

THE PHILLIPPIAN.

VOL. II.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., DEC. 6, 1879.

No. 7.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

THANKSGIVING has come and gone, the great turkey and the savory chicken-pie, and all the rest of it has passed from anticipation to memory.

Many of us, coming to school for the first time this fall, looked forward to Thanksgiving as a day somewhere in the dim future, when we might once more see home friends; and now we realize with astonishment that this great day is already past, and with it twelve of the sixteen dreaded weeks.

Who can describe the pleasure of the first return home after the first term at school? The sight of the familiar faces is enough to fill our hearts with happiness; then how many questions are to be asked and answered! The joys and sorrows of school life are to be told, and corresponding stories of home life to be heard. The happiness of being with loved friends, together with the many pleasant incidents of Thanksgiving, afford us ample opportunity to spend the day as its name signifies.

We have additional reason for thankfulness in the fact that most of us have proved our constitutions strong enough to carry us safely through this day, noted for its levelling effects on ravenous school girls! Whether this is due to our exceptional school diet, or to our remarkable powers of self-control, we will not decide.

But Thanksgiving has not been the only topic of interest during these weeks; the reception tendered to Professor Mead at Bartlett Chapel was quite an event.

Although the night was stormy, the pleasant and commodious rooms of the old chapel were well filled. Those of us who visited this building that night for the first time can hardly believe that the large, convenient rooms, so nicely fitted up in every way, could ever have been the dismal, forbidding apartments which we are told they formerly were. The Theological Seminary is to be congratulated upon its pleasant reception rooms.

We were entertained by addresses from Professors Smith and Mead; also by music, both vocal and instrumental. The evening was enjoyed by all of us, and we hope by those members of our neighboring academy who participated. We wonder if any of them can tell what it was that made two young ladies so loath to depart that they rushed from the rear door of the chapel to the carriage just in time to escape being locked in for the night.

Our trip to and from the chapel was attended with little inconvenience, notwithstanding the storm, as our Theological friends provided us with a capacious carriage.

While we are speaking of the pleasure afforded us by the Seminary, we must not forget that given by the Academy.

We can assure the members of Phillips that the skating rink provided by their kindness is appreciated. Already some of

our number have availed themselves of the opportunity and begun the winter's sport by a good skate.

Some persons wonder how young people can desire to spend their time going up and down, round and across a piece of ice, but we that have tried it can inform them that if they would like to experience a sensation much akin to flying let them start at one end of a pond, with skates on their feet and a strong wind at their backs, and see how soon they are carried to the other end with the least possible exertion. To be sure, the same wind must be faced on the return trip, but the feeling of triumph and exultation caused by overcoming the mighty force sends a glow through both body and spirit.

E. J. W., '81.

Exchanges.

PERHAPS no college paper in the land enjoys a more enviable position than the Harvard *Crimson*. One of the chief causes of its popularity is the ease with which it converts every slight ripple that breaks the placid flow of college life into something amusing and interesting to the average student. For instance, a crowd of Freshmen attend in a body the opening performance of the Black Crook at the Globe Theatre (not a very inspiring theme for a poet it would seem), and forthwith the editors of the *Crimson* invoke the muse to the tune of over two columns and a half of doggerel in ridiculous imitation of the style of Homer, Macaulay, Scott, and other famous bards. We quote from the last *Crimson* the opening lines of this production, which it will be seen are a parody on Macaulay's "Horatius":—

"Gander Green Adolphus Gosling
By all sorts of oaths he swore
That a chosen crowd of Freshmen
Should the Black Crook see once more.
So he issued forth his mandate,
And they came from all around;
Very little Freshmen sprouting,
Buton Mushrooms from the ground," etc.

Such a gift is extremely valuable to the editor of the college or school paper of today, and we congratulate the *Crimson* on its acquisition.

Form a correct idea of the *Crimson* and then picture to yourself its precise opposite, and you have the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the November number of which lies before us. Where the *Crimson* teems with Bicycle races, Foot-ball matches, and Theatre gossip, the *Literary Magazine* presents long and able dissertations on College Ethics and subjects of a like nature. Both styles are invaluable in their way, the one representing the every-day feeling and action, the other the deep undercurrent of college life. The *Literary Magazine* is an ably edited periodical and reflects great credit upon its editors and the college in general.

