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ANDOVER ADVERTISER.

VOL. 2, NO. 14.] ANDOVER, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1870. [WHOLE NO. 66.

THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER has the Best JOB OFFICE IN THE COUNTY.

Job Department.

Having last made some important additions to the material of our establishment, we stand ready to do all kinds of Job Work in the neatest style, on short notice. Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1w.	2w.	4w.	2m.	3m.	6m.	1y.
sq.	$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$2.75	$3.50	$5.00	$6.00
2 sq.	1.75	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	8.00	10.00
3 sq.	2.50	3.50	5.00	6.50	8.00	12.00	15.00
4 sq.	3.50	5.00	6.50	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
1 col.	6.50	9.50	12.50	15.00	18.00	27.50	35.00
1 col.	7.00	10.00	13.00	15.50	18.50	28.00	35.00
1 col.	12.00	18.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	50.00	75.00

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On and after Monday, Jan. 10, 1870, Trains will leave Andover as follows (Sundays excepted):
GOING WEST.
6.37 A. M. Way Passenger, (Sundays excepted.)
1.06 P. M. Day Express Mail, (Sundays excepted, connecting at Corning for Dunkirk, Buffalo, etc.)
6.35 P. M. Day Express, (Sundays only, connecting with train leaving Hornellsville at 10.45 A. M.)
11.45 P. M. Night Express Train, Daily, for Hornellsville and the West.
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1.36 P. M. New York and Baltimore Mail, (Sundays excepted, connecting at Hornellsville.)
5.05 P. M. Hornellsville Accommodation, Daily.
7.20 P. M. Way Passenger, (Sundays excepted.)
A revised and complete "Pocket Time Table" of Passenger Trains on the Erie Railway and connecting lines, has recently been published, and can be procured on application to the Ticket Agent of the Company.
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I will sell for the next 30 days, at cost, a large stock of WINTER DRESS GOODS, consisting in part, of MORENOS, PAREMETTAS, POPLINS, DELAINES, SCOTCH PLAIDS, and ALPACEAS.

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Woolen Shawls, Heavy Cloths, Ready-Made Clothing, Ladies Cloaks and Sacques, Hoods, Scarfs, Gloves, Breakfast Shawls Under Shirts and Drawers, Furs, &c., &c.

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Woolen Blankets, Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, Hats and Caps, &c., &c.

I hope my friends will not be bashful but call early and often, and secure some of the bargains to be had here, for the next thirty days.

Andover, Feby 17, 1870. J. J. Harman.

NEW GOODS
AT
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Miscellaneous.

KATY'S SECRET.

BY MARY E. CONSTOCK.

'Don't you wish you knew?' The words were uplorne by a long ripple of musical, saucy laughter. 'Don't you wish you knew, Seth Howe?'

The speaker stood with her hands behind her. Her shaker had dropped off, and hung by the strings below her matted, curling hair, which the last of the sunset rays were tinging with gold. The saucinesa and glee of the bright, dark eyes were exasperating in the extreme, and Seth Howe turned resolutely away, and addressed himself to milking in a most energetic, business-like manner.

'Don't you wish yet knew?' said the little girl, with a particularly tantalizing accent; and cautiously, without a change of position, she drew a long straw, and applied, with most delicate touches, to the part of Seth's neck left exposed beneath the straight hair by the low collar.

The young man gave a shrug, and pretty soon a brush of the hand, and finally a sudden—'Is that you, Kate? Off with you! Quick, I say!

And another prolonged rill of laughter bore up the words—'I knew I'd make you speak. I knew I would—Say, don't you wish you knew Seth Howe?'

Seth had taken the milking-pails that night, and gone out in a humdrum mood. He was tired. He was manfully tired at the close of the day. Seeing him thus in the broken straw hat and short working-jacket, you could not tell what style of a young man Seth really was at his best. To do that, you needed to see him coming home from prayer-meeting with pretty Jenny Halsey on his arm. Then his form was erect, his step, albeit a lingering one, was yet firm and graceful; his eye was bright, and his tone soft as a flute's. Everybody said he was engaged to Jenny Halsey, but it was only a tacit engagement. No formal words had ever been spoken, in truth, the two had been so happy together in silent, mutual understanding, that words had thus far seemed unnecessary in the sweet, bright dream.

