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.

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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	$4 00	$5 00	$10
2 inch	$1 50	2 50	4 00	5 00	8 00	15
3 inch	2 00	3 00	5 00	6 50	11 00	18
¼ col.	2 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.	16 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 Hepton & 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, Brick Block, Belmont, N. Y.

Angel & Jones.

Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Belmont, N. Y. [illegible] ANGEL. [illegible] JONES.

W. [illegible] CO[illegible]

DENTIST.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Andover and vicinity, that he [illegible] a Dental Office at the residence of [illegible] on Main street, where he will always be ready to attend to all kinds of Operative Mechanical Dentistry. He is prepared to put up [illegible] three different kinds of base, which [illegible] acknowledged to be superior to any other [illegible] He will also do filling in a manner which will give satisfaction or no pay.

HOTELS.

HUNT'S HOTEL,

CHIW'S HUNT, Proprietor.

Corner Main & Dyke Sts., Andover, Allegany County, New York.

Everything new and in the latest style. [illegible] entertainment and reasonable charges. Good Livery attached to Hotel. [illegible] at all hours.

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 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.

S. W. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

This Hotel has recently been refitted and furnished, and travelers will find all the conveniences of a first class House; and no pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Oysters served in every style, at all seasons. Regular and transient custom solicited.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

BELMONT, N. Y.

G. 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. 1y1

[illegible] Auctioneer.

[illegible] to attend [illegible] counties [illegible] Orders [illegible]

[illegible] N. Y.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

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

[illegible] the following reliable companies: FIRE and ACCIDENTAL.

[illegible]

Life, Phoenix, Hartford, Ct. [illegible]

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:

[illegible]

ERIE RAILWAY.

[illegible] Day and Sleeping [illegible] 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 MAY 18TH, 1874.

EASTWARD.

Stations.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	No. 2.
Dunkirk	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Little Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cincinnati	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Salamanca	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Olean	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.15
Cuba	4.30	......	10.45	.12
Genesee	5.23	......	11.32PM	1.00
Andover	.....	......	12.05	
Buffalo arr	12.45AM	......	8.15	12 25
Niag'a Falls	1.16	......	9.00	12 55
Horne'lsv'e	6.35PM	1.35AM	1.50	8.50AM
Elmira arr	8.53	3.40AM	4.30	10.38
Binghamton	10.[illegible]	5.53	7.30	12.26M
Port Jervis	3 48	10.[illegible]	12.07	4.45
New York	7.40	2.10	4.[illegible]PM	7.55 PM

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

4.50 A M except Sundays, from Dunkirk,—Stopping: t Sheridan 5 13; Forestville 5 [illegible]; Smith's Mills 5 03; Perrysburg 6 42; Dayton 7 03; Cattaraugus 8 00; Little Valley 7 32, Salamanca 9 [illegible]; Great Valley 10 07; Carrollton 10 45; Vandalia 11 [illegible]; Allegany 11 47; a.m.; Olean 12 15; Hinsdale 12 45; Cuba 1 22; Friendship 2 10; Belvidere 2 40; Phillipsville 3 03; Scio 3 27; Genesee 4 10; ANDOVER 5 40; Alfred 6 30; Almond 6 55, arriving at Hornellsville 7 20 P.M.

0.30 A. M., daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9 45, Forestville 9 56, Smith's Mills 10 08 Perrysburg 10 30, Dayton 10.40, Cattaraugus 11 10, Little Valley 11 33, Salamanca 12 10, Great Valley 12 20, Carrollton 12 35 P. M., Vandalia 12 55, Allegany 1 15, Olean 1 33, Hinsdale 1 57, Cuba 2 32, Friendship 3 07, Belvidere 3 26, Phillipsville 3 42, Scio 4 00 Genesee 4 17, ANDOVER 4 51, Alfred 5 25, Almond 5 42, arriving at Hornellsville at 6.00, P. M.

WESTWARD.

