Andover Weekly Advertiser.

E. S. BARNARD, Editor and Proprietor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Local and General News. | TERMS, $1 50 per year in [redacted]

Vol. VI No. 6. | Andover, Allegany County, N. Y., Thursday, January 22, 1874. | Whole No. [redacted]

Andover Advertiser.

PUBLISHED BY

E. S. Barnard,

AT

Andover, Allegany Co., N. Y.

TERMS, $1 50 per year, IN ADVANCE. If not paid in advance $2 00 will be added.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A liberal number of advertisements will be inserted at the following low rates. Home advertisers will be charged quarterly. Advertisements from a distance must be paid quarterly IN ADVANCE.

	1 w	2 w	1 m	2 m	6 m	1 y
1 inch	$5	$3 25	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00	$10
2 inch	6 00	7 50	4 00	6 00	8 00	15
3 inch	8 00	9 00	5 00	6 50	11 00	18
4 inch	9 00	10 00	5 50	8 50	15 00	40
5 inch	10 00	11 50	7 00	15 00	20 00	65
1 col.	20 00	25 00	15 00	30 00	45 00	100

No advertisement less than $5.

Editorial Notices, 15 cents a line each insertion.

Local Notices Required by law to be paid for or charged at the legal rates.

Business Notices, 20 cents a line first insertion and a line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements not under contract must have the length of time desired, or they will be inserted and charged for until ordered discontinued. We never exercise the privilege of rejecting any advertisement we may consider objectionable.

Obituary Notices, embracing more than the ordinary announcement of death, and Obituary Poetry, ten cents a line.

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 most stylish, and best notice. Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

Special pains taken with Law Cases, Polats &c.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Cards of five lines or less will be inserted in this column one year for $5; every subsequent line $1.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. W. W. Grandall.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office at the store of Benton & Crandall, Andover, Allegany County, N. Y. All calls promptly attended to.

Drs. F. & F. J. Baker,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

Offices on Baker St., Dr. T. Baker in attendance; and is ready to A. D. Cobb & Co's Store, entrance on north side. Dr. F. J. Baker in attendance. 1y18

D. L. A. SIBBUS,

Electrician and Homeopathic Physician. Office and residence two doors west of the Baptist Church, on Washington street, Belmont, Allegany Co., N. Y.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

Burns Scott,

Attorney & Counselor at Law. Office over Sutton's, Brick Block, Belmont, N. Y.

Angel & Jones,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Belmont, N. Y.
WILLIS ANGEL. GEO. S. JONES.

W. L. E. COTTRELL,
DENTIST,

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Andover and vicinity, that he has opened a Dental Office at the residence of Henry Jones, on Main street, where he will always be found ready to attend to all kinds of operative and mechanical Dentistry. He is prepared to put up artificial teeth on different kinds of bases, which are acknowledged to be superior to any other in use. He will also do fitting in a manner which will give satisfaction or no pay.

HOTELS.

GLOBE HOUSE.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

E. BOND, - - Proprietor.

This House has been rebuilt and furnished throughout with new furniture, and no pains will be spared to make it pleasant for the traveling public. It is located near the center of the village. Good Sample Room in basement. Carriages furnished promptly to order. 1y23

AMERICAN HOTEL.

ANDOVER, N. Y.

HENRY JOYCE, - - Proprietor.

The above Hotel has been refitted, and the proprietors prepared to attend to the wants of the traveling public, to whom he solicits a share of patronage. Good stables connected with the house. 22y1

NICHOLS HOUSE.

MAIN STREET, HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

FRED. S. NICHOLS, - - Proprietor.

FREE BUS TO AND FROM THE DEPOT.

GOOD LIVERY ATTACHED TO HOTEL.

SWINK'S HOTEL.

ARKWRIGHT, N. Y.

PETER SWINK, - - Proprietor.

This house has been thoroughly refitted, and the proprietor is now ready to entertain all who may give him a call. A good barn in connection with the House. Charges reasonable.

American Hotel,

FRIENDSHIP, N. Y.

E. FAIRBANKS, - - Proprietor.

Although this is a new House it has already a reputation for the excellent accommodations it affords travelers, from a long experience in the business, that he will make his guests comfortable.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

ANGELICA, N. Y.

D. D. VOORHEES, - - Proprietor.

This Old and Favorite Resort for the Travelling Public and the citizens of Allegany Co., has again passed into the hands of the undersigned, who may be found with the long experience in the business thoroughly acquainted, to do the honors of the house as it will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. The old friends have been put, and the traveling public generally.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

ANGELICA, N. Y.

