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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Advertiser and Free Press.

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	6 00	8 00	15
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, 10 cents a line first insertion, 5 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, 5 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.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

H. W. SANFORD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Collections Promptly Made.
Office in Globe Hotel, Andover, Allegany County, N. Y. 236tf

Rufus Scott,

Attorney & Counselor at Law, office over Sortores, 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.

HUNT'S HOTEL.

CHIN'S HUNT, Proprietor.

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

Everything new and in the latest style. First-class entertainment and reasonable charges.—Good Livery attached to Hotel. ☞ Oysters served at all hours. 1y231

NICHOLS HOUSE.

MAIN STREET, HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

FRED. S. NICHOLS, - - - Proprietor.

FREE BUS TO AND FROM THE DEPOT.

GOOD LIVERY ATTACHED TO HOTEL.

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 travelling 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.

CHARLES HOTEL.

ANGELICA, N. Y.

The CHARLES HOTEL is now in successful operation, having been thoroughly overhauled and newly furnished throughout. The proprietor respectfully asks his friends and acquaintances to call upon him when in Angelica, and he will spare no pains in making everything comfortable and pleasant. Charges reasonable. Let us shake ☞
JOSEPH GILLIES, Proprietor.
Angelica, Feb. 9th, 1874. 290tf

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.

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 5y1

WADSWORTH'S

Hathaway House,
Cor. Lake & Market Sts.

[illegible], N. Y.

First Class House in every particular. FREE 'BUS.
5y1 DAVID A. BRADLEY, Sup't.

"MASSASSOIT" HOUSE,

Belfast, Allegany County, N. Y.

[illegible], PROPRIETOR.

THE above house is located seven miles from the Belvidere Station on the Erie Railway. It is well furnished and delightfully situated. The principal House for Pleasure and Business. Fine fishing and shooting in the vicinity. Stages to and from Belvidere. Good livery.

GILBERT & BRUNDAGE,
General Insurance Agents.
AND
Dealers in REAL ESTATE,

Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y.

Represent the following

Companies.	Assets.
Commercial Union, London	$[illegible]
Lycoming, of Pa.	[illegible]
National, Philadelphia, Pa.	[illegible]
Glens Falls, N. Y.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] of New York,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Hartford, Conn.	[illegible]

[illegible] by us at the lowest rates. 28y1

ERIE RAILWAY.

[illegible] 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 June 15th, 1874.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 8.	No. 12.*	No. 4.	No 6.
Dunkirk lve	1.05 PM	......	7.05AM	3.35AM
Little Valley	....	......	4.40	2.37
Cincinnati	9.50	......	......	9.40
Cleveland	7.00 AM	......	......	7.45 PM
Salamanca	3.20 PM	......	9.12	5.31AM
Olean	4.03	......	9.58	6.15
Cuba	4.30	......	10.33	6.42
Genesee	5.20	......	11.42PM	7.36
Andover	....	......	12.05	
Buffalo arr	12.45AM	......	6.35	12 25
Niag'a Falls	1.15	......	9.30	12 55
Hornell've	6.35PM	1.35AM	1.50	8.50AM
Elmira arr	8.38	3.40AM	4.30	10.36
Binghamton	10.53	5.53	7.30	12.26M
Port Jervis	3 45 AM	10.48	12.07	4.45
New York	7.40	2.40	4.40PM	7.55 PM

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

4,50 A M except Sundays, from Dunkirk,—Stopping at Sheridan 5 15; Forestville 5 30; Smith's Mills 6 05; Perrysburg 6 42; Dayton 7 08; Cattaraugus 8 00; Little Valley 7 52, Salamanca 9 55; Great Valley 10 07; Carrollton 10 45; Vandalia 11 15; Allegany 11 47, a.m.; Olean 12 15; Hinsdale 12 45; Cuba 1 22; Friendship 2 10; Belvidere 2 46; Phillipsville 3 03; Scio 3 27; Genesee 4 10; ANDOVER 5 00; Alfred 6 30; Almond 6 55, arriving at Hornellsville 7 20 P.M.

9.30 A. M., daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9 45, Forestville 9 56, Smith's Mills 10 03, 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.