Stations.	No 1.	No 5.	No 3*	No 291
New Y'k lve	9.00 AM	10.45 AM	7.00 PM	7.00 PM
Port Jervis	12.13 PM	2.00 PM	10.55	11.35
Hornellsv'e	8.55	8.00 AM	8.30 AM	12.15
Andover				1.16
Genesee	9.57	4.00	9.38AM	1.31
Cuba	10.18	4.55	10.33	2.22
Olean	11.1[illegible]	5.[illegible]0	10.56	2.03
Great Valley	.....	5.37		2.43
Salam'a arr	11.50	6.02	11.55	3.0[illegible]
Cleveland	7.55 AM	4.05[illegible]	7.30 PM	10.45 A
Cincinnati	6.00 PM		6.00 AM	6.00 P M
Little Valley	12.22 AM	[illegible]	2.03	1.[illegible] PM
Dunkirk arr	2.20 AM	7.[illegible]0 AM	1.[illegible] PM	5.[illegible]

Additional Local Trains Westward.

The 3 00 A. M. [illegible] Hornellsville, also stops [illegible] 4.34, Hinsdale 5.0[illegible] Carrollton 5.48, [illegible] 6.12, Dayton 7.03, [illegible] 7.31, Forestville 7. [illegible] Dunkirk at 7.50 A. M.

4.30 A. M. [illegible] from Hornellsville. Stopping at Almond [illegible] Alfred 5 25; Andover [illegible] 6 10; Genesee 7 [illegible] Phillipsville 8 05; Belvidere 8 [illegible] Cuba [illegible] Hinsdale 10 [illegible] Vandalia 12 11; [illegible] Salamanca [illegible] Dayton 4 [illegible] Forestville [illegible] Dunkirk at [illegible]

12.30 P. M. [illegible] [illegible]

Wellsville Insurance Agency

FIRE, ACCIDENT, LIFE

B. HANKS & SON, Agents,

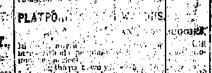
Second Story Sinamons [illegible] represents the following reliable Companies:

Ætna,	$6,000,000
Hartford, Conn.	2,500,000
Phoenix, Hartford,	$1,650,000
North British and M.	$23,000,000
Continental,	$2,500,000
Springfield, Mass.	1,200,000
Glens Falls, N. Y., (Leland)	700,000
Lycoming,	5,000,000
German (American)	$1,250,000
Narragansett,	$505,000
Merchants,	$400,000
LIFE AND ACCIDENT.	
Travelers Hartford,	2,500,000
Connecticut Mutual	35,000,000

Also agents for [illegible] Star Atlantic Line, the largest line of Steamships in the World.

Lowest Rates [illegible] with safety of [illegible]

ANDOVER CARRIAGE FACTORY.



[illegible] FIRE [illegible]

J. W. [illegible]

[illegible]

PLATFORM [illegible]

[illegible]

1st.—His work is [illegible] County.

2d.—That his prices are [illegible] lower [illegible]

[illegible]

F. M. BRONSON

has the entire control of the Painting [illegible] and finishing department, and is in every way perfect.

With a new building, one third larger than his commodious shop recently burned, he is fully prepared to attend to the wants of all, notwithstanding the large number of orders now on hand.

He is also connecting with his extensive Carriage business a large

REPAIR

and

Jobbing Shop,

[illegible] for BLACKSMITHING and Horse [illegible] will always receive immediate attention. Horse-shoers will be found in this [illegible] word. Fuller intends to be ahead in [illegible] his line of business. Call and satisfy [illegible]

Andover, [illegible] 1873. 280

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. [278]

GOOD NEWS!

Wonderful Bargains at the

CASH EMPORIUM!

BURROWS & YOUNG

Are bound to Sell GOODS!

Special Inducements for the NEXT THIRTY DAYS.

A Mammoth Stock of Dry Goods and Groceries, Cheaper than Ever.

Bottom Clear out of Prices.

A New Stock of Crockery, Glass and Stone-Ware at prices never known in Andover.

Improve the Opportunity.

Bargains in Everything

Space will not admit of General Quotations.

CALL OFTEN. CALL EARLY.

TERMS--Cash, Eggs, Lard,

Butter, Cheese, Dried Fruits, Potatoes, Grain, or anything else.