To-night, as Seth came out with the milking-pails, he caught sight of the whisk of a white pocket-handkerchief, and in imagination he caught a whiff of the delicate perfume his brother used as Tracy Howe's quick step made progress toward Squire Halsey's.

Tracy was home for a long vacation now. Tracy had been for some years past a clerk in the city. Too close confinement, he said had threatened to make him ill, and he had come home to rusticate awhile. Confinement to any kind of work in the old time, when the two had been boys together, had been wont to make Tracy ill. And, too, he had been such a pretty lad, his step-mother's favorite, and possessed of such a winning manner and a great deal had never been required of him. Seth had been accustomed to taking his brother's hard as and to seeing that brother preferred before him. The father had resolved to try to send Tracy to college, but before he was quite fitted to enter, study had proved as unsuited to his delicate constitution as other labor.

Seth watched him now as he crossed the field. Tracy carried something under his arm. It was his flute snugly encased. Jenny Halsey loved music dearly, and Seth did not play, and very rarely sang. His eyes followed for a few moments his brother's moving figure, and his teeth were set, and his teeth pressed firmly together, as he planted the three-legged stool with rather more force than he had intended, and addressed himself to his task with more than ordinary vehemence.

'Don't you wish you knew what I know?' sang out a voice from the old apple-tree—'dand you now, Seth Howe?' And he kicking up, Katy's face, peeping down upon him from among the leaves, had been provokingly discernable, as, curled up, she hall lay among the branches.

'What are you doing up there, I'd like to know?' was the brusque salutation in a quick disturbed tone. Perhaps a sudden consciousness of the bit of pantomine just enacted came to him with the knowledge of an observer.

'Oh! enjoying myself, and watching you, mostly—you and somebody else crossing the field over there.' Aw in some secret glee the small creature caught hold of an upper branch and swung herself in an ecstasy of satisfaction to and fro.

'Don't do that!' said Seth in a about as much. Don't you think so, Seth?'

The young man sought refuge in dignified silence, and the little girl, dropping herself to the ground, had come and stood beside him as narrated.

'What is it you know, Kate?'

'Goody! I wanted to make you ask me. I knew you would. But I can't tell; it wouldn't be honorable!' and pronouncing the last word in a mock-serious tone, she hugged herself, and gave way to various ebullitions of self-approval.

'Go away, Kate, I dont want you here!'

'I didn't suppose you did. Thought I'd come all the same. Be magnanimous, you know.'

'Where did you find that long word?'

'Ain't it a big one? I got it out of the book Tracy bought me.'

At the mention of Tracy, the cloud came back to the brother's face.

'Tracy uses big words, let's of 'em. I wonder if that's what makes Miss Martin say he is such an agree-able young gentleman.'

'Kate.'

'What?'

'Will you go into the house?'

'Can't precisely say I will.'

'Cherry won't stand still while you're dancing and capering around so.'

'Oho! Cherry don't care for me.—Do you, Cherry? I'll hold her;' and the child came and threw an arm, for as her low height would let her, over the cow's neck. 'Be still, Cherry!' At which injunction the cow took a step forward, which movement necessitated a change of position on the part of the young man in the straw hat and short jacket.

'Kate, you are growing to be a very aggravating, troublesome girl.'

'I know it, and when I grow up I will not be considered a young lady.—No one will like my companionship if I do not change my course, and I will be lonely and unhappy. I'll tell you the rest of it if you want me to. I know it will be honorable. I'll save you the trouble!'

The little girl had kept her place by Cherry, and she leaned her head against the cow's neck as she spoke.

'I'll tell you what that is about if you want to know, Seth Howe.'

'Who what's about?'

'Why, what you asked me, and I wouldn't tell you. Because it wouldn't be honorable, you know.'

'Tell then, if you want to!'

'About'—and Katy paused, and the young man raised his eyes involuntarily—'Jenny Halsey.'

The crimson tide that swept full into his face at the unexpected name, did not escape Katy's notice.

'That's all I can tell. But I advise you to go over there a little oftener now-a-days, I do,' in a serious tone.

'One from the family is enough,' escaped the young man between his set teeth.

