

The Phillipian.

VOL. VI.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., DECEMBER 8, 1883.

No. 7

A PHILLIPIAN AND HIS CRONIES.

IX.

A little group of 'cads was gathered in Ashur's room one December afternoon after the last recitation. Ashur's friends were all there, — Bengal, with his round gray eyes open wide for any item of information that he might be able to come upon; Cal, briskly nibbling at a bag of ginger-snaps, in which he seemed as much interested as the object of their meeting. Sterling, too, was there, looking like a young Apollo, and filling little Clement's soul with intense admiration by talking familiarly with him about Miss Storey and other interesting topics. Whitman was there, awaiting, with a look of eager interest on his frank, open face, the business in hand. A few others besides these were gathered in Ash's room; and from the general look of expectancy on every face, it was evident that the meeting was something more than accidental.

Ashur himself was not present, and they were awaiting his coming. They had not long to wait, for he soon appeared, carrying under his arm the strange-appearing *Key to the Physical and Spiritual Basis of Mind*, a book over which he had been poring much of late. He locked it in a drawer, and then, as he turned round to his little audience, he said, —

"We are ready now."

"Who will be the first victim?" said Bengal. "Of course there is some black art in this business, and it is as good as selling your soul to put yourself into Ash's power. I half believe he conjures up Old Nick. You all see that he is afraid for us to see that cabalistic book with the forty-rod name, which doubtless was written by the devil himself."

Little Clement looked up uneasily as Bengal spoke in his god-narured sarcastic tone, but his uneasiness vanished as he joined in the laugh that followed.

"I move that Bengal be a committee of one to attend to the devil," said Whitman.

"Certainly," said Bengal gravely, stepping up to Whitman with a most accommodating look; "what can I do for him? Does his majesty desire a bar of brimstone?"

"Brace, boys! Let's get to business," cried Cal. "We want to get through before supper."

"Yes, we must get through before supper," said Bengal, still more gravely; "if Cal should lose his supper—but then it isn't worth while to talk of impossibilities."

"Now, Clement, sit right here; that's it. Steady, now! Keep quiet, fellows!"

And Ash was beginning his promised exhibition of mesmerism. The little group became silent. First Ash, following the usual order of mesmerists, closed Clement's eyes so that he could not open them; then he put him through the familiar round of little absurdities which, in spite of their littleness, are very comical to the looker-on. After Clement had clapped his hands like a machine, followed a broomstick around as if attached to it by an invisible bond, washed away imaginary blood from his nose into an imaginary basin, and other things of like nature, Ash placed him aside and operated on another fellow whom he picked out of his little audience. Some time had been spent in putting him through such performances as Clement had gone through with, when Ash, looking keenly into the passive face of his new subject, said in a low tone, —

"Now, fellows for some fun. This chap Kane works almost as easily as plaster. Now then, Whitman, hand me my broom from the coal-closet."

The broom was straightway introduced to Kane as a beautiful maiden. Now Kane belonged to that large class which ardently cultivates what Ruskin calls "mob-courtship." Kane smiled serenely, and began a conversation which seemed very delightful to himself, but which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been extremely stupid to a third party.

"It's a fine day," said Kane, casting a languish-

ing glance at the broomstick. The weather is always a good theme to start a conversation. Everyone knows something about it; one can be sure of that; but the trouble is, it soon gives out. Kane probably found this to be true; for, after a few more remarks like his first, he hitched his chair up closer to the chair against which the broomstick leaned, and said confidentially, —

"Do you think its wrong to flirt?"

At this point the broomstick probably blushed and timidly said "yes."

"I don't; just think of the fun we can have, and—um—m—" said Kane, affectionately pursing his lips as if suggesting a kiss.

The broomstick probably blushed again, or perhaps encouraged Kane, for he gradually slid off his chair, and as if by accident, let his arm drop carelessly on the back of the chair which upheld the fair broomstick.

"It's rather cold," said Kane, in a tone of apology.

The broomstick probably agreed with him, at least it did not resent his increasing familiarity.

"Really, its very cold," said Kane, drawing still closer and letting his arm fall down between the back of the chair and the broomstick.

At length his arm was well around its supposed waist, and he was imprinting passionate kisses on it, when, amid the laughter and cries of his friends, Ash released Kane from his temporary enchantment, who, astonished and dumbfounded, gazed at the broomstick he was still embracing.