30 Days to Prompt Payers.

Rally for the Cheapest Store in Allegany County.

[redacted]

Miscellaneous.

A FRENCH HORSE FAIR.

I was looking one day at a print of a countryman selling a horse, which was hung up in the café of a small auberge where I was seated in company with an intelligent young man, who said to me, "That print reminds me of the interesting story connected with—it happened at a fair in this place a very few years ago."

I pressed him to relate it to me, and ordered a bottle of the best Bordeaux in the house, to show my sense of his courtesy.

One gloomy autumn evening, two persons were seated, silent and sad, before an immense hearth, the fire gradually becoming extinct; a pale and uncertain light was in the room; an instantaneous brighter light at times reflected on those countenances; they glanced from one to the other, and during those momentary corruscations one would have said, looking at them, that two spectres had come there to warm their limbs, chilled by the icy coldness of the tomb.

A clock sounded—the man started, then sighed heavily. He was a man in the prime of life with manly features, stalwart frame, and an ardent, searching eye.

"Catherine," said he, with an effort, after he had regarded his wife's sympathizing countenance a few seconds, "it is time—it is the Angelus."

She started in her turn. "[illegible]" said she.

And both again relapsed into their silent thoughtfulness. The neighing of a horse was heard. The woman gave a convulsive movement, sighed heavily, and placed her handkerchief before her eyes.

'Poor Bretonne!' said she, and burst into tears. "Poor Bretonne! we must separate, and never see her more!"

"Yes," said the man, in a mournful tone, "to-morrow she will have another master, and even now she does not belong to me. Pierre Marcel, whom Heaven confound, is there waiting for her. Ha! a Norman! Poor beast, after having done me so much service, and escaped the perils of twenty campaigns, you are to become the property of that Norman horse-dealer."

"No, by heaven! he shall not have thee yet," said he, sorrowfully, to his wife; "What am I to do? I must pay him. I believe in my soul that the old sorcerer has cast a spell over me! Out of the eight fine horses that I bought from the last fair, six are dead of the epidemic; I was compelled to sell the other two at less than I gave for them, to meet my engagements. Poor Bretonne alone remains to pay my debt to the old miser, who laughs at my feelings. Oh, I hate him!"

The man put on his large felt hat, lighted his pipe, and proceeded to the stable.

The mare at the sight of her master, neighed and turned round as if to caress him. He saddled her in silence, tied a knot of straw to her tail and putting on the bridle, led her out of the stable, endeavoring to move off without being noticed; but his wife and children were at the door; they wept over the poor beast which seemed to recognize and return their fondnesses. The father, with his hand resting on her mane, silently contemplating the touching scene. In a moment he exclaimed, "Away children, be off!" and mounted the mare; and like a man who had suddenly taken a desperate resolution, set off at a gallop.

He came to the high road, when a long string of horses passed, led by Pierre Marcel, who, when he perceived the other unhappy horse-dealer, said, in a mocking tone, "Ha, Jerome has brought me the old Bretonne, to square our accounts."

"No, old robber, I would rather give her for nothing to some other person.

"Very well, then, thou hast brought me thine own body; for I have a warrant against thee, and the mare or thy self this day I am determined to have."

"Neither one nor the other, I hope," and Jerome passed the old horse-dealer, who chuckled and cracked his whip most maliciously.

Horses arrived at the fair in great numbers. Jerome stood at the head of his mare, awaiting the inspection of the knowing looking buyers who passed between the rows of horses, that were drawn up in close array; but all passed old Bretone with indifference; for the poor beast had a dull eye, and altogether a very unprepossessing appearance. Some few opened her mouth; but on examining her age, passed on. The day advanced, and the fair began to be less crowded; anxiety, impatience, and despair were successively depicted on Jerome's face. With his eyes bent down, and his arms folded, he thought of his unhappy family. When he raised his head, he saw Pierre Marcel standing before him, with a smile of diabolicall expression.

"Ah, ah!" said he, it seems there are not many connoisseurs in horse flesh here to-day, and the mare has a prospect of belonging to me."

