

THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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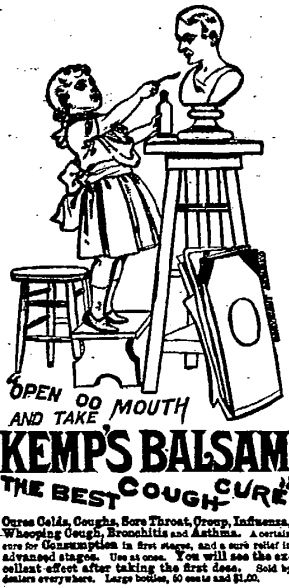
NO. 20.

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NEW IDEAS IN SHAVING.

The Delights of Being Shaved by a Left
Handed Barber or a "Team."

The man of leisure who thinks he
has exhausted the pleasures of life and
sighs for more excitement should not
give up entirely until he has been
shaved by a left handed barber. This
experience may not be entirely new, for
most men have been shaved in some
way, but while the tonsorial art is
an ancient the left handed application of
it is a novelty.

There may be left handed barbers in
New York, for this big town has every
thing that is worth having; but I have
never encountered one here, and I have
met but two elsewhere—one in Salida,
Colo., and the other in St. Augustine,
Fla. Both were excellent barbers. A
man who has never been shaved by a
left handed barber and has never heard
of one is interested on the first occasion
when he sees him strop his razor. He
thinks that this is only a momentary
variation for novelty's sake of the fa-
miliar rhythmic stropping, and when
he sees it continued he expects every
moment to see the razor nick the strop;
but it doesn't do it.

When the artist turns and approaches
with the razor still in his left hand the
man in the chair doesn't know what
not to expect, but when the first touch
gives assurance of a practiced hand he
realizes what it means and asks in mod-
ified surprise, "Are you left handed?"
The artist says, "Yes, sir," and proceeds
to shave him neatly and comfortably
but in the reverse order, beginning
where the right handed man would
leave off and finishing where he would
begin. The left handed shave is a
throughout seasoned with the sense of
something new, and it is an experience
that makes the man in the chair feel
somehow when he gets through that he
has taken part in a joint achievement.

Of course the man in search of novelty
has been shaved on steamships and
steambaths, and on the cars, per-
haps, but if he hasn't been let him take
either of the great limited trains be-
tween New York and Chicago and try
that. Or if he travels extensively he
may in some small town be shaved by
a woman, not in a ladies' barber shop
like those that occasionally flourish for
a time in the larger cities but in a quiet
and comfortable little shop and by the
barber's wife, who, her husband being
away, shaves the customer in a neat
and business-like manner. If he has
never had a man shave then indeed
has the man of leisure something worth
living for.

It seemed like a piece of luck to find
a vacant chair in a barber shop in a
booming California town. The outfit
of the shop was not costly, but it was
sufficient, and the two barbers were
cheerful and active. The barber lathered
my face and rubbed it gently. He
put on more lather, until I wondered
why he didn't go ahead and shave me.
The customer in the next chair had a
wiry beard, and it took a long time to
shave him. Meanwhile my barber
painted my face up and down and
crosswise and in diamonds and circles,
and rubbed it in again.

While this was going on three more
customers came in. When the other
barber had finished shaving the man in
his chair he moved without a word to
my chair, without dampening and drying
the first customer's face or combing
his hair, and at once began shaving
me. Then it was clear why the lather-
ing had been prolonged. It was team
work. It wouldn't look businesslike to
lather a man and then make him wait
to be shaved, and so the lathering was
kept up until the other barber was
ready. While the shaving partner was
stepping to my chair the painting mem-
ber of the firm was crossing to the other,
and dropping the brush and taking a
bowl and the bay rum bottle, he pro-
ceeded to complete the work on the
first customer. "Will you please sit
up, sir?" and he dressed his hair, mak-
ing good time, for he knew my beard
would get through with me quickly.