9 15 P. M. daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9.30, Forestville 9.42 Smith's Mills 9 54, Perrysburg 10.17, Dayton 10.25, Cattaraugus 10.55, Little Valley 11.20 and arriving at Salamanca at 11.48 P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No 1.	No 5.	No 3*	No 9
New Y'k lve	9.00 AM	10.45 AM	7 00 PM	7.00 PM
Port Jervis	12.13 PM	3.00 PM	10.55	11.35
Hornellsv'e	8.55	3.00 AM	8.30 AM	12.15
Andover	....	....	....	1.15
Genesee	9.57	4.00	9.38AM	1.34
Cuba	10.48	4.55	10.38	2.32
Olean	11.15	5.20	10.56	3.02
Great Valley	....	5.47	....	3.43
Salam'a arr	11.55	6.02	11.35	3.47
Cleveland	7.55 AM	4.05P.M.	7.30 PM	10.45 AM
Cincinnati	6.00 PM	....	6.00 AM	6.00 P M
Little Valley	12.28 AM	6.27	12 00	4.20 PM
Dunkirk arr	2.20 AM	7.50 AM	1.30 PM	5.55

Additional Local Trains Westward.

The **3 00 A. M.** except Sundays from Hornellsville, also stops at Belvidere 4.24, Friendship 4.34, Hinsdale 5.07, Allegany 5.27, Vandalia 5.39, Carrollton 5.48, Little Valley 6.27, Cattaraugus 6.42, Dayton 7.03, Perrysburg 7.09, Smith's Mills 7.24, Forestville 7.32, Sheridan 7.40 arriving at Dunkirk at 7.50 AM.

12 15 P. M. daily from Salamanca, stopping at Little Valley 12.57, Cattaraugus 1.30, and arriving at Dunkirk at 4.15 P. M.

4,30 A. M., except Sundays, from Hornellsville. Stopping at Almond 5 00; Alfred 5 25; ANDOVER 6 10; Genesee 7 00; Scio 7 30; Phillipsville 8 05; Belvidere 8 27; Friendship 8 54; Cuba 9 50; Hinsdale 10 49; Olean 11 25; Allegany 11 47, Vandalia 12 11; Carrollton 1 07; Great Valley 1 27; Salamanca 1 55, Little Valley 2 47, Cattaraugus 3 30; Dayton 4 23; Perrysburg 4 41; Smith's Mills 5 27; Forestville 5 51; Sheridan 6 10; and arriving at Dunkirk at 6 35 P. M.

12,30 P. M. daily from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 12 43; Alfred 12 55; ANDOVER 1 15; Genesee 1 34; Scio 1 42; Phillipsville 1 51; Belvidere 2 00; Friendship 2 10; Cuba 2 32; Hinsdale 2 47; Olean 3 02; Allegany 3 10; Vandalia 3 20; Carrollton 3 35; Great Valley 3 43; Salamanca 4 00; Little Valley 4 20; Cattaraugus 4 38; Dayton 4 59 Perrysburg 5 07; Smith's Mills 5 25; Forestville 5 35; Sheridan 5 45; arriving at Dunkirk at 6 55 P M.

1,10 P. M., daily, except Sundays, from Hornellsville, stopping at Genesee 2.33, Belvidere 3.24, Olean 4.55, Carrollton 5.44, arriving at Salamanca at 6.00 P. M.

4.00 P.M. daily, from Hornellsville. Stopping at Almond 4 25; Alfred 4 55, ANDOVER 5 33; Genesee 6 37; Scio 6 55; Phillipsville 7 15; Belvidere 7 33, Friendship 7 55, Cuba 8 37; Hinsdale 9.09, Olean 9 40, Allegany 9 58, Vandalia 10 21, Carrollton 10 48, Great Valley 11 05, Salamanca 11 35, P.M. Little Valley 12 22 A M; Cattaraugus 12 44; and arriving at Dunkirk at 2 20 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.

Wellsville Insurance Agency

FIRE, ACCIDENT, LIFE

B. HANKS & SON, Agents,

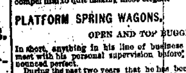
Second Story Simmons' Block, represents the following reliable Companies.