"Not yet," said Jerome, in a mournful voice; "it is still an hour before sunset."

"Very well," retorted Pierre, "I will return, and I know an amateur who will make thee sell her."

"Who, then?" demanded Jerome.

"Parbleu!" said Pierre, a bailiff!—With him one is sure not to fail in finding a ready purchaser."

Jerome in an agony of rage struck the ground with the end of his whip.

"Gently, Master Jerome, gently," replied the malignant Pierre. "I will return in half an hour, when I shall expect the mare or my money, or, if thou likest better, thyself."

Jerome tried different parts of the fair but he spoke to the dealers in vain; some ogered him the amount of his debt to Pierre, others looked at the mare, shrugged their shoulders, and made no offer at all.

He returned to his station sad and melancholy; a man was standing before him; it was again the Norman horse-dealer, with his sardonic smile.

"Well, Jerome," said the old man, "can we deal now? The hour is near."

"It must be so," said Jerome, with much of the fiend in his manner.

"Come, come," said Pierre, "I am not so bad as thou thinkest me. The animal is good, though rather old; she has been valuable in her day."

"Parbleu! the best trotter in the country, and the pearl of the regiment."

"Yes, yes," said Pierre; "that was her character fifteen years ago; since then it is somewhat changed. Come, Jerome! thou owest ten louis—I will give thee twelve. Is the beast mine?"

"Twelve louis! My poor mare!" said Jerome, "must I sell her for twelve louis? The mare that carried me through all my campaigns, and has never belonged to another man! "Twelve louis!" said Jerome, again striking his forehead.

"Not a penny more—but we will have a good drink together. Come!" and the old jockey held out his dry wrinkled hand.

"Twelve louis!" repeated Jerome, with a mournful sigh.

"Not a sou more," said Pierre; "decide at once whether I must order the auctioneer to sell her or not."

"Well"—and the soldier made an effort to look unconcerned—"poor beast!" said he—and he caressed Bretonne—"are we to separate thus?"

"Come, come, Jerome!" said Pierre; "do not weep; if thou preferrest thy mare to thy family, keep her. I will take thy cottage."

Jerome turned towards Pierre, looked at him scornfully, and raised his hand.

"Strike!" said the other, with a bantering air.

The arm was balanced in the air, and ready to fall; it stopped short.

"Twelve louis; poor beast!" repeated he, in a muttering voice.

"No more," said Pierre, with the greatest *sangfroid*.

He was about to accept the offer, when a manly voice called out, "I will give fifteen for her."

Jerome and Pierre looked up. A gentleman stood near them; his black cravat, blue riding-coat, with a red ribbon attached to the button-hole, told that he was a soldier.

"Fifteen!" exclaimed Pierre, but no longer smiling.

"Yes, fifteen," repeated the gentleman with the red ribbon; "is it too much for the charger of an old soldier, who has seen service?"

"What! my capt — commandant!" stammered Jerome, touching his hat; you know Bretonne?"

"And her rider Jerome Kerlee, of the Fifth Chasseurs," said the gentleman. "Ah! what!" added he, in a grave tone, thou thinkest, then, to part from that poor beast?"

"It must be so," said Jerome, holding down his head and sighing. "So noble, so brave an animal! Is it not true, my major?" exclaimed the old soldier, addressing the officer boldly. "You know her—who has not known her? Never stumbling over the balls on the field of battle, dashing forward in the face of the cannon's mouth, crossing rivers like a fish. And so intelligent—knowing the enemy a league off, manœuvering under me when I was too heavily pressed—good, faithful, loving beast. When I was unhorsed and left for dead on the field at Eylau, she remained by my side, licked my wound, and, by kicking, kept off the wolves; and the next day, by her neighing, called some one to my assistance." Jerome could not continue; the idea of their approaching separation stopped him. He was silent for a moment. "Take her, my major, take her; you know her, and will take care of her—take her."

"For fifteen louis?" said the major.

"For fifteen louis," said Jerome.

The old horse-dealer made a horrible grimace.