Before the barber had finished shaving
me the painter had finished dress-
ing the first man's hair and had got an-
other man in his chair and had his face
thoroughly lathered ready for the shaving
barber to begin work on. Then they
changed places with no perceptible loss
of time, and when I heard the bay rum
gurgling over my head I knew that the
bottle was in the hands of the painter.
"Why do you work in this way?" I
asked.

"When we came to this town," was
the reply, "I thought there was room
for another barber shop. I couldn't
have had it in any other way, and I
couldn't have had it in any other way,
and I couldn't have had it in any other way."

prising many, pleasing all and making
money.—New York Sun.

Dinners in the White House.

I here referred to the charge that
Hayes saved a great deal of money
while he was in the White House and
that he watched every penny. Steward
Crump denied that this was true, and
said: "I believe that President Hayes
spent as much in the White House as
any president has ever done. Some of
his state dinners cost him \$17 per plate.
I was instructed to get the best I could
in the market without regard to price,
and Hayes never criticised my accounts.
I never found any niggardliness about
him, and I don't believe he saved a
cent of his salary. He always had lots
of people to dinner, and during the
last part of his term there was an av-
erage of thirty-seven every day to din-
ner, and we always had a houseful of
guests. He did not use any wine, it is
true, but he made up for it in other
ways.

"He was a much nicer man to work
for than Arthur, and he kept decent
hours. Arthur never had his dinner
before 8 o'clock, and his friends often
sat at the table as late as 12 or 1. This
would run the dish washing away or
into the night, and I found I could not
stand the pressure. Garfield always
had wine at his meals. He never ate
anything but a cracker and a cup of
coffee for breakfast, and he took this
often as late as 10 o'clock in the morn-
ing."—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

He Paid Double Toll.

With an air of inquiry a few days
since an old man limped into the Dela-
ware and Hudson baggage room and
looked about him. When somebody
asked him what he wanted he rubbed
his stubbled chin as if in a quandary
and drawled, "Is it all right?"

"What do you mean?" asked the list-
eners.

"Wall, ye see, I wanter know if its
all kerrect. A man's never too old to
learn. I've found out that, and I'm
lookin' fer information.
"I started to go 'cross the bridge to
see a friend of mine in Greenbush
When I cum to the draw it was open
and a couple of ladies what I knew
told me that my friend had moved oves-
east. I kem back and I sez to the man
in the offtus, 'You owe me two cents,
'What for?' sez he. Wall, sez I, 'I only
went half way 'cross the bridge.' 'That
don't make a rap of difference,' sez he,
'you owe me two cents.' 'What for?'
sez I. 'For gittin' off the bridge again,
sez he.

"'Nd I had to pay two cents mor-
to git off; now is that all right?'"
"Well, guess 'tis," replied the bagga-
men jury.

"Wall, ez I sed before, a man never
too old to learn," mused the old man
as he spat upon the floor and shambled
out. "Gess it's all right, after all."—
Albany Argus.

A Misapprehension.

Woolman (of the far west)—Hope
to see you at my ranch some day, Miss
Julia.

Miss Julia—Thanks, awfully. I'm
going out there in the fall with ma-
mere.

W.—Don't take that trouble, miss.
There's lots of good riding horses on
the ranch.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An explorer who has been collecting
specimens from the sea bottom, and
also watching the habits of marine ani-
mals, says that artists are wrong in
representing divers as walking upright,
as his experience shows that it is neces-
sary to walk with the body inclined
forward at an angle of forty-five de-
grees.

Deep Holes in the Earth.

We have some very deep colliery
workings in this country, but the deep-
est of them is far excelled in venture-
ousness into the bowels of the earth
by several of the shafts on the contin-
ent. Ashton Moor colliery, in Lancas-
hire, has a depth of 2,850 feet below
the surface, and the celebrated Monk
wearmouth pit in Durham has a depth
of 1,800 feet. In Bohemia there are
two shafts which, measured from the
surface, have a depth of 3,546 feet and
3,509 feet respectively, but the com-
mencement of the sinking is 1,760 feet
above the sea level. In Prussian Sax-
ony there is a boring which has been
carried down to the prodigious depth of
5,736 feet. In Belgium a shaft has
been sunk below sea level 3,084 feet
and this is supposed to be the deepest
penetration of the earth's crust yet af-
fected. At these depths the workmen
are always perspiring. They have a
sublimely comfortable a trade too high
to be envied.—London Star.