"Now we will have a still more interesting exhibition of the power of mind over mind," said Ash, beckoning Clement to sit down before him.

Clement dreamily sat himself down, while his eyes followed Ash steadily, as if fascinated by some subtle, pleasing power.

When Clement was completely under his power, Ash said, "This little fellow is pliant, elastic, passive in character as yet. He yields himself completely to my influence, and so is as fine a subject to work upon as can be found. Now we will change places; I will be Clement and he Ash; I will come to tutor."

They went through the performance perfectly. Clement assuming the air of instructor, asking questions, explaining, and finally winding up with a kind, yet firm censure for Ash's indolence.

"You need never tutor if you would study rightly," said Clement, severely, as he assigned him a lesson and then extended his hand to shake good-bye.

"Now," said Ash, "we will find out what Clement thinks of Bengal."

In a moment Clement was speaking.

"He's a queer, wild-looking fellow; and what eyes he has! I wish he would black his shoes once in a while, and if I was not afraid of insulting him, I would present him with a pair of shoe-strings. He needs them badly. How often does he shave, I wonder, and does he ever comb his hair?"

"Ha, ha, ha; Bengal, he's giving it to you," laughed Whitman.

"But there's something kind about him," resumed Clement, unconscious of the interruption, "He's a good-hearted fellow—"

"Put on your brales, Ash, that's enough of that. My wounded feelings can't be healed by smearing on soft soap. I move that the oracle reveal Ash to us, for he is the power back of this whole affair."

"Yes," cried Stirling, "I second the motion. He's been showing up the rest of us; now he ought to reveal himself."

"Oh, well," said Ash, carelessly, "if you will very well. But remember Clement speaks only what he himself thinks. I merely remove all restrictions so that he tells us all his inmost thoughts."

"Very well;" they all cried "go on."

"Then you must remember that I can control him so that if he should begin to say anything about me of unsavory odor, I can check him."

"Go on!" they cried.

Ash reluctantly complied with their demand and in a moment Clement was soliloquizing aloud.

"Ash has a beautiful face, but he looks sad sometimes. I wonder what he thinks about, or what has happened to him. He seems to be lonely—very lonely; he is reserved, but he is not cold. He has a beautiful face; I would like to—I wouldn't dare say so, for all the fellows would laugh at anybody for—"

"That will do boys," said Ash, laughing. "The fact is, I am of a bilious temperament, and that, together with a refractory liver, has produced a certain air of gloom upon my face. Clement is a kind little soul, but I suspect he is mistaken. All this talk about pain and sorrow in the world and life is an illusion of disordered stomachs, not of bleeding hearts. The pulpit has been saying so for years. Even sin is directly traceable to the liver, and virtue is the product of perfect health. Not men's lives, but their livers need mending. Instead of writing letters of sympathy, we should send a blue pill and a seidlitz powder to sorrowing friends. If a man is sad, be sure he is morbid; he has no right to be sad in so lovely a world as this, where every pig has his full supply of swill, and a chance of getting some of his neighbor's. But there goes six o'clock and it is supper-time."

As they went downstairs Bengal said to Whitman and Stirling, "I have made a discovery, fellows."

"What is it?"

"At one time while Ash was mesmerizing Kane his face took on an expression very much like that in the picture we were looking at the other day. Still, he had not so intense a look as that has."

"Well, what of it?" asked Whitman.

In the Yale-Princeton game at New York, November 24, Peters, of Exeter fame, made the only touchdown of the game. He also distinguished himself by receiving two warnings for intentional off-side play, and one for intentional tackling in touch. It is such players as this that have brought foot-ball into its present disfavor. Andover men all remember the kind of a game Peters always plays. The final action of the Harvard faculty, and the revision of the playing rules for 1884 by the foot-ball association, are awaited with interest.

As this is our last appearance before the Holidays we will improve the opportunity—to remind all delinquent subscribers that the amount of their individual subscription is the one thing lacking to the supreme happiness of our Business Manager and thus indirectly of our printer—to warn all new students against the wiles of the subscription fiend who makes his appearance at the end of each term—to remark that during the Holidays recess will be a good time to get Means Prize Essays under way—and to express our hope that none of our readers may be exiled to the sequestered shades of Boxford, nor yet be "quietly fired," but that all may enjoy a pleasant vacation and come back at its close refreshed, invigorated and ready for work.

