Andover Advertiser and Free Press.

BARNARD & GALATIAN, Editors and Proprietors.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Local and General News.

TERMS, $1 50 per year, in Advance.

Vol. XXII. No. 10, Vol. VI, No. 22, Andover, Allegany County, N. Y., Thursday, May 21, 1874. Whole Nos. 1.154, 282.

Andover Advertiser.

PUBLISHED BY

BARNARD & GALATIAN,

ANDOVER, N. Y.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the following low rates. Home advertisements payable quarterly. Advertisements from abroad must be paid quarterly IN ADVANCE.

	1w	2w	4w	3m	6m	1y
1 inch	75	$1 25	$2 00	$1 00	$5 00	$10
2 inch	$1 50	2 50	4 00	6 00	8 00	13
3 inch	2 00	3 00	5 00	6 50	11 00	18
¼ col.	3 50	4 00	5 50	8 50	15 00	40
½ col.	4 00	5 50	7 00	15 00	30 00	65
1 col.	10 00	12 00	15 00	40 00	65 00	120

☞ 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 not under contract must be marked the length of time desired, or they will be continued and charged for until ordered discontinued. We reserve 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 neatest style, on short notice. Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

Special pains taken with Law Cases, Points &c.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Cards of five lines or less will be inserted in this column one year for $5; every subsequent line 75cts.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. W. W. Crandall.

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

Drs. T. & F. J. Baker,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

Offices on Baker St., Dr. T. Baker in attendance; and in rear of L. D. Cobb & Co's Store, entrance on north side. Dr. F. J. Baker in attendance. 1y148

ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

Rufus Scott,

Attorney & Counselor at Law, office over Sortore's Brick Block, Belmont, N. Y.

Angel & Jones.

Attorneys & Counselors at Law Belmont, N. Y.
WILKES 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 teeth on three different kinds of base, which are acknowledged to be superior to any other in use. He will also do filling 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. 1y255

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.

ANDOVER, 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 Hotel it has already got to be a favorite resort for the traveling public, and he flatters himself, from his 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 Traveling Public and the citizens of Allegany Co., has again passed into the hands of the undersigned, who flatters himself, from his long experience in the business that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. The house has been put in good condition and he desires to see his friends, 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 all the conveniences to be had at a first class House; and no pains will be spared to make guests comfortable.

Oysters served in every style, at all reasonable hours. Regular and transient custom solicited. 5y1

AMERICAN HOUSE,

BELMONT, N. Y.

S. O. CRANDALL, - - - *Proprietor.*

This old and well known House, having lately changed hands, has been newly furnished throughout and is now in good condition, and the subscriber tenders his services as host, and will at all times be found ready to administer to the comfort and welfare of all who may favor him with their patronage. Stables large and commodious, well stored and well attended. The public are cordially invited to call and try his fare and accommodations. 5y1.

Auctioneer.

The subscriber will be in readiness to attend Auction Sales in Allegany and adjoining counties. Particular attention given to selling stock. Real Estate sold on reasonable commission. Orders can be left at this office. Address

D. W. BARNARD,
Angelica, N. Y.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

M. H. DAVIS, Hornellsville, N. Y.,

Represents the following reliable companies, FIRE, LIFE, and ACCIDENTAL.

Continental, N. Y.	$2,500,000
Agricultural, N. Y.	600,000
Watertown Fire	600,000
Westchester	700,000
St. Paul, Minn.	700,000
Alemania, Cleveland, O.	500,000
Mississippi Valley, Tenn.	400,000
Oswego & Onondaga, N. Y.	300,000
Life and Accidental, Travelers of Hartford, Ct.	2,500,000
Life, Phœnix, Hartford, Ct.	9,000,000

all of which are solvent, and did not reduce their capital to make up impairment.

NEXT!

GILBERT & BRUNDAGE,
General Insurance Agents.
AND
Dealers in REAL ESTATE,
Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y.,

Represents the following:

COMPANIES.	ASSETS.
Commercial Union, London	12,500,000
Lycoming, of Pa.	6,000,000
National, Philadelphia, Pa.	450,000
Glens Falls, N. Y.	600,000
Niagara, N. Y.	1,500,000
Republic of New York	900,000
Alemania, Ohio	500,000
German, of Erie, Pa.	500,000
National Life, U. S. A.	3,000,000
Travelers Acc't, Hartford, Conn.	3,000,000

All these fire Companies pay 100 cents on a dollar for all their losses.

Policies written at the lowest rates. 801y1

JASON HUNT & SON,

Are now opening an entire Stock of

New and Choice

Groceries and Provisions!

(In the store formerly occupied by Crandall & Brainard,)

Everything New!

Bought for Cash!

At the Lowest Possible Price!

No Old Goods!

Everything New!

And of the Very Best Quality!

That can be found in the markets. We will keep a full stock of

BOOTS and SHOES of the Best Make!

A full line of

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE,

CLOVER and GRASS SEEDS!

We shall not be Undersold!