The *Yale Courant* is to Yale what the *Crimson* is to Harvard, and it fills equally well its position. At present it is greatly exercised over the recent foot-ball match with Harvard, and a perusal of its columns would lead to the conclusion that American colleges constitute anything but a happy family. We clip the following from the *Courant's* "Editor's Table":—

"The PHILLIPPIAN has a Yale letter which contains this sentence: 'Harvard '83 has just been challenged by Yale '83, and if our men will give up the idea that '83 is to have 185 valedictorians, she has a chance of success.' If the writer of the letter will give up the idea, there will be just 184 future valedictorians. He might enter as candidate for the Salutatory with good chance of success, as no other man is trying for the position."

The School.

Dear Phillipian,—We notice that the PHILLIPPIAN in its last issue seems to doubt the advisability of limiting the Means compositions to a certain number of words. While we think that there are some disadvantages under the present system, we cannot recommend too highly the importance of cultivating a condensed style. Those of us who have written for the Means compositions can testify that we have found it a great help to know exactly what was required of us. The discipline we acquire from being obliged to express ourselves in few words is not only just what we need in our every-day life, but it is that which will stand us in good stead in any kind of writing which we may be called upon to do. We agree with the PHILLIPPIAN in demanding that the subjects be of a specific nature, but we cannot but believe that the eloquent "tenth man" would do himself justice even if not allowed unlimited scope.

Hoping that the coming contest may prove that condensed writing is not incompatible with eloquence, but is rather necessary to it and almost impossible without it,
Yours truly,
B.

A FABLE (with our acknowledgments to the ingenious Æsop of the "World").—A lively Hare and a laborious Tortoise inhabited the same room in Latin Commons. The virtuous Tortoise employed himself for three whole weeks before Geometry examination in cramming for that occasion, while the imprudent Hare wasted his time in excursions to Lawrence, the discussion of light literature, etc. In the final race the Tortoise had reached with great difficulty a respectable position in the third row, when the Hare, taking a sudden crib at the last moment, triumphantly passed his companion and gained the back seat without an effort.

Moral.—The race is not always to the slow.

There are 50 Phillips boys at Yale. Of the Faculty seven were Phillips men.

THE PHILLIPIAN.

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THE Thanksgiving vacation brought back to Andover a wonderfully large number of old boys. One could scarcely walk about town at any time of the day without meeting some figure once familiar, but now with an added and transforming grace,—a kind of elegant collegiate superlativeness—which somehow struck one with a great feeling of remoteness and change. For a day or two this glorified being walked about, calling on his old acquaintances and visiting his old haunts, and doubtless finding no little pleasure in the natural and familiar look of each old and well-known spot.

It is extremely pleasant to think with what a constant chain of association we are all the time binding ourselves to a place of such great venerableness and beauty as this, and that a tie of this kind is likely to be a great deal more enduring than that of almost any other connection of locality which we are likely to form in after life. It is natural that a man should feel a peculiar affection for the place in which he spends the years which are usually considered the happiest in life. It is pleasant to him to think that these same scenes are still continually filled with the same high tide of youth. In revisiting them he does, to a certain extent, renew his own youth, and in the gentle mood of retrospection which they inspire experiences a pleasure which, however greatly mixed with regret, is nevertheless very real.

To the Andover boy who, from college or from active life, returns to take a brief glance at the old town, there can be no feeling of unfamiliarity or change. He notices, perhaps, a few "improvements,"—a new house or two, a school building remodeled or refitted, the unwonted luxury of a few yards of concrete,—but essentially everything is the same. Even if his recollections date back to the times of the Stone Academy, and if the Theological Library and our own beautiful Chapel hold no place among the well-remembered landmarks of his day, there is very little danger that he will find the old town painfully altered and hard to recognize. The Shawshen, Indian Ridge, Haggett's Pond, Sunset Rock, the long sweep of view to the west and south, are all inalienable possessions. They are as familiar to him as they are to us,—as they were to the boys of a hundred years ago,—as they will surely be to those who will gather here in all the years which are yet to come. And as he views his old haunts; as he visits the scenes of his former "flunks" and "rushes;" as, strolling Campus-ward, he remembers the fleeting glory of by-gone ball matches; as he sits a guest at morning prayers, or visits his old room, or sees upon the bulletin-board the venerable name of

Philo,—he cannot choose but rejoice at the thought that never once, during all these years, there have ceased to flow (but have rather continuously broadened and increased) the "twin streamlets" from the "sacred hill,"—

"Pierius' fountain, and Saloam's shaded rill."

Phillipiana.

There are at present in the Academy 224 students, representing 26 States, and Territories, 4 nationalities, and 3 races. 29, over an eighth of the entire number, are sons of ministers.

