

# THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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L. C. VAN FLEET,  
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## NEW MUSIC BOOK.

On the first day of May we shall place on the market  
Professor CHARLES F. SCHUBERT'S NEW BOOK, entitled  
**OUR HEART'S DELIGHT; or, Sweet Melodies of the Past and Present.**  
This book will contain the best  
being a compilation of vocal and instrumental music, adapted to piano or organ. The work will contain the best  
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and music of famous vocalists, instrumentalists and composers. Nearly 400 pages. Nearly 100  
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## BAY MONARCH!

Dark Bay Stallion  
With Black Points,  
Foaled 1887; 16  
Hands High;  
Weight 1200;  
Sired by  
ALMONARCH.

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.

## GO TO THE ANDOVER GRIST MILL

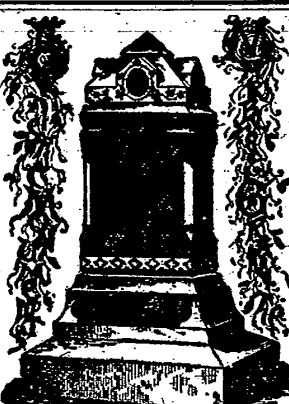
TO GET YOUR  
*Fresh Ground Meal!*

I ALWAYS HAVE BRAN, COT-  
TON-SEED MEAL, OIL  
MEAL, FLOUR.

Don't be deceived, I will do better by you on these goods  
than you can do elsewhere, and you will satisfy yourself that  
this is so by calling at my mill.

*Geo. E. Brown.*

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need of work in our line to communicate with us, and we will  
be pleased to submit designs and estimates. Procure our prices  
before purchasing elsewhere.

**ALL WORK WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.**  
O'MALLEY & FORBES, Cuba, N. Y.

### THE LADIES RETIRED QUICKLY.

It Was Because of the Gallant Colonel's  
Collision with a Nail.

A most amusing thing happened in  
the swimming pool at Excelsior springs  
on the night of the Third Regiment  
ball, which put to flight a score of la-  
dies and caused a gallant colonel much  
discomfiture. After the dance Govern-  
or Francis, Col. Breathitt, railroad  
commissioner; Col. Bull, military in-  
spector of the state; Adjt. Gen. Wick-  
ham, Col. A. C. Dawes, general pas-  
senger agent of the Chicago, Burling-  
ton and Quincy; Mr. Mills, of St. Louis,  
and several other gentlemen went in  
bathing with a score of young ladies.  
All went gayly as a marriage ball, and  
all being good swimmers a jolly time  
was being had. But amid the noise of  
splashing water, and screams of mer-  
riment as some luckless man was  
pushed off the platform into the water,  
came a faint cry for help from Col.  
Dawes.

"What's up, old man?" cried the gov-  
ernor.  
"Come here a minute. I want you."  
"Swim up here then," cried half a  
dozen who were loth to leave the fun  
that was going on.  
Taking pity on the colonel, who is a  
very demure fellow and well liked,  
half a dozen ladies ran up to him  
and proffered their services, which the  
colonel, amid blushes that did him  
credit, gently but firmly declined, and  
he again called for the governor. The  
governor not coming, and the agonized  
look on the colonel's face being more  
than one of the ladies could bear, she  
insisted that the colonel tell her what  
was the matter, but by this time Mr  
Mills had arrived on the scene.

"What is it, old man; what can I do  
for you?" he inquired.  
Drawing Mr. Mills' head toward him  
a whispered word was sufficient to ex-  
plain the situation.  
"Can we help him?" "Is he hurt?"  
"Shall I call a doctor?" formed a part  
of the hundred questions asked by the  
anxious ladies, who were alarmed at  
the aspect of Col. Dawes sitting motion-  
less in the water up to his neck.  
"No, ladies, there is no need for your  
calling a doctor, though you might call  
a needle and thread; but as it is I  
think you had all better quietly retire  
to the further end of the hall while the  
colonel gets out of the water. A nail  
in the platform has rip!"

But by this time there was a stampede  
of the ladies for the dressing  
room, whence for five minutes one long  
scream of laughter came.  
By the aid of a fishpole the missing  
trunks were found, and after threaten-  
ing to issue a challenge in due form  
as soon as he reached the hotel, Col.  
Dawes retired to his room.—Kansas  
City Times.

### Rattlers Charmed by Music.

Paul Keister, a local musician, played  
Saturday evening at a dance at a farm  
house back of Yulupa mountain.  
Next morning he started for home.  
At one point the path winds around a  
sharp and narrow spur of the mount-  
ain.

