

At the expiration of ten minutes, an...  
Banner Store  
Fall and Winter Goods,  
CROCKERY & GLASS WARE.  
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.  
READY-MADE CLOTHING  
GROCERIES,  
COUNTRY PRODUCE  
TAILORING,  
FURNITURE!  
Wholesale & Retail.  
BY HUNT & HOYT.  
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE POSTOFFICE, CHAS. N. Y.  
LATEST STYLES  
Fancy Articles  
PATENT MILKING STOOIS!

FROM OUR YANKEE  
Mr. Editor:—How do you dew an hour is four folks? 'Spose you dew know me, though I'm generally pooty well known where folks is extensively acquainted with me. I hev seen several copies or more of your vallyte newspaper, an been a kinder sorter literary chap myself, arter some considerable maste struggle I concludid to interduce myself an see if we could't make a heels dicker in the literary line. If you want a good literary correspondent, a feller who will tear to the lines without payin no regard to where the editor fall, I'm your man. But no smart man dont buy a pig in a bag, so I'll just make myself acquainted. In the first place my name is Cate, Gumption Cate, son of Jonathan and Jerusha Cate, of Squashville, Vermont. I'm a rale ginywine, true blue American, dyed in the wool, spun cross-handed an a wove kersey. My gran par an my forefathers was Green Mountain Boys, an fit in their shirtsleeves (cos cools was orful akerser them days an folks hadn't only one among nine or ten em) at the battle of Bunker Hill. Jonathan Cate, my par, is a justice of the peace, an a pillar in the church. Durin his eventful life, he has kept the post office, poor-house an the district school. Mar'n that, let's keep my mar an twelve children, an lady but not leastly by a long chalk, he has kept his character clean an his credit good, which ain't no readul small chore for a man to do in public or private life. My mar, she's descended in a direct line from old General Stark whose wife Molly didn't sleep a wider the night arter the battle of Bennington. She can make letter johnycake an the best soft soap of any woman in Vermont. If Frank Pierce had a know'd enough to have come our way when he made his trip home from Washin'gton city in the spring of '57, Mar'd a wated the staine right out of his character. Mar makes the best humbug, tew, you ever set eyes on. She made me a pair of tow cloth trousers about six year ago, an I reckon they'll be all together an tangle's bull test in 1970. I guess I must tell a litch mite of a story about them trousers. You see I was a breakin up an old backberry paster an I had the rip-saweristest, jobrest, rantsakeestest yoke of cattle that ever was hitched to a plow. I broke em myself, an I can break a pair of steers to the minoostest fraction of a fly's leg. There was a pine stump in the field suthin like five feet high. I was a gain round it but them oxen got go' in em an they send. The plowman struck that stump jest about in the middle an split it from top to bottom. Now when I make a business of fallin' plow, I dew feller it, so when I see the plow a gain through the stump as smooth as a taller candle, I started through arter it, when that consered stump shot up agin KEX wuror! an left me in a most growlikia had fix.— That ere rot-taked old stump in shettin had ketchked me about four inches (long measure accordin to Daboll) below the waistband of my trousers, an I was 'in doornance vile' as the poet says. I holloed 'whoas' an them cattle well broke as afore said, stopped. Well I f'nd on them identicel 'trousers that I was a teklin on, them tow-cloth oxen that Mar span, wove an made up herself, an there wait no tear to em, I couldn't get em off, so I determined to do what Nabal Bacon didn't try to do, viz, to-wit, namely, cut my way out. (N. B. You see Mister Editor I'm posted on current events, consequently I'm the right sort of a chap to make a frustate correspondent.) Well, I just whopped out my jack-knife an sawed away, but awful messy! 'twant o' no ainthly use. I turned the edge of that knife over quicker'n a mean politician could turn his coat. That cloth wouldn't cut no more'n I would tear an my new born hope of deliverance died young. I rot up a puffed thinkin, an I went over my school edition inside o' ten minutes, but I hadn't seen no rule in 'Daboll's rhmatic' to subtract a live Yankee from a pine stump. Shake-up, or somebody else says that 'necessity is the mother of invention' an arter 45 consecutive mints of brain labor I invented an idee that worked like a mowin'-machine. I just took an everlastin grip of them plow handles an gin an awful yip to them cattle an they started. About ten seconds later that stump started, an me an them oxen an my tow cloth trousers an the stump all started towards hum together like a pannel o' boys an gals arter spelin' school. I calculate that ere stump moved eight outer tew hundred feet from the house, but them oxen only the quickest time ever made by any oxen that wear more horse. My p'p'ly kiked how them cattle did eren'ly, but I was up to 'em, why John's best horse wouldn't pull but would, compered with them oxen, but would handle for me. I dew knowed a litch mite of a story about them trousers.

GREAT RUSH  
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GROES & ALLEN,  
WATCH-MAKERS  
AND  
JEWELERS,  
ANDOVER, N. Y.  
HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE CITY  
WITH THE  
LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF  
General Merchandise  
Prices Down!  
Down!!  
Down!!!  
EVERYTHING ON HAND USUALLY KEPT IN MY LINE  
G'LL AND EXAMINE MY  
GOODS AND PRICES  
J. J. HARMAN  
ANDOVER, N. Y., November 21, 1870.

TO IMPROVE YOUR SIGHT  
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The Best Shade Used.  
General Merchandise  
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