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.

ANDOVER CARRIAGE FACTORY,



ABOVE THE FIRE.

J. W. Fuller is the hardest kind of a man to be put down and turned out of business by an incendiary fire. In fact, it don't do any good to attempt, in that way, to compel him to quit making those elegant

PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS,

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,

In short, anything in his line of business will meet with his personal supervision before pronounced perfect.

During the past two years that he has been in business in Andover, he has made and sold nearly

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY

Buggies and Platform Wagons, and the sum of Five Dollars will well pay for all work or repairs needed on them since.

You see, he is a natural Carriage Maker and will work at it, fire or no fire, convincing everybody that

1st—His work is not excelled in the county,

2d—That his prices are 20 per cent. lower than others.

3d—That his positive warranty for all his work is still good and reliable.

4th—That every vehicle looks elegant, from the fact that

F. M. BRONSON

has the entire control of the Painter's ornamenting 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,

And all orders for BLACKSMITHING and Horse Shoeing will always receive immediate attention. No better Horse-shoers will be found in this Country. In a word, Fuller intends to be ahead in all respects, in his line of business. Call and satisfy yourselves.
Andover, Dec. 4, 1873. 260

JASON HUNT & SON,

Are opening a 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,

and NAILS

We shall not be Undersold!

TERMS - - - 30 days!

Everything Warranted as Recommended!

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

Andover, March 7th, 1874. [273]

COLE & FRISBEY
TAKE THE LEAD

They Keep the Largest Stock, The Latest Styles, and the Lowest Prices, in

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

A LARGE STOCK OF

Hats, Caps, Groceries, &c.

The Celebrated Rochester Boots and Shoes Constantly on hand AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Call And See Before Purchasing Els-where, And You will be Convincd.

A WHALEMAN'S GHOST.

We were making the run from the Sandwich Islands to the north-west coast for the second season, when the incidents happened which I am now going to relate.

We had been out from the Honolulu but a few days, when it was found that our oil was leaking. Every morning when we pumped ship, we pumped out oil, as well as water, enough to smooth the surface of the sea for a long distance to leeward. It looked bad to see the oil running away from us, after we had worked so hard to get it, the more so because we wanted to save every drop, that we might start for home with full ship at the close of the season.

The captain seemed more troubled about it than we who did the pumping, however, his rueful visage, as he hung over the rail watching the disappearing treasure, sometimes almost exciting our sympathy. Of course, we had all worked harder than he to get the oil, still he had a larger interest in it than all we foremast hands together. Means were soon taken to remedy the trouble, though those first tried were ineffectual. It was owing to shrinkage of the casks that the oil was escaping, and it was thought that a thorough wetting down, every day, might help the matter.

Our ship was provided with a pump on the top-gallant forecastle, called the head-pump, which drew up water from outside and forced it, by means of hose, to any part of the ship. So we began to "wet down the hold," keeping the head-pump going for an hour or two every day, till all the casks in the hold had been thoroughly drenched. Then we had all that water to pump out again, and, pumping in and pumping out, we did all the pumping we cared to do. It was a dirty job, crawling round with the hose on top of the gummy oil casks, but we all had to take our turns at it. For my own part, I never liked it much; I would much rather go behind the Falls of Niagara in the warm season than do it again.—But after all, our labor was ineffectual; the casks were to bad to be cured by any such hydropathic treatment, and we had to resort to other means. The water may have kept them from getting worse, but they got no better, and when we had pumped till we were tired of it, the captain told Mr. Grant to keep all hands up and begin to "break out."

Now, it must not be supposed that the captain thought the casks would feel any better after they were broken out, as one does when he has the measles. To break them out was simply to hoist them on deck, in order that the hoops might be driven down, to make the casks tighter, which is called coopering. There is a great deal of hard work in breaking out and coopering at sea, and I should be sorry to help do that again, either. But it was the only way we could save our oil, and we had to endure it. For two weeks all hands were kept on deck during the day, hoisting out, driving hoops, and stowing below again.