Keister had reached this point when his  
attention was attracted by the warn-  
ing clatter of a rattlesnake. He saw a  
formidable rattler in his path and took  
to his heels. A few feet further along  
still another rattler rose up before him.  
There was not sufficient room to pass  
the snakes without running the risk of  
being bitten, and the frightened mus-  
ician backed up against the ledge and  
eyed the advancing reptiles.

It suddenly occurred to him that in  
India magicians charm snakes with  
music, and pulling out his violin he be-  
gan desperately to play. The snakes  
gradually unciled and glided slowly  
toward the player. This was anything  
but pleasant to Keister, who kept saw-  
ing away at his fiddle, trying to devise  
meanwhile a scheme for escaping.  
Closer and closer came the snakes,  
and faster flew the bow over the strings  
as Keister's nerves quivered and shook.  
At last the snakes reached a point  
within two feet of the terrified fiddler,  
and winding themselves up they lifted  
their heads closely together and fixed  
their shining eyes on the musician.  
Keister's nerves were now utterly un-  
controllable.

With a yell he grabbed his fiddle by  
the neck and brought it down with  
crushing force on the heads of the  
snakes. The blows stunned the rep-  
tiles, and Keister kept hammering  
away until they were dead. He broke  
his beloved violin into splinters, but he  
saved his life. The snakes measured  
six and seven feet respectively. One  
carried ten rattles and the other seven.  
—Kansas City Star.

### A Girl That Exalts Real Love.

It was on the elevated railroad and  
the Third avenue line where the well  
dressed, good looking gentleman held  
the little girl on his lap. Such a  
charming little girl—one of those with  
whom Kate Greenaway would have  
fallen in love at once. As Miss Green-  
away was not there I fell in love with  
her myself.

"We ride in this car down to the  
bridge, little one," said the proud own-  
er of the child.

"Ess, me knows."

"There we take the cars again and  
go over the water."

"High, high in 'e air?"

"Yes, high up in the air. Then we  
take more cars, and ride and ride and  
ride."

"Yide an' yide an' yide!"

"Then we get out, go down the stairs  
and walk a little way."

"An' see g'ma?"

"And see grandma. And what then,  
Ethel?"

"Ess, G'ma's got cake!" and shut-  
ting her eyes she folded her hands to  
enjoy the blissful thought.

"Cake for—"

"For good 'ittle gals."

"Are you good, Ethel?"

"Me's de bestes' gal in de 'ole worl'!"  
she answered in tones of intense con-  
viction, and as her father kissed her  
chubby little face he was in the envy  
of every man in the car.—New York Tele-  
gram.

### Regulating the Moisture in the Air.

An electrical device for measuring  
and regulating the moisture in the air  
of workshops is described in a foreign  
paper. An organic membrane contracts  
or expands according to the humidity  
of the air, this movement being trans-  
ferred to a metal hand, which closes an  
elastic contact arrangement when the  
moisture exceeds a certain limit. By  
this means an evaporation chamber is  
closed until the dryness of the atmos-  
phere contracts the membrane and  
moves the metal hand in an opposite  
direction, thus forming a contact that  
reopens the evaporation chamber.

### Some Horse Power.

Five horses ran before a train on a  
Mississippi railroad for a mile, and then  
all fell into a cattle guard in a heap.  
They were wedged in so tightly that  
some of their legs were pulled off as the  
locomotive hauled away with a rope.  
The train was delayed two hours.—De-  
troit Free Press.

### New Paving Experiments.

Among recent experiments in paving  
is the combination of cedar blocks and  
cobble stones. The single horse car  
track in the center of the street is  
paved with cobble stones, a width of  
about eight feet on either side is paved  
with cedar blocks, and the rest of the  
way to the curb is paved with cobble  
stones. This gives a pavement which  
has some excellent points; its disadvan-  
tages are that the wood paving shows  
a tendency to wear in ruts, as the ve-  
hicles run so nearly in one track.

Well laid cedar block paving in De-  
troit lasts eight to ten years, and on  
some streets even fifteen or twenty  
years. It is generally laid on sand,  
with sand brushed between the blocks.  
A pavement that is much more even,  
but which costs considerably more, is  
made by laying the cedar blocks on  
concrete, with a cushion of sand be-  
tween, and filling with coal tar be-  
tween the blocks. Asphalt is now  
finding much favor in the replacing of  
cedar blocks on streets of heavy traffic.  
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Men's Work in Japan.

It is no wonder, however, that the  
Japanese have a good physical devel-  
opment, for the whole country is run  
by human muscle. He plows the  
ground, carries the freight and does  
the thousand and one things which are  
here relegated to horses or to steam.  
There are but few horses or cattle in  
the empire, and even in Tokio, a city  
of a million people, the drays are in  
almost all cases pushed and hauled by  
men.