H. W. ELDRIDGE, - - Proprietor.

This Hotel has recently been refitted and furnished, and travellers will find it the equal to any, and no pains will be spared to make guests comfortable.

Omnibus carried to every train, at all reasonable hours. Regular and transient custom solicited.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

BELMONT, N. Y.

The undersigned having leased the Hotel formerly occupied by A. Bowen, I am prepared to wait upon the public in a manner not to be surpassed by any house in this section. Prices reasonable.

L. DANA RANDALL, Propr.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

BELMONT, N. Y.

A. J. CRANDALL, - - Proprietor.

This old and well known House, having lately been refitted and refurnished throughout, is now in good condition, and the undersigned would ask a share of the public patronage. Good stabling is here, and will at all times be found ready to be satisfactory to the comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage. Two good sample rooms, well adapted for the accommodation of traveling men. The public are respectfully invited to call and try his house and accommodations. 1y1

LEGAL

County Courts.

Terms of County Court and Court of Sessions of Allegany County.

To whom it may concerns:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned County Judge of Allegany County, has designated and appointed the times for holding the County Court and Court of Sessions in and for said County, as follows:

A County Court and Court of Sessions will be held on the first Monday of September in each year, at which a Grand Jury and Petit Jury will be required to attend.

A County Court and Court of Sessions will be held on the second Monday of January in each year, at which a Petit Jury only will be required to attend.

A County Court will be held on the first Monday of May of each year for the hearing of motions and trial of issues of Law, at which no Jury will be required to attend. Dated Angelica, June 20th, 1873.

JAMES S. GREEN,
County Judge of Allegany county.

Surrogate's Notice.

SURROGATE'S COURT will be held at the office of the Surrogate, in Angelica, upon Monday of every week.

At Wellsville, upon the last Wednesday of every alternate month.

At Cuba, on the last Thursday of every month. Dated Angelica, January 1st, 1872.

J. S. GREEN, County Judge.

Mortgage Sale.

BY Virtue of a writ sale dated November 10th, 1871, Nathaniel Hall now deceased and Martha, his wife, executed to Wesley Gibbs certain lands described as follows: All that parcel of land situate in the town and village of Almond, Allegany county, New York, bounded north by a lot owned by Thomas Richardson and lots owned by Joseph Dyer; east by the Baptist meeting house lot; south by the highway known as Angelica street; west by said Olney's land—Beginning at the north-west corner of the Baptist meeting-house lot, thence on the western boundary of said meeting-house lot south 25½, west 26 links to corner of Angelica street; south with centre north 65½, east 25 links to table; thence north 25, east 20 links to stake in range with Thomas Richardson's southern boundary; thence south 65½, east 2 links to the place of beginning, containing one-hundred-hundredths of an acre, more or less. Said mortgage with the power of sale therein contained was recorded in Allegany County Clerk's office on the 20th day of November, 1871, at 11 o'clock a. m., in liber 30 of mortgages, at page 500, and said mortgage, on November 10th, 1871, assigned by Wesley Gibbs to Jesse H. Gibbs, and said assignment has been duly recorded in Allegany County Clerk's office. The amount of said mortgage at the time of the first publication of this notice is thirty dollars, and to become due thereon sixty dollars with interest thereon from November 10th, 1873. No proceedings at law or in equity having been had to recover the money secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that said mortgaged premises will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 20th day of February, 1874, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, in front of the law office of Wesley Brown, in the town of Almond, in Allegany county, and said premises foreclosed for the whole amount due and to become due on said mortgage.

JESSE H. GIBBS, Assignee.
WESLEY BROWN, Atty. Almond.
Dated Nov. 21, 1873. 27m6

Brewster Jurors.

STATE OF NEW YORK
Allegany County, Clerk's Office.

NOTICE is hereby given that the names of thirty persons have been drawn at the office of the County Clerk, as said Clerk, on

SATURDAY, the fifth day of January, 1874, at the hour of 10 A. M., to serve as Petit Jurors at the next Circuit Court and Court of Over and Terminer, to be held in the Court House in the village of Angelica, on Monday the twenty-ninth day of January, 1874.

And that the names of twenty-four persons will be in the same place and at the same time and place to act as Grand Jurors.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my name this 5th day of January, A. D. 1874.

WM. H. H. BURDICK,
County Clerk.

"Unquestionably the finest contained work of the kind in the World."

Harper's Magazine.

Notices of the Press.