He would have given much to recall the expression a moment later, as Katy's serious eyes, slowly regarding him, took sudden inventory of a shock of hair that had somehow escaped through a rip in the straw, and recollection flashing back the dramatic look with which he had regarded Tracy crossing the field, the genius of the ludicrous inspired one of those sudden rippling laughs, and caused him to spring suddenly to his feet.

'Off with you, Cherry! Kate, you're a witch. I should think you'd be afraid to go to sleep nights. Lucky for you that you don't live in Salem' and he strode down through the garden with the brimming pail of milk.

Seth communed with his own heart that night. Even that child, Katy, saw how matters stood, he reflected; it must be patent to every body. Tracy should have the field, he resolved. If Jenny could be swerved by a trick of manner and a new face, why, it was time the fact was understood and met. The matter should be treated. He was not one that should stand in the way of either. The glory of self sacrifice appealed to inner consciousness as never before. But Seth fought a battle that night. Its effects were visible in his haggard face next morning, when, after an early breakfast and several hours in the field, he chanced to re-enter the house, and found Tracy in his dainty summer suit discussing his late cup of coffee.

'Beautiful morning?' offered Tracy in his pleasant voice—'I'm delighted! I have promised to take Miss Halsey after pond lilies. Would you go around the bend, Seth, or across the other way?'

the two routes in measured accents, then turned and left the room.

Tracy did not perceive anything unusual in tone or manner. He was not magnetic. He was never made unhappy by the crossing of spiritual currents. Let half a dozen persons be at swords' points with each other, and Tracy could come into the room and utter his little common-place pleasantries for an hour, and never perceive the lack of harmony, unless, indeed, wordy combat were raging high. Tracy never felt stifled at spiritual atmospheres.

Seth stood outside the old doorway, motionless a moment, after he had left his brother breakfasting in the cool, shaded room. Then he drew a deep inspiration, and there was unusual energy in his step as he crossed the yard under the elms. Evidently, Seth was one that would work hard under trouble, real or imaginary.

Katy, up in the garret poring over an antiquated volume of ghost stories, did not hear the little dialogue, but, peeping from the window, she did catch sight of Tracy as he set out with the ladies on their expedition.

'There's Tracy, and I do believe he's taking Jenny Halsey and Sid Bulkley after pond lilies. Oho! won't Seth look fierce again?' she exclaimed. 'Won't I have some sport? Serves him right. Why don't he act like a man? Before I'd give up in that way?'

Picnics, sails, and other parties, were on programme for the month, but preoccupied when in Jenny's company with his brother, Seth's contribution to the general fund of entertainment seemed dull indeed, in comparison with Tracy's elaborate small talk and musical offerings. Seth was no dissembler.

'Dont look so glum, Seth,' once expostulated fearless Katy in an aside. 'It isn't the right thing for you to do. I'm posted, or I wouldn't say so. Why, I should think that Jenny——'

'You daring child, not another word!' interrupted Seth, laying a hand on her shoulder. 'What is it you've got to tell? You said something of the kind once before. Speak out; I'm not to be tampered with.'

Seth's temper had been not a little tried by Tracy's assumption of right to provide for Miss Halsey's comfort on all occasions. It was Tracy's way to render little attentions gracefully, Jenny accepted in her own sweet way. And Seth may or may not have magnified the watchful tact of the services rendered. Few men can understand the individuals of the brotherhood denominated 'ladies' men.' Seth did not realize in what irritation he addressed his little sister.

'I can't tell, Seth,' said the little girl. 'I can advise you, though.'

'Advise, you chit!' was the ironical expression of Seth's eye, as he steadfastly regarded her a full minute, and the unabashed black eyes returned the gaze with interest. 'Hear me now—I 'advise' you, Kate, to hold your peace. Not a word more; I'm in earnest.'

A long, low, musical laugh was the only answer as the child broke from him.

'I believe the girl is a witch, verily,' said Seth Howe.

Weeks sped, and village gossip said Tracy Howe had come home to good or bad purpose, as the case might be. Seth had evidently retired from the lists, and his brother to general vision, enacted the part of accepted suitor.—Tracy's gift of pleasing had won most of the village hearts, and Jenny was a favorite. There were surmises as to whether she and Seth had quarrelled. There were queries as to how Seth looked upon the matter. But no one knew. Few but Kate, who feared no one, could take familiarities with Seth.

