

THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER.

VOL. IV NO. 25.]

ANDOVER, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1872.

[WHOLE NO. 181.]

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Andover Advertiser

PUBLISHED BY
E. S. Barnard,
AT
Andover, Allegany Co., N. Y.

TERMS: \$3.00 per year, in advance. If not paid in advance Fifty Cents will be added.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A national number of advertisements will be inserted at the following low rates:—(From notices for one week to one month) 10 CENTS PER LINE PER WEEK.

Advertisements not under contract need be marked "copy" or "proof" on the copy. We reserve the privilege of rejecting any advertisement not marked as above. Advertisements not marked as above will be published at the ordinary rates of the Librarian of Congress, and will be published at the ordinary rates of the Librarian of Congress, and will be published at the ordinary rates of the Librarian of Congress.

Job Department.

Having space made more important additions to the office of the Librarian of Congress, we have now on hand a large stock of all kinds of Job Work, in the most complete and efficient manner. Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Cards of five lines or less will be inserted in this volume at four for \$3; every subsequent line 25c.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. W. V. Crandall.
Physician and Surgeon, Office at the corner of Second and Franklin Streets, New York City.

Daniel Lewis, A. B., M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, associated with Dr. W. V. Crandall, New York, N. Y.

A. E. F. Durand, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & OCUKIST.
Office No. 141 St. Andrew, N. Y.

Drs. T. & F. J. Baker.
Physicians and Surgeons.
Office on Third St. Dr. T. Baker in attendance and Dr. F. J. Baker at residence, 141 St. Andrew, N. Y.

Dr. J. N. Forbes, Dentist.
ELLIS BLOCK, every Thursday and Saturday, 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock. Office at the corner of Third and Franklin Streets, New York, N. Y.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLORS.

CHARLES A. DELSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office in the building on Third St., New York, N. Y.

Eufus Scott,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Office over Sorber, Brick Block, Baltimore, N. Y.

Angel & Jones,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, 141 St. Andrew, New York, N. Y.

E. H. ROUGH,
Real Estate Agent & Auctioneer.
Tribune Office, Moraville, N. Y.

HUGH & WILSON,
AUCTION & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Tribune Office, Moraville, N. Y.

HOTELS.

American Hotel.
ANDOVER, N. Y.
Proprietor, W. L. BERRY.

SWINK'S HOTEL,
ANDOVER, N. Y.
Proprietor, PETER SWINK.

Exchange Hotel,
ANGELICA, N. Y.
Proprietor, A. D. FORBES.

American Hotel,
FREDERICK, N. Y.
Proprietor, S. W. BERRY.

National Hotel,
FREDERICK, N. Y.
Proprietor, S. W. BERRY.

'CRIE RAILWAY.

NEW AND IMPROVED Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, containing all Modern Improvements, are run through on all T. V. Lines between Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

STATIONS	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Buffalo	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00
Niagara Falls	12:15	12:15	12:15	12:15
Suspension Bridge	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:30
Cleveland	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45
Cincinnati	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
N. Y.	1:15	1:15	1:15	1:15

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

5:00 A. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

7:30 A. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

10:00 A. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

12:30 P. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

3:00 P. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

5:30 P. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

8:00 P. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

10:30 P. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

12:00 A. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

2:00 A. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

4:00 A. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

6:00 A. M. every Sunday, from Buffalo, stopping at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and N. Y.

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FURNITURE !!

ALL KINDS OF
Upholstered,
Veneered,
Solid Walnut

GO TO
A. D. & A. S. Browns'
FOR

HARDWARE.

LOOKING GLASSES,
of various styles and sizes.

CTUR FRAME

PUT UP 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

READY FOR USE.

Turning, Planing and Slicing

Done TO ORDER.

I am prepared to accommodate all customers to the best advantage. Anything not on hand will be manufactured or ordered in the shortest possible time.

CALL AND SEE ME
J. H. ELLWELL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HURRIED COURTSHIP.

BY LEVIN C. TEEB.

I was a young man, possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, and refrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow which shattered my property to the winds, and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living. The blow came in the shape of the failure of a firm in which all my capital was invested.

After recurring a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding-house than the fashionable one in which I was living. I inserted an advertisement in several widely-circulated city papers, asking reasonable board in a strictly private family, and of course, received a multitude of answers, by next post. Out of this motley installment of epistles, there was but one which pleased me, and I decided to answer that one in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the favored handily writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private, she having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, definite handwriting, and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ring at the door bell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner that was so courteous, and yet so modest, that I had fallen in love with her even before I had crossed the threshold.