"Every-increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its continued ability to please and instruct. Indeed, when we think into how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it one of the most potent as well as pure agencies of the public mind, for its vast popularity has been won by no sensational or disgusting or depraved notices.—*Boston Globe.*

"The character which this Magazine has maintained for variety, enterprise, artistic worth, and literary culture, that has kept pace with, if it has not led the way, should place its conductors in regard to such laudable enterprises. It also entitles them to a share of the public patronage. The Magazine has been good and not evil all the days of its life.—*The Argus Eagle.*

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times."—"The best, cheapest, and most successful Family Paper in the Union."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

"The Weekly is the oldest and most powerful illustrated periodical published in this country. Its editorials are scholarly and convincing, and carry much weight. Its illustrations of current events are full and fresh, and are prepared by our best delineators. The Christmas number of the Weekly is read by at least half a million persons, and its influence is a power of opinion is simply tremendous. The Weekly maintains a positive position, and expresses decided views on political and social problems.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Notices of the Press.

"The Bazar is edited with a combination of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal, and the journal itself is the equal of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

"The Bazar commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by deal and pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion-plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for the children's clothes, to *everybody* else by the practical designs for embroidered slippers and the various good things it contains. But the crowning matter of the Bazar is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the service conferred in affords.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Subscriptions.--1874.

TERMS:

Harper's Magazine, one year	$4 00
Harper's Weekly, one year	4 00
Harper's Bazar, one year	4 00

Postage prepaid by the publishers.

Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar, to an address for one year, $10 00; or two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, $7 50; postage payable by the subscriber at the office where received.

Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.

A Complete Set of Harper's Magazine, now comprising 47 volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for $2 25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, $2 00. Cloth cases, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid.

The postage on Harper's Magazine is 24 cents a year, and must be paid at the subscriber's P. O.

The Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for $7 00 each. A complete Set, comprising Seventeen Volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of $5 25 per vol., freight at expense of purchaser.

The postage on Harper's Weekly is 20 cents a year, and must be paid at the subscriber's P. O.

The six volumes of Harper's Bazar, for the years 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, handsomely bound in green morocco cloth, will be sent by express, freight prepaid, for $5 00 each.

The postage on Harper's Bazar is 20 cents a year which must be paid at the subscriber's P. O.

Address HARPER & BROS. New York.

DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing under the name of Stuart, Brown & Co., in the drug business by mutual consent, is this day dissolved by Stuart & Brown.

J. H. STUART,
A. D. BROWN,
J. SEAMAN.

Andover, Jan. 5, 1874.

ERIE RAILWAY.

Pullman's Best Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are run through without change between Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, and New York.

ABSTRACT OF TIME TABLE, ADOPTED NOV. 3RD 1873.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 12.*	No. 8.	No. 6.	No. 2.
Dunkirk lve	7.05 PM	.....	7.00 AM	8.25 AM
Little Valley	.....	.....	8.16	9.37
Cincinnati	9.00	.....	.....	5.05
Cleveland	7.00 AM	.....	.....	7.15 PM
Salamanca	8.35 PM	.....	9.54	10.48 PM
Olean	8.38	.....	10.08	6.07
Cuba	4.23	.....	10.30	6.33
Genesee	5.17	.....	11.07 PM	7.29
Andover	.....	.....	12.33	.....
Buffalo arr	12.45 AM	.....	6.30	.....
Niag'a Falls	3.10	.....	8.20	.....
Hornellsville	8.35 PM	1.30 AM	1.50	9.00 AM
Elmira arr	9.28	2.22 AM	4.21	10.24
Binghamton	10.53	3.52	5.51	12.00
Port Jervis	3.48 AM	10.15	11.55	5.25
New York	7.40	1.35	4.27 PM	8.35

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

5.00 A M except Sundays, from Dunkirk—Stopping at Silver Springs 5.25, Perrysburg 5.35, Smith's Mills 10.00, Perrysburg 10.04, Dayton 10.20, Cattaraugus 10.36, Little Valley 11.20, Salamanca 12.05, Great Valley 12.17, Carrollton 12.31 p. m., Vandalia 12.46, Allegany 1.00, Olean 1.25, Hinsdale 1.43, Cuba 2.12, Friendship 2.40, Belvidere 3.02, Phillipsville 3.20, Scio 3.36, Genesee 4.02, Andover 4.10, Alfred 4.45, Almond 5.30, arriving at Hornellsville at 5.50.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 25*	No. 29*
New York lve	9.00 AM	9.00 PM	7.00 AM	7.00 PM
Port Jervis	12.12 PM	3.10 PM	10.40	10.35
Hornellsville	9.00	3.10 AM	8.25 AM	12.55
Andover	10.13	4.10	.....	1.43
Alfred	10.33	4.30	9.25 AM	1.59
Cuba	11.07	5.03	10.30	2.47
Olean	11.30	5.30	10.58	3.17
Great Valley	12.07	6.08	11.36	4.00
Salamanca	12.35	6.12	11.56	4.05
Cleveland arr	7.55 AM	1.05 P M	7.30 PM	10.15 AM
Cincinnati	6.00 PM	.....	6.00 AM	9.00 P M
Little Valley	12.52 AM	6.52	12.20	4.50 PM
Dunkirk arr	2.20 AM	8.00 AM	1.30 PM	6.00