Everything Warranted as Recommended!

☞ We take most kinds of produce at the best market price.

Andover, March 7th, 1874. [273]

ERIE RAILWAY.

Pullman's Best Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern Improvements are run through without change between Salamanca, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, 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	1.05 PM	......	7.00AM	3.25AM
Little Valley	....	....	8.48	2.37
Cincinnati	9.50	......	......	9.40
Cleveland	7.00 AM	......	......	7 45PM
Salamanca	3.15 PM	......	9.12	5.22AM
Olean	3.58	......	10.08	6.07
Cuba	4.23	......	10.50	6.38
Genesee	5.17	......	12.07PM	7.29
Andover	....	......	12.33	
Buffalo arr	12.45AM	......	6.30	......
Niag'a Falls	1.16	......	9.30	......
Horne'e lve	6.35PM	1.20AM	1.50	9.00AM
Elmira arr.	8.38	3.22AM	4.30	10.51
Binghamton	10.53	5.32	7.30	12.40M
Port Jervis	3 48 AM	10.15	11.55	5.25
New York	7.40	1.55	4.55PM	8 55

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

5,00 A M except Sundays, from Dunkirk,—Stopping at Sheridan 5 25; Forestville 5 45; Smith's Mills 6 10; Perrysburg 6 50; Dayton 7 32; Cattaraugus 8 30; Little Valley 9 10, Salamanca 9 52; Great Valley 10 25; Carrollton 10 45; Vandalia 11 55 a.m.; Allegany 12 m.; Olean 12 45; Hinsdale 1 16; Cuba 1 57; Friendship 3 10; Belvidere 3 38; Phillipsville 4 00; Scio 4 20; Genesee 5 00; ANDOVER 6 10; Alfred 6 55; Almond 7 26, arriving at Hornellsville 7 50 PM.

9,30 A. M., daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9 45, Forestville 9 55, Smith's Mills 10 08, Perrysburg 10 30, Dayton 10.39, Cattaraugus 11 08, Little Valley 11 30, Salamanca 12 08, Great Valley 12 17, Carrollton 12 34 P. M., Vandalia 12 48, Allegany 1 07, Olean 1 28, Hinsdale 1 43, Cuba 2 12, Friendship 2 53, Belvidere 3 12, Phillipsville 3 26, Scio 3 46, Genesee 4 09, ANDOVER 4 40, Alfred 5 15, Almond 5 30, arriving at Hornellsville at 5.50.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No 1.	No 5.	No 3*	No 29†
New Y'k lve	9.00 AM	10.45 AM	7.00 PM	7.00 PM
Port Jervis.	12.17 PM	3.40 PM	10.40	11.35
Hornellsv'e	9.10	8.10 AM	8.25 AM	12.35
Andover	....	....	....	1.23
Genesee	10.13	4.10	9.50AM	1.45
Cuba	11.07	5.08	10.30	2.47
Olean	11.33	5.30	10.56	3.17
Great Valley	....	6.06	....	4.00
Salamanca	12.05	6.12	11.36	4.05
Clevel'd arr	7.55 AM	4.05P.M.	7.30 PM	10.45 AM
Cincinnati	6.00 PM	....	6.00 AM	6 00 PM
Little Valley	12.33 AM	6.35	12 30	4.20 PM
Dunkirk arr	3.30 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 4.48, Hinsdale 5.17, Allegany 5.36, Vandalia 5.50, Carrollton 6.00, Little Valley 6.35, Cattaraugus 6.53, Dayton 7.13, Perrysburgh 7.19, Smith's Mills 7.34, Forestville 7.43, Sheridan 7.50 arriving at Dunkirk at 8.00 AM.

4,45 A. M, except Sundays, from Hornellsville. Stopping at Almond 5 19; Alfred 5 37; ANDOVER 6 26; Genesee 7 40; Scio 8 00; Phillipsville 9 30; Belvidere 9 57; Friendship 9 25; Cuba 10 47; Hinsdale 11 22; Olean 12 58; Allegany 12 17, Vandalia 12 48; Carrollton 1 40; Great Valley 1 58; Salamanca 2 25, Little Valley 3 20, Cattaraugus 4 07; Dayton 5 10; Perrysburg 5 30; Smith's Mills 6 10; Forestville 6 35; Sheridan 6 55; and arriving at Dunkirk at 7 30 P. M.

12,35 P. M, daily from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 12 48; Alfred 1 02; ANDOVER 1 23; Genesee 1 45; Scio 1 55; Phillipsville 2 04; Belvidere 2 14; Friendship 2 35; Cuba 2 47; Hinsdale 3 03; Olean 3 17; Allegany 3 26; Vandalia 3 38; Carrollton 3 50; Great Valley 4 00; Salamanca 4 05; Little Valley 4 30; Cattaraugus 4 47; Dayton 5 08; Perrysburg 5 16; Smith's Mills 5 33; Forestville 5 43; Sheridan 5 53; arriving at Dunkirk at 6 00 P M.

