

THE ANDOVER NEWS

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Dark Bay Stallion
With Black Points,
Foaled 1887; 16
Hands High;
Weight 1200;
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No. 3234, record 2:24 3-4. First
Dam by Royal George, so stated by
Mr. Geo. Brace, who raised the dam.
Bay Monarch will stand at the barn
of W. J. Deming.

TERMS—\$15 for colts to stand
and suck. W. J. DEMING.

BOUCICAULT'S "PHANTOM."

A Play That Horrified Washingtonians
During the War Times.

"Perhaps the most remarkable play
that Boucicault ever wrote was pro-
duced on the stage of a Washington
theatre," said that veteran in affairs
of the stage, Mr. Lloyd Morley. "It
was the drama called 'The Phantom',
and the great dramatist had the title
role. At that time Boucicault had but
recently opened what was known as
the Washington theatre, which occu-
pled the building where the Theatre
Comique now is. That was in the year
1861. The building was rented from
Louis Carusi, and was fitted up in a
manner calculated to astonish the na-
tives at that period. No theatre in
Washington up to that time had ever
known such gorgeousness. The audi-
torium was upholstered and the walls
hung with satin and purple and car-
dinal velvet.

"Mr. Boucicault presented the char-
acter of the phantom in a manner that
horrified while it electrified the audi-
ence. The character of which he took
the part in the piece was that of a
vaupire nobleman. Repeatedly killed,
he always succeeded in renewing his
life and diabolical usefulness by arte-
peculiarly his own. Whenever he was
slain he would make a dying request
to the friend he took care to have with
him that his body should be placed
that night on the mountain top, where
the first rays of the coming morning's
sun would strike it.

"Upon the revivifying influence of
these rays the vampire depended for
resuscitation. The presentation of this
human nightmare by Mr. Boucicault
was most horribly vivid. He appears
on the stage as a sort of living corpse,
bloodless and exanimate. So great was
the strain of this extraordinary part
upon the actor that, after it had been
performed for a while in Washington,
Mr. Boucicault said to his partner, Mr.
Stuart: 'We must take this play off
the bills. It is too much for my
throat.'

Boucicault conducted the Washing-
ton theatre for three seasons, at the
end of which he sold out his interest in
the establishment. Many excellent
plays were successfully produced there
under his management, some of them
of his own writing, and he himself ap-
peared as an actor in several.

Mr. Harry Rapley, of the National
theatre, a while ago addressed a re-
quest to Mr. Boucicault that he would
give a definition of the difference be-
tween high and low comedy. The
dramatist replied:

"Low comedy includes all those gro-
tesque and humorous personages who
provoke laughter by extravagance and
distortion of nature. These are de-
signed to be laughed at.

"High comedy is a delineation of the
weaknesses of human beings—to pro-
voke amusement and sympathy with
light heartedness and joyous expression.
It includes such personages as by their
good humor provoke spectators to laugh
with them, or by their weaknesses in-
vite spectators to laugh with the au-
thor. Such is Sir Peter Teazle, also
Charles Surface and Rosalind. Ex-
amples of low comedy are found in
Dogberry, the grave diggers in 'Ham-
let' and Bob Acres.—Washington Star.

How Were Installment Clothes.

The methods of those tailors who
sell clothing on the installment plan
are very thorough. When a customer
applies for a suit of clothing they take
his name and address and whatever
references he may have, and if he looks
like a good risk he secures the clothing
after paying about one-quarter of the
purchase price.

His name is then turned over to the
man employed by the firm to ascertain
his exact financial standing and rela-
bility. He finds out who the customer
patronizes for groceries or meat, and
by careful inquiry elicits the informa-
tion he desires. Of course the cus-
tomer knows nothing of these inquiries.
In this way an accurate knowledge of
the standing of each customer is at-
tained.

Sometimes, however, the installment
men are fooled, as was the case recently
with a Bowery firm. Some clothing
had been purchased by an Essex street
customer, and the collector had not
been able to find her at home for some
weeks. One day last week he called
early in the morning and was met at
the door by the mother of the cus-
tomer.

"Is Jenny in?" he said.
"Yes," was the reply.
"Can I see her?" he exclaimed, think-
ing that he had at last run his customer
down.

"Oh, yes; you'll find her in the back
room."

He stepped into the apartment indi-
cated. The blinds were down and the
room was in semi-darkness. When his
eyes became accustomed to the gloom
he saw his customer laid out in his em-
ployer's clothing awaiting burial.—Ernest
Jarrod in New York Journal.

Owing to the Telegraph.