But all troubles have an end, I hope—at least ours had that time, though we soon found new ones. The oil was all coopered,—at least the casks were, but we called it coopering oil,—and we had just got the last cask under hatches again, when it came on to blow.—We seemed to have been especially favored with good weather while coopering, but now old Æolus piped up, whistling through the rigging as though he were bound to have a good jolly time after waiting so long.

"Blow away, old fellow," said Mr. Goff; "we're ready for you now!" And so we all thought we could well afford a day or two of rough weather, now that we had our oil all right again.

"Clew up the topgallant sails!" was one of the first orders given in taking in sail. And when the yards had been lowered, and the clews drawn up close beneath them, "Up boys, and stow them lively!" was the word from Mr. Grant.

Three of the lightest hands to each topgallant sail was the usual number that went up to furl them. and with two others, one of whom was rollicking Dave Burr, from Providence, and the other a fine young fellow named Black, from Philadelphia, I sprang up the fore-rigging, and was soon on the weather fore-topgallant yard-arm. Dave was to leeward, and Black had taken the bunt. We were all in a hurry, as we always were when all the topgallant sails came in together, each doing his best to get his sail rolled up and made snug first. We were bothered a little with ours, as it got away from us once after we had it nearly rolled up, and flew out again with a creak like that of a great whip, jerking the yard in such a way that one who had never been up there before would naturally think that himself and the yard and the sail would all go on ahead of the ship together. But we went at it again, and, in a moment, had it once more gathered into the bunt, ready to roll into the yard. Black then showed his impatience by seizing the buntlines with both hands and springing upon the top of the yard, where he stood erect, that he might haul up with better effect. It was a piece of recklessness, to be sure, though if Dave or I had been in his place, I suppose we might have done the same. He stood square upon the yard, hauling on the sail, with nothing to steady him at all when the ship pitched forward between the seas. Up came the heavy bunt, and we had it all safe, as we thought, when the ship pitched suddenly and violently, and in an instant Black went headlong down into the sea.

He was gone, and not one in all the ship, but Dave and I knew it; the forward sails had hidden him from all who were aft I was so shocked that I almost fell from the yard myself, and neither of us could utter a word for an instant.

"Man overboard!" was the thrilling cry that was heard as soon as we gave the alarm. The ship was at once hove to, buoys thrown overboard, and a boat lowered, although it was rough; and every eye searched the waters for the missing man. But in vain. Poor Black had gone from our sight with the swiftness of a meteor's fall, and was seen no more.

And now the gale increased, the howling winds seeming wild with delight at what they had done, and still might do, shrieking gleefully, or moaning as if in mockery at our loss, as the ship rose and fell in the surging seas.

But the storm passed and the sun shone bright and warm, and our spirits became again buoyant. A few pleasent days, and poor Black was almost forgotten. So it is, and so it may well be, for we cannot live long upon sorrows.

One pleasant night, not long after this gale, we happened to be running before the wind, and as it was blowing fresh, the ship rolled quite heavily at times. It was in my watch on deck, and I was sitting on the main-hatch with the boat-steeres, Tom and Ed, who were my particular friends, when we heard something below that caused us to listen, and to feel just a little queer. It sounded very much like a groan, coming from the hold below.—We listened for a moment, without speaking; but heard nothing more.

"What was that?" said Tom.

"'Twas just like a groan," was Ed's response; "but who in the world can be down there?"

As if in reply, the deleful sound was again heard, following close upon Ed's words. It seemed more decided than at first, and we just got off the hatch and took two or three steps from it, and then we turned round and looked at it.

"If that wasn't a groan, it was mighty like one," said Tom; but it cant be that there is is anybody down there."

"It must be there is," said Ed. "It was a groan, sure enough."

Mr. Bosworth—the second mate, and a very matter-of-fact man—was walking on the quarter deck, and as he came up near to us, Tom spoke out to him.

"There's something down in the hold sir," said Tom, without any explanation.

"I reckon I ought to know that as well as any one," was Mr. Bosworth's reply, as he stopped in his walk and looked hard at Tom, "and I hope it will stay there now, without making us any more trouble."