I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsley. During the conversation, she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, which occurred about a year previous, had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child, and this item of mortality I was most graciously permitted to look upon, as it lay peacefully slumbering in its cradle. I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone, and desired a male boarder more as a means of protection than as a source of revenue.

In conclusion, the handily looked so pretty (she was quite good-looking, being not more than two or three-and-twenty), and the price of board was so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and she seemed so trust in me, and looked upon me so favorably, that I would have been a headless dead to all the charms and inducements of the sex, if I had not engaged board with her on the spot.

The next day I had my trunk removed to my new boarding house, and permanently established myself there. Before leaving my former boarding house, a letter was handed to me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's easy establishment.

Opening the letter, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle of mine, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter every year, but whom I had never seen. His epistles were always short and to the point, generally consisting of an uninteresting account of the weather in his locality, and some good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be burdened with some more of it before I was much older. I was always very glad to get this advice from him, as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit his wealth on his decease.

One day, however, about a year previous, I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those I have mentioned. My uncle made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I wasn't already married, I should immediately enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it, or he would "never more be uncle of mine."

Now, as my uncle lived in Vermont and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated the old gentleman would ever pay me a visit and discover the falsehood, I wrote to him and informed him that I was not only married, but also the father of a bouncing baby. This intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent on a gold goblet and silver paper-son, to be presented to my child. I at first sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle, thanking him for the present, and then mailed the nearest jewelry store and turned both the goblet and the spoon into cash, which I pocketed. I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postscript to this one not only astonished,

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HURRIED COURTSHIP.

BY LEVIN C. TEEB.

but absolutely frightened me. It read as follows:
P. S. I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month.

"Good gracious! my uncle coming to visit me," I exclaimed, "and it is past the 10th of the month now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What an am I do for a wife and child?"

At that moment there came a terrible ring at the door-bell, as if the man who pulled it imagined he owned the house, and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sickening sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving it was my uncle.

Now, as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out to a neighboring store for a few minutes, and had left her maid to have an eye to her child while she was gone, so that the child would not fall out of the cradle and hurt itself. As I glanced at the cradle, and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the youthful occupant of that cradle as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures of him I had seen, and he likewise recognized me by my photograph. After a mutual recognition and hand-shaking, I ushered my honored relative into the parlor, and presented to him my newly-chained offspring.

"There, uncle," I said, "is the pledge of our married life. I take great pleasure in presenting to you my child."

"It is a fat little youngster," said my uncle, gazing at it admiringly. "By-the-way, what is it, a boy or girl?"

That was a knotty question for me to answer, for I was as much acquainted with its gender as he was. But it would never do to show ignorance on the subject, so I answered half-hazard, that it was a boy.

"In sorry it is a boy," said my uncle; "there have been too many boys in the family. Now, if you had only produced a pretty little blue-eyed girl, it would have been more suitable."

I accused my uncle I was sorry the gender did not suit, but hoped in the future his wishes would be fulfilled.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was that when Mrs. Kingsley returned, she might object to my claiming ownership to her child. Besides, to carry out my deception, I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception, and this might be done if I could secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle. I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her in a few brief hurried words the extent of my difficulty, and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa for her little one. I then told her I must have a wife somewhere; and begged her to allow me to introduce her to my uncle in that capacity. She laughed heartily at the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty and consented to my proposal, but warned me regularly not to presume upon her occurrence.

"You have a very fine little boy," said my uncle to Mrs. Kingsley, pointing to the cradle.

"Excuse me, sir," said the lady, coloring up again, "it's a little girl."

I was dumfounded. I was exposed in my iniquity. Would my uncle believe me after this? He looked from me to my pretty landlady with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"Your husband told me it was a boy, he said, touchingly, I thought."

"Well, I always took it to be a boy, was my reply, putting on a bold face, but I suppose my wife knows best."

Here Mrs. Kingsley fairly screamed with laughter, and even my uncle's stern face assumed an ironical smile.

"You are a nice fatherly aunt," he said, touching me with the point of his umbrella, "why, I knew it was a girl the moment I looked at it."

"But, Charles, my boy," he said, again addressing me, "what did you do with the goblet and the paper-son I sent on to the young one?"

"Oh, they are safe enough I assure you," I replied. "I take good care of them."

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