Katy's unsuspected sympathies were being wrought upon more than she was aware. Night after night she had watched Seth leave the house and cross the field in the direction of Squire Halsey's. Kate felt slowly the spirit of the errand that took him thither, but she had no gift of clairvoyance by which she could see him stand there in the solemn night, with folded arms, under the tall pine at the edge of the grove, gazing from afar up at the lighted window of Jenny's room as a devotee might at a shrine. She did not hear murmured words that passed the young man's lips in the still night. But she had sometimes caught sight of the hard, determined face when he came back.

Katy decided to make investigations. She came into the cool parlor in the most matter-of-fact way one

tle figure before him; a supercilious smile slowly curled his thin lips.

'Upon my word!' And the tone said more than the words.

'Don't look so, you smooth, selfish Tracy;'

'Upon my word!' once more ejaculated the young man.

'Tell me, because it ought to be known,' and the little girl took a step forward, and her eyes were burning bright, 'is it true what Mrs. Griswold was talking about—are you going to marry Jenny Halsey?'

'I advise you to investigate bureau drawers, Miss Kate, in pursuit of knowledge of under difficulties. Listening at key holes perhaps would be in your line of investigation.' And the sarcastic smile still wreathed the thin lips. 'I certainly shall not take the trouble to inform you by ordinary methods, when you have such admirable means of eliciting information.'

'You know, Tracy Howe!' began Kate.

'Yes, I know I spoiled a little investigation of yours one morning,' running his fingers through his perfumed hair, and speaking with a very perceptible taunt in his metallic voice.

Kate's cheeks crimsoned, and she felt a choking sensation in her throat. She did not wait to hear more. Not the privilege of having a table at a fancy fair—which, by the way, had for a year or two past been an ambition making young lady-hood enticing—would have induced Kate to let Tracy or anybody else see a tear in her eye, and she sprang away excitedly as Tracy threw an arm out to detain her, and like some hurt, wild thing, ran out, and down to the locust thicket.

'He knows better,' said the little girl. 'He might know better; but he never will believe me. Aunt Debby sent me to his drawer to see if any more of his socks needed mending, and the picture lay right there. It was so lovely, and I never thought what I was doing, how could I help picking it up. I did not know I had the letter in my hand. I did not, whatever Tracy may say. I took it up with the handkerchiefs to make room for the clean things. And to think he should have come in just then, and believed what he did. Oh! dear,' and a great, suppressed sob shook the little girl, 'I wouldn't have read that letter. Nothing would have tempted me to read it; but he never will believe it, and I cannot make him—never, never! Kate Howe.'

Pronouncing her own name in a changed voice, with one effort she suddenly, resolutely checked her tears and calmed herself. 'Stop this. You know you didn't do anything blameable. You know it. What a little goose you are to fret over what Tracy thinks, and you can't help. I'm ashamed of you. Go and tie up your sweet peas.'

Katy was a lonely child this summer. Aunt Debby was always occupied with domestic concerns, any of which she would rather transact than intrest that 'piece of mischief, Kate,' in them. Her principle playmate was gone away to spend vacation. Seth, who through the little girl's orphanage had always been her best friend, regarded her with displeasure, and, in his irritable state of mind, had less patience with her teasing mods than usual.

Katy was getting to have spasmodic attacks of being miserable.

It was late in the afternoon. She had picked her dish of currants for tea, and had set it down in the shade of a big horseradish leaf while she went to make her daily visit to a nest of young birds.

Star, handsome, dainty-stepping Star, came trotting up with a low whinny, and put his head over the garden fence where she was standing.

Katy was on the top of the fence very specifily, and both arms were around the horses neck. 'Oh! dear old Star, I'm glad to see you. You're the best frid I've got, Star. I wish I had some sugar for you. Aunt Debby won't give it to me, though; and if I do open bureau drawers when I'm told to, I don't take sugar lumps even for you, dear Star,' and she laid her cheek on the white spot on the horse's forehead, 'I'm wretched, really, Star. That blessed, cross old brother of mine, he troubles me a lot. He is growing wonderfully thin, and he won't even eat potpie—Aunt Debby's potpie—think of that, Star! He don't eat or sleep, and all because he's such a foolish fellow