4,00 P.M. daily, from Hornellsville. Stopping at Almond 4 35; Alfred 5 15, ANDOVER 6 10; Genesee 6 55; Scio 7 18; Phillipsville 7 30; Belvidere 8 00. Cuba 9 05; Olean 10 07 Salamanca 11 35, Little Valley 12 00 A M; Cattaraugus 12 54; arriving at Dunkirk at 2 30 A M.

* Daily.
† Daily between Hornellsville and Dunkirk.

☞ Through Tickets to all points West at the very lowest Rates, for sale in the Company's office at the Genesee Depot.

Baggage will be checked only on Tickets purchased at the Company's office.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St.,
New York.

Wellsville Insurance Agency

FIRE, ACCIDENT, LIFE

B. HANKS & SON, Agents,

Second Story Simmons' Block, represents the following reliable Companies.

Ætna,	$6,000,000
Hartford, Conn.	2,500,000
Phœnix, 'Hartford',	$1,650,000
North British and M.	$23,000,000
Continental,	$2,500,000
Springfield, Mass.	1,200,000
Glens Falls, N. Y., (farm)	700,000
Lycoming,	5,000,00
German (American)	$1,250,000
Narragansett,	$508,000
Merchants,	$400,000
LIFE AND ACCIDENT.	
Travelers Hartford,	2,500,000
Connecticut Mutual,	35,000,000

Also agents for White Star Atlantic Line, the largest line of Steamships in the World.

Lowest Rates compatible with safety offered.

J. C. BURDICK'S
JEWELRY & VARIETY STORE.
ALFRED, N. Y.

Having enlarged and refinished my place of business, I would now inform my friends and the public generally, that I keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED-WARE,

ROCK CRYSTAL

Spectacles!

In GOLD, SILVER, and STEEL BOWS,

WATCHES. CLOCKS. JEWELRY, REPAIRED and WARRANTED.

Also Engraving executed in every Style of the Art, on short notice.

THE LADD PATENT

GOLD WATCH CASES.

AND

ROCK CRYSTAL SPECTACLES

A SPECIALITY.

All Goods Warranted as Represented, and sold at Panic Prices! If you want anything in my line please give me a call. All orders will receive prompt attention. 228y1

Miscellaneous.

For the Advertiser and Free Press.

JENNIE CORBEN'S WEDDING.

BY THIRZA LILA PINGREY.

CHAPTER I.

"This dress, Helen, must be finished by two o'clock; it is now half-past ten and no trimming upon it yet." Mrs. Watchman drew a long sigh. She looked care-worn and weary, for over work was undermining her frail constitution.

Spring had just blossomed into summer, and the fashionable world had dispensed with winter clothing and were donning a more light apparel, consequently the increase of work had been great for a few weeks, and Mrs. Watchman and daughter had exerted their energies to comply with the demands of their customers until their nervous systems were nearly exhausted.

"Oh dear," replied Helen, "if Flora Clifton knew the pain it gives me to make this dress, she would not, I think, wear it with much pleasure to-morrow, even if she is to be Jennie Corben's brides-maid. My fingers smart with pain, my shoulders and head ache; I shall die if I can't obtain rest before long:" and Helen gave her auburn curls a slight toss with her hand as she straightened up, placing her head against the back of the chair and giving herself two or three rocks.

Indoor life and unceasing toil with the needle had banished from her once rosy cheeks their healthful bloom, deadened the vivacity of her countenance, and dimmed the luster of her eye. She looked pale and emaciate, and as though she might have seen twenty-five summers instead of eighteen.

"But this will never do," she again remarked, "the work must be done;" and she resumed it, if possible, with more dilligence. Faster and faster flew her needle until the last stitch had been taken, then raising her eyes toward the clock she exclaimed, "Only half-past twelve and the dress is completed." She arose quickly, dropped her scissors and thread, gave the dress a sudden shake, smoothed out its folds and then said: "Isn't this beautiful?" then placing her hand beneath the costly lace which so elaborately trimmed the elegant robe, she again remarked: "How charming Flora will appear to-morrow arrayed in such lovely drapery."

"I think so my child," replied her mother, "but hurry and do it up, the errand boy is here already."

After the dress had been sent away Mrs Watchman and daughter sat down to partake of some refreshments. While Helen was sipping her coffee she said: "Ma, I wish we were as wealthy as Colonel Corben, then we should not be obliged to labor so hard, we are killing ourselves with work."

"If it was best for us to be rich," replied her mother, "riches would be ours; our Heavenly Father doth all things well."

"I do not see why we are any better for being poor," said Helen, pettishly, "if we had a few thousand dollars it would do us no harm, but much good."

"Perhaps, my child, if we possessed thousands we might be proud and sinful. You know that it is our duty to care for the wants of the poor and distressed; and if we were rich we might be independent and aristocratic. The bible teaches that it is just as impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle."

