

# The Philippian.

VOL. VII.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., DEC. 6, 1884.

No. 7

## WHY WEBSTER WEPT.

The story which Webster used to tell can now be found in all Sunday-school books just under that fable about a George Washington and his little hatchet. "I can remember the very hill," he would say, "my father and I were ascending in the sleigh that winter's day when he told me that he had concluded to send me off to school. I was not expecting such a thing. I could not speak, but laid my head on his shoulder and wept."

This very vague, uncertain, ambiguous story shows a great head. It's "duced cleveh," as a Harvard man would say. The natural question arises—Why did Dan weep thus? It is generally supposed—as Mr. W. shrewdly intended—that his young soul did so yearn for wisdom that the thought of being permitted to drink, as it were, at the fountains of classic lore was too much for him and because of joy unutterable, he fell on his father's neck and wept. But cold-blooded science has given this question careful consideration, and has concluded that such a version is more sentimental than scientific. The school boy has been studied thoroughly by these knights of the Mysterious. They have measured his appetite and have noted that the bumps generally designated on the chart by "Mule," "Bacchus," "brotherly love"—for another fellow's sister, are in the superlative. They have compared with these Mr. Webster's weakness for fishing, his adoration of mince pie and antipathy for work—forcing him to rank as an ordinary school boy. Now all science agrees that the probable or even possible idea of the average boy weeping joyfully at the anticipation of "plugging" is a joke for Punch. Therefore the common interpretation of Mr. Webster's story resolves itself into a myth. But we do not question the veracity of Dan's—wept. Hence the only way to make immovable science and invincible truth commingle, is to find another cause for said weeping. We must seek to pierce the veil, as one might say, and there discover the forces of the animate or inanimate world which produced this tearful episode in great Webster's life. The scientific men from all over the world, which the government has employed to solve this much aggravated question, have issued the following as the only plausible explanation: In Daniel's early days the country school-master was wont to sit of evenings with the Websters in the family room, lighted only by the log fire, and tell blood-curdling tales of hazing at school until the hair of the young Websters stood erect, they were afraid to go to bed, and believed large schools a sort of purgatory for bad boys.

Daniel was about fourteen at this time. One morning Mr. Webster took Dan with him to a

neighbor-Tompson's, on some business. He stopped the old horse at the gate with a good-natured "whoa." He left Dan in the sleigh. Dan was pale and hardly breathed while the old gent was gone. When he came back he took the lines with a jerk and started the horse with a growl—and Dan knew it was all up with him. The old judge was silent—one of those awful quiets that just precede and make a storm more terrible. Dan saw a cloud on his brow, lightning in his eye, and expected thunder every minute. They were just ascending this hill which Daniel remembers so distinctly, when Mr. W. broke the silence with a voice that froze Dan's blood:—"Tompson says you were over to see Mary Ann last night—that you had this sleigh and drove five miles to a spelling school! Then you're the young man I heard stealing down the stairs after we had gone to bed! That's why this old mare's so stiff she can hardly walk. This is the reason I had to call you three times and then pull you out and thrash you before you'd get up and do your work this morning. This is the climax of your shiftless, slack, good-for-nothingness. The cows you milk go dry; the horses you tend go to bones; the potatoes you hoe go to weeds, and when I'm gone you go a-fishing. I flog you every day in the year, till I'm tired and you're blue—and what has it availed?—nothing. But, young man, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to send you to Exeter—do you hear? Oh you need'nt beg—I'll see! When those young imps have held you under the pump till you're half drowned and covered with ice; when they've smoked you nearly to death, stacked your room, tied all your clothes in hard knots and fastened you out in the hall while the icy wind twists your night-gown around your freezing limbs; when you've received two black eyes and a bloody nose, and been pounded and pummelled into jam; when besides this the teachers all flog you every day and make you live on oat meal and hash—I say when you have gone through this programme several times, I'm inclined to think you'll be ready to do as I say! The wages of sin are hard, young man—you must go to school." And then—Dan could not speak, but laid his head on his father's shoulder and "wept!"