A large number of old Phillips boys visited Andover during the Thanksgiving vacation. Rogers, Corwith, Crocker, Sheldon, and Phelps were seen in town; also Poor, P.A. '78; Messler, P.A. '76, and Hutcherson, P.A. '81. Many more, we believe, took the opportunity which the few days of college vacation offered to renew the pleasant associations which any but the most degenerate son of old Phillips cannot fail to have.

Yale Freshmen 78. Harvard Freshmen, at Cambridge, Saturday Nov. 29th. Yale Freshmen, 1 Goal, 3 Touchdowns; Harvard Freshmen, 0.

We have considerable cause for satisfaction in the victory of the Yale Freshmen, as Parrot, P.A. '79, was captain, and as three more of our own men, Rogers, Corwith, and Spring, played on the eleven.

The committee who had in charge the flooding of the rink deserve credit for its fine appearance. There has been good skating and the sport has been enlivened by a small sprinkling of the gentler sex. We trust that our fair friends of the sister Academy may be able to participate with us in this recreation.

Eaton ("Chummy"), of P.A. '78, was severely injured in the knee during the Yale and Columbia foot-ball game.

It is expected that the celebrated Boston English Opera Troupe will present the far-famed "Pinafore" at the Town Hall some time this month. — *Essex Eagle*.

Prof. (in Eng. History) — "What civilizing effect had the Roman power on the ancient Britons?"

Student. — "Oh! they introduced railroads, steamboats, —"

Here the imaginative youth was interrupted by the remonstrances of the Prof. and the laughter of the class.

The last missionary concert of the term will be held in Society Hall Sunday evening, Dec. 7, at 6.45.

H. J. Brown, of P.S. '80,—and a member of the editorial board of the PHILLIPIAN, broke his leg while skating on the rink Nov. 22nd. The break is not a bad one, and he is getting along as well as possible. We are sure that the whole school will unite with us in the expression of our best wishes for his quick recovery, and for a speedy release from his long and tiresome confinement.

A Senior improves upon the pathos of Priam's remark, "*Facilis jactura sepulchri*," by the affecting translation, "It will be easy to lie in the sepulchre!"

A Senior recently rendered the lines, "*Nos contra effusi lacrimis conjunxque Creusa*," "We, on the other hand, poured forth tears, and my-wife *crew, sir!*" All the great translators are not dead yet, we are thankful to say!

Mr. Bierwirth's German Class have been honored by a visit from the Fem Sem Class in the same study.

The third entertainment of the winter course at the Town Hall, the concert by the Schubert Male Quartette, assisted by Miss Fannie Kel-

logg, came off on Monday evening, Dec. 1st. While, owing to the absence of our musical critic, we are not able to comment upon the *vocal technique*, *style*, etc., of the singers, we are quite free to say that the concert was, as a whole, extremely enjoyable and good. Of the solos, those by Mr. Babcock (2nd Bass), and the singing of "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" by the 2nd Tenor, Mr. Went, were particularly pleasing. The singers were repeatedly encored, and, in almost every case, readily responded.

Quite a representation from the Academy attended Mr. Sothem's performance at the Park Theatre, Boston, on the evening of the day after Thanksgiving.

HERE AND THERE.

The "Yale Lit." medal for excellence in English composition has been withheld for the first time, this year, the essays being none of them up to the usual standard.

It is proposed to have the dreaded Semi-annuals at Harvard begin on the 21st of January, instead of the 6th or 7th of February, as heretofore.

"From the abstract to the concrete," said the Senior, who was paying more attention to the Human Intellect than to his steps, when he slipped and fell on the tar pavement. — *Ex.*

The Harvard Bicycle Club numbers sixty-four men.

The Seniors at Williams are making arrangements for wearing caps and gowns at Commencement.

There are thirty-seven hundred professors employed in the colleges throughout the United States — *Ex.*

Amherst has just received a gift of \$105,000.

Columbia College, New York, had an aggregate attendance last year of 1439 students, the largest in the country, Michigan University having 1379, and Harvard 1332. — *Ex.*

More Janitorism. Janitor (to an offending Fresh, who has asked where his brother, Simpkins, '81, rooms). — "Ain't 81 rooms in the buildin'. What yer givin' us, hey?" Exit, proud of having foiled his adversary. (Fact.) — *Crimson*.

On the evening of the late disturbance in the Mich. University, the police were let loose with orders to arrest all students. The promise of \$200 reward was given as an additional incentive, and was, of course, the cause of a great many unjust arrests.

Full many a Fresh with greatest cheek e'er seen

The class of '83 within its depths doth bear,
Full many a dollar have they, bright and pure and clean,

Which neither the Ball Club nor the Boat Club nor the Junior Prom Con, nor the *Courant* nor the *Record* nor the *Lit.* nor the *News* nor anything under heaven yet discovered, can from their pockets tear. — *Courant*.

LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF MISS FLYRTE, STUDENT IN THE ABBOT FEMALE SEMINARY, ANDOVER, MASS.

Sept. 6th. An awfully unpleasant day, and so homesick! Miss Gusher, who is to be my room-mate, came to-day. She isn't what I call exactly pretty, but she is tall, and knows ever so much. I think she's real nice. She is two years older than I, and has been here a year already. She says the girls all have splendid times, and that I will enjoy myself ever so much when I get used to it. She is a Senior now, and is going to study Art and Butler's Analogy and things. I know we are going to

be great friends. After my "half hour" helped Miss Gusher unpack. She has the loveliest things I ever saw. Her best black skirt has three rows of fringing on the overskirt.

Sept. 7th. (Sunday) Went to church, where we had the *longest* sermon. We all have to sit in the gallery. Lou (that's Miss Gusher's name, and I think it's real pretty) kept making faces and saying the funniest things to me all through the sermon. I thought I should have died, I was so mortified,—but I really *couldn't* help laughing. Of course I will have to "confess," as we always have to do if we do anything wrong. In the afternoon Lou and I got permission to go to the Chapel, which is just a little gem. Lou pointed out the Academy boys and the Theologues. She says the Theologues are not a bit nice, but the Academy boys are just splendid,—only we can never get introduced to them or anything. As we went out a Theologue with a great ugly brown overcoat, and gloves ever so many sizes too large for him, bowed to Lou. She says his name is Mr. Smirke, and that he is all the time calling here. I think he is perfectly horrid, and so does Lou.

I saw an awfully handsome Academy boy on the other side of the church, only he was dreadfully inattentive, and slept all through the sermon.

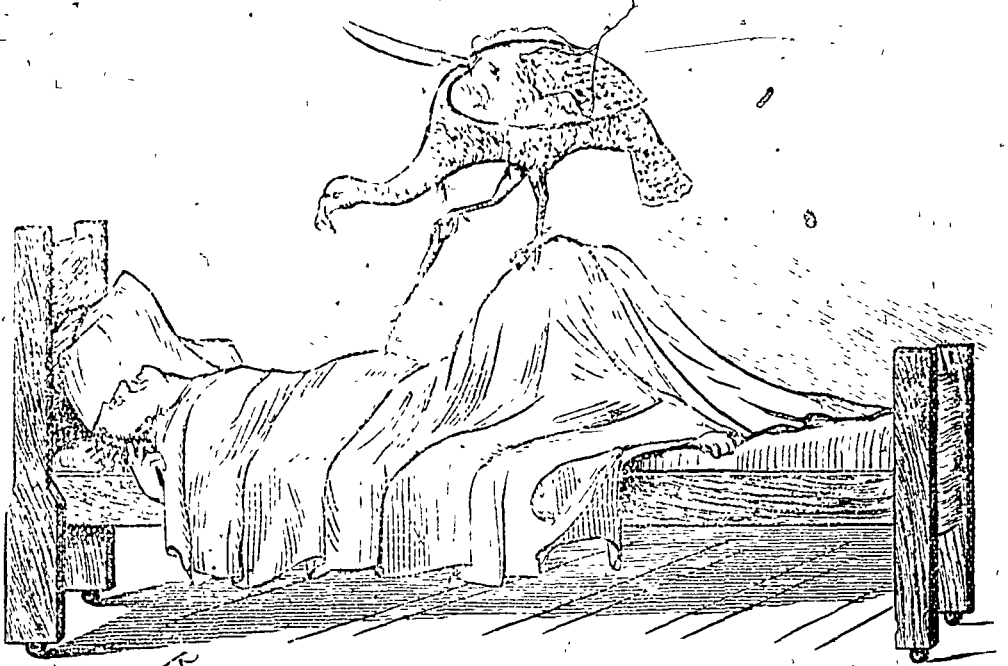
Sept. 13th. Exercises this afternoon. As I had nothing to do, (thank goodness!) I enjoyed myself immensely. Lou read a splendid composition on "The Mission of Woman in History."

Sept. 20th. Lou and I had a regular dispute this morning. I think it's wicked to read novels in "half hours," and Lou doesn't. She is reading a splendid story by May Agnes Fleming. I told her she ought n't too, and that she ought to "confess" it with all the other things; but she got vexed, and was just as cross and disagreeable as she could be. She eats chocolate creams in "half hours" too, but I don't think that is quite so bad.

