Original Poetry.

THE [illegible]

BY MRS. T[illegible]AD D. P[illegible]

Bright angels from the world above
Have gathered 'round the dying bed:
To [illegible] spirit's flight

And, as they tune their golden harps
With strains of heavenly lay,
The disembodied spirit leaves
Its tenement of clay;

And wings its way to realms of bliss
Beyond the rolling spheres
Beyond the sight of time and death,
Beyond this vale of tears.

Now in that bright, elysian field
Where streams of pleasure flow
Where flowers of love forever bloom
And trees immortal grow.

It joins the choir of cherubims
Around the Great White Throne
And sings angelic songs of praise
That sins have been stoned.

Andover, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

How I Married in Spite of Myself.

I was a young surgeon, just free from college and walking the hospitals, when I got my first practice in the little country town of Dunfield, Dr. Thompson of the place, was an old friend of my father's, and it was arranged that I should assist him, with an ukimate view to the whole practiman just begood look-out foove all, my friends vegainally prophesied, 'Thompson can't possibly live another ten years, you know.' So with many pleasant dreams about dead men's shoes and other cheerful subjects, I moved myself and my goods and chattles to W—shire.

Most naturally I had a good deal of curiosity as to my new friends and patients. Mine was a sociable temperament; and as I had about two hundred and fifty pounds a year of my own, in addition to what Dr. Thompson was to give me, I fancied I was in a position to have a little home and a wife of my own, provided of course that I could find some really nice girl who had a sort of grand feeling that the medical profession ought to be obliged to me for entering it.

'It isn't as if I were a fellow who had quite to earn his daily bread,' was a remark I made to my bosom friend, Charlie Somers.

I arrived at Dunfield in the early part of May. It was settled, that for the first time I should live at Dr. Thompson's, whom I found to be a cheerie old fellow, and his wife a most kind, motherly old soul. They had no children, and the house was quiet and well ordered. The practice, too, was very good.

The town had its squire, Sir William Crowhurst. His wife, lady Crowhurst, was the grandee of the place; and, by good fortune, their two little girls were my first patients, being conveniently seized with a mild touch of the measles soon after my arrival, and when the doctor happened to be laid up with lumbago. This of course, gave me a good start, and was the best introduction I could wish for to the other swells of the town, such as the clergyman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who had seven children, of whom one or the other was always ailing; Mr. Gordon the lawyer, who had also a wife and two grown up daughters; and many others.

It is true there was a rival doctor in the place, there are always rival medical men in a small town, but then he hadn't even a stray dog to experimentalise upon,' as old Thompson chuckingly told me. Mr. Snares was his unluckey name. As, however, I can only mention one or two of these people again in my story, I will not weary you with a lot of, *dramatis personæ*, who will never be accounted for; else the postmaster, chemist, dissenting minister, schoolmaster, and others, are all well worth being described, each in his or her own peculiar way.

About three weeks after my arrival, Thompson showed me a note from Mrs. Gordon, saying that her daughter had had a bad cough, would one of us come up to see her [illegible]

'Now, Mr. Gwynne,' said the doctor, 'there's a chance of distinguishing yourself. Lawyer Gordon is a smart man, and making no end of money. Mrs. Gordon is a great one for being on the sick list. Unfortunately, she doesn't like me, because she suspected me once of sending her bread pills and a water mixture, when her imaginary illness drove me beyond bounds, so that lean and hungry Snares was called in; but he injured his cause by persisting to remain for lunch, which Mrs. Gordon thought very impertinent on first acquaintance; and so it was. Now I believe that this cough is more than half to decide if you will do, or if she must send to Colchester for Dr. Sims, which will, of course cost her a great deal more. They are good patients, too good to loose; so go and do your best for us. On no account be sparing of grave shakes of the head and plenty of medicine, though it may be as innocent as you like, provided it be judiciously nasty.

'All right, sir,' was my reply; 'I'll go up at once;' and as I spoke, I rose from my seat and proceeded up stairs to put on a clean collar and a better tie, trying to think I wasn't a bit nervous. But I was; for when I was a young man I was very [illegible] ous, and never sould, to my life, give a repartee answer or get out of a mess neatly, I pushed my hair up, then patted it down again; it would not look as curly as I fondly fancied it did whenever I took the precaution of wetting it well over night and brushing it up against the grain.

'Come, come, Gwynne, make haste,' at last sounded from below.