"Aye, aye, sir, but there's something else; perhaps, if you sit down on the main-hatch, you'll hear it."

"Hear what?" asked Mr. Bosworth, stepping towards the hatch, and reaching it just in time to hear another of those doleful notes, fully as strong as the last.

"Hum. Who's down there?"

"That's more'n I know, sir. If it's anybody, it must be some one from for'ard."

"Are all our men on deck?"

"I reckon they are, sir."

To make sure, however, the men were called into the waist. All who belonged to the starboard watch were there, except the man on the lookout and the one at the wheel. No doubt they all wondered at being called aft, but they understood the reason when they heard those doleful sounds coming from the hold, as they stood around the hatchway.

"Go forward, Tanner, and see if the other watch are all snug," was Mr Bosworth's order to the oldest sea-dog amongst us; and Tanner went forward and descended into the forecastle. It was evident that he made no haste, and Mr. Bosworth was getting a little impatient when he returned. "Who's missing?" was his prompt inquiry.

"They're all there but Black, sir.—Most likely it's his ghost he hear."

"Ghost! Ghost, is it? I'm mighty glad of that, for I've never seen one yet! Just rouse round lively now, and we'll have him. Mighty lucky he's in the hold! He can't get out without coming through the hatches, and we'll have him sure! But just look in the steerage, first, Tom, and see if Bungs or Chips ain't playing a trick on us."

Tom darted down into the steerage, but returned in a moment and said that the four men who had a right to be there were all asleep, and, moreover, Chips was a snoring at such a rate that no ghost would be likely to disturb him, or come very near him; and Tom said it wouldn't be strange if what we heard was an echo to Chip's snore, after all.

Nothwithstanding Mr. Bosworth's confident manner, he hesitated a little what to do, seeming half inclined, I thought, to call the captain. We all knew that Tanner was a firm believer in ghosts, and probably the greater part of the crew were inclined to the same belief. I had heard Tom relate some interesting ghost stories, in such a way as to show that he believed them to be substantially true, and a ghost story was always entertaining matter to all of us. Now, therefore, that there was a fair prospect of having a ghost of our own, we felt unusually interested, though no one seemed to be in a hurry to make the ghostly acquaintance. No doubt we all felt that the thing "would keep,", and that there was no need of being in a hurry. But an unusually loud groan decided Mr. Bosworth. He told Mr. Blake, the fourth mate, to go into the cabin and bring a lantern, and while Mr. Blake was gone he ordered the men to take off the hatches.

"I don't think, sir, it's any use to hunt for it," suggested Tanner, in response to this order. "Such things ain't easy to come at, and I reckon we will have our trouble for our pains."

"Be quiet, Tanner, or you'll frighten him away. Just obey orders, and keep quiet. If there's a ghost down there, we're bound to have him."

"Aye, aye, sir, of course, it's just as you say; but it's my candid opinion you won't be able to find him."

The hatches were removed, and we were favored with two or three groans of better quality than any before, and of course our interest was heightened.

The lantern was brought, and lowered by a lanyard down upon the lower hatchway, where it shed its light upon all objects between decks that were near to it. No one supposed the ghost was there, for the sounds plainly came from the lower hold, but it was well enough to get a look between decks before going down. Then Mr. Bosworth and a few of the most resolute went down to look further. After taking another precautionary look between decks, the coverings of her lower hatch being removed, the light shone down upon the closely-stowed casks in the lower hold. After that, we heard but two or three faint groans, or rather long-drawn sighs, with long intervals between, which led Mr. Bosworth to remark at last that the ghost was probably frightened, and would not allow himself to be overhauled.

"It's no use to go for him in that way, sir," suggested Tanner. "Ghosts are awerse to light, especially light as comes from whale ile, and they don't like crowds. I reckon, sir, you won't find him unless you go down alone, without a lantern."