"You see major," said Jerome, clapping her on the back, "she is still an excelent beast! Perhaps she may grieve for the loss of her master."

He proceeded to remove the straw from the mare's tail. During that time the major said a few words to the old jockey, in an almost inaudible voice—

"Very well sir," said Pierre. "it shall be done. This Jerome," continued he, "is in luck—*ma foi*, it is a good thing for him."

Jerome followed his former officer, received the fifteen louis, and after speaking a little about the old regiment, hastened to pay his stern creditor and give up his poor mare—a matter which drew more than one tear from the eyes of the old soldier. Then after shaking hands with the major, he proceeded homeward without Bretonne, but with some louis in his pocket.

He walked on, thinking about his old and faithful companion, who had many times saved his life—then stopped a minute—put his hands to his eyes, and wept like a child.

He had walked about an hour, when the trotting of a horse roused him from his revery. He listened. "It is singular," said he to himself: "I should say that that was the trot of Bretonne." He heard a neighing—he stopped—turned round—the animal approached. What was his surprise! It was Bretonne, mounted by the old Pierre. He stupefied. "Ah! what!" said he; "my mare with thee!"

"My dear Jerome," said Pierre, laughing loudly at seeing the astonishment of poor Jerome; "did I not tell thee that she would not escape me! The dear major has had pity on me, and after examining Bretonne well, found that she was good for nothing but to carry corn to the mill."

"Thou liest, old fool," said Jerome; "the major never said such a thing of the beast that served so well under his own eye."

"How happens it, then," replied Pierre, "that he has given her to me?"

Jerome made a gesture of impatience. Pierre continued in a raillery; but Jerome did not say a word, his features were contracted with rage, and from time to time long, doleful sighs escaped from his breast.

The night was dark; the rain fell the road was distinguished with difficulty. They arrived at a spot where a road crossed from it leading to Jerome's home. Deep ravines were on the right and left. Pierre stopped.

"Come," said he, addressing himself to the mare and Jerome, "make your adieux to one another. Poor beast, take leave of thine old master."

"The malicious wretch!" cried Jerome in a voice of thunder as he raised his whip over the head of the old horse jockey, who terrified, reined the mare backward, crying out, "Jerome—Bretonne—wait."

Suddenly the mare slipped, she was on the brink of a ravine. Jerome darted forward, seized the bridle. Pierre tried to keep his seat, but he fell rolled into the ravine, crying, "Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! pardon—the mare—"

The voice became more distant, and then was heard no more. Jerome stood there on the brink, pale, immovable, listening to the accents of that dying voice, that re-echoed on his troubled mind. A horrible silence then pervaded through the glen; and he listened again. A short time after no voice was heard. He shuddered, and an icy coldness ran through his veins: in agony he clasped his hands; he then pressed them to his forehead.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" exclaimed he, in a mournful voice, "I shall be taken as a murderer! Pierre! Pierre!" but he called in vain.

At that moment he heard the sound of the feet of many horses. He started across the field, cleared the hedges, the ditches. He ran a long way without any definate object in view; at length exhausted, he fell half-dead near a hayrick, horrible spasms affected his limbs, for the word "murderer," sounded in his ears, and the image of a scaffold was before him.

The story is just concluded. Pierre had only received some contusions in his fall, and from those the reader no doubt rejoices at his suffering. Though stunned at first, he at last got up, and went to Jerome's house, where the mare had arrived before him. The family, at first dreadfully frightend, were consoled by Pierre. Then at twilight, Jerome ventured to steal to his hut, and joy succeeded to anguish when he learnt that Pierre still lived, and that the mare still belonged to himself, for the major had made him a present of her. He embraced his family, his mare, and even the horse dealer.

The Religion of Recreation.

The practice of setting religion apart by itself as something too sacred to enter into everyday life—of confining it to certain times and places, portions of our natures—is both unfortunate and pernicious. The religion that does not enter into the whole of life is unreal and imaginative. If its influence does not permeate the individual and vitalize his character, it is a mere sentiment and loses its significance. This separation is pernicious, because it strips daily life, with its labors, cares, hopes, joys, and sorrows, of its grand purposes; divorces it from the spirit which alone can purify and animate, and thus unlies and degrades what should be ennobled and elevated.

