Andover Advertiser.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY
BARNARD & UNDERHILL.
ANDOVER, ALLEGANY Co., N. Y.
OFFICE FIRST DOOR WEST OF B. C. BRUNDAGE'S OFFICE.
TERMS—$1 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ANDOVER ADVERTISER.

VOL. 2. NO. 15.] ANDOVER, ALLEGANY CO. N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1870. [WHOLE NO. 67.

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

Job Department.

Having just made some important additions to the material of this Department, 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.
1 sq.	$1 00	$1 50	$2 50	3 75	5 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 sq.	1 75	2 50	4 00	5 75	6 25	12 00	[illegible]
3 sq.	2 50	3 25	5 50	[illegible]	[illegible]	17 [illegible]	[illegible]
¼ col	3 50	5 00	5 75	12 [illegible]	6 00	22 25	34
⅓ col	5 50	8 50	12 [illegible]	15 75	19 [illegible]	27 [illegible]	[illegible]
½ col	7 00	9 00	12 00	15 00	25 00	31 00	50
1 col	10 00	12 00	15 [illegible]	20 [illegible]	35 [illegible]	[illegible]	

☞ No notice less than $1.
☞ Editorial Notices, 15 cents a line each insertion.
☞ Legal Notices Required by law to be published will be charged at the legal rates.
☞ Business Notices, 20 cents a line first insertion; 15 cents a line each subsequent insertion.
☞ Advertisements without directions as to time kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
☞ Obituary Notices, embracing more than the ordinary announcement of death, and Obituary Poetry, ten cents a line.

Business Directory.

Cards of [illegible] lines or less will be inserted in this column one year for $5; every subsequent line [illegible].

PHYSICIANS.

W. W. CRANDALL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office on Main st. Andover, N. Y.

DEL. McCLARY, M. D. Office at Residence, corner Main and [illegible] street, Andover.

Dr. L. A. Simons, Electrician, and Homoeopathic Physician. Office and residence two doors west of the Baptist Church, on Washington street, Belmont, Allegany Co., N. Y.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

Angel & Jones, Attorneys at Law, Belmont, N. Y.
WILKES ANGEL. [illegible]

V. A Willard, Attorney and Counselor at Law [illegible] Block [illegible] Belmont, N. Y.

Rufus Scott, Attorney and Counselor at Law, office over [illegible], N. Y.

HOTELS.

American Hotel,
BELMONT, N. Y.
M & F. S. [illegible] Prop'rs.
Nearest [illegible] to the [illegible] business generally [illegible] Depot [illegible]

American Hotel.
ANDOVER, N. Y.
B. B. M[illegible], Proprietor.
This old and favorite resort [illegible] Allegany [illegible] into hands of [illegible] newly renovated [illegible] of being able to make [illegible]

Exchange Hotel,
ANGELICA, N. Y.
[illegible] Prop'r.
[illegible]

Union Hotel,
ANGELICA, N. Y.
H. E[illegible] Proprietor.
[illegible]

National Hotel,
BELMONT, N. Y.
ADAM SHULTS, Proprietor.
This old and favorite resort [illegible] of Allegany [illegible] passed into the hands of [illegible] ing thoroughly [illegible] ters himself, from his [illegible] ness, that he will be able to make [illegible] fortable and happy. [illegible] and the traveling public [illegible]
Free carriage [illegible]
Good Stabling [illegible]

ERIE RAILWAY.

2300 Miles under 860 Miles without One Management. Change of Coaches
BROAD GUAGE—DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE
FOR
Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Omaha,
AND ALL POINTS WEST AND NORTH-WEST.
Mansfield, Galion, Urbana, Dayton, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, St. LOUIS,
AND ALL POINTS SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST

New and Improved Coaches are run through without change to Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland and Cincinnati.