The telegraph played a merry game
with a business man the other day.
He has been in the habit of using the
wire to convey all sorts of messages re-
lating to family matters, and he has
labored under the delusion that every-
body in the telegraph company's em-
ploy could read his handwriting with
ease and accuracy. When he reached
his store on the day in question he got
a piece of news that sent him to the
nearest telegraph office in a hurry. He
wanted his wife to know the glad tid-
ings at once. There had been a cer-
tain joyful event in the household of a
cousin, who dwells over in Jersey, and
so the good man wrote out his message
with a light heart: "Am going to K's
pretty girl. Won't be home till late to-
night." He made his trip across the
North river, saw the new arrival and
didn't reach his domicile until midnight.

Much to his surprise his wife was sit-
ting up for him. So was her mother,
who was paying them a visit. Both
ladies were icy cold in their demeanor.
They spoke rather viciously of ruses
and profligates, and of what happened
to such evil persons. The man was
thunderstruck. It was all a mystery
to him. "Convicted by his own tele-
gram," said his judges. The man was
still more perplexed. He wanted to
see the dispatch. It was laid before
him, and he read: "Am going to his
pretty girl. Won't be home till late to-
night." The man has since then suc-
ceeded in convincing his womankind
that it was all a telegrapher's blunder,
but when he sends a message home now
he prints it out in capital letters.—New
York Times.

A Boy's English.

A yachtsman has recently returned
from a trip along the Maine coast, dur-
ing which, it is his proud boast, he took
a bath by plunging every morning
into the sea, no matter what the
weather. One day he had the misfortune
to get a water bubble in his ear.

As he stood on the deck of his
boat, he was struck by a wave of
foam, which he mistook for a
piece of debris.

DONATISTS TO THE

Once a Katydid Always a Katydid.
Once a Didn't Always a Didn't.
There is one crop of ear-
wigs that grows on trees which do
not grow on trees, and that is the katydid.
In influences are favorable
growth of this fruit. It is a
thing that on the same trees
forty years ago, as little elms,
chanting insects lived, they now
They are never known to change
one tree to another. There may
several elms of equal size on one street,
but two trees will most likely hold
the katydid, and from the first choice
greenery they never budge.

The same way, one yard will have
number, or one tree in a yard;
next person's grounds, although just
cool and shaded, will have none. The
in the same trees or yards have got
manners, never interrupting each other,
but listening intently for their turn
express their belief as to whether Ka-
did or didn't. The outside world, after
listening for years to debate, is divid-
ed to opinion. Just the same as on most
important subjects, it judges in accord-
ance with the sentiments of its own
consciousness.

These little green chanters never
change their opinion. They belong to
the dids or didn'ts, and by no mistake
alter their saying. One may tramp
around the trees where they live, may
sit beneath them, talk, laugh or indulge
in any noise, and Katy chants on in
undisturbed monologue, but lay a
hand, ever so lightly, against the bark
of a tree, one says who has tried it,
and their notes are instantly hushed,
remaining quiet until the hand is re-
moved. In darkness, when one creeps
safely up to an elm tree where, above
in the branches, is taking place a lo-
quacious dialogue, and gently rest the
palms of the hands against the bark,
the silence is painfully sudden.

There was once a man visiting Rhode
Island whose ambition was to possess
some elm trees and in them katydid.
He had the elms for the katydid, but
no katydid for the elms. So he came
from his distant home and got posses-
sion of one, which he carried back and
put well up in the greenery of the elm.
Then he waited. The katy was
dumb as a sealed fruit jar and
wouldn't say a word. He wrote be-
neath to inquire why the thing wouldn't
open its mouth and sing.

He was informed, first, that the thing
didn't speak the sentence with any
mouth, but with its legs; second, that
although divorce laws were often brittle
enough to sever knots tied by
ministers, still he need not expect any
garrulous hilarity from one katydid
separated from its mate and alone in a
strange land. Then another was put
in the tree, and in true marital style
one said Katy did and got contradicted
in about a second. They've kept it up
eversince.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Decidedly Inopportune.

There are many eccentric people in
this world who persist in parading their
eccentricities to the annoyance and
sometimes humiliation of others. In-
appropriate occasions, too, are fre-
quently embraced to render more
odious this undesired infliction. A
Brooklyn father has lost several chil-
dren by death, and although he has a
little family of toddlers about him al-
lows no festive occasion like Christmas
to pass without remembering the dead.
Each of the deceased spring gives
the mother or some relative, the
father, some money. This odd notion
seasoned comes from his ill-
fated father's time.

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**WAYS HAVE BRAN, COT-
TON-SEED MEAL, OIL,
MEAL, FLOUR.**

deceived, I will do better by you on these goods
than I can do elsewhere, and you will satisfy yourself that
calling at my mill.

Geo. E. Brown.

GRISTOR
Granite

The London Elevated.

Climbing up the steps to the elevated
station near the Manhattan
beach crossing one evening I heard an
old lady behind me remark to a com-
panion:

"Oh, dear! I wish this elevated road
was on the ground."

I was just tired enough to sym-
pathize with the dear old soul, however
sheard her wish. The remark re-
minded me of a conversation I had
with a man some time