

## HENRY TEATER KILLED IN WRECK

### Friday Morning N. Y. & Pa. Passenger Train Smashed Into Caboose of a Freight, Making Horrible Havoc.

There was a serious wreck on the N. Y. & Pa., Friday morning. The freight which was ahead of the passenger train going west stopped just before reaching the station to switch some cars, leaving part of the train on the main track. Although they knew that the passenger train was about due, they did not send back a flagman and as the stop was near a curve when the train approached, the freight was not seen until too late to avoid a collision.

The locomotive struck the caboose of the freight, demolishing it and one freight car. Harry Teater who was in the caboose was shockingly mutilated about his limbs and probably injured internally so badly that he died within two hours after receiving his injury.

It was a pathetic scene at the wreck when the conductor reached him. He said he was badly hurt and kissed the conductor when he raised him up and said he wanted to see his mother.

His father Wm. Teater, of Whitesville, drove rapidly down to Genesee and medical aid had already been summoned and every thing possible done to relieve him but without avail. He lingered an hour and forty minutes when death relieved him of his suffering.

Just ten months before Mr. Teater had another son killed by a hay press and the sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved family in their sorrow.

Deceased was 26 years of age and we learn he was to have been married in a short time had he lived. Mr. L. C. Burton of Greenwood was on the passenger train and says it was a sad sight to see the way the limbs of the injured man were lacerated.

A wrecking train from the Erie started for the wreck and got as far as Whitesville when they were called back to attend a wreck on the Erie at Cameron. The passenger engine lies in the ditch at this writing pretty nearly a total wreck and will probably go to the scrap heap. The N. Y. & Pa., has been singularly fortunate heretofore, in escaping serious wrecks and whether their freedom therefrom had made the watchmen less vigilant or whether it was unavoidable, we are unable to say.

The Erie wreck at Cameron was not a very serious affair.

### INFORMATION FROM HEALTH COMMISSIONER.

The following letter has been received by the Health Officer of the Village Board of Health:

Dear Doctor:— I am to-day in receipt of a communication from the Overseer of the Poor in your town, advising me of the prevalence of Scarlet Fever in a poor family being cared for by the Town. Mr. Hann also writes that you have a case in your own family and are continuing to visit your patients while your own child is sick.

I have today advised the Overseer of the Poor that the law does not intend to keep a physician from attending to his other duties, though he might be having a case of Scarlet fever or other contagious diseases within his own family. That in such cases the Doctor is expected to employ every precautionary measure to insure safety to the people of his community.

**EUGENE H. PORTER, M. D.**  
Commissioner.

**W. C. T. U.**

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Harriett Meade, Friday afternoon, December 2nd. Subject, Literature and Co-operation of Missions.

**MASONIC NOTICE.**

A special communication of Andover Lodge No. 556, F. & A. M., will be held Friday afternoon for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late brother, Oliver W. Swarts.

**JOHN SNYDER, W. M.**

## LILLIAN ALLEN WITTER.

Lillian Allen Witter, wife of Frank J. Witter, died at their home one mile east of this village, Friday evening, November 25th, following an illness of more than two months. Deceased was born in Alfred Dec. 6th, 1856 and with the exception of a few years her entire life has been spent in that town and Andover.

She was united in marriage to Frank J. Witter, July 6th, 1872, and is survived by her husband and four children, Daniel E. Witter, Ernest Witter, Miss Ethel Witter of Andover, and Elbridge C. Witter, of Hornell. Three sisters and two brothers, Mrs. George Saunders, Richburg; Mrs. Jane Brooks, Black Creek; Mrs. Jessie Witter, Wellsville;

Bert Allen, Black Creek and James Allen, of Friendship.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon, Nov. 28th from the Seventh Day Baptist church in this village of which Mrs. Witter was a member, Rev. H. D. Bacon, pastor of the Presbyterian church officiating. The large attendance testified to the esteem in which she was held by friends and acquaintances. Interment was made in Hillside Cemetery.