"The poor are not benefitted any by our poverty as I can see, it takes all we can earn to support ourselves, perhaps if we possessed a few dollars we might be of some consequence then."

"My daughter, when your father was living we were in the enjoyment of plenty, but my heart was cold and obdurate. I never cared to inquire into the wants of the poor, or ask about their sufferings; never offered words of sympathy to the afflicted, but lived for self only, entirely given up to the world. God saw fit to soften the hardness of my heart by removing a kind companion and affectionate father, and to divest me of my worldly possessions, I have bowed in submission to the chastening rod, and now there is no cabin too humble that I cannot enter, no person too lowly but that I can sympathize with in affliction. Jesus has brought me humbly to his feet, and there I am content to walk until he bids me come up higher."

"Why has the Creator," said Helen, "been so partial in bestowing such an abundance of wealth upon some and so little upon others? Jennie Corben has wealth, beauty and every pleasure that money can bring. Colonel Corben's family are no better than ours. Why should we be afflicted with poverty and loss of friends, while others with just as obdurate hearts are so bountifully blessed?"

"My dear, the ways of Providence are past finding out. He calls after us when we are walking in by and forbidden paths, and wandering from him, by sending invisible messengers to smite the dearest objects of our affections, thereby subduing our proud and haughty spirits, and directing us to a throne of Grace, where, in deep humility we can lift our burdened hearts in adoration to the great center of true happiness. From some he takes companions and children, from others wealth. Others, who are eager for worldly fame and glory, are often doomed to see their brightest expectations crushed in a moment by some unforseen event, and thereby left to mourn over past folly, and to learn an instructive lesson from the unstability of worldly gain. What would affect one would not another. By many ways he enters the hearts of his people. Jennie Corben is young yet, and prosperity has been the crowning element of her life. But life is rugged, the best of it, and its waves may not always be as placid as now. Not many pass from childhood to old age without meeting some reverse of fortune. Col. Corben and wife have been bountifully blessed, and God in his unspeakable mercies have spared to them the lives of their affectionate daughters." Here a tear moistened the eye of Helen, for her mind reverted to her childhood, when she was the recipient of fortunes' smiles, and the love of an indulgent father.

CHAP. II.

After dinner Dr. Brown and wife repaired to Mrs. Watchman's. Mrs. Brown came purposely to consult the fashion plates, while her husband inquired after the health of the family. Dr. Brown had long been Mrs. Watchman's family physician and medical adviser.

After Mrs. Brown had examined the latest Parisan mode of adjusting the hair, she placed herself before a large mirror and began rolling her hair on tins, for to-morrow she intended to don her best and create quite a sensation at the nuptial feast. She well knew that her and her husband's presence was essential at the wedding to complete the happiness of the family, as they had long been particular friends of the Corbens.

While she was busying herself before the glass Dr. Brown threw himself up on a rude setee and enjoyed the passing moments in reading the news of the day.

Soon Mrs. Watchman broke the intervening silence by looking up from her work, and slightly raising her spectacles, and thus accosting Mrs. Brown: "Then Jennie Corben is to be married to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "to-morrow Jennie Corben will be Mrs. Morris."

"Do you think," continued Mrs. Watchman, "that Jennie is going to marry a man worthy of her?"

Mrs. Brown made no reply, but gazed steadily into the mirror and rolled a lock of hair high upon her forehead.

"Wife," exclaimed the doctor, rising to his feet and throwing down his paper, "what do you think, please give us your opinion; do you think Morris worthy of Jennie?"

"Well, if I must give my opinion, here it is," then turning face about, and with a slight toss of her head, she proceeded: "Jennie Corben is a superior lady. You know, Dr. Brown, that Col. Corben's family are allied to the first families in England. She has been born in the lap of luxury and nurtured in the cradle of refinement. She possesses a finished education; can speak German and French with ease, and is accomplished in music and painting. She is an affectionate girl. Her amiable disposition, notwithstanding her beauty, which is a fortune, wins for her many friends and admirers."

"I think," interrupted Dr. Brown, before his wife had completed her remarks or given her decision upon the merits of the two, "that your eulogiums of Jennie are more than she merits. I do not call a lady accomplished until she is complete mistress of housework. Jennie has not the least idea of economy; her thoughts have never arose above fashion or fashionable society. Her education is not practical—merely superficial. Whatever she has wished has been furnished, without a thought upon her part how it came. Should she be thrown upon the world to depend upon her own resources, I fear she would find this a rugged life. Society is greatly in error in regard to woman's education. Jennie should never be the wife of a man of small fortune. The Colonel will yet, I fear, regret her marriage," here the doctor shook his head, "when alas it is too late. Corben has no positive assurance that Morris is wealthy, although he pretends to own property in the city and makes a grand display for a commission-agent, during his semi-annual journeys through the country to solicit patronage from our merchants, for a city dry goods firm."

How has Morris gained the esteem of that family?" interrogated Mrs. Watchman.