Oct. 7th. Such a funny thing happened this afternoon! Lou and I came out from the Post Office at the same time with a lot of Academy boys, and they *would* follow us all the way back. It was awfully embarrassing. We tried to talk together just as though we didn't notice, but every time either of us laughed or anything, those horrid boys laughed too just as though we were talking to *them*. They were just as rude as they could be! Lou says the fellow who walked just behind her is named Sparker, and that he is awfully jolly. He is quite handsome, I think, but he was horribly rude all the time. Lou acted awfully funnily. She talked so loud all the time that I'm almost *sure* she meant them to hear. I asked her if she should "confess," which made her as mad as could be.

Oct. 17th. Introduced to three more Theologues this evening. Only one of them was a bit good-looking, and he was as conceited as he could be. He kept talking about Harvard all the time, which was, of course, not particularly interesting to me, as I never knew but one Harvard student in my life, and couldn't bear him. He had a good deal to say about the Annex. I should think Co-Education would be lovely, only one would have to study Greek and all sorts of dreadful things. An awfully tiresome evening on the whole. Saw

A THANKSGIVING PHANTASM.



"Thou canst not say I did it!"

— Macbeth, Act. III., Scene IV.

Mr. Sparker twice this afternoon. Lou says she has something to tell me about him, but I don't believe it's true. . . .

Oct. 20th. Mr. Sparker met Lou and I during our walk this morning. The rude thing actually *bowed*. It was partly Lou's fault, however,—she always looks, somehow, as though she wanted to flirt. Of course I was dreadfully mad, and just *withered* him up. . . .

Oct. 31st. Lou and I are getting as wicked as possible. We never think of keeping "half hours," and do all sorts of dreadful things. I am going to begin next month to turn over the best kind of a new leaf.

Nov. 2nd (Sunday). . . . Afternoon went to the chapel with Lou. We had a splendid sermon. Mr. Sparker sat almost on a line with us and stared all the time.

Nov 5th. I suppose I ought to go into sackcloth and ashes and wear a face a yard long for a week at least after what I have done to-day. Lou and I were walking down town about half-past four, when we met Mr. Sparker at the corner of Love Lane walking the other way. We were just full of the Old Scratch, and somehow, before we knew, we each gave him a little nod. Of course he bowed in the most pleased manner. . . . I don't believe there was a bit of harm in it, any way. I can't see why a girl shouldn't have a little fun sometimes, and Mr. Sparker seems to be real gentlemanly and nice. I don't believe he will ever bow when any one else — one of the teachers, for instance — is with me. I do *hope* not. I think I shall be quite cold and distant next time I meet him, and still more so the next, and so it will drop gradually.

Nov. 6th. I am just as mortified as I can be. I met Mr. Sparker down town with three of his horrid friends, and they all took off their hats in the most *conspicuous* way. Oh! I was too mortified for anything!

Nov. 12th. An awfully pokey evening. Alone, trying to write a composition. Lou was very disobliging and wouldn't help me a bit. Lou is the best girl in the world, but she has a great many faults which even I, her most intimate friend,

can't help seeing. She is so terribly envious. No one could deny that my new hat, which came to-day, is a great deal prettier than hers, and all the girls think so too; but she is just as disagreeable about it as she can be. I told her that she ought to fight against her besetting sin, but it only made her mad.

Nov. 13th. Lou Gusher and I have not spoken a word to each other for one whole day.

Nov. 14th. Lou and I "made up" last night. We couldn't stand it any longer. Lou was just too sweet for anything. She explained the whole thing, right straight through, and then we had a good long cry.

Nov. 23d. We had the funniest time at the Art lecture last night. It was awfully dull, of course, but Lou amused all our settee by making the queerest little babies out of her handkerchief and making them do the funniest things. Mr. Sparker and a whole lot of the nice, jolly Academy boys sat almost on a line with us. They got up the most ridiculous rag-baby, just like ours, and pinned it right on the wall. And some one else stole another fellow's scarf-pin and did things with it. Oh! it was splendid fun!

Nov. 23d. Am terribly busy, as Thanksgiving vacation is to commence to-morrow. I can't realize that I am actually going home, and that the dreaded term is so nearly over. I really expect to feel almost *homesick* for dear old A. A. for the next day or two, I have had such a nice, jolly time, and enjoyed myself so much.

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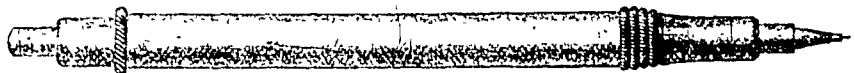
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