Relatives from out of town in attendance at the service were: Mr. and Mrs. George Saunders and son, of Richburg; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brooks and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beaton, of Black Creek; Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Witter and daughter of Wellsville; Mr. and Mrs. James Allen, of Friendship; Mr. Marion Allen, of Whitesville; Mr. and Mrs. Cortland Jacques, Little Genesee; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kellar, Mrs. Joseph Willard, Mrs. Luther Emerson, Mrs. Jonathan Pettibone, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perry, of Alfred; David Clair, Hartsville; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blouvelt and family, of Shingle House; Chauncey Witter, Coudersport; Silas Witter, Bert Witter and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howell, of Hornell.



**PATRICK DELANEY.**

Dies Suddenly of Heart Failure at His Home Monday Night.

Patrick Delaney, a well known resident of Andover, died suddenly of heart failure, at his home two and one-half miles south east of this village, Monday night, November 28th. Mr. Delaney's death while a great shock to his family and friends was not entirely unexpected for the fact that he had several times prior to this had severe attacks of the trouble. Monday he complained of not feeling well and at night retired early about nine o'clock passing away before medical aid could reach him. Mr. Delaney was fifty-eight years of age. A well known farmer and produce buyer.

He was a good neighbor and had many commendable virtues. "Patsy," as he was familiarly known numbered in the entire community as his friends. Besides his wife he leaves a brother Cornelius Delaney, of Alton, Pa., and a sister, Mrs. Mary Cannon of this village. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. J. Sheehy at the Blessed Sacrament church Thursday morning.

**MRS. A. J. ARMSTRONG.**

Mrs. Elvora Crandall Armstrong passed from life, Wednesday morning, November 30th at her home in Alfred. Mrs. Crandall was seventy-two years of age and had been an invalid for many years. She was a cousin of Mrs. Addie Coleman of this village. Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at the home and interment in Alfred Rural Cemetery.

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## Clarence Green

### Accidentally Shot

### Will Chandler was Examining New Shot Gun, When it was Accidentally Discharged--Victim's Death was Instantaneous.

A terrible tragedy happened at Hallsport, Monday noon, on the Melvin Mings farm, which caused the instant death of Clarence Green. A comrade accidentally discharging a shot gun, the full contents of the load striking him in the head as he was before a mirror brushing his hair preparatory for dinner.

It seems that William Phillips, the hired man employed by Mings, had recently purchased a new shot gun, and had left it in the kitchen. When the boys came in at noon from the barn where they were pressing hay Chandler spied the gun standing in the corner and said something to the other boys about it, at the same time picking up the deadly weapon to examine it. Just what caused him to drop his finger down onto the trigger will never be known but the gun went off and the young man, Clarence Green, standing only a few feet away, received the entire charge of shot, which practically tore away the right side of his face. Green's brother, Earle, was in the room at the time and saw his brother drop lifeless to the floor.

Dr. Comstock was immediately summoned by telephone from Wellsville and arrived shortly after. His services were not needed. Later, Coroner Ayars, of Alfred, was called and after examination gave a certificate of accidental death and the body was removed to the home of the boy's parents, who are heart broken over the terrible tragedy.

Clarence Green was born on Oct. 4, 1890, in the town of Willing, the son of O. M. Green and Eunice Dickinson Green, and was twenty-one years of age at the time of his death. He was a farmer and had resided in the town of Independence for the past two years. Besides his parents, he is survived by three brothers: Edward, of Willing; and Earle and Elmer Green of Independence; also by two sisters: Mrs. Lottie Hodgkins and Mrs. Nellie Loring, both of Willing.

The funeral will be held from his late home at Hallsport at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, and from the M. E. Church at Yorks Corners at 11 a. m. Rev. W. F. Spaulding, of Standards will officiate, and interment will be at Yorks Corners.