We easily see how he "never expected such a thing," but we will wager a million against a cent that ninety-nine boys out of a hundred could "remember the very hill." Some of the scientific board believed that the old man added, "When you have blushed continually at being beaten at foot and base-ball"—but as some faint traditions were found of Exeter's having been victorious in a few small games about that time, it was thought best to leave this out, as they wished to publish nothing of which they were not sure.

YALE COLLEGE, Nov. 18, 1884.

Dear Philippian:—

If '84 ever imagined that it carried away all the skill and "sand" of Phillips, Saturday's game has proved their error. That your eleven should beat this much boasted team of Exeter's, against such great odds, is a matter of surprise and of pride to us. We all send you our heartiest congratulations. Only regretting that a game cannot be arranged with our Freshmen team, which, under the direction of Wallace as captain, is doing good work, in fact has not yet been defeated. It is late now to speak of our first impressions of Yale. The weeks which have passed so rapidly have carried with them the first sense of strangeness, and have given our class a little place in the college, and each of us a position in the class. The loneliness of these first days—which is common at the beginning of any new life—is greatly mitigated by the friendship and interest of the older Andover men. This is one of the delights of the place, that you can gather up the threads of old Phillips friendship, which the years of separation had interrupted.

The purpose of the Andover club is to keep alive this common interest. A few weeks ago the club gave its first banquet, which was an enjoyable affair, and gave the freshmen a good opportunity of meeting upper class men in a social way. We were delighted to see Dr. Bancroft, and not a little flattered that he should consider our dinner of enough consequence to take so long a journey to be present. He met a very loyal company, and responded to the feeling of the evening in his happiest manner, making, indeed, one of the best speeches we have ever heard from him. We only regretted the necessity of his early departure. One is struck by the earnest interest which the "old-boys" take in the academy. The inquiry is not only about the foot ball or base ball, but also as to the school spirit, and tone, and sentiment. One learns to look in the academy life for somewhat of the enthusiasm and loyalty which Yale men have towards their college. You may be sure that here, at least, are friendly observers of all that happens in the Academy. There have been great convulsions in Yale during the past year, and the present Freshmen class enters college with greater opportunities than any other class have ever had here. While Yale has not abandoned her conservative position, yet the spirit of progress and reform seems to have possession here. Much has been accomplished in meeting the demands of our time, and much more will be done. The effect so far has been that of their free choice most of the students continue in the studies demanded in the old curriculum, but with a greater interest and feeling of responsibility.

Andover men have taken a prominent place in '83. Wallace is Captain of the eleven, President of the crew, and is substitute on the University eleven. Ripley was on the freshmen crew which won the flags from the Sheffield freshmen. Almost all have taken a good stand, although just now there are but three men in the first division—Morrison, Paradise, Stimson. We all send our good wishes of '88.

# THE PHILLIPIAN.

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Andover, Mass.

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THE foot ball season is ended. We have accomplished what we dared not hope for, the defeat of Exeter.

As we all know, money is the essential thing for success in any project. The students have subscribed liberally, and if all the money is paid in we shall come out square. We hope every fellow will regard his subscription as a debt of honor, and pay up as promptly as he is able, so that all the bills may be paid, and the team of '84 retire from the campus free from debt.

It is now approaching the time when the board of Editors will be chosen for the year '85-86. Three of the new board will be chosen from the school upon the basis of the merit of their contributions.

We therefore invite contributions for publication. But we would say, for the benefit of some, that no anonymous contributions will be noticed. Every contributor must send his name in addition to his nom de plume, not for publication but as evidence of good faith. It is the custom of every paper in the country, and the PHILLIPIAN is no exception.

THREE years ago a very successful Glee Club was formed in the school, but since that time little or no action has been taken in regard to the matter. This year, however, the interest has been revived, and next term we may hope to hear some good singing. The Glee Club, although comparatively small, has very good voices in it and sings well together. Practice of course is what is most needed, and we would suggest that some arrangement be made so that the penalties for cutting a rehearsal be so great as to insure a full meeting every time. There is no reason why it shouldn't be a success, and we hope that the school will lend its support to it when called upon.