I ran down to obey the doctors' call, and soon after proceeded up the town to Mrs. Gordon's. After I had conversed with that lady for a few minutes, that is to say she talked and I listened; she ushered me into a morning room to see my patient.

'We are quite anxious about dear Hetty,' she said; 'she's had a bad cough for some time past, and our home remedies seem to be of no avail.'

Two girls rose as I entered and returned my very nervous bow. I saw that one was tall and graceful, with a mass of black hair loosly drawn from off her face; large, soft, black eyes, a clear complection and regular features; a grand beauty, I thought. The other was different, evidently two or three years younger, with sunny, chestnut hair, that tossed in loose waves down her back, blue eyes, a little pouting mouth, a most bewitching *nez retroussé*, and a short, slight figure. A more complete contrast could hardly exist than between the two sisters. The dark one looked about twenty, the little one about eighteen. As I said, I bowed nervously and coughed two or three times, because I did not know quite what to say.

'This is our dear invalid,' said Mrs. Gordon, patting the youngest on the shoulder.

'Oh, we'll soon cure her,' Mrs. Gordon, I said with alarming cheerfulness, and coughed again.

'Physician, cure thyself,' I heard the invalid remark in a mischievous under tone.

'Oh, I've no cough, thanks, only a little tickling,' I said stupidly, as though the whisper had been for me.

However, I plucked up courage and proceeded to make my professional inquiries, which were diversely answered the mother making out the case to be very bad, quite serious, and suggesting the south of France; the daughter quizzing every thing and turning it all into a joke. I wound up my visit by again remarking as I shook hands, 'you've got a nasty cough, Miss Gordon, but we'll soon cure you.'

'Pert little thing!' I mentally ejaculated as I left the house. the dark one seems nice. How beautiful she is!

After this I paid many more professional visits at the Gordons, and soon found myself on a very pleasant, familiar footing at their house. So, from professional, I began to make friendly visits, and often joined the girls in leisure half hours, at a game of croquet or archery, or would take them for a quiet row on the river, of warm summer days. Now, Mr. Gwynne,' said the doctor, 'there's a chance of distinguishing yourself. Lawyer Gordon is a smart man, and making no end of money. Mrs. Gordon is a great one for being on the sick list. Unfortunately, she doesn't like me, because she suspected me once of sending her bread pills and a water mixture, when her imaginary illness drove me beyond bounds, so that lean and hungry Snares was called in; but he injured his cause by persisting to remain for lunch, which Mrs. Gordon thought very impertinent on first acquaintance; and so it was. Now I believe that this cough is more than half to decide if you will do, or if she must send to Colchester for Dr. Sims, which will, of course cost her a great deal more. They are good patients, too good to loose; so go and do your best for us. On no account be sparing of grave shakes of the head and plenty of medicine, though it may be as innocent as you like, provided it be judiciously nasty.

'All right, sir,' was my reply; 'I'll go up at once;' and as I spoke, I rose from my seat and proceeded up stairs to put on a clean collar and a better tie, trying to think I wasn't a bit nervous. But I was; for when I was a young man I was very [illegible] ous, and never sould, to my life, give a repartee answer or get out of a mess neatly, I pushed my hair up, then patted it down again; it would not look as curly as I fondly fancied it did whenever I took the precaution of wetting it well over night and brushing it up against the grain.

'Come, come, Gwynne, make haste,' at last sounded from below.

I ran down to obey the doctors' call, and soon after proceeded up the town to Mrs. Gordon's. After I had conversed with that lady for a few minutes, that is to say she talked and I listened; she ushered me into a morning room to see my patient.

'We are quite anxious about dear Hetty,' she said; 'she's had a bad cough for some time past, and our home remedies seem to be of no avail.'

Two girls rose as I entered and returned my very nervous bow. I saw that one was tall and graceful, with a mass of black hair loosly drawn from off her face; large, soft, black eyes, a clear complection and regular features; a grand beauty, I thought. The other was different, evidently two or three years younger, with sunny, chestnut hair, that tossed in loose waves down her back, blue eyes, a little pouting mouth, a most bewitching *nez retroussé*, and a short, slight figure. A more complete contrast could hardly exist than between the two sisters. The dark one looked about twenty, the little one about eighteen. As I said, I bowed nervously and coughed two or three times, because I did not know quite what to say.

'This is our dear invalid,' said Mrs. Gordon, patting the youngest on the shoulder.

'Oh, we'll soon cure her,' Mrs. Gordon, I said with alarming cheerfulness, and coughed again.