It has been calculated that the fact that a paper has been a week or two in the reading-room enhances its value something more than one hundred per cent.

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THE traditions of many schools make the relation between the faculty and students that of hostility. So that, since all is fair in love and war, a student's ambition is often to score every point he possibly can against his teachers. There are wide differences of opinion between these two, faculty and student and this is likely to occur under the most favorable circumstances. Phillips Andover is fortunate in the friendly relations which characterizes intercourse between teacher and pupil. It therefore results that while a few individuals may not be, the mass of students are contented and happy under the school discipline, which, though strict and severe, is calculated to produce manly methods of study and work. The PHILLIPIAN, therefore, as the school representative, is not disposed to criticise the faculty and offers its sage advice on points of controversy. However, there is a matter of which the PHILLIPIAN is bound to speak as reflecting the thought of the school,—the inconvenient hours of the Sunday services. The majority of students do not object to attending service twice on Sunday, but the hours of service are such that the day is completely broken up into little fragments. With the present arrangement, the longest continuous period of time that one can find on Sunday for reading, writing letters—a sin pardonable in students—or for a walk, is two hours. The day is broken up into little sections which give it a sort of desultory, fragmentary character. One can't get well into a book before some bell or other begins to ring calling him to chapel, or to his meals. A long walk is out of the question; if any one doubts this let him try it. To be sure, Indian Ridge with its many beauties may be visited without risk of missing some service, but then a good thing becomes monotonous, and besides some fellows prefer other places to Indian Ridge—especially on Sundays. In the matter of letters, serious accidents are liable to happen. We know of a handsome senior who had just been writing to his mother and—somebody; the chapel bell rang, and in the confusion of getting off he mixed the letters, and sent the letter which only "somebody" was to read to his mother. Such things as these are very distressing.

To return, however, no fragmentary day is enjoyable, and Sunday least of all; constraint is not rest. The compulsory attendance of service is undoubtedly the best thing for a school like this, but it is not in itself a good but a bad thing, for the sense of liberty and choice is lost in compulsion. We trust that the future may bring some change in the hours of service which will make Sunday seem more free.

Now the athletic interest centres in the "Gym," and a number of questions naturally arise in this connection.—Where is the Athletic Society? All the old fellows know that it has a peculiar way of lying dormant for most of the year, and of rousing into activity during the winter. It must be time for it to make its appearance. This society does a great deal during the winter towards keeping up the athletic interest, and influencing the work in the "gym," and the new fellows ought to have a chance to join it. Another question that arises is, who shall we have for instructor in the "gym." Action ought to be taken in regard to this right away, and a suitable man secured ready to go to work at the opening of next term; for, if we have a tournament this winter, as is usually the case, the sooner work is commenced the more satisfactory will be the results. In this connection we are led to ask if we are to have any bathing conveniences at the "gym." Last year an effort was made to arrange something of the kind but failed; but that is no reason we should fail this year. The question is to arrange conveniences for bathing at a small expense, something temporary, for without doubt some friend or alumnus will build bath rooms with modern conveniences, or, perhaps, a new Gym. throughout, before many years. Some one certainly would if they realized how very uncomfortable it is to walk half a mile or so on a cold day, in sweaty clothes, before one can get a chance to bathe and change. One point in which improvement can be made is in the behavior of certain of our younger brethren. There are a few, and it is pleasant to be able to say a very few, who use the "gym" and apparatus to the annoyance of every one, except themselves. They amuse themselves by chasing each other round the room with sticks and ropes, and by throwing indian clubs at each other, and other childlike amusements, which, perhaps, amuse themselves very much, but are very annoying, not to say dangerous, to every one else, and also injure the apparatus. The indian clubs are almost ruined. There is hardly a pair that are not cracked or damaged in some way. If these fellows are so young that they know no better, or are deficient in common sense, they should be restrained by rules or in some efficient way.

IN the People's Course, the last lectures have been "Electricity," by Mr. Arthur B. Morrill, on November 30; and "Socialism," by Rev. Charles Smith, on December 3. The remaining lectures of the course are "Cromwell," by Rev. Smith Baker, of Lowell, on December 10; "The French Revolution," by Rev. F. B. Makepeace, of Andover, on December 17; and "How to do Good Cooking," on December 21. Mrs. Downs completed her course on English Cathedrals December 6 by a lecture on Canterbury.