*L'Union Bretonne*, published at Nantes, France, says under date of November 6:—"The election of a President in place of a Vice-President, Sir Arthur is on the point of plunging the so-called model Republic into a civil war, of which it would be impossible to foresee the ruinous consequences for that country, but recently so flourishing. Processions, which number from twenty to fifty thousand individuals, men, women and children, some partisans of Mr. Blaine, others of Mr. Cleveland, move through the streets and meet on the same ground, day and night, by the sinister light of torches. At every moment serious conflicts result. The feeling between the partisans of Blaine, the Republican candidate, and those of Cleveland, the Democrat, is extending to every State both in the north and south. It cannot but augment as soon as the vote becomes known. The conflict will then be terrible, and blood will flow abundantly."

As there is but one more issue this term, we earnestly desire to have our subscription lists all marked with a big PAID, before the term closes. Constant dunning is unpleasant both to the subscriber and the collector, but it has to be done if the fellows won't pay up any other way.

The subscription list in the school is not nearly as large as it ought to be, and it is all the more necessary for this reason that all payments should be made as early as possible. The subscription price is small, and we earnestly hope that this appeal to those who have not paid will be regarded and acted upon. New subscribers will be taken for the remainder of the year for 75 cents, cash down, or \$1 if left to be collected.

WHAT a pity it is that the fem. sem. cannot take her walks by the moonlight! How lovely it would be for the cads on their way home from "engagements," to see the sad rays of Selene falling on fair form of the wandering fem! It would certainly tend more than anything else to relieve the monotony of our ways, and to infuse a pleasant poetry into our prosaic lives, to witness the stars above looking down on stars below. But there are hearts which the poetry of our pen, though we were Shakespeare's, could not touch, and into which the melting rays of the soft moon do not enter. And so the moon, to gaze upon our sentimentality, must look over left shoulder as she sinks to rest chilled white by the frost, and the thoughts that our eyes would speak, are frozen by the cold of the bleak December moon.

It seems that the fellows do not appreciate the Draper. They appreciate the prizes very well when they have secured them, but they are unwilling to go to any extra exertion for improvement in order to obtain a place on the class representation. After a place has been secured, then the fellow braces to win; but before the class it is not considered of any special use to exert one's self to "get on." Of course if the prize is worth working for at all, it is worth working for in the beginning. Many a speaker of more merit than some who have spoken at the public speaking, has lost what should have been his, merely by indifference to his opportunities. In the middle classical there is still less cause for poor speaking, for there the speakers have the personal drill of the class office. If those "who would get on" if they could" would bear these facts in mind, the speaking before the class would be improved, and there would be more desire among us to perfect ourselves in this important branch of our education.

We cannot refrain from saying a word in praise of the course of the *Exonian* since the game.

They had good grounds of belief, before the game, and we too had many fears, that Exeter would come off victorious.

But, as the old proverb puts it, "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and contrary to the expectations of both sides, and to our intense delight, Andover maintained her prestige.

Now, what we want to compliment our opponents for, is the graceful way in which they

have taken their defeat. The school organ has contained none of the bitter outburst of sarcasm of two years ago; there has been no kicking about the referee, and in fact no grumbling of any sort has reached our ears.

We cannot help but feel that such a course will tend to heighten the standard of friendly rivalry between the two sister schools, founded by the same family of generous philanthropists.

Of course it is expected that we shall feel elated over our victory, but we have said, and shall say, nothing which we would not have had said had the result been the reverse.

It was expected by all that the game on the Polo grounds, New York, on Thanksgiving day, would settle the championship for the next year either upon Yale or Princeton, with a probability in favor of Yale. But as the case stands now, we are no better off, than if the game had never been played. For the referee, Mr. Appleton, stated that as they did not play the full time allowed for the game, notwithstanding the score 6-4 in favor of Yale, the game is a tie and the championship will have to be settled either by the delegates from the various colleges at their convention or they (Yale and Princeton) will have to play another game which shall decide.