Additional Local Trains Westward.

The **3.10 A. M.** except Sundays from Hornellsville, also stops at Belvidere 4.32, Friendship 4.42, Hinsdale 5.02, Allegany 5.26, Vandalia 5.36, Carrollton 5.55, Little Valley 6.05, Cattaraugus 6.19, Dayton 6.34, Perrysburg 6.49, Smith's Mills 7.03, Perrysville 7.10, Sheridan 7.20 and ding, at Dunkirk at 10 AM.

6.15 a m. daily from Hornellsville, stopping at Genesee 7.35, Scio 8.07, Salamanca arrival at Dunkirk at 1.00 p m.

4.15 A M, except Sundays, from Hornellsville, Stopping at Almond 5.17, Alfred 5.27, Andover 5.42, Genesee 6.05, Scio 6.17, Phillipsville 6.26, Belvidere 6.37, Friendship 6.47, Cuba 6.57, Hinsdale 7.10, Olean 7.35, Allegany 7.56, Vandalia 8.06, Carrollton 8.21, Great Valley 8.30, Salamanca 8.45, Little Valley 9.00, Cattaraugus 9.14, Dayton 9.29, Perrysburg 9.39, Smith's Mills 9.53, Perrysville 9.59, Sheridan 10.09 and arriving at Dunkirk at 10.30 P M.

12.35 P. M. daily from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 1.05, Alfred 1.17, Andover 1.32, Genesee 1.55, Scio 2.07, Phillipsville 2.16, Belvidere 2.27, Friendship 2.37, Cuba 2.47, Hinsdale 3.00, Olean 3.25, Allegany 3.46, Vandalia 3.56, Carrollton 4.11, Great Valley 4.20, Salamanca 4.35, Little Valley 4.50, Cattaraugus 5.04, Dayton 5.19, Perrysburg 5.29, Smith's Mills 5.43, Perrysville 5.49, Sheridan 5.59 and arriving at Dunkirk at 6.20 P M.

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

7.00 A M daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Silver Springs 7.25, Perrysville 7.35, Smith's Mills 7.49, Perrysburg 7.59, Dayton 8.09, Cattaraugus 8.24, Little Valley 8.36, Salamanca 8.52, Great Valley 9.02, Carrollton 9.15, Vandalia 9.25, Allegany 9.40, Olean 9.55, Hinsdale 10.13, Cuba 10.37, Friendship 10.55, Belvidere 11.08, Phillipsville 11.17, Scio 11.31, Genesee 11.56, Andover 12.07, Alfred 12.25, Almond 12.35, arriving at Hornellsville at 12.50 P M.

3.00 P M except Sundays, from Dunkirk—Stopping at Silver Springs 3.25, Perrysville 3.35, Smith's Mills 3.49, Perrysburg 3.59, Dayton 4.09, Cattaraugus 4.24, Little Valley 4.36, Salamanca 4.52, Great Valley 5.02, Carrollton 5.15, Vandalia 5.25, Allegany 5.40, Olean 5.55, Hinsdale 6.13, Cuba 6.37, Friendship 6.55, Belvidere 7.08, Phillipsville 7.17, Scio 7.31, Genesee 7.56, Andover 8.07, Alfred 8.25, Almond 8.35, arriving at Hornellsville at 8.50 P M.

Select Miscellany.

THE MYRTLEVILLE SCANDAL.

It commenced by Mrs. Sawyer's arrival at Mrs. Muffit's early in the afternoon, evidently in a state of great excitement and full of news. With an air of profound mystery, she drew Mrs. Muffit from the wash tub to the sitting-room, and said to her:

"What do you think has happened." Now Mrs. Sawyer was well known in Myrtleville as "newsy," as one who lost no opportunities of collecting the most reliable and startling items of information regarding the sayings and doings of the Myrtlevillians. Accordingly Mrs. Muffit prepared her mind [illegible] of moment.