## LETTER FROM NEW FOUNDLAND

### Lee M. Trowbridge, Who is in that Country Drilling Oil Wells, Writes of His Trip and the Country.

Bad Bay, Thursday, Nov. 3. 7 a. m.—This is a nice little town. The only industry is fishing. We took on quite a large supply of lumber and unloaded quite a supply of groceries and provisions, including a large moose. We left Bad Bay early November 3. As we traveled we soon saw another little fishing settlement. We made a stop and dropped anchor about one-half mile from shore at a little place called Cows Head. It was a wonderful sight to see the little boats come out from shore and get the freight. One of them would take a load nearly as large as the Andover dray wagon. Lumber, lath, shingles and merchandise of all kinds. Understand these boats were not much larger than the boats on the Andover pond.

There was a priest on board our boat going up to marry a couple. I had a very interesting visit with him. He says that they are a very self-supporting people here, very industrious and well meaning.

We anchored at Parson's Pond, and the company's boat was out after us. They were there before us, so they ran out in the ocean a little way and caught sixty cod fish while waiting. They were the largest mess of fish I ever saw. Wish you could have some of them. We took them all to the boarding house and had some of them served for breakfast and supper. They are not much like the fresh fish at home.

We took about 2000 feet of lumber in toe and started for the pond. It is about six miles from the landing in a bay. They call them ponds out here. We got in just before dark. Stopped and picked up the rig building crew from the middle of the bay in a rowboat. It was at least two miles from shore. There is where I first saw Howland and Baker. They seemed much pleased to see us and you may gamble we were equally glad.

At present we board about three miles from our work. We go and come in a motor boat. It is a fine sight but the water is very rough and that makes it lively. Our rig is about ten rods from shore, up

a steep bank. They have a small railroad and a windlass to draw things up by hand. There are about 30 men working. They are building a house there for us drillers, and a tool house.

They have got a great string of tools—this is for the benefit of the oil men—the big hole stem is 3 1/2 in. 4 feet long, 4 x 5 joints, and everything in proportion. We have a wire cable 3/4 in., 3,500 feet long, and a 2 1/2 rope the same length. 30 horse power boiler and engine. Will explain more fully when we get to using them. They have just got the foundation for the rig in. It is slow work, moving all this heavy stuff by hand. The rig is in proportion to the tools, 26 foot beam. We have a very nice comfortable place to live at present, but when we get to drilling we will stay close to the well. I have not seen a person here who does not speak good English.

There are a lot of seal here. Can see them any day. You can look up at any time and see the mountains sticking up through the clouds. It makes a very beautiful sight. There is not a horse anywhere about these parts of the island and you could not work them if there was. It is wonderful how these fellows handle the heavy stuff on small boats.

(To be continued.)

**WALKED OFF WITH PRIZES.**

Andover Poultry Fanciers Received Most of the Prizes Given White Orpingtons at Poultry Show.

Two of Andover's poultry fanciers, J. D. Cheesman and Dr. John Common, came home from the poultry show Thursday, of last week with arms full of premiums on their registered White Orpingtons. Dr. Common entered twelve birds and received twelve premiums. Five first prizes, six second and one third.

J. D. Cheesman entered ten birds and received eleven prizes. This was made possible on account of the special prize offered for the best bird among the Orpingtons family entered, all classes competing. Besides this special prize he took ten prizes, three firsts, three seconds, two thirds and two fourths. These birds were in hard competition as the stock from Rochester, Danville, Hornell and many other places were there with large exhibits.

Mr. Cheesman's special prize winning hen was the talk of the show. It attracted more attention than all the rest of the exhibit. A Cornell expert said it was well worth three hundred dollars.

Mr. Cheesman has since made numerous sales from this hen all at a dollar each.

## ANDOVER GRANGE NOTES

Conducted by C. A. Robinson.

### COUNTY POMONA GRANGE PROGRAM

The following is the program of the Allegany County Pomona Grange to be held at Belfast, Wednesday and Thursday, December 7th and 8th, 1910.

Wednesday, 10:30 A. M. Welcome Address—Chas. R. Seelye. Response—J. C. Phippen, Angelica. Reading Minutes of September Meeting.

Application for Pomona Degrees. Reports of Subordinate Granges. Appointing Committees and Tellers.