On and after Monday, Jan. 31st, 1870, Trains will leave Andover at the following hours, viz:

GOING WEST.
6:47 A. M. Way Freight, Sundays excepted.
1:06 P. M. [illegible] Mail, Sundays excepted, connecting at Carrollton for Salamanca.
6:54 P. M. [illegible] Accommodation, daily, connecting with trains for the West.
11:44 P. M. Emigrant Train, Daily, for [illegible] and the West.

GOING EAST.
1:22 P. M. New York and Baltimore Mail, Sundays excepted, connecting at Elmira for the South.
5:50 P. M. Hornellsville Accommodation, Daily
7:06 P. M. Way Freight, 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.
L. D. RUCKER, Gen'l Sup't. WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS
Patrick Cannon
Keeps constantly on hand a fresh supply of
BALTIMORE OYSTERS,
AT
FORTY CENTS PER CAN.

MAMMOTH
Hardware Establishment
OF
Western New York,
Sheldon Bros.
Hornellsville, N. Y.

A large stock of
STOVE
TIN WARE,
CUTLERY,
Leather and Rubber
Belting,
Hand Cider Mills,
Dog Powers, Scales,
And all kinds of
FARMING UTENSILS.

☞ Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention.

Call and examine Stock and Prices.

SHELDON BROTHERS.

FURNITURE!!
ALL KINDS OF
Upholstered,
Veneered,
Solid Walnut
—AND—
PLAIN FURNITURE,
LOOKING GLASSES,
[illegible]
PICTURE FRAMES
[illegible] TO ORDER.
FINE
Walnut, Mahogany,
—OR—
PLAIN
COFFINS.
UNDERTAKING
Done with the utmost care and promptness.
SEASONED
PINE LUMBER
Constantly on Hand.
ALL KINDS OF
BUILDING MATERIALS
[illegible] READY FOR USE.
Turning, Planing and Slitting
DONE TO ORDER.
I am prepared to accomodate all customers [illegible]

Selling off at Cost.

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.

Also at Cost,

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

Also at cost,

Woolen Blankets, Horse Blankets, Fur 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
VanSickle & Burrows.
Closing out
Winter Stock
AT
Great Bargains.

Original Poetry.

God is ever Mindful.

BY MRS. THIRZA D. PINCKNEY.

There's not a flower that blooms unseen
Beneath the summer sky,
Within the vale or silent grove
Concealed from mortal eye,
That can escape the generous love
Of Him who reigns on high,
Of Him who gives the lovely flowers
Their tints of gorgeous dye.

The smallest insect flitting by,
Borne on by silken wings
To bask awhile in mid day air,
And die ere life begins,
Receives from God his bounteous care;
Its fleeting breath he gives,
Its wants from him are all supplied,
He shields it while it lives.

If God, upon his smallest work
Bestows his gracious care,
Can he forget the poorest child?
Its meek and humble prayer?
No, God will not his works forsake,
The friendless or the poor,
He'll hear and answer every prayer
And every sorrow cure.

Though bowed with grief, thou lonely one
Thy heart with sorrow low,
God will dispel the clouds of gloom
And banish every woe,
If thou wilt raise thy drooping head
From earth away to heaven;
And all thy trust on him be placed,
To thee will joy be given.

Miscellaneous

A Wrecked Life—or The Effect of Slander.

Mrs. Graham called on Mrs. Grant one pleasant day in July. They were neighbors and loved to gossip. Mrs. Graham seated herself near an open window and looked over the fragrant garden to the little white house beyond.

'Who lives over there?' is the query.

'Don't you know, there is the place where widow Bryson and her daughter live.'

'Ah! the old and the young lady who sat in the west pew last Sunday?'

'Yes.'

'Have you called?' questioned Mrs. Graham.

'Me?—with emphasis.

'Yes; are you not going to be neighborly with them?'

'I do not associate with every person.'

'No, I suppose not—but are not these nice people?'

'Oh, I don't say they are not. I don't believe in talking ill of my neighbors; and I can't speak well of any one I believe in just letting them alone.'

'Ah! what is it?'