"What is it?" she asked [illegible] her hands on her apron and settling down in a chair for a "good talk."

"You won't tell I told you?".

"Never."

"Because it wasn't intended for me to hear. I just happened over to Mrs. Seymour's this morning, and Mrs. Kitely was in there, and the door stood open and I couldn't but hear what was said, you know, and—"

"But what was it?" cried Mrs. Muffit, as Mrs. Sawyer paused for breath.

"Fred Seymour and Belle Grainger have eloped."

"Eloped!"

"Mrs. Seymour was just telling Mrs. Kitely as I went in. As soon as they saw me coming they began to talk about the news in the morning's paper; but you can't throw me off the track in that way."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Muffit aside, as if some inspiration had seized her.

"You've heard something too," cried the widow.

"No, I saw Belle Grainger early this morning, quite early, passing by here in the direction of the depot, and she had on her travelling dress, and her waterproof, and carried her satchel."

"Going to meet him on the eight o'clock train. Oh, the sly, deceitful thing! Think of her poor father."

"And her sick mother. It is awful. And everybody knows Fred Seymour is as good as engaged to Susy Bellknap."

"There! I'll go right over to Bellknap's" cried Mrs. Sawyer. "Somebody ought to break it gently to Susan. Poor girl! No wonder they went off slyly."

And away hustled Mrs. Sawyer to find Mrs. Bellknap and Mary in the sitting room, sewing. It was a keen satisfaction to tell the news there, for Mrs. Bellknap being in delicate health and possessing ample means, kept a servant, and lived in a state of refinement that Myrtleville condemned as "putting on airs." To take her "down a peg," as Mrs. Sawyer mentally resolved to do, was a vulgar triumph, she enjoyed greatly in anticipation. Mrs. Bellknap and her daughter received the news in a quiet way, as if the gossip possessed no special interest for them, asking for no questions, and manifesting no eagerness. The story had grown a little on its way though; Mrs. Sawyer had now a full description of the runaway bride's costume, and the train was specified upon which the young couple traveled.

But after Mrs. Sawyer had gone to take her news elsewhere, Susy turned a very pale face to her mother, asking pitifully:

"Oh, mamma, can it be true?"

"I will go over to Mrs. Seymour's dear if you wish it."

"Not for the world. If it is true we must never let anyone know how we feel it," and her lips quivered. "Fortunately no one knows we are actually engaged. If it not true—"

"It seems to come very direct," said Mrs. Bellknap, as she drew her daughter into a close motherly embrace. "Mrs. Sawyer is a terrible gossip and busybody, but I never knew her to be guilty of an absolute falsehood."

"Mrs. Kitely is very intimate with Mrs. Seymour. I have heard Fred say they were schoolmates. So it is quite natural for her to be telling Mrs. Kitely, and speaking of something else when Mrs. Sawyer went in."

"I can scarcely believe it of Fred, said Mrs. Bellknap."

"Nor I. And Belle, too, has been my friend so long, and her only interest in Fred seemed to be his love for me. Oh, mother! I can't believe it."

In the meantime the story was spreading from house to house, gaining a little here, and a little there, as it repeated. Mrs. Gray had seen Fred Seymour going in the direction of the depot at half past seven, and it did not seem to occur to the gossips that, as his business was in New York, this was a night of daily occurrence. Another had always thought that Miss Grainger's modest manners covered a deceitful heart. Some pitied Susy, some congratulated her upon her escape. The young people were discovered to have every fault the imagination of their accusers could summon up, and Mrs. Bellknap and Mrs. Seymour shared the obloquy and pity with Mrs. Grainger, who certainly should have attended more strictly to the education of her daughter, and given her a more careful training.

Every mother in Myrtleville was piously thankful that it was not her daughter who had so disgraced herself; and the daughters, as a general rule, secretly wished they had Miss Grainger's chance, for Fred Seymour was a beau in Myrtleville, and his mother was known to have a property from her late husband that would make the young man independent when in the course of nature it reverted to him. He was engaged on one of the daily evening papers of the great metropolis, and considered talented and upright, a man who in time would make a name and position of honor. His attention to Susy Bellknap, though the fact of their engagement had not yet been published, had been too marked to escape the notice of eyes so prying as those possessed by the good people of Myrtleville, and his incontinency was a matter of marvel, as susy was a maiden whom any man might have been proud to win.