Perhaps nothing is more commonly dissociated from religion, in thought and feeling, than our recreations. The time was when they were considered adverse to it, and part of a religious life was thought to consist in their renunciation. Even now, in many cases, they are only tolerated, while a very general impression prevails that religion would lose nothing of its sacredness by being brought into contact with them. We believe that were this error thoroughly effaced from the human mind, it would contribute much to the improvement and refinement of a large part of life, which is now, by common consent, deprived of the best influences. Whatever we find to be a necessity of nature, or whatever tends to its best development, becomes, by that very fact, obligatory upon us, and thus enters into the domain of religion. That recreation of some sort comes under this head, is proved by every one who thinks at all deeply upon the subject. Incessant toil is impracticable, and alternations of labor and rest are not sufficient for our needs. Both body and mind demand light and varied occupations, that shall employ, without taxation, the powers, especially those that have lain dormant during long hours of toil. Without this, we lose not only the vivacity and sprightliness which are important elements of happiness, but all by degrees that very energy of will and purpose which alone can make labor successful. If this be so, then recreation becomes a religious duty, for all duty is essentially religious.

If this be once conceded, the whole matter of recreation is placed on a far higher plane than it commonly occupies, and we pass naturally to the consideration of how to preserve its position by guarding against its abuses. There is nothing however good in itself but what by excess or abuse may become evil, and one reason why amusements have incurred so much censure is that, not having been allowed their rightful place in life, they have overrun other domains and choked much good fruit. They have been treated as some good men treat politics—finding them corrupt, they retire from them altogether, when in truth they are for that very reason the more urgently called upon to throw the whole weight of their influence into the work of purifying and elevating them. The effort to extirpate, or even to ignore a necessity of humanity, because it is grossly abused, is worse than futile. It not only fails utterly of its object, but it actually cultivates the very abuses it condemns. Men and women must be and ought to be amused, and if debarred from pure and innocent pleasure, they will seek that which is impure and demoralizing.

If, then, the religious duty of recreation is based upon its necessity to our best development, the best test of its value is the degree to which it promotes its object. If, instead of refreshing our powers and renewing our energy, we find that our amusements enervate and weary us, there is something wrong—something demanding instant reform. If they engross us to the detriment of our regular labor, and make it distasteful; if they lead to impure thoughts or sensual excitement; if they unfit the mind for though, the body for action, and the moral powers for command, then let us stop. If they draw away the affections from the pure delights of home; if they lead us into evil companionship, or undermine the sterling principles of honor, integrity, and virtue, their mission is unfulfilled, and their influence unblessed. Let all our efforts, then, tend to encourage, not to restrain them, the proper amusements of the people, and at the same time purify, refine and elevate them. Let parks, gardens and fountains refresh the weary; let birds and flowers give out sweet songs of fragrance; let our homes be embellished with tasteful ornaments, and welcome their inmates to scenes of simple pure and heartfelt pleasure; let gayety and laughter be heard among the children, and games and sports develop their activities; let music and painting and every form of art shed their refining influence; let nature, in all her varied phases of sea, forest and mountain, beckon us away to enjoy this wealth of beauty and calm repose; and let recreation thus come within the plan of every life, not to be snatched as a forbidden delight, or distorted by reckless excess or license, but rather consecrated by its calm and natural enjoyment to the services of virtue and religion.

Borrowing Trouble.

From the St. Nicholas.

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Castile a handsome prince and a beautiful princess, who had everything that a good human heart could have except trouble. It seemed that this could not come to them. They were young, full of health, and cheerful; they had kind and very wealthy parents; and, beyond all, they could count friends who had for them a sincere affection, which is a very rare happiness for persons of royal blood. Often the princess would say:

"Ferdinand, what is trouble? How does it feel?"

And Ferdinand replied, "Alas! Isabel, I do not know."

"Let us ask our parents to give us some," pursued Isabel; "they never refuse us anything."