'Oh, nothing much; but I guess if you saw what I see every day, you wouldn't think of my calling; they don't suffer for want of company very much.'

'Why, who has been there? I'd never mention it, said Mrs. Graham.

Mrs. Grant shook her head

'Ladies?'

'I never saw any ladies there.'

'Gentlemen?'

'Yes, if you call Squire Gregory a gentleman.'

'Squire Gregory!' Mrs. Graham lifts her hands in horror.

We will just whisper in the reader's ear that the masculine in question bore a very evil reputation, having been, figuratively speaking, kicked out of society long ago.

'And you saw him really there?' gasped Mrs Graham. 'Is it possible! Well, one cannot mistake their character. I'm glad we found such out in sheep's clothing.'

Mrs. Grant shells peas for dinner, and Mrs. Graham rolls up her knitting work.

'Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Graham.'

'Oh, I have not been. By the way you have not got any yeast that you could spare? Mine soured, and I must bake to-morrow if possible.'

'Oh, yes; take a cup full now, or send Jennie over for it,' said Mrs. Grant.

'Going up to Mrs. Merrills?' said Mrs. Grant, 'here's her magazine that I borrowed last week; I have been trying to get John to take it; he likes to read it as well as I do. But when he can borrow he won't subscribe.'

Mrs. Merrill, an aristocratic lady who lived in a two story brick house greets her visitor with a quiet and polite good morning, and ushers her into the sitting room. There is a canary in a gilded cage, who is trilling his song very merrily, and there are blooming flowers in the windows.

'Will you lay off your shaker?' asked Mrs. Merrill quietly.

'Oh, 'tisn't worth while—I just run in; I was going up to the store and thought I would call and return this magazine.' Fanning herself with her shaker which she had just removed, 'how dreadful warm the weather is.'

'It is uncommonly sultry; we scarcely feel the heat however, we have had good drought and there is a nice.' By the way, have you called on our new town's folks?'

'Not yet. I was speaking to Miriam about calling to day. What a sweet girl Miss Bryson seems to be; rather melancholy though, have you called yet?'

'Not I.'

'Why?'

'I don't visit where Squire Gregory does,' replied Mrs Graham.

'Squire Gregory—you are mistaken, surely.'

'Oh, I guess not—but I've said more than I meant to; don't let that influence you; but if I had a daughter like Miriam there, I don't know that I should care that she should associate with any such people.'

'If that is their character, of course not,' replied Mrs. Merrill. 'I never dreamed anything of that kind; the old lady seemed so high bred, and her daughter so very modest and gentle.'

Mrs. Graham takes leave with a 'now do come and spend the afternoon when you can, Mrs. Merrill.'

The latter and her daughter sit quietly at their work, Miriam is finishing a dress for herself, and her dainty fingers fly swiftly at their work. By-and by she looks up.

'I was never so deceived in any one in my life before, mother?'

'Nor I.'

The two sew away in silence—Dicky sits chirping unnoticed in his bright cage; the flowers breathe out their perfume unnoticed.

'I'm so sorry and disappointed,' continued Miriam, 'I thought she would be such an addition to our set but I am glad we found her out in time.'

'There's the door-bell now ringing,' said Mrs. Merrill.

The person chances to be Mr. John Elmore the chorister. He is good looking enough, and has a pleasant voice, and a good many bits of news to relate.

Mr. Elmore made known his errand: It is something about a choir meeting next Tuesday evening, to learn a new voluntary for the next Sabbath, when the new pastor is to preach his next sermon.

'But you can't guess whom we are to have in our choir after this,' continued John Elmore, 'a new member—Miss Bryson has a splendid voice. I just called this morning, and gave her an invitation to join.'

'Mr Elmore!'

'Well?'

The haughty Merrill blood is up now in a moment.

'If she sings in that choir, I don't.'

'What do you mean?'

'Just what I have said. She is said not to be a very proper person and if she sits in the choir on Sunday, I leave?'