INDEPENDENCE NEWS.

Mrs. Charles Preston, and Mrs.
Perry Potter, are reported as sick of
the grip.

Mrs. Daniel Plaisted and child,
started for their home in Penn Yan
last week Thursday.

E. D. Potter has been quite sick of
grip, and a slight attack of pneumo-
nia, but is some better.

Dr. Comstock, of your place has
many patients to treat hereabouts this
sickly season.

Mr. Ira Murphy, of Coudersport,
Pa., was visiting Mr Ruel Hamilton,
last week.

The Misses Nora Bundy, Ruth
Randolph and Nellie Hincer, of An-
dover, were visiting in this place last
week.

In spite of bad going, a large crowd
was in attendance at the ball in Jones'
hall, New Years eve.

Mrs. Elmer Brown, is called upon
to mourn the loss of her father, Mr.
Walker, of Wellsville, who died New
Years.

Dea. and Mrs. W. S. Livermore,
returned from their outing among
relatives and friends in Alfred, last
week.

Elder H. D. Clarke has so far re-
covered from his late illness as to be
able to resume his pastoral duties.

Miss Carrie Clarke was treated to
a genuine birth-day surprise party
last week Wednesday evening. There
were about fifty present and a jolly
time is reported.

Miss Essie Bundy, daughter of
Mrs. C. E. Brown, who had been vis-
iting friends in Michigan for several
months past, returned home last week,
and is caring for her mother and step-
father, who are sick with the prevail-
ing distemper, la-grippe.

K. O. T. M.

The annual review of Mutual Ten-
No. 18, K. O. T. M. was held Wednes-
day evening Dec. 30, and the following
officers elected for the ensuing year.
Pas Sir Kt. Com. H. D. Smith.
Sir Kt. Com. Charles B. Lever.
Sir Kt. Lt. Com. B. C. Cole.
Sir Kt. R. K. A. O'Donnell.
Sir Kt. F. K. C. W. O'Donnell.
Sir Kt. Pre. Chas. Cochrane.
Sir Kt. Phy. C. W. O'Donnell.
Sir Kt. Serg. P. M. Swink.
Sir Kt. M. at A. John Frainor.
Sir Kt. M. of G. Adelbert Hann.
Sir Kt. Sent. Lyman Baham.
Sir Kt. Pic. John B. Davis.
The K. O. T. M. at Andover, is in a
prosperous condition and the outlook
for the future is bright.

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits amid the world's applause
His share of justice, tolling day by day,
All things will come now dim and far away
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear
The morning cometh with refulgent light,
Bringing assurance of a day more bright
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall,
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer,
All grief will end, and everything be fair
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and reaches out his hands
To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags,
Success will come from every ill that flags
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and struggles not in vain
To overcome the evils that abound
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound
To him who waits.

To him who waits there comes a wily throng,
Who sneer and scoff and look with baleful eyes,
But what of them? They are but gnats and flies
To him who waits.

To him who waits there must be recompense
For useful work, whatever may betide,
A compensation reaching far and wide
To him who waits.

To him who waits the stars are always friends,
The restless ocean and the azure sky,
All things in nature speak and prophesy
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come,
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine;
Life will be love, and love will be divine,
To him who waits.

To him who waits the world will some day cease,
And along his pathway Fate's mysterious gates
Will open the kind, heaven-sent new lease
To him who waits.

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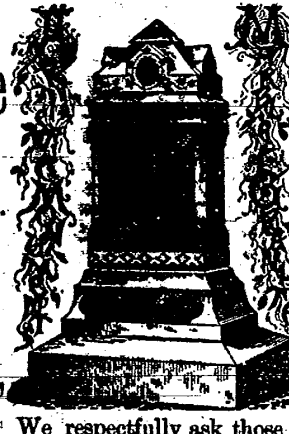
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