But the King and Queen shuddered at their request.

"No, No, dear children," they cried; "you do not know what you ask. Pray these wicked wishes may vanish from you hearts!"

But the prince and princess were not satisfied with this answer. They applied in secret to the most powerful courtiers, and, to their great astonishment, met with refusal, accompanied with a laugh and a polite bow. They even had recourse to the court jester.

"Ah, that trouble is a very precious thing," said the jester. "One cannot buy it, and it is not to be had for the asking. But you may borrow it."

"Good!" cried the delighted pair. "We shall go and borrow some this moment."

"But," added the jester, "if you borrow [illegible] you must pay back in the same coin."

"Alas!" sighed the prince and the princess. "How can we, if we have no trouble which belongs to us?"

"True! That is the trouble," pronounced the jester, as he stole away.

"What did he intend those words to mean?" said the prince, nearly out of patience; "but we need not trouble ourselves any about him—he is only a fool!"

Then, in despair, the two children went in search of their faithful nurse, who had been in the palace ever since their birth.

"Dear Catherine!" said they, we have never had trouble. The priests say it is the common lot of mortals. Have you had yours?"

"Oh, yes, my darlings; I have always had more trouble than I want," replied the old woman, quite sadly, shaking her head.

"Oh, oh! Give us some! Give us some, good Catherine!" eagerly exclaimed the prince and princess.

But Catherine lifted her hands in horror, and tottered away, mumbling prayers.

Then the prince and princess went down into the garden, and sat upon a mossy seat.

"Nobody will give us what we have asked for," said Isabel. "It was very cruel."

"Yes, very cruel," replied Ferdinand, taking his sister's hand.

"Our parents never refused us anything before," resumed Isabel.

"Never!" answered Ferdinand.

"Nor the courtiers," added Isabel.

"Nor the courtiers," echoed Ferdinand.

"Nor our dear old nurse," said Isabel, with a strange feeling in her eyes.

"Nor our dear nurse."

"It is wickedness!"

"It is insolence!"

"It is ingratitude!"

"Very great ingratitude."

"It is cruelty!" finished Isabel, with sobs; "and my eyes are all full of tears. How do you feel, Ferdinand?"

"Very badly, Isabel. I think my eyes also are wet with tears."

Just then the chief gardner came that way. He hastened to them.

"My dear prince and princess!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees before them. "You are weeping! Oh, Heavens! that those noble and beautiful children can have any trouble!"

"Trouble!" echoed Ferdinand and Isabel. "This is trouble, Carlos!"

"Assuredly, I think so," said Carlos, much puzzled.

Then the prince and princess arose gaily and clapped their hands, and ran to the palace as happy as two birds.—Their wish was gratified at last.

The Effects of Worry.

We clip from Chambers' Journal the following: That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain.—The case book of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the bettingman, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest.

In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. The professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.

Insects in Winter.

Spiders usually spend the winter in the egg state, the mother enclosing the ball of eggs in a beautiful silken bag, and hiding it wherever she can get a chance. Many insects spend the winter in the larva or worm state. Still others spend the winter in the chrysalis state. These chrysalides may be seen attached to the twigs of bushes, or under the bark of trees, or embedded in decayed wood, while the change goes on which transforms the crawling worm into the beautiful winged creature.

Still others, in their perfect state, like bears and squirrels and gophers, settle themselves down for a long nap, and sleep the whole winter away. They cuddle under the bark of trees, and beneath stones and logs; they dig tunnels in the ground, and line them with the softest silk, spun from their own bodies; they swing in warm hammocks, suspended from twigs of trees and bushes; they squeeze into the crevices of walls; and wherever there is space to make a warm, cozy bed, some little creature will be found lying down in it.—[Advance.

A drunken fellow wandered into a Sunday School and took a seat with the primary lessons, when the teacher thus accosted him,—"Why, James, do you know what condition you are in?" "Yes, [illegible]; in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Ask me some hard question."

"I say, Pompey," said one darkey to another, "[illegible] took his [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of all." "Well, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] should [illegible] [illegible]."