"He has won their appropration by his close application to business, strict attention to Jennie, together with the many valuable presents which he has presented her, her mother and sister; and which has produced a good effect upon the Colonel, consequently he is a welcome guest the Corben mansion."

"I would not really think that the Colonel's family would accept so many presents from Morris," said Mrs. Brown. "I should have a regard for public opinion if not for a sense of right."

"O that can be easily accounted for, Morris has for the past two years, while journeying through the country, made the Colonels' house his home; and as he is a gentlemen who would not like to intrude upon the hospitality of his friends, and the Colonel would not take any compensation for his trouble, as I suppose his society is very agreeable, he in part compensates by making presents."

By this time Mrs. Brown had completed the arrangement of hair, and borrowing the latest fashionable magazine, she and her husband took their departure.

CHAP. III.

Colonel Corben and wife came to Western New York when the country was comparatively new, and purchased a farm in a beautiful valley about three miles from the little village of A—. This valley was bounded, upon the north and south by ranges of lofty hills and extended east and west many miles, presenting a picturesque scenery and forming the basin of the Genesee river. The New York and Erie Rail Road had not yet been constructed, but the main highway ran directly before the Corben mansion. This mansion was a large commodious building, and presented many attractions to the weary traveler, and served as a home to many a stranger.

The Colonel and his wife extended their hospitality to all who came; and their two, young and interesting daughters pleasantly entertained their guests by furnishing them many pieces of music—both vocal and instrumental. But among all their guests, none were more welcomely received than Alfred Morris; who had become very much enamored with the Colonels' eldest daughter. A mutual attachment had grown up between them, and a day had been appointed for the nuptial ceremony.

June, the first born of summer, was the designated month for the joyful event. Invitations had been extended to a large circle of friends to participate in the felicity of the occasion; and Colonel Corben had expended a small fortune in newly arranging his house for the nuptial festival.

Jennie's wedding trouseau had been imported from Paris at the request of her affianced lover, for nothing of American manufacture was deemed elegant enough for his charming bride.

The eventful era at last dawned; and the long anticipated day was ushered in with a glorious morning. The refreshing breeze regaled the senses of man and invigorated him with new life and ambition. The fragrant air was embalmed with odors from flowering shrubs and blooming fruit trees. The bright sun arose with more than usual brilliancy, crowning the lofty hills with gold, reflecting in the dew drops, which sparkled like diamonds in his resplendent rays, the colors of the rainbow. The feathered songsters warbled in their green bower of bliss, and caroled in the gladsome sunshine. There was joy on earth—the sleeping world aroused from its slumbers, came forth with renewed life and beauty, to welcome the advent of a new born day. Many a heart throbbed with exultation at the beauties of creation, and rejoiced at the voice of nature, which proclaimed the rising morn.

But no heart beat with more animation than Jennie Corben's; for to her it was the beginning of a new year, which she anticipated would be replete with connubial bliss. Every hope brightened as she gazed upon the world and beheld it clothed in such loveliness upon her bridal day.

She arose that morning much earlier than usual, for long before dawn the goddess of sleep had left her downy couch, and at daybreak we find her upon the banks of the noble Genesee—whose clear waters mirrored the azure sky, gathering wild flowers for a nosegay: and with a heart of ecstacy, trilling a merry song in tones, soft and musical; which rang out upon the still air and died away with the murmuring voice of the flowing waters, which sped their way towards the great chain of Lakes.

"Good morning, Jennie," said a pleasant voice, and turning around she saw Flora Clifton standing by her side.

"You startled me!" she exclaimed, then throwing her arms around her neck she kissed her a good morning saying, "I am so happy to see you."

"What are you doing here so early? O, I see, forming a nosegay for dear Alfred, I suppose."

"O no, not for Alfred," replied Jennie, "but for you, Flora, to present to dear Charlie; thought I would come early to arrange it, before any one missed me."

"Suppose you are anticipating much happiness this summer with Alfred, at the city; wish the same star of prosperity that illumes your futurity might dawn for me as bright a future."

"My future, Flora, now looks bright and cheery: all things beautiful seem to beckon me to their enjoyment.—Could I see you as happy in matrimonial felicity as my anticipation are, it would afford me much pleasure."

"Have you ever visited the city in which you are to reside?"

"No, but Alfred has given me a brief description of it and of my future residence, together with the assurance of having everything requisite for my enjoyment. I am to have domestics at my command, coach and coachman whenever I request, and a pleasure boat. I intend to spend much of my time during the hot weather of summer upon the water. I expect our residence is almost a palace, so elegantly furnished, and Alfred says that to morrow evening the servants there will have supper awaiting us."

"O, that will be delightful!" exclaimed Flora.

"There goes the breakfast bell," said Jennie, "here is your nosegay," presenting Flora with a lovely bunch of flowers, beautifully arranged. "Can,t you go to the house?"

"No, I thank you, but I will be with you in time to-day. I am much pleased with my boquete;" and away Flora tripped gaily over the lawn much delighted with her flowers

CHAP. IV.