'I'm sure I don't know what to do' said the young man. 'I invited her, and it would be the height of rudeness to withdraw the invitation.'

Miss Merrill could not help him in his dilemma, and Mr. Elmore left the house in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

The next Sabbath Miss Bryson took her seat in the choir, according to invitation. The church was crowded when she entered, and as the choir seats were in front, she was observed by the congregation. True to her word, Miriam Merrill arose and left the choir. The sensation occasioned by this act can better be imagined than described.

The young lady who sat next to Miss Bryson turned her back to her, made no offer of her note book when she rose to sing; she seemed to be avoided as one with the plague. Her face burned crimson and then grew pale as ashes. What had she done—what could be the meaning of all this?

Mr. John Elmore had got himself into a fine pickle. The young lady members of his choir notified him that they would sing no more unless Miss Bryson was removed; and this disagreeable task he was obliged to perform.

He wrote her a note, stating that circumstances unforseen by him when he invited her to become a member of the choir, compelled him to withdraw the invitation. It was a very rude proceeding, but she would pardon him?

Many girls would have rallied after the shock, and defiantly met the inhospitable world; not so with Ellen Bryson! Whenever she went into society she was treated with scorn and contempt, so at length she remained at home and grieved herself sick over it. She was one of those fragile blossoms that a rough wind or unkind frost so easily destroy.

Very few persons called at the white contained which will be seen presently.

Perhaps their conscience smote them a little when Dr. Green told them that the young lady at the cottage was ill of brain fever, caused by some kind of worry or trouble, and that no persons were lending assistance.

Several volunteered. Mrs. Bryson treated them coldly, politely; but one night when Mrs. Grant, Merrill and others were engaged in the little bedroom to perform the last sad offices for poor Ellen, the bereaved mother said, bitterly:

'Young people in this town have murdered my child. Tell me now, before her corpse, why did you do it?'

There was no reply.

'I heard yesterday,' continued the old lady 'that it was because Squire Gregory was seen to call on her.—Shall I tell you what caused his visits? Had you ascertained before you spread broadcast the shameful reports that broke my child's heart and crazed her brain, it would have been far better. We were poor, that is, in moderate circumstances. We rented this house, the owner you'll have to take his pay in sewing; we neither of us were aware of anything being rumored against Squire Gregory's character, and I must do him the justice to say that he has treated us with more honesty than you all. If this be the means of learning you a lesson, my child will not have died in vain; yet pray to God to forgive you—I am afraid I never can.'

Too late now, the tongue of slander had triumphed! What a lesson this narrative should teach!

They placed snowdrops in her hand, and looked with tears into her face—the members of that choir and the villagers who had shunned her with contempt so shortly before. Too late now! tears of repentance could not bring her back again! They had murdered this fair, sweet flower, where they should have protected it from this cruel world—if not for her own sake, for the sake of a dead father, who sleeps in his bloody grave at Shiloh.

There are many such cases. When you speak evil of any one, and condemn harshly, remember this ever true story: also never forget that 'with whatsoever judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'

Woman's Rights in Practice.

After long years of ranting and talking nonsense about that bearing of the age, "woman's rights," the question is at last being brought down to a practical point in the far-off territory of Wyoming. The legislature of that earthly paradise lately passed a bill striking out the word "male" from the statutes and removing all the restrictions as to sex, which had, of course, the governor hastened to sign, and it became a law. The first consequence of this pleasing change of affairs is this, that among the jurors drawn for the March term of the Albany county (Wyoming) court were eleven ladies, some of them wives of the most prominent citizens. The associated press dispatch coolly observes that the excitement raised by this proceeding is immense. Well it may be, for the instigators of the wretched enactment did not, undoubtedly, stop to think for a moment of the responsibilities and duties which should go hand in hand with the exercise of the ballot. The ladies thought it would be a fine thing to vote and hold office, but they ignored the hard work. They expected to enjoy themselves in every way in which men took delight, but they never proposed to perform unpleasant duties as an offset to those pleasures. Would that this State could enter upon a probationary term for a brief space, in which the whole system could be thoroughly tried! It would forever stop the clamor for "woman's rights."—*Rochester Chronicle.*