When the four o'clock train came in, Mr. Grainger, a little, nervous man, all excitability, was amazed at the sympathizing faces that greeted him on the platform. A chill like death seized his heart. For years his wife had been an invalid, suffering from spinal complaint, and she died while he was away? As white a sheet he turned to a friend who was standing near, saying:

"Why do you look at me so? What is the matter at home?"

"My poor friend, have you heard nothing?"

A choking sensation came over the loving husband, but he struggled against it, saying:

"Quick, tell me! Is it Mary?"

"No, Mrs. Grainger is as well as usual, I believe; but there is a very sad story to break to you, regarding your daughter."

Wrath took the place of terror.

"My daughter!" cried the little man, furiously. "Who dares carry stories about my daughter?"

"Well—you—see" stammered his friend, "the women folks say she eloped this morning with Fred Seymour."

"Fred Seymour! Why he's head over ears in love with Susie Bellknap. My Belle!—why she has been engaged for two years to Lieut. Weston of the navy, though we did not publish the fact for the benefit of all the tattlers in Myrtleville."

"I am afraid," was the reply, "that it was the fact of these engagements that drove them to secrecy and elopement."

"I tell you the whole story is false!" roared the excited father. "Who raises these mischief makers cut their own words! My Belle, indeed! They must be crazy."

But on his way home, Mr. Grainger met the report into many places, heard it in such plausible versions, that he entered his wife's room with a very grave face, from which all angry excitement had vanished.

"Where is Belle, Mary?" he asked.

"She went to New York this morning to do some shopping. She will stay at her Aunt Maria's to-night.

"Did you ring Seymour go up on the same train?"

"I suppose so. He usually goes at eight, and that was the train that Belle took."

Mr. Grainger was on the point of telling his wife the whole story, but on second thought he restrained the impulse.

Sure in his own fatherly confidence in his gentle, modest child, that there was some mistake admitting of explanation, he said nothing. After all, it was a subject of congratulation that none of the busybodies of Myrtleville had invaded the sick room, and he easily made some trivial excuse for going out again. He was determined to sift the gossip thoroughly before alarming the invalid, and his first visit was to the telegraph office at the railway station.

"Is Belle at your house?" flashed over the wires, and was carried to a handsome house in the city.

"Yes. Will be down on next train," was the answer; for poor Belle imagined that there was death or frightful illness, to cause her father's message, when a visit to her Aunt's was such a common occurrence.

Satisfied on this point, Mr. Grainger quietly waited until the train came in, walked up Main street with his daughter on his arm, left her at home, and started out to defy all Myrtleville.

From house to house he traveled with exemplary patience, and followed the snake-like coils of the story, till he faced Mrs. Sawyer who earnestly assured him:

"Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Kitely were in the sitting-room as I came in the back way through the kitchen. They were talking, and just as I got to the door, Mrs. Seymour told Mrs. Kitely that her son and Belle Grainger had eloped. They saw me then, and Mrs. Seymour said very carelessly:—

'Here are the morning papers, Mrs. Kitely,' just to change the conversation."

"And you rushed off to carry the news all over Myrtleville," said Mr. Grainger.

"Well, I thought it must be true, from such an authority."

"Pshaw! You misunderstood what was said."

"I tell you I heard her as plain as I hear you now."

"Telling Mrs Kiately he son and my daughter had eloped?"

"Yes, I'd swear it on my oath!" said Mrs. Sawyer, as if there were several other ways of swearing, is she chose to take her choice.

"Suppose you step over to Mrs. Kitely's with me."

"Well, I will."

But to Mrs. Sawyer's discomfort, Mrs. Kitely denied the story entirely. Mrs. Seymour had never given her any such information, either in confidence otherwise. Mrs. Sawyer tearfully persisted in her story; and finally the trio went to Mrs. Seymour's.

The hero of our story was at home by this time, and eating his supper when the visitors entered.

It was an awkward story to tell, but it was told; and Mrs. Seymour's face was the picture of indignant surprise.

"I!" she cried—"I say my Fred had eloped with Belle Grainger! Why, Mrs. Sawyer you surely must be dreaming!"

"You said so. I heard you," sobbed the widow.

"Said what?"

"You said distinctly "Belle Grainger ran away with my son this morning."

At this moment Mrs. Seymour burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, to the great consternation of her audience. She laughed till she was obliged to wipe tears from her eyes: when catching sight of Mr. Grainger's disturbed face she said, with sudden gravity.