'Physician, cure thyself,' I heard the invalid remark in a mischievous under tone.

'Oh, I've no cough, thanks, only a little tickling,' I said stupidly, as though the whisper had been for me.

However, I plucked up courage and proceeded to make my professional inquiries, which were diversely answered the mother making out the case to be very bad, quite serious, and suggesting the south of France; the daughter quizzing every thing and turning it all into a joke. I wound up my visit by again remarking as I shook hands, 'you've got a nasty cough, Miss Gordon, but we'll soon cure you.'

'Pert little thing!' I mentally ejaculated as I left the house. the dark one seems nice. How beautiful she is!

After this I paid many more professional visits at the Gordons, and soon found myself on a very pleasant, familiar footing at their house. So, from professional, I began to make friendly visits, and often joined the girls in leisure half hours, at a game of croquet or archery, or would take them for a quiet row on the river, of warm summer days. Had I been a clicky fellow, likely I might have become far more intimate than I was, might have called them Alice and Hetty, as every body else in the house did. But I was far too nervous and too shy, and so to me they were always the Misses Gordon.

When the autumn tints were beginning to appear in the woods of Dunfield, I discovered that loved Alice, the dark one, and if she could like to live on three hundred a year, in a snug little house of her own I should like it too; but I dared not tell her. I could laugh and joke with Hay but with Alice I was always shy an nervous.

Time passed on, perceived that with Mr. and Mrs Gordon I was a favorite. I could see that Hetty too, liked me, and I hoped Alice did but she was so quiet and matterly I old not judge so well.

When Christmas approched there was a good deal of sickess about, and I could not go home as I intended; so Mrs. Goodwin kindly bged me to come and dine with them.

'Go, go, my dear fell,' said friendly Dr. Thompson, whel demarred at leaving them. Go and joy yourself and look out for the mistletoe. So I gladly accepted the invitation.

On Christmas eve let the girls out walking, and they kind said they were glad I was coming.

'Cousin Willie is coing too,' cried Hetty, and she glanced slyly at Alice.

'Who is cousin Wlie?' I asked, wishing I might mix nill for him.

'Oh, he is our only cousin and papa's ward,' was the reply, he always comes at Christmas.'

'I'll come early,' I said making a mighty effort, 'as I wnt to speak to Mr. Gordon.'

'Oh do—come as erly as you can, said Hetty.

'Old Thompson wits me to look out for the misletoe, I said foolishly, by way of saying something.

'Oh, we've got piny of that ready, eh, Alice?' said Hty.

'How tiruso me on are, Hetty!' said Alice, warmly, ad blushing a painful crimson.

Well, it was sily of Hetty; and before me too! But I was so glad to see the blush that I did st notice the little show of temper. Between you and me render, she had nee or twice shown that she had a teper.

I went home, pndering on the way what I should do I could not dine there with my hert bursting with my secret and feelings might explode at any moment. Then there was cousin Willie, too, If hishould pay my beautiful Alice any attention, I might not be able to control my feelings. So I determined to write o her, ask my fate, and go up before dinner for my answer If I were accepted, have a merry Christmas; if rejected, go home and—and—well nearly die of a broken heart.

I was delighted with the idea, and almost ran home to put it into execution. But how esy to get out pen, ink and paper! how dicult to write! I tore up letter after letter; again and again I tried; but the hopelessnes of trying to express my feelings was great. Should I leave it and go and say my say in person? No, no, I could not do that. My tongue would cleave to my mouth; the very thought seemed to deprive me of all power of articulation. Here goes, I said at last. I will write it off at once and I won't read it over.

'My dear'—here I was at a full stop already. How was I to begin? If I were doing it personally, I might try the effect of 'Alice,' spoken in a low, deep tone, but it looks so cool on paper. Therefore I began again: 'My dear Miss Gordon'—I can't remember my words though no doubt my wife does, but I know my letter was very tender and, I hoped, very earnest and impressive.

I was once more puzzled how to end my epistle but at last decided on—

'Believe me, dear, dear Miss Gordon waiting in trembling hope, and fear, yours in life and death, your [illegible] and, forever,

'PHILIP GWYNNE.'

This I dispatched, by Master Gordon, enclosing a note for the young lady's papa, to be delivered at her discretion. You may believe I scarcely closed my eyes all that night.

Next day, Christmas day, I was to busy to attend church; but I got clear about four o'clock, and hastily dressing myself, started for Mr. Gordon's. He met me warmly.