"I reckon you're right, Tanner, and as you know all about them, and just how to take them, I'll set you to hunt him up. We'll pass up the light and get on deck, the rest of us, and you just stay down and interview the ghost." And, as if he really meant it, Mr. Bosworth told the others to get back on deck, and, passing up the light, at once left the hold. No one was long behind him, not even Tanner, and when Mr. Bosworth expressed surprise that he had not remained below, Tanner suggested that it would be of no use now to hunt for the ghost in any way, If the ghost wanted to be seen, he would not put them to the trouble of looking for him; it was plain enough he didn't want to be seen. Mr. Bosworth did not insist on his going down again, or seem to think it worth while to search any more for the ghost at that time, especialy as the shaking sails showed that the wind was hauling and that the yards must be attended to.

We were all called away from the hatch to assist in haulling in the braces triming the shees &c.; and by the time everything was trim again, the watch was out and it was our turn to go below. Of course, we stopped for a few moments around the main-hatch, to listen for those sounds; but not so much as the softest sigh was heard, and Tanner said that most likely the ghost had left the ship, though he had no doubt we would hear from it again in due time.

"The fact is," said Tanner, after we had got below and had turned in, "there's no telling how to take a ghost anyway. They seem mighty unreasonabl sometimes; but what I know about 'em makes it plain enough to me that they know what's what, as well as live folks. I never knew a ghost yet that wasnt mighty able to take care of itself."

"I reckon you've known a good many in your time, haven't you?" asks a voice from the other side of the forecastle.

"Aye, aye, matey! At least, I've known about 'em, and that's pretty much the same thing. They aint a taking set anyway; and, in course, not so easy to get acquainted with as they might be, as you've had a chance to see for yourrelves."

No one could equal Tanner in discoursing of ghosts, nor of anything else that interested him; and he kept our attention till we fell asleep, when, for the few hours we had below, it would have been almost impossible for even a ghost to have disturbed our repose. When we went again on deck, we were running on the wind with the yards braced sharp up. No more sounds had been heard, and no more were heard for some days. Of course there was a good deal of talk about them, and speculation—among those who were not ghost-believers—as to what had caused them; but no satifactory conclusion could be arrived at. As they were no more heard, the officers doubtless thought it would be a waste of labor and time to search for the cause, and they were fast becoming forgotten.

But it happened that the sounds were again heard,—this time also in the night, and the ship, running with the wind, as before. A heavy, long-drawn sigh, ending in a decided groan, was what first drew attention to the fact that the ghost was again on board. Then we all gathered around the hatchway to hear the groans. The captain had ordered that he should be called if the ghost should come again, and he soon joined our circle.

"He's at it again, sir," said Mr. Bosworth to the captain, as he came near, "and he seems to feel as bad as ever."

"Where is he?" asked the captain. "Has he been here long?"

"In the lower hold, sir; just come; and how in the world he coud get there unless he came in at the stern windows and went down through the run, is more than I can tell!"

"You don't pretend to say he has been in the cabin, do you?"

"I don't see any other way that he could have got where he is now sir."

"He seems to be in pain," said the captain, as another very fair sample of the groans was heard.

"He's a queer sort of a ghost, sir; he always groans like that. If we could be sure of finding him, I would be willing to break out to get at him, sir; but Tanner here knows all about ghosts, and says it would be of no use."

It was plain enough that both the captain and Mr. Bosworth were inclined to make light of the ghost, and Tanner ventured a word in its behalf.

"I reckon," said he, "that we won't find the ghost any quicker for hunting for it. Of course you haven't forgotted poor Black yet. There wouldn't be anything strange in hearing from him in some way."

"No, I suppose not," answered the captain, reflectively. "A man who has had as much experience with ghosts as you have, Tanner, ought to know about that. I don't think we will begin to hunt for him to-night, Mr. Bosworth; but if we hear him in the morning, we will hoist out a few of the casks and take a look by daylight. The casks are empty under the main-hatch, and it will not be a heavy job."

This time the sounds continued to be heard for hours, and when day dawned the ghost showed no intention to leaving, but groaned and moaned just the same. Therefore, as soon as breakfast was over, all hands were set to breaking out. The light casks came up fast, and to Tanner's surprise, as well as to the surprise of some others, the ghost was soon come at. And now what do you think it was? An empty cask, with the bung out! The air rushing in and out through the bung-hole caused by the roll of the ship, when running before the wind, produced the doleful sounds we had heard.