The following is a list of the papers which will be on hand in the reading-room:—

Boston Daily Advertiser, Boston Daily Post, Boston Morning Herald, Boston Evening Transcript, New York Daily Tribune, New York Daily Sun, New York Daily Times, Chicago News, New York Nation, Springfield Weekly Republican,

Marietta Register, Harper's Weekly, New York Weekly Graphic, Scientific American, Forest and Stream, London Weekly Times, London Public Opinion, London Graphic, London Spectator, Kladderadatsch, The Critic, Literary World, Harvard Lampoon, The Continent, The Century, Harper's Monthly, North American Review, The Wheelman.

Besides the above, there will be the Phillipian exchanges.

Exchanges.

Our exchange column has been omitted heretofore from lack of space. We trust we shall make amends in the future for our shortcomings in the past.

The *Dickinsonian Liberal* comes to our table this year for the first time. It is bright, newsy, and full of humor, and is a welcome addition to our list.

The *Polytechnic* thinks that Christian associations might profitably have billiard-halls and bowling-alleys in connection with their organizations. It also contains a poem on the same subject. We quote the opening lines:—

"There is a pleasure in a game of pool,
There is a rapture in the rolling balls."

The *Occidental Mirror*, from Colorado, is a fair sample of Western enterprise. The literary matter is good, but a trifle too heavy for a college paper.

The *Yale Courant*, ever in the front rank of college publications, has fairly outdone itself in its Thanksgiving number.

The *Herald Crimson* announces that the faculty have at last granted the money to employ a director of sports, similar to Mr. Camp at Yale.

Our old friend, the *Exonian*, comes to us weekly as usual, full of news and interest.

The *Argo* exchange editor seems to have broken loose, and has been "laying all over" the Yale and Dartmouth papers.

Lasell Leaves is a model of neatness and interest. In literary matters the fair sex are fully equal to their brothers of the masculine persuasion.

Hamilton College Monthly, another girls' paper from Kentucky, is also good, but has some unmistakably feminine, or rather school-girlish, traits that might be eliminated with advantage.

The December *Wheelman* contains a number of well-written, spicy articles on a variety of subjects touching in one way or another on the various out-door sports. W. H. Butler—P. A. '83—contributes an interesting account of his trip home last summer on his bicycle, "Boston to Buffalo and Beyond." The glowing description of his adventures, and especially his experience with the "fair maidens" whom he encountered, are eminently characteristic of the author as we knew him.

The *Comet*, from Concord, N. H., comes regularly to our table, and always meets a warm welcome.

The *Carson Index* is running an excellent sheet from —, gives evidence of considerable literary ability on the part of its editors.

The following have also been received: *Adelphian, Yale News, Yale Record, Amherst Student, Philomathean Review, Academy Student, Oberlin Review, Res Academica, Willistonian, Dartmouth, Swathmore Phoenix, Latin School Register, Princetonian, High School Bulletin, Reveille, College Argus, College Cabinet, Students' Journal, Rochester Campus, Beacon, Speculum, Undergraduate, Athenæum, Colby Echo, Bowdoin Orient, High School Review, Critic, Boston Advertiser, Sunbeam, Lawrence American, Student [Keene, N. H.], Brunonian, Academician, Students' Journal, University Quarterly, Lawrenceville Record, School Migma.*

Alumnorum.

Lasell, '82, is president, and Perry, '83, is secretary of Williams '86.

Flint, '82, won second place in the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Williams, and is also on his class eleven.

E. H. Babbitt, P. A. '83, Harvard, '86, has been elected a member of the Everett Athenæum.

T. H. Harris, P. A. '82, is on the Princeton foot-ball team.

F. S. Palmer, P. A. '83, is a first violin in the Pierian Sadality at Harvard.

Dr. A. C. Perkins, P. A. '55, lately Principal at Exeter, began his work as Principal of the Adelphi Academy at Brooklyn, N. Y., in September.

The *New York World*, in giving a biographical account of S. Hastings Grant, the new Comptroller of New York, says, that when Mr. Grant was twelve years of age he was placed at St. Phillip's Academy, Andover, Mass.