'Come in here, my dear fellow,' said he; 'I can't tell you how pleased she is my wife I mean. And I am quite satisfied as to worldly affairs. Quite. Old Thompson's is a good practice. We must have a settlement you know; but that'll be all right. Rather you have her than the earl. God bless you! I am pro d to call you son. I've spoken to her. She loves you, my boy, loves you dearly, she says, and has done so long. And now that you are one of the family, I may as well tell you a secret. My youngest daughter is engaged, too. Yes, Alice and my nephew William are going to make a match of it. Don't look so astonished. She'll make him a good wife; for though she is a year younger than dear Hetty she looks older you know and more steady and sedate. But Hetty's a dear girl, and will, I'm sure, make you happy. Don't speak, don't speak! There, I'll send her in.' And off the lawyer bolted in his usual jerkey way before I could speak a word.

Was I mad? was I dreaming? Alice the younger?—Alice engaged! Hetty loving me dearly! what on earth was it all about? How could I have been such a fool? A thousand hitherto unnoticed facts crowded on my brain confirming the statement. How could I have trusted appearances so utterly, and taken her for the eldest without being certain She engaged; and wild, merry, sweet Hetty loving me! It still would not enter my brain. What should I do? Get up, bolt, and explain afterward?

I sprang up to obey the impulse. As I did so, the door opened, and with downcast eyes and rosy blushes Hetty came in. I rushed eagerly toward her and grasped her hands. I would confess all, I thought. 'Hetty'—I began. She mistook my action, my words, for affection. She came nearer to me, responded to my warm clasp, and then, overcome by shyness, hid her pretty curley head on my shoulder. My embarassment momentarily increased. 'Oh, Hetty, Hetty—' I began once more.

'Dear Philip,' she whispered in reply to what she deemed affection, I am so happy, Philip.'

What could I do tell her it was all a mistake, and thus blight the bright young life and heart forever? In that one second I made a great decision. My chances of happiness had fled. I would sacrifice myself and marry her, and she should never know the truth.

I bent down and whispered, 'God bless you, Hetty, I will try and make you happy; and I kissed the wild, teasing girl, now so gentle, so winning, so sweet. I could not rudely break her heart.

She looked up and then hid her face again on my shoulder, and clung to me to hide her emotion. Was it possible to love her? Ought I not to be thankful? Had I married Alice—no, I mean proposed to her—I should only have been rejected, and gone away miserable; now I had a real true heart to love me. Surely, surely, in time I might return her affection.

'Can you be happy with me, Hetty?' I asked.

'Oh, Philip, indeed I can,' she replied.

'I always feared you laughed at me,' I said.

'I only laugned to hide my feelings,' said Hetty.

'I am not rich, Hetty,' I continued.

'Yes you are, she exclaimed. I am not worthy of you.

There was no escape for me. She would not see me in my worst light. She would love me.

We sat down side by side. She prattled to me how Alice and Willie had long loved each other, but it had never been a settled thing till now, as his position had not been such that he could marry.

'And Alice is so glad on Hetty, little thinking [illegible] ware. She says [illegible] kind of a man she would brother. You know it was half to want you for Philip?'

'No, dearest,' I stamo not.'

I could not talk to her ed to mind my silence. hand, dreaming, thinking was repeating my le Somers; telling him all for Alice. Now I must was Hetty I ment. Oh whirl my poor brain is

At last, to my great Mrs. Gordon entered shook me warmly by th 'Dear Mr. Gwynne, the would rather give my w to than you. Alice, tho quiet and steady, she is ble of acting for her always be kind and t won't you?'

'Of course he will—' cried Mr. Gordon. Co wash your hands.'

Deeply grateful for that my hands were di If I felt I shou'd burst s something equally abs there) I followed him.

'What time do you don?' I asked.

'Six,' he replied. quarter past five.'

'Ah, I shall just be I find I have forgott about a certain mee allow me, I'll just run gery, for it will not d about physic.'

'Certainly not, ce Mr. Gordon; 'thoug and i the circumstan six sharp.'

I almost ran off. my surgery by my la it was empty. Loo sank into a chair and What should I do? escape was now. Sh note to say I was s and see what to-m Should I pack up my character and profes and bolt? They alternatives. I al But was I not a m not going to act un man? After plight receiving her shy k explain? And yet right to marry one other? Why had t Alice, and told me dopeless? Why di eyes and see that, ences, she was the to ask that now.