Wednesday, 2 P. M. Distributing Blank Ballots for Election of Officers.

Reports Standing Committees. Breeding Blooded Stock, F. W. Crandall, Alfred Agriculture School. Recitation—Vida Clark, Scio. Address—Dennis Barnes, Friendship.

Wednesday, 8 P. M. Business of the 5th Degree. Working the 5th Degree—Angelica Degree Team. Recitation—Mrs. Elizabeth Flint, Scio.

Song—C. A. Robinson, Andover. Addresses.

Thursday, 10 A. M. Report of Election by Tellers. The use of Lime as a Fertilizer—T. C. Kane, Scio.

Discussion, Suggestions for the Improvement of the Grange. Paper—Shirley Babbitt, Centerville Grange. Question Box.

Thursday, 1:30, P. M. Reports of Committees. Miscellaneous Business. Installation of Officers. Reading and Approving Minutes.

Music will be furnished by the Belfast Grange. It would be well to bring your Grange Melodies. Social Granges should prepare resolutions which they desire to have presented to the State Grange. Secretaries of Subordinate Granges should have their reports ready for the Pomona. If you cannot come send your report.

**W. O. SWARTS DEAD.**

Wm. O. Swarts died at his home on Greenwood Hill, Tuesday, of cancer of the rectum, after months of severe suffering.

Mr. Swarts was the father of Mrs. W. F. Snyder and Mrs. A. O. Kemp of this village. Funeral service will be conducted under the auspices of the Masonic Order this morning at his late residence. Interment will be in Hill Side Cemetery.

The 'News' hopes to publish a more extended notice of Mr. Swarts' life.

**WARD OF THANKS.**

I wish to express my deep gratitude to the friends who so kindly assisted during the illness and death of my wife. Especially would I thank Rev. H. D. Bacon and those who furnished the music at the service.

**F. J. WITTER.**

Only the best Job Work at the NEWS Office.

## DOWN IN THE SOUTHWEST

### First of a Series of Letters From the Odd Places of New Mexico—Interesting Information.

I hadn't been in Las Vegas an hour before a reporter had his semaphores against me and wanted to know what I thought of the city.

I suppose he knew I was a stranger because I wore a black hat and smoked white cigarettes. I told him it was the best town I had seen since Trinidad. He didn't seem pleased, and I asked him where I had left trail. But I had said it too soon and there was no use trying to square it. The hotel clerk told me what the bad break was. He said between Trinidad and Las Vegas was a few sand towns, Wagon Mound, Shoemaker and Arriba, and the comparison was not flattering. One must have an open season mind reader's license to please these rival town patriots.

I took a street car as far as it went, then jumped into a Mexican cart and rode several miles into the country. And when I had climbed a sand butte overlooking Las Vegas, I found another traveler had beat me to it. He was an old German from Iowa. We watched a gang of Mexicans and a drege cutting irrigation ditch down from the mountains, and the old fellow remarked:

"Up in Iowa we pay big money for ditches to carry the water away; down here they spend millions for ditches to bring it in."

The people are land crazy and water crazy. There are irrigating companies, land companies, development companies, co-operative companies; some on the square to develop and reclaim the land, others to separate a man from his money.

It seems to me that nature was more wise than man where years ago this part of the country was heaved up to cool off, and wait for land agents and Missourians. From Pueblo south for hundreds of miles there lay millions of acres, as level as a floor and fair to the eye—waiting for a time when crowding men shall devise a means to make them produce. And there these acres lay, wanting but water to make the deep, rich soil produce anything and everything. And when our elbows begin to touch and necessity demands more room and more produce, then will the means be forthcoming.

"All this country needs is water," is the observation you will hear everywhere, and coming from the east end of this dump of a country, where the rain falls on the just and unjust every ten days, I can't help but come back at them with the old retort that that is all he needs.

Men come here in hundreds from the east and middle west, attracted by the cheap lands, and the Santa Fe's pictorial folders. They come here with a little money to try "dry farming" and they go back

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