It is thought that Princeton's chances for victory were better this year than ever before, and some of the New York papers in their criticism on the game state that in their estimation Princeton's team was superior to that of Yale in the combined play, as well as in individual kicking (no slur) and tackling. As regards the manner in which this was played, as we were not present, we cannot state from our own point of view, but we can merely say that all slugging on the part of the players have been denied by the Yale men, who state that never before in their games with Princeton has such a good spirit existed between the players. In this connection it would not be out of place to state the fact that the Committee on Athletics at Harvard are trying to abolish foot-ball from the list of college sports, with what success remains to be seen. We have heard later that the students have sent in a petition desiring the retention of the sport.

## PHILLIPS' VICTORY.

Exeter boys in red and white,  
Andover boys in blue,  
Exeter boys look very nice,  
Andover boys do, too.

Exeter boys are sure they'll beat,  
Have hired Exeter band  
To meet the conquering heroes,  
As from the train they land.

Andover boys are players brave,  
Don't boast of what they'll do,  
But play with all their might and main,  
And gain the victory, too.

The game is done, our boys have won!  
With shouts the air is cleft;  
Andover boys are wild with joy!  
Exeter boys get left.

Then cheer for blue and white again,  
And give them three cheers now;  
All honor to our foot-ball team,  
The team of '84.

A. S. DICKINSON.

## Alumnorum.

'72. Walker Blaine is being urged as a candidate for the vacant judgeship in the Court of the Alabama claims, and it is thought that President Arthur will make the appointment.

Hains, '82, played on the Princeton, and Jennings, '83, and Wallace, '84, on the Yale Varsity teams Thanksgiving.

'82. Schaufler, Amherst '86, was the guest of Dr. Bancroft during the recess.

Ex-'85. Miller, Princeton '88, spent Thanksgiving in Andover. He is on the Princeton Glee Club.

'79. Geo. S. Fellows, a graduate of Amherst, '83, and now teacher in Monson Academy, visited the Academy on Thursday.

## Phillipiana.

Exeter closes the 23d.

One more issue this term.

The holiday trade has set in.

The Fem. Sem. closes Dec. 16.

Class elections will be held soon.

Only nineteen more days before Christmas.

Did your turkey taste as good as you expected?

We would call attention to Richardson & Gerts's ad. below.

Dr. Newman Smith preached in the Chapel on Sunday last.

Who will be the pitcher of the team of '85? is the question.

The scene of athletic interests is now transferred to the Gymnasium.

Carter's new block down town will be quite an addition to Main Street.

The foot-ball team went to Boston and had their pictures taken last Wednesday.

The Adams House guests were very much pleased with the Exeter cheer during Thanksgiving recess.

Our last edition of over 300 papers and extras were exhausted long before we could supply the demand.

In the Yale-Princeton game, Columbia cheered for the "blue" and Harvard for the "orange and black."

Now is the time to pay your bills. Don't let them run over into '85. Begin the New Year with a clean page.

The *Mirror* will be out in a week or two. Let every student procure one. Several new attractions are offered.

The last lecture in the "People's Course" next Monday night,—"The Mission of Jumbo," by Gen. John L. Swift.

The Chapel cuts of Tuesday last exceeded those of any one morning in the history of the Academy, under Dr. Bancroft.

It will not be long before we shall hear, "Deacon Chandler will be in the hall to settle with those having Commons Taxes."

A Clarinet is very much needed for the orchestra, and any one who can play that instrument will please speak to Mr. Clifford.

If some photographer can get a machine that will "photog" an imaginary moustache he will have the college business by the horns.

It will be impossible for the treasurer of the foot-ball team to pay the bills and make his report until all the subscriptions shall have been paid.

If you are desirous of having your picture taken early, please hand in your name as soon as possible to Mr. H. W. Whipple, who is agent for McCorinick.

Quite a number of Andover boys went to Cambridge Thanksgiving Day and were met by Mr. Woodworth, P.A. '84, who escorted the delegation through all of the principal buildings.

Those fellows who go west the coming vacation via Buffalo will have a special car. If there are any who have not arranged for berths, they can do so by conferring with Mr. F. F. Merrill.

Rev. Michael Burnham, of Boston, Class of '67, gave a very interesting lecture in the People's Lecture Course, on "Habit," last Monday evening, and came into Chapel next morning.