Tanner said there was nothing strange about that, after all; though unless it could be shown how the bung got out, he should still believe that somebody's ghost had a hand in it.

"I say, old blower!" cried Dave Burr interrupting him, "the bung never was in!"

"Bother it, so it wasn't! I never thought of that. But I say, mates, if the bung had only been in, I wouldn't give up the ghost yet, you bet!"—St. Nicholas.

Jumping the Gap.

Tom Potts, a well-known locomotive engineer in England and the states, is the self accredited hero of the following wonderful story of succesful daring. I will narrate it as nearly as I can in his own words. I have heard him tell it often:

"Well, gentlemen, I say you'll think it a lie, but I can't help that; you have ask me to tell it; and all I can say is if you'd been in my place you'd have seen it.

"I had been driving the 'Witch' for about seven months, and a sweet thing she was. I never was half so fond of an engine as I was of her. She was the kind of macine a man only gets once in a lifetime.

She made her steam quick, was easy on fuel, started off lively and went like a deer. Her cylinders were 15-inch, her stroke 22, and her drivers seven feet six, and she was as kind as a baby.

To see her run off light and gay, was enough to shame the Juno, Venus and Helen, and other 17-inch machines.

She never wanted fixing up. Venus was always going in and out of the shop to be titivated, and if there's anytheng I dont like it's an engine that all the time wants to be titivated. She was always ready and willing to work. Why, bless you! she was only washed out for the sake of cleanliness she didn't need it a bit.

She was the tidiest thing I ever saw—she seemed as though dirt wouldn't stick to her.

Well what I am going to tell you came off years ago, before I left the old country, and it was one of the best railroads—single track then, though it's got three now, and four in some spots.

Well the 'Witch' and I were put on the mail—one of the fastest trains; and they went like sixty in them days.

The engineer was fined a shilling for every minute he lost. He dare not go slow for fog, unless he wanted to lose his day's pay. He had to keep going right along and see things before he got sight of 'em.

We were running north one darkish wintry day, and were making our best streaks. I reckon we were going about fifty miles an hour.

I was saying to myself, "she's going her prettiest," when we suddenly shot ahead as if we had been fired out of a cannon.

I knew what that meant. We had broke loose, we hadnt a car behind us. The coupleing had broken between the tender and the first coach.

How we flew to be sure! I whistled the guard to break up the train. How we bounded along.

I could make out no object alongsde—we seemed to go faster and faster; we must have got as fast as one hundred miles an hour.

It was a straight piece of track for some miles. I did not shut off steam directly when broke, for I didn't want the train to run into us, which wight happen if they did not hear me whistle for brakes.

It was lucky I kept her going; for just as I had about enough of such flying a man starded out about 600 yards before us holding a red flag.

There was nothing in the way, so I knew something must be wrong with the track.

You might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind as the 'Witch' in that distanc. Her speed was ferful.

There wasn't time to think, and as we could not stop, the faster we went the better; so I gave her what more steam there was. She seemed to have some 'go' in reserve, for we shot past the red flag like a flash.

I saw men standing horror-struck.

'Bill,' I said, 'quick! Get on the coke, and see what's ahead.'

He looked and went, deadly pale, tetered and fell back in a faint.

By this time I could see plain enogh what was wrong.

There was a gap in the track where a bridge had gone down.

You can't imagine my feelings just then. Going to death—death, swift and terrible—at about two miles a minute—getting nearer, nearer! I thought of my wife and child—nearer! An instant more—the gap!

'God have mercy,' I shrieked.

Well, would you beleve it? that engine just cleared that gap!

It was fifteen feet across, and about sixty feet deep.

She jumped the gap like a stag, and, what's more, she struck the rails all right on the other side, and kept right along, just as if she had not noticed the gap.

I stirred Bill up, and with both of us at the break we managed at last to stop the 'Witch.'

She was on a tare that day, but I never dreamed shed jump the gap—that's a fact."

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A [illegible] Case.