All day long was heard the rumbling of carriage wheels, going to and from the Colonel's mansion. Silks, laces, and ribbons, decorated the young, gay, and beautiful; brilliantly colored sashes bound their tapering waists; curls interspersed with flowers and pearls, ornamented their brows, rings and braceletts glittered upon their naked arms and delicate fingers. The rosy tint of youth bloomed upon their cheeks and intelligence beamed from their sparkling eyes.

The lovely Jennie was arrayed in a long trailing bridal robe, over which fell in graceful folds, heavily embroidered laces, festooned occasionally by pearls and flowers. A coronet of orange blossoms decorated her head, and bound the wavy ringlets, which fell in masses upon her shoulders, over which floated the white etherial vail, clasped by a diamond pin. A bunch of flowers fastend by a diamond brooch ornamented her bosom, and a diamond bracelet encircled her wrist. She looked like an inhabitant of the etherial world, so lovely in form and so beautifully clothed.

The bell tolled one: the merry group took no note of time, but continued their joyful songs, accompanied by the tones of the piano, played by the skillful fingers of the lovely bride. There was joy in that princely parlor, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

The clock strikes two—it is the hour to unite the hearts and destinies of the bridal pair.—All is quiet now—Anxiety and doubtful suspence reigns supreme, Instead of an hour of hallowed bliss—it is an hour fraught with greatest disappointment. Alas, how often the fairest hopes we can concieve the most deceitful!

But why this delay? Who has severed those sacred vows? Who has crushed the heart and blighted the brightest hopes of the young and unsuspecting Jennie? Time will answer for it wafts our joys and ills, and ends them in its course.

The burden of Jennie's mind increased continually with the advancing moments; but she tried to conceal it by pleasant words and winning smiles. Her efforts were unavailing; for her pale countenance and tearful eyes indicated more than her tongue could utter.

As the company dispersed, each guest wished her much happiness in the future and expressed many kind wishes for her prosperity. She responded not to their expressions of kindness, for the organs of speech had refused to obey their mission.

When she found herself alone, and the shades of evening approaching, she sat down by an open window and gazed out upon the beautiful world seemingly absorbed in a melancholy revery. It was a lovely evening—fit emblem for the commencement of connubial bliss. The starry canopy dazzled with brilliancy, and the serene sky was darkened to the deepest blue. The night bird sang a requium for the departed day, and "the peepers" chimed a harmonious chorus, while the croaking frogs added their coarse and dolerous sound.

Long into the night she sat pensively reclining by the window.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by sounds of an approaching carriage. She listened, then peering into the dusky distance, she sprang quickly to her feet, ran from her room down the gravelly walks, threw open the gate, just as Alfred Morris alighted from his elegant carriage drawn by a span of beautiful iron greys. He approached her, clasped her in his arms, imprinted upon her lips the token of love as he folded her to his bosom.

"Alfred, oh Alfred! have you come at last!" she exclaimed. It was all she could ejaculate.

"Sickness detained me dear Jennie; can you—can you forgive your devoted lover?" Tears flowed down his flushed cheeks as he spoke, but he continued: "I am not well, I am ill." Then placing her arm in his, they silently walked together to the house. Alfred bidding her an affectionate good night he retired.

Jennie's mind was so disturbed by passing events that she spent a sleepless night.

Morning came—but Morris was no better. Disease had chosen him for its victim and he lay tossing upon his bed in agony.

CHAP. V.

"O ma, what does all this mean?" exclaimed Helen Watchman as she looked out of the window. "The road is blockaded before Colonel Corbens'. Come quickly and see! There goes Dr. Brown!" Mrs. Watchman hastened to the window and was much surprised to see obstructions in the highway.

"O Hellen!" said Mrs. Watchman, "some direful calamity has befallen that family. The Blinds are closed and all is still as the charnel house. Run child, to Dr. Browns and ascertain the cause of all this! But here comes Mrs. Griffin in great haste. Good morning Mrs. Griffin, walk in. What is the matter? You seem very much excited." Mrs. Griffin entered the room, threw herself into a chair and caught for breath two or three times before speaking.

"Have you heard the news! Mrs. Watchman?"

"News! what news!" exclaimed Mrs. Watchman and daughter at the same time with astonishment, "Do tell!"

"O the Corbens have all got the small pox! or I should say, they have got the small pox at the Corben' house. We shall all have it without a doubt. Alfred Morris came to Colonel Corbens with it and exposed the whole family. He came home that same night after the expected wedding; and as that disease goes in the air I ain't expecting anything else but all who were at the wedding will have it, especially Flora Clifton; for she, you know, was to have been Jennie Corden's bridesmaid." Here Mrs. Griffin gave a sigh for she was so out of breath, caused by talking so fast and being so very much excited. She was finally compelled to rest before saying anything more, After a few moments she again proceeded: "I would advise you Mrs. Watchman to pack up and leave; you are the nearest neighbor and will be sure and take it. I have started out this morning to alarm the neighborhood, so as to guard against the disease. I think the Colonel has missed it in being so anxious to have Jennie marry that fellow. He had better not have been so proud and let Jennie married my son, if he is a cooper; then he would not have had all this trouble."