If you chance to go into a fellow's room and find him in a tragic attitude—threatening to stab the stove with his cane, muttering r-r-revenge and b-l-l-lood!—never mind it. He is just recovering from a try at Irving or Booth.

The celebrating rooster in our last issue looked more contented over his good dinner than excited over the foot-ball victory. "Crowing" is the principle thing about a rooster. If we can't have the crowing and rooster too, we'll take a picture of the crowing and let the rooster go.

What will the Harvard Committee on Athletics do next? They have petitioned the Faculty to forbid foot-ball hereafter, and have ordered Col. Bancroft, coach of the crew, to be discharged. Perhaps the students think they have had enough of Pres. Eliot's and Dr. Sargent's views on athletics.

Complaint is made that the members of the orchestra are not present at rehearsals as promptly as they might be, and that some members are disposed to cut quite frequently. It seems as if every member for the common cause of the success of the orchestra ought to make every attempt to be present at every rehearsal on time.

The committee on Glee Club have chosen the following men from about forty who tried for a place: First Tenors, J. H. Bonbright, C. G. Carter; Second Tenors, C. A. Corliss, G. B. Hollister, F. O'Neil, H. C. Whiting; First Bass, J. H. Strong, S. L. Smith; Second Bass, A. S. Peabody, W. B. Segur; Leader, Mr. Segur; Treasurer, Mr. Hollister.

It is understood that a number of the most athletic of the Harvard students are organizing a picked team to play "Blind Man's Buff" and "High Spy," but the Faculty of the college expresses a preference for "Copenhagen," for the reason that it is free from the boisterousness, as a rule, which characterizes the robust games named.—*New York World*.

## PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

FOUNDED 1778.

C. F. P. BANCROFT, Ph.D., Principal.  
E. G. COY, M.A., Greek.  
M. S. MCCURDY, M.A., Mathematics.  
D. Y. COMSTOCK, M.A., Latin.  
W. B. GRAVES, M.A., Natural Sciences.  
G. T. EATON, M.A., Mathematics.  
M. C. GILE, B.A., English.  
H. C. BIERWIRTH, B.A., German and French.  
PROF. J. W. CHURCHILL, M.A., Elocution.  
H. M. HOWLAND, M.A., Gymnastics.  
E. TAYLOR, Treasurer.  
H. CHANDLER, Steward.

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### HIS HEART!

Gaily sweet Fem. Sem. tripped down town, one day,  
And saw it on the asphalt, where it lay—

A watch-chain "charm"—a golden heart. A prize!  
She stoops—now in her little palm it lies!

"The sweet wee thing! Some '85—poor soul—  
Has lost his heart—and now 'tis mine! How droll!"

Her-taper fingers dangle it in glee,  
As on she glides to let her room-mate see.

Alas! A tall and manly form draws near.  
His eyes, bent on the path, to search appear.

"'Tis '85! It must be his! Oh my!  
Will he dare speak? or will the goose pass by?"

He stopped, he smiled, he doffed his hat,— "I beg  
A thousand pardons—is that mine?" he said.

"Take it," she, blushing, cried, and hung her head,  
Then laid it in his hand, and turned and fled.

But since that day, he sighs, and sits apart,  
And fondly swears she's got it still—his heart!

### SCHOOL MEETINGS.

Nov. 12, 1884.—On motion of Sawyer it was voted: That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to confer with the faculty to obtain, if possible, an addition to the Thanksgiving vacation. The chair appointed Messrs. Sawyer, Rogers and Carter.

Nov. 14, 1884.—On motion of Emans, it was voted: That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to select school colors for the Exeter game. The chair appointed Messrs. Emans, Ropes and Rogers.

Nov. 18, 1884.—On motion of Segur, it was voted: That Messrs. Noyes, Merrill, F. F., and Knowlton serve as a committee on base-ball for the ensuing season.

W. H. BRADFORD, Secretary.

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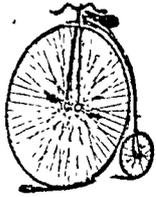
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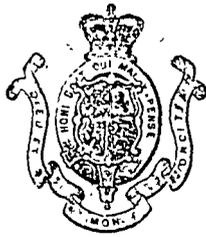
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