A fat old gentleman, who had been bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog, came to Jonah in a towering passion, declaring it was Jonah's dog that had bitten him. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defence: 1st, by testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I can prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a calf; 2d, he is blind, and cannot see to bite; 3d, even if he could see to bite, it would utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of his age, fatness, and severe lameness; 4th, granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth; 5th, my dog died six weeks since; 6th, I never had a dog.

Mr. Giles's Home.

"You have done the chores, haven't you, wife?" said Mr. Giles, coming in one night about sundown.

"No, dear; I had supper to get, and the baby was so cross."

"You haven't been getting supper all the afternoon, I hope."

"No; I had some washing to do, and the windows to clean, and pies to bake, and—"

"Oh! stop that, please. To hear you talk one would think that you had more than your share of work. I'm sure there is no man tries harder than I do to save his wife steps, and this is all thanks I get for it. Don't go to contradicting me. Give me the milk-buckets; if I ask you to milk you will have a dozen excuses. I want Katie to go with me to keep the hogs off while I milk."

Katie goes, and her father keeps her three-quarters of an hour, and then tells her she can go and take care of the baby while her mother attends to the milk. In about five minutes Mr. Giles comes in to supper. His wife is down in the cellar.

"Say, wife, ain't supper ready?"

"In a minute."

"Just a minute! Everything is done in just a minute. Another night I suppose I will have to come in and get supper for myself, after working hard all day. If you tried as hard as I do to make home pleasant we would get along a great deal better than we do. You are always behind with everything, and then you grumble because you have so much to do. Well, supper is ready at last, is it? It is about time, I think."

They sit down to the table.

"O Lord, we thank thee for this and all other blessings; feed us with the bread of life and save us in heaven. Amen. Is this the best table-cloth you have got? It is? Why don't you buy another? Ain't got any money? What did you do with the money you got for those eggs?"

"Bought a hat for Katie."

"Bought a hat for Katie, and me needing I don't know how many farm implements? I never knew such extravagance in my life. It would please me exceedingly if you would consult me about such things after this. I guess I'll go to bed. I can't have any peace up. Wife, before you come to bed, just patch that rent in my coat; and oh! I wore a hole in my socks today. You must either mend or get me out a clean pair. There is a chicken in the barrel by the hen-house; I want that for my breakfast. Come, children, come and kiss papa. Good-night, and don't forget to say your prayers."

Civil Rights.

"Kurridge dis way—25 cents to any part ob de city."

This was the theme of a sable hackman at a recent public gathering.

"Only 25 cents to any part ob de city. Hab a kurridge, sah?", And thus he accosted every passing gentleman.

Presently a well dressed, gentlemanly appearing colored man came up, when all of a sudden the hackman ceased to call out the "quarters," and turned so as not to look the gentleman in the face.

"I would like a carriage," said the gentleman.

No response.

"I would like to ride to the Broody House," stepping nearer and speaking louder.

"Sah?"

"Is this a hack?"

"No, sah; it's a private kurridge."

"Don't you carry passengers?"

"Sometimes I does, sah, and sometimes I don't, sah;" and turning away again.

"How much to drive me to the Broody?"

"Three dollars, sah,"

But the gentleman got in, and seemed to display his face at the window as much as possible as they drove along the streets. But imagine the driver's disgusted look when the gentleman helped himself out and handed a quarter for his fare, and with a smile, passed into the hotel.

He was no other than Prof. Langston, of Washington, whose life had been spent in teaching and in efforts elevate his race.

A Terrible Threat.

Talking of prisons recalls a once celebrated character known to the oldest inhabitants and bygone times as Old Jack Dade. He was a representative of one of the classes of old Virginia gentlemen. He called on President Tyler for an office where he would have the least to do at the highest salary. The President appointed him warden of the Washington penitentiary. Upon entering on his official duties, after a jovial evening with the President's gay son, Warden Dade had all the prisoners assembled and then addressed them: "Gentlemen! A pretty looking set of gentlemen you are! Fellow-citizens! No, excuse! If you are any fellow-citizens of mine. [illegible] Thanks the words, As long as I am at the head of this institution and you do right I'll treat you kindly; but the first man, recollect, that misbehaves himself, I'll turn him out, by G—d!"