"The Colonels' family have always been quite high headed, none of our country boys were good enough for their girls. Nothing but a city beau would do; but the Colonel will see the folly of it, I am thinking, before he is through with it. But the worst of all is—the neighbors have got to suffer for their pride. I am confident that the small pox will kill half of the folks, now it is among them: and the best thing we can do is to leave, all that can. I guess the Colonels' folks will never be troubled with company any more, should any of them get well; for you know that disease will stay in the walls of a house, just as long as the house stands. The Road is blockaded; no team or person dare go past the house—I never saw such a time before and never wish to again. But I must not stay here too long, there are other neighbors to warn." Then rising to her feet and nodding her head towards Mrs. Watchman two or three times, making several gestures with her hand, she continued in an authoritive style of voice, slightly moderated by a tremulous tone, caused by excitement or fright. "When I come back this way, I hope I shall find you all packed to go." Mrs. Griffin darted out of the door, for she was in great haste, that morning performing a mission of mercy among her neighbors.

CHAP. VI.

What sensations thrilled every vein of the Corben family when it was announced by Dr. Brown, that Alfred Morris had fallen a victim to that direful disease, small pox.

Colonel Corben, horrified at the tho't of that loathsome contagion, arose to his feet, and wild with amazement exclaimed, "Small pox, doctor! Is that disease in my house?" Then partially soliloquizing to himself he said, "How many of my family are to be sacrificed before the ravages of that fearful malady are satiated. He bowed his head and for awhile was absorbed in meditation. "Here," said Dr. Brown, with a loud voice, arresting his attention, "I have a dispatch for you."

The Colonel seized it with avidity, like one with a premonition of something more terrible. He opened it and read as follows:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June, 18—

COL. CORBEN:—I, Jennette Reno, wife of Alfred Reno, have advertised for six successive months to ascertain the whereabouts of my husband; but did not receive, until last week, any tidings concerning him. A gentleman from your town informed me, that a man bearing the description given in the advertisement, but assuming the name of Alfred Morris, was at your house. Any information given, will be thankfully received by his wife.

JENNETTE RENO.

The Colonel stamped his foot upon the floor, cast the dispatch from him, and with an angry voice exclaimed:—Treacherous villain! must I succumb to this rascality, and sacrifice my family for this treacherous villain!"

"But hold!" said the doctor, "Morris denies the accusation and requests an interview."

"Interview!" replied the Colonel with a sarcastic smile, "tell him I have nothing more to do with him, but to dispose of his ashes in some cavern of the valley."

"But, father," replied Jennie, with tearful eyes, "please grant him an interview; he denies the false accusation."

"What if he *does* deny it, it only shows more clearly that he is the *guilty* wretch."

"He may not live long," continued Jennie, "and I beseech you, father, to grant his last request." Here Jennie burst into tears and this somewhat appeased her father's wrath, and he very reluctantly went into his presence.

"Do you," said Morris, "believe that accusation brought against me?"

"I *do*," replied the Colonel in a stern voice, and I believe that your life has been an ignominious one."

"Colonel," replied Morris, "I am innocent! but if I *am* the villain you take me to be, I pray God to cause a living monument to grow upon my grave, as a testimonial of my rascality."

"You have brought ruin, disgrace, and perhaps death into my family; and a felon's cell should be your doom. "He left the room and could never be persuaded to enter it again. After this the family, all but Jennie forsook Morris; and had it not been for her untiring care, together with the assistance of Dr. Brown, he would have suffered. Dr. Brown possessed a humane heart and would not permit the dying man to suffer, however guilty he might be. But the strong heart of the Colonel was immovable.

That evening after the family had retired, Morris beckoned Jennie to his bedside, and in a low voice said: "Do you believe me guilty?"

"No," replied Jennie, "my confidence in you, dear Alfred, is as immovable as the eternal hills."

"Then," replied Morris, "I die in peace, knowing that one friend remaineth to the last." Not long after this, when Dr. Brown was attending him and Jennie stood weeping by his side, his spirit took its departure.

Col. Corben with the doctor's assistance, during the darkest time of night took his remains, clothed in his wearing apparel and enveloped in the bed upon which he died and which served as his only coffin, and cast them into a grave in the loneliest corner of the cemetery.

After Jennie had taken her farewell look of all that now remained of Morris she retired to her room in deep distress. Her overburdened heart could not dispense with its grief—so frail was her constitution; but like a "lily o'ercharged with dew," bowed beneath its load. Hope no longer heralded the dawning of brighter or happier days; but clouds of disappointment and sorrow hung over her in huge masses of impenetrable gloom.

Her parents endeavored to arouse her from her despondency, but with no avail.

CHAP. VII.

They've laid her in a narrow bed,
Where bending willows weep,
Where angels o'er the slumbering dead,
Their silent vigils keep.