"Pardon me, Mr. Grainger, I see I have most innocently caused you a serious annoyance. The truth of the story is this: Fred as you know, has all the morning papers sent to him on the early train, and many of the neighbors come in to borrow them. Mrs. Kitely always likes to see the Sun, and I save it for her; but this morning your daughter stopped on her way to the depot for a paper to read as she rode to the city, and took the Sun. When Mrs. Kitely came for the papers I said to her, "Belle has run away with my Sun this morning."

And all Myrtleville has been busy with the scandal Mrs. Sawyer manufactured out of your remark," cried Mr. Grainger. "I can only hope she will be as active in contradicting as she was in circulating it."

But to this day Mrs. Sawyer persists in declaring that she can't see where the wrong to blame, after all. Anybody, she is quite sure, might have made such a mistake on the same grounds.

Pretty Susy was not long in doubt, for Fred, having drawn from Mrs. Sawyer the confession that she "thought it a duty to tell the Bellknaps the first thing," hastened over to the betrothed wife, to vent his indignation against all tattlers and mischief makers, and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Seymour's wedding cards put the final contradiction to the Myrtleville scandal.

Without any Courting.

Pat r Patterson was ill—at least he thought so, and depressed; he had headaches, and he hated the dusty streets, in which the summer heat burnt and the summer sun shone before the green leaves had draped the trees, and plotted geraniums which have come to be so blessedly popular in New York, lent their summer freshness.

"What shall I do doctor?" he said to the white-headed old physician. "You say that nothing ails me, but I can tell you what my feelings are better than you can. I know I shall be down with something soon. I rode in a car with half a dozen dirty children, the other day—going to be the small pox hospital, I haven't a doubt—very red and nasty looking, all of them; and while I was buying something in a store the other day, a horrid old woman begged of me because her husband was sick with typhoid fever. No doubt I've caught both diseases and its the complication that puzzles you. Couldn't relish my coffee this morning; left my milk toast untouched. Hateful life, that of a bachelor at a hotel. Oh dear me."

"Why don't you marry, then?" said the doctor.

"They need so much courting, said Mr. Patterson. "You spend six months or so, at least, dangling at a woman's apron strings. You must go to the theatre and opera, if she is gay, and to church meeting if she is pious. At fifty a man likes his slippers and dressing gown and easy chair of an evening. If it was just stepping over to the clergyman's and getting married, put a ring on her finger and saying, or nodding, yes two or three times, why I wouldn't mind it you know."

"Ah, well, courting is the fun of it all, in my opinion," said the old doctor, "but every one to his taste. And my advice to you is to get into the country."

"To another hotel and more mercenary waiters!" said Mr. Patterson.

"No," said the doctor, "go to a nice private home, I know one—a motherly widow lady who cooks a dinner fit for a king. River before the house, woods behind it, orchard to the left, kitchen garden to the right; no fever and ague, no mosquitoes. Heavenly! I am going up there to-morrow and I'll see if she will take you."

"Very well," said Mr. Patterson, "I think I'd try it."

"And you must drink plenty of milk, and eat plenty of nice home-made bread."

"Yes, I will," said Patterson, overjoyed at least at hearing something that sounded like a prescription. "And you would advise milk?"

"Quart of it every day," said the doctor.

"I'll take a note of it," said Patterson, "and if I should be very ill she'll nurse me?"

"Splendidly," said the doctor, and went his way.

Mr. Patterson thought the matter over, and thought better of it every day, and when the little note informing him that the widow would be willing to "take him in and do for him" reached him, he had his trunk and portmanteau already packed, and was already to start that afternoon. As for the widow, the doctor had prepared her for her boarder's peculiarities thus:

"Nice fellow; social; plenty of money; thinks himself ill, but isn't; ought to be married; told him so but he hates the idea of courting; marry off some day no doubt; 'Will you have me?' 'Yes.' Call in clergyman. Over. Very peculiar old bachelor; but then bachelors are peculiar generally."

The widow was what Yankees call an amazing smart woman. She had married at sixteen and had never failed to have washing over when other people were hanging out theirs. Her bread always rose, her cake was always good, and her butter was always sweet. At forty-five she had married off all her daughters, and was well to-do, buxom and happy.

Her son and his wife boarded with her, and she added to her plentiful savings by taking a summer boarder or two, if they happened to offer.

"Fifty and a bachelor," said Mrs. Muntle, looking in the glass. "Well, it seems a pity; but then when elderly gentlemen marry, it is some hittyity girl that lead them a terrible life, and likely it's for the best."

Then she looked in the glass again, for the widow was but a woman after all.