All this work is done on a diet of rice  
and tea, and the results seem to sur-  
pass those of beefsteak and wheat. The  
Japanese bring into use a greater num-  
ber of muscles than we do in their  
work and their exercise. The athlete  
and the laborer use their toes and their  
feet as we do our hands, and the cooper  
holds his tub with his toes while he  
hoops it. The carpenter uses his toes  
in the manipulation of some of his  
tools, and the gymnast can walk up a  
slanting wire or slide down it holding  
on by his toes.—Frank G. Carpenter  
in New York Ledger.

### FISHING FOR TURTLES.

As Soon as the Game Strikes the Hook  
the Angler Must Run.

While there is a great amount of  
pleasure in eating turtle soup there is  
an equal amount in catching the "crit-  
ter." During the early morning hours,  
after his lordship has returned from  
his walk, is the best time to fish for  
him. This may seem strange, but fish-  
ing for them is the only method used here  
to capture them. They will be motion-  
less near the surface, their great heads  
sticking out of the water like the end  
of a big stick. If a fly or bug goes into  
the water down goes the turtle, and in  
an instant it has a luscious morsel. An  
earthworm is a desirable feast for a  
turtle, and these are generally used for  
bait. The tackle is very primitive, and  
consists of a strong line and a codfish  
hook.

Bait the hook with a large bunch of  
worms and throw in where the turtle  
was last seen, or if its head is out of  
water throw the bait directly in front  
of it. The bite is very easy, and when  
a short pull on the line communicates  
the fact to the angler that a turtle is at  
the other end he must act carefully  
and quickly. A sharp jerk will gener-  
ally fasten the hook into the horny  
mouth, and then the fun begins, es-  
pecially if the turtle is a forty pounder.

The chances are greatly in favor of  
the turtle if a novice is at one end of  
the line, and an expert faces but little  
better if the turtle happens to take the  
bait near the bottom. The great secret  
in the landing of the game is to keep it  
from the bottom. As soon as the tur-  
tle finds itself hooked it makes for the  
soft mud on the bottom, and is as safe  
there as a covey of birds which takes  
to the swamp for protection when pur-  
sued by the hunter.

The novice will invariably try to land  
his first turtle by pulling in the line  
hand over hand. By the time ten feet  
of the line is in there is a strong pull,  
as if a snag had been struck, and it  
generally proves to be a snag. The  
turtle sinks into the mud, and it is al-  
most impossible to move it.

The only way to land the game is to  
take the line over your shoulder as  
soon as you feel the strike, and run as  
fast as possible. As long as the turtle  
is kept in the water and on the jump  
you are sure of the game. As soon as  
it is landed it is killed by shooting it in  
the head.—Cor. Providence Journal.

### Poor Lindy.

"Laws a me, I never knew nobody  
so patient as John Searies with Lindy!"  
said Mrs. Norris to the new teacher.

"Who's Lindy?"

"Mis' Searies. She's got the hypo-  
fearful, always fussing, and John  
Searies is that patient with all her  
ways. The other day I went in there  
to borrow some sarsaparil just as John  
was coming home from his day's work.  
Now I know for a fact that Lindy had  
been up and round all day, but she'd  
gone to bed in her room off the sitting  
room just before her poor 'eod husband  
come for his supper. He went to the  
door of the room, and says he, 'Lindy,  
Mis' Norris is come to borrow a little  
sarsaparil.'"

"Lindy just moaned.

"Don't you feel well enough to get  
it for her?" asked John, and Lindy just  
moaned again. After a minute she says,  
real feeble like, 'I can't get up! Oh, I  
can't get up!'"

"Well, just lay there, poor Lindy,  
says John, patient as a kitten.

"Oh, I don't feel as if I could lay  
here, I don't, I don't," went Lindy, cry-  
ing like a baby.

"Well, if you don't feel as if you  
could get up, and don't feel as if you  
could lay there, either," says John, real  
tender to her, "why don't you just get  
up a little and stay a little, too? You  
might just sit on the edge of the bed,  
Lindy."—Youth's Companion.

### Cross People.

"I believe," exclaimed a bright  
woman one day, "that I would rather  
have a really wicked person in the  
house, if he would only be good natured,  
than to live with the best one who  
was cross."

This was extreme, but any one who  
has ever endured the society of an  
irritable companion for many days will  
feel a sympathy with even this strong  
statement. Such a companion is a  
species of torture.

It sometimes seems as though almost  
every duty were more forcibly impress-  
ed upon the young than the duty of  
amiability. In many quarters this vir-  
tue is absolutely at a disadvantage.  
The cross ones are likely to get a repu-  
tation for greater ability than the  
pleasant ones. "Fools," we are told,  
are always amiable.—Harper's Bazar.