My duty was clear smoothed my tu my hot temples in determined to be a m I would act my pa to make it natural

So I retraced my the Gordon's draw struck six. I was to Cousin Willie. ded fellow, loo a gentleman, and Alice, and she of I felt better when After all, Hetty w her wavy, glossy h with their now, soft what shy smile rou I declare I foun them to my little o felt quite proud a dining-room.

What need I s day my lot grew su dearer and dear knew her otherwis tempered; while not tell tales—Al I am very fond of ews and neices; b love is my own m

We have now years, and little c home; and as I w wife leans over m how out of my w best and truest eyes mischievous Phil, what a hy though you had of yourself!'

Harper's Magazine.

The November number complete the [illegible]th volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. While no change is contemplated in the general character of the Magazine, the Conductors will not fail to avail themselves of any suggestions which may add to its present interest or permanent value. Special and increased attention will be given to the departments of Popular Science and Industrial Arts. Papers on these subjects will be profusely illustrated. It is proposed that the various Editorial Departments shall give a complete resume of the times. Each of these departments is placed in the charge of one member of the Editorial Corps, all, however, under the supervision of the Editor in Chief. The Easy Chair will comment upon topics relating to social life and manners. The Book Table will criticise the important books of the day. The Monthly Record will note all important political events. The Drawer will present the facetiæ and anecdotes of the times.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any other similar periodical issued in the English language. Thus the ample space at the disposal of the Conductors will enable them to treat fully all the topics embraced in their plan.

The publishers feel themselves warranted in making and anticipating for the future a continuance of the favor which has been accorded to their enterprise in the past.

Harper's Weekly.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated record of, and commentary upon the events of the times. It will treat of every topic, Political, Historical, Literary, and Scientific, which is of current interest. In November a new Story will be commenced by Wilkie Collins, the author of *No Name*, *Armadale* and *Moonstone*. Subscribers will be furnished with the WEEKLY from the commencement of the story to the close of 1870 for $4 00.

Harper's Bazar.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the Home. It is especially devoted to all subjects pertaining to Domestic and Social Life. It furnishes the latest Fashions in dress and ornament; describes in door and out-door Amusements; contains Stories, Essays, and Poems—every thing, in brief, calculated to make an American Home attractive.

TERMS FOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Copy for One Year.... $4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Copy for One Year $4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Copy for One Year $4 00

The three publications, the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR, will be sent to any address, for One Year, for $10 00; any two of them for $7 00.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five Subscribers who send $4 00 each in one remittance, or six Copies, without extra copie, of either publication for $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY, each containing the Numbers for a Year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid by the Publishers.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 20 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable strictly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE, Weekly, or BAZAR will find on each wrapper a Number or date which indicates the time their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription is over.

In ordering the Magazine, the Weekly, or the Bazar, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a **Post Office Order** or **Bank** payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the order or draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. The Post-Office Department recommends that, when neither of these can be procured, the money be sent in a **Registered Letter**.

All Postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Fee fifteen cents.

JUST THE THING

What is the use of going away from home, for an article, when you can get the best right at your door

J.C. Green, Green's Corners

is agent for the

Singer's Sewing Machine,

the best machine there is made. Call and see it work and satisfy yourself 3m

National Hotel,

BELMONT, N. Y.

ADAM SHULTS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

This old and favorite resort for the traveling public and the citizens of Allegany county, has again passed into the hands of the undersigned, who, having thoroughly renovated and re-furnished it, flatters himself, from his long experience in the business, that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. He desires to see his friends and the traveling public, generally.

Free carriage to and from all Passenger trains. Good Stabling, etc. 1y. SHULTS.

Hogs, Pigs---Pigs, Hogs.

I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allegany and surrounding counties, that I have a few more of extra breed of Hogs, known as the

WHITE CHESTER,

have two Breeding Sows, (one with pig) one boar and a number of Shotes. Which I will sell at a bargain.

H. BROWN.

Andover Oct. 25.

American Hotel.

ANDOVER, N. Y.

B. B. MILLER, - -Proprietor.

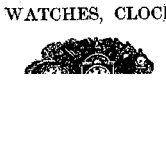
This old and favorite resort for the traveling public and the citizens of Allegany County, has again come to the hands of the under signed, who, having thoroughly renovated and refurnished the house, flatters himself that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy.

B. B. MILLER.

Andover Advertiser.

BOOTS

WATCHES, CLOCKS,



IT PAYS

TO GO TO