Mr. Patterson came to the widow's and obeyed the doctor's prescription carefully. He ate bread and milk, robbed the orchards like a school-boy, and declared over the strawberry short-cake after a fashion that would have made his reputation at the bar. Then, too, Mrs. Muntle did not smile at his aches and pains, and insist that he must be perpetually well because he had a fresh complexion and dimples in his cheeks. She had savory herb teas and potions, which she produced when he complained of feeling miserable, and she had that blessing of hypochondaries, a homeopathic box in the house.

There were remedies in that box for everything' and it was pleasant to find that when there was a crawling sensation in your flesh, or a kind of uneasy feeling in your legs, there were daily little globules to be had just suited for that to find yourself very angry about nothing indicated pulsatilla, and that even for unrequited love there was a medicine.

For two months and more Mr. Patterson boarded with Mrs. Muntle, and happier months he had never lived through. Then he went back to the city for a few weeks, returned in urgent need of more pellets from the medicine chest, and stayed until the last pink chrysantheum was blooming on its withered branches. He had grown so fond of his little room, with its white curtains and fresh grass bleached linen, of the country good things, and of the cozy nursing of the buxom Mrs. Muntle, that he could scarcely bear the thought of parting with them altogether.

After all why could he not buy a house and try to get Mrs. Muntle to keep it for him? Perhaps she would. He would offer a high salary, and she would have plenty of servants. Then, indeed, he might have friends to dine with him, and be as happy as possible.

If only he could approach his hostess; showing her as he did so that he considered her his equal and a lady, and all that, as she certainly was—a little countryfied, of course, but a clergyman's daughter, and the widow of a country doctor.

After much consideration he finally mustered courage for the effort, and walked into the front parlor and sent the small servant to ask Mr. Muntle to step there for a moment, if she pleased.

"Gracious!" thought Mrs. Muntle. "What can he want?"

Then she blushed brightly, settled her necktie, took off her apron and walked demurely in.

"Be seated, ma'am," said Mr. Patterson. "Please to sit here. Allow me to sit near you, I have something to ask which may require your consideration."

"Oh, dear, its coming!" said Mrs. Muntle.

"I suppose you know that I'm a man of considerable means, ma'am," said the old bachelor, "able to buy a nice house, furnish it well and live in it comfortably."

"So I've understood, Mr. Patterson," said the widow.

"And of course it is pleasanter to live that way than at a hotel," said Mr. Patterson.

"I should judge it might be," said Mrs. Muntle, cautiously.

"You judge rightly," said Mr. Patterson, "but you know a bachelor must be in the hands of servants, if he keeps a house. A gentleman don't want that he wants a lady to superintend things for him—some one of taste and refinement, and all that. Common people don't understand his feelings, and mercenary servants are a poor dependance."

"I know that," said Mrs. Muntle.

"You are almost as much alone as I, aren't you, Mrs. Muntle?" said Mr. Patterson, poaxingly.

"The doctor knew him. He's going to do it, just as he said he would if he ever did," said the lady to herself. Aloud she answered.

"Well, sir, I am pretty free with both. All my children are married."

"I know money would be no object to you," said Mr. Patterson, "office have enough. But if I were to tell you that I hated boarding houses, and wanted a home, I think you would have pity on me. I'll buy a beautiful house, and you shall have complete control of everything; only to make my strawberry shortcake for me all my life."

He paused and looked at the lady.

"That is delicately put," hesthought; "Nor will you hire out for a house keeper, I fancy."

"I ain't romantic, though," said Mrs. Muntle; "but still, we ain't young, neither of us, and it gets to be just that with the most sentimental after a while."

"Don't refuse me," pleaded Mr. Patterson.

"Well, Mr. Patterson; I won't," said Mrs. Muntle. "I'm my own mistress, and though I've never thought of a second marriage, why I think I'm warranted in making one. And no doubt I shall never repent, for I think you're a fine disposition, and I understand your ways and tastes."

Mr. Patterson listened. He saw what he had done; proposed and been accepted without having any idea what he was about.

He looked at Mrs. Muntle; she was very nice and fresh and comely, and ten years his junior, at least if she was forty. He could not have done a better thing, and he would be married without any troublesome courting.—So he put his arm about Mrs. Muntle's waist, and said:

"Thank you, my dear. I consider myself very fortunate."

He wrote to his good doctor in about a fortnight' time, to tell him that he had taken both his prescriptions, was a married man and intended to bring his bride home about Christmas.

Fatal Indulgence.

As in this article we wish to attack a real and wide-spreading evil, we may as well begin by saying that in our belief many parents kill their little children through a mistaken kindness in gratifying their appetites at the table not only, but between meals. Herod