that to do so is her right, which he can neither give nor take away."

During the recent illness of Street Commissioner Beattie, of New York City, his department was controlled for a fortnight by his private Secretary, Mrs. Cynthia Westover, who superintended 1,500 men. Miss Westover went about personally to decide which streets were in the worst condition, and assigned every day the dump cart and sweepers. Knowing just how much money she could spend daily, she discharged or engaged hands accordingly, having harrowing experiences with Italians who sought to move her by bringing sick babies in their arms to prove that they must have work whatever the state of the department's treasury. Miss Westover is a woman of great executive ability. When no one was there to attend to it, she would herself measure a dump-cart's capacity. She is young and handsome and is one of New York's four women notaries.

Sensible Christmas Hints.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, writing in the *Young Ladies' Journal* for December, gives the following excellent advice:

Buy no more than you can afford.

Give no gift where you do not delight to.

Shop no more than you have the stength for.

Keep only within your means.

Keep your Christmas nerve, and muscle, and heart and hope, and cheer, first for your own home, your own fireside, your dearest, your closest, your sweetest—and then for the homeless, the fireless, the unloved, the 'undeared,' and be true, true, *true*, to the last Christmas card that goes to your postoffice, or the last 'Merry Christmas' that crosses your lips!

We are a generous people, and a happy people, and a Christian people, and we must keep our festival with sincerity, honor, intelligence, and good sense, if we would keep it alive 'in His name.'

Sancuta coffee at Beebe, Williams & Co.'s.