Hon. Gustavus Vasa Fox, P. A. '37, died October 29, 1883. He was born in 1821, at Saugus, Mass., and in 1838 was appointed midshipman in the United States navy. In 1852 he left the navy, and for some years was engaged in business. In February, 1861, he was consulted by General Scott in regard to sending troops and supplies to Fort Sumter, and after Lincoln became President he was ordered to carry out this expedition, which failed because of the withdrawal of one of the ships. Soon after this President Lincoln appointed him assistant secretary of the navy, a post which he held through the war. One of the members of Lincoln's cabinet called Mr. Fox the really able man of the administration, and gave him the credit of the capture of New Orleans, the opening of the Mississippi, and in general of the operations of the navy. After the close of the war he was sent as special envoy to Russia to convey to the Czar Alexander II. the congratulations of our government on his escape from assassination. One result of this visit to Russia was the purchase of Alaska by the United States. In 1878, Mr. Fox was one of the speakers at the centennial celebration of the Academy.

Archibald, Caldwell, Cobb, Seymour, Washburn, and Yates, all P. A. '83, Yale '87, are in Gamma Nu.

Harper's Magazine for November has an article by H. H. Kane, M.D., P. A. '72, entitled "A Hashish House in New York," which has attracted considerable attention.

Phillipiana.

The auction is a new feature of school life here. Now is the time to patronize the Gym. Got "sold" on the *Nation* didn't you Tommy? The reading room was opened last Tuesday. The base ball men commenced practice at the Gymnasium on Wednesday.

Quite a number of fellows have been warned for low rank. Prof. Tucker will supply the chapel pulpit for the remainder of the term.

A comet is said to be visible in the north-west about six o'clock in the evening.

The eleven sit for their pictures to-day at McCormicks.

The *Philo Mirror* is in press and will probably be out the last of next week.

The skating on Pomp's pond has been very good during the past week.

The Senior Englishmen have finished Geology, and will take up Chemistry Monday.

All but seven of the fellows were present at prayers last Saturday.

Why is an Abbott Fem Sem like a ship leaving harbor? Because she avoids the buoys. (?)

Mr. Arnold's lecture on "Emersou" has been selected for him to deliver for the Senior classes December 13.

It has just transpired that Harlow of last year's Junior class entered Dartmouth last fall with only two conditions, which he has now worked off.

Cochrane distinguished himself for his fine rushing in the Yale-Harvard '87 game at Cambridge last Saturday.

We understand that the Yale faculty contemplate making French a prescribed study to be passed at entrance after 1885.

Now doth the festive 'cad betake himself to the Lawrence Roller Skating Rink to get "crushed"—"left" and walk home.

The skating rink is all right so far as the committee have anything to do with it, but the necessary amount of water in the pond seems to be lacking.

Every one should go to Mr. Arnold's lecture. It not only helps the Senior class, but gives an opportunity not to be lost of hearing one of the most distinguished literary men of the day.

The foot-ball eleven was presented with a very handsome banner after the Exeter game. We would suggest that this one be left in the Academy Hall and not disappear in such a mysterious manner as a similar one did last year.

The school is so large that the Faculty have been obliged to ask for another instructor for next term. Nearly all of the classes recite in two divisions, and this makes many of the instructors work six hours a day when three is all that should be expected of them.

Again we see the determination of the Faculty to give us the best possible fit for college in the fact that they have arranged the order of recitations so that a fellow may at his option prepare himself in any or all of the four maxima, only two of which are required for entrance to any college.

The committee have been so successful in procuring funds for the Reading Room that they have stopped their labors before canvassing half the school. Would it not be advisable for them to get all they can, and add any surplus which there may be to the campus fund?

We welcomed with pleasure the new departure at prayers Tuesday and Thursday mornings, when the papers belonging to the Reading Room were sold at auction. Nearly of them brought the subscription price, and some ran far above it. Grant served as auctioneer and seemed quite an old hand at the business.

Mr. Frank Dole will pay us his accustomed visit before Christmas, and will doubtless have a very large class in sparring. Everybody who possibly can should avail himself of this splendid opportunity of putting himself under one who has acquired such proficiency in teaching the manly art. Mr. Dole was instructor in the Gym. during the winter of '79, and has had classes in sparring for the last five years.

83. Fall & Winter. 84.

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