The town of Berkley, in Bristol county, Massachusetts, if what is said of it is true, deserves to have its name printed in large capitals, and itself held up as a model of every thing good. It is an exceptional place in every respect. It has no store of any kind, no den for bad women, nor haunt for wicked men, no rum shops, no drunkards, young or old; no lawyer and but one doctor, but one constable who gets his living in some other way than out of his office, two churches, two sabbath and six day schools. It has furnished more teachers and educated persons according to its population than any other town in the country. There are but four paupers within its boundaries and they almost earn their living on a farm owned by the town. Taxes are light and the town is naturally curious, however, to know two things more of it. How many inhabitants it has, and what business is generally followed by them. If there are but seven or eight families and these live on the interest of their money, all these virtues so excellently set forth amount to just nothing at all.—*Elmira Adv.*

A Wise Choice.

The American *Baptist* tells the following good story, which we commend to our young female readers and male also:

'Where did you first meet with your bride?' I said to a young friend of mine, who had invited me to his wedding.

His reply was; 'A year ago I was one of a large dinner party of ladies and gentlemen, at which a young lady was noticed not to drink any wine.—One host observed it and said:

'A glass of wine with you, Miss?'

'Excuse me, sir,' she said.

'What, excuse! Are you a teetotaler? What! have we a teetotaler here? Ha! ha! a teetotaler! Why, do you never drink wine?'

'Never, sir.'

'Why not?'

'From principle, sir.'

—'Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me. I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of such principles would make me a good companion. I became a teetotaler myself, and now she has just become my wife. That's why I married her.'

Our friend was right. Such a young lady will make a fine woman. Would there were more like her.

ALL SORTS.

A young poet out west, in describing heaven, says:—"It is a world of bliss fenced in with pretty girls."

Mrs. Partington, hearing of a pedestrian's "great feat," wondered if they troubled him about walking.

After marrying a couple, a Louisville clergyman exclaimed:—"Forgive them Lord, they know not what they do!"

An Englishman paying an Irish shoe-black with rudeness, the urchin said! "My honey, all the polish you have is on your boots, and I gave you that."

Loving wife at Long Branch:—"This horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut!" Sarcastic husband:—"Take some of it home with you!"

A Connecticut town boasts of a man of such punctual habits that he carried his watch in his coat tail pocket, so as always to be ahead of time. When he sits down he is "on time."

"Bridget, I told you to let me have my hot water, the first thing this morning." "Sure sur," replied Bridget, "an didn't I bring it up an' lave it at the door last night, so as to be in time?"

A woman being enjoined to try the effects of kindness on her husband, being told that it would heap coals of fire upon his head, replied, "I have tried boiling water, but it did not do a bit of good."

A vender of nitro glycerine scattered the loungers in an engine room in Titusville, by calmly setting down a can near the fire, remarking, "I want to leave this glycerine here awhile until it thaws out."

A little youngster, two and a half years old, who had heard some complaint in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother one day with his finger in his mouth, and says, "Mamma, me dot pegs tumin in my mouf, an dey hurt me!" And sure enough, the little fellow was cutting three nice teeth.

They tell this story at the expense of a Virginia lawyer: Once upon a time when he had gained a case, his opponent told him that he would appeal it, and he replied, "Very well, I will meet you at Malachi." But a brother lawyer whispered to him "Philippi," and again he said, "Very well, Malachi or Philippi, they were both good men!"

A "notion" seller was offering Yankee clocks, finely cut and varnished and colored, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that hain't got no looking-glass!"

There is a good deal of sound financiering in the following from the Galesburg, Ill., Free Press:—"Pay up. If you owe but a single dollar, go and pay it; when there is so little money as we ought to keep it moving around lively. Jim owed me, and we owed Bill and Bill owed Jim. Jim got me