Scarcely had the grave closed above the remains of Alfred Morris, before Jennie, the young, gay, and lovely, fell a victim to the same direful disease.

Death shows no respect to persons—the king, the monarch, the prince, the peasant, all must die.

Like the brave mind she murmured not; no words of complaint escaped her lips during her intense sufferings.

Long watching, unceasing taxation of mental and physical powers, had impaired her system and she became an easy prey to the fell destroyer. Just as the day was done, and the solemn twilight came on, her spirit passed away. The lifeless remains were enshrouded in the bridal robe, and the casket was consigned to the earth, but the jewel had flown.

The country cemetery, ensconced at the foot of lofty hills, may be seen a verdant mound, environed with flowers and overshadowed by drooping willows; there the stranger pauses to drop a tear of sympathy with afflicted friends, while he reads the inscription upon the marble slab and listens to their tale of woe.

In a remote corner of the same cemetery is a weedy, neglected grave. No marble column marks his resting place; no epitaph tells the stranger whence he came or where he died; and if it was not for the living monument that has grown spontaneously upon his grave in the shape of a tree, which verifies the tale of his rascality, his name would sink into oblivion.

* * * * *

Months passed away. The angel of the leaves had again visited the forests, changing the beautiful, green foliage to the gorgeous Autumnal hues of crimson, gold and scarlet; and the warbling birds had ceased their joyous notes amid the leafy bowers; and the moaning wind chanted a requium as it conveyed in rustling showers, the drapery of the trees to their roots.

The setting sun had imprinted its last rays upon the hill tops and bathed the world in hazy light, and the golden, fleecy clouds rose in grandeur above the western horizon, mirroring themselves upon the surface of the flowing Genesee, when Colonel Corben, wife and daughter, sat down in their elegantly furnished apartment, to muse upon the past, upon their loneliness and the vacant chair. The silent piano, draped with weeds of woe, occupied a lonely place, and was as mute as the voice that last sang and played upon it, upon that eventful day. Its keys no longer vibrated to the touch of her skillful fingers: but there in solemn stillness awoke the sorrowing past.

Grief had furrowed its deep lines upon the brows of the aged couple, and overshadowed the pale face of the youthful sister.

It was a pensive hour. But they were seen aroused from their solitude by the loud barking of the dog; and a stranger entered in the form of a young and beautiful female, attired in the habiliments of mourning. She informed them that she had learned of the death of her husband at the Corben mansion, and had come to claim his property.—They acquainted her with the circumstances of his death, and that he left property barely sufficient to defray the expenses of his sickness.

Her eyes filled with tears, and in a low, but sweet voice she requested his faithful dog, for it was the last memento of him she once so dearly loved.—This request was granted; and Bravo frollicked with delight as he followed his former mistress. She returned to her carriage and soon disappeared in the darkness of the evening.

Bravo lived long as a pet for little Bell, but ever served as a sad reminiscence of the treachery of her dead husband.

The Corben farm is still located in the same beautiful valley, illuminated by the same glorious sun, and watched over by the same starry canopy, but it has passed into other hands.

To-day Helen Watchman, now Mrs. Brown, daughter-in-law of Dr. Brown, sits in her easy chair, sole mistress of the Corben mansion; and occasionally looks out of her window at the iron horse which screams and whistles at the crossing before her door, as it glides swiftly over the New York and Erie railroad through that lovely valley.

Mrs. Watchman lived long enough to see her daughter once more in affluence and herself enjoying the pleasures of a comfortable life at the home of her child.

A performance of educated fleas is at the present time attracting much attention at Berlin. At a recent exhibition, one of the most accomplished of the insects, obeying a sudden impulse of its nature, sprang from the table and took refuge on the person of an illustrious lady. The exhibitor was in despair, as the truant was his best performer, and said he would be ruined unless it could be recovered. The lady good naturedly retired to an adjoining room, and, after a few minutes' absence, returned with the flea between her thumb and forefinger. The exhibitor took it eagerly, gave one look at it, and then with visible embarrassment, said, "Your Highness will pardon me, but this is not the right flea."

One summer eveneniug, during a visit to Salem, the late Mr. Peabody was sitting alone by an open parlor window. The room within was lighted the street without was dark, so that while his form was plainly recognizable by any body passing, he could not see what passed. A party of young men stopped in front of the house, and began to call for "Peabody!" "Peabody!" "George Peabody!" Supposing, very naturally, that the townsmen wished to pay their respects and hear a speech, he came forward, when a voice rose out of the darkness, "Say, Peabody, give us a thousand dollars." Mr. Peabody shut the window very suddenly, and did not make a speech.

James the first of England and sixth of Scotland, was as every one knows, not remarkable for vigor and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in the choice of his texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following:—"James first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse; "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed."

Daniel Webster is not the only bright boy born in New Hampshire. The Boston Globe has heard of another—a youth residing in Dover, who refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He said, "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

Can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper when it is put out?