Clerk's Office

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. 27, Vol. VI. No. 39, Andover, Allegany County, N. Y., Thursday, September 24. 1874. Whole Nos. 1,171. 299

Advertiser and Free Press

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	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	9 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	45 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.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLORS.

H. W. SANFORD,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Collections Promptly Made.

Office in Globe Hotel, Andover, Allegany County, N. Y. 2861f

Rufus Scott,

Attorney & Counselor at Law, office over Soreas, Brick Block, Belmont, N. Y.

Angel & Jones,

Attorneys & Counsellors 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. 1281

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 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.

E. 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. 2801f

AMERICAN HOUSE,

ANGELICA, N. Y.

E. R. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

This Hotel has recently been refitted and furnished, and travellers 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 reasonable hours. Regular and transient custom solicited. 1y1

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

WADSWORTH'S

Hathaway House,

Cor. Lake & Market Sts.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

First-Class House in every particular. FREE 'BUS.

DAVID A. BRADLEY, Sup't.

"MARRASSOIT" HOUSE,

Belfast, Allegany County, N. Y.

W. B. RENWIC, 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.,

Represents the following:

[illegible]

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, [illegible] Detroit, and New York.

ABSTRACT OF TIME TABLE ADOPTED June [illegible], 1874.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 8.	No. 12.	No. 4.	No. 6.
Dunkirk lve	1.05 P.M	......	7.05 AM	5.35 AM
Little Valley	......	......	4.40	.37
Cincinnati	3.50	......	......	9.40
Cleveland	7.00 AM	......	......	1.45 PM
Salamanca	3.20 PM	......	9.12	1.31 AM
Olean	4.06	......	9.58	.15
Cuba	4.30	......	10.33	.42
Genesee	5.20	......	11.42 PM	.30
Andover	......	......	12.05	
Buffalo arr	12.45 AM	......	6.15	2.25
Niag'a Falls	1.10	......	9.30	2.55
Hornell've	6.35 PM	1.35 AM	1.50	1.50 AM
Elmira arr	8.38	3.40 AM	4.30	0.33
Binghamton	10.05	5.03	7.30	9.26 M
Port Jervis	3.48 AM	10.48	12.07	4.45
New York	7.40	6.40	4.40 PM	7.55 PM

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

4.50 A.M. except Sundays, from Dunkirk, Stopping at Sheridan 5 15; Forestville 5 32; Smith's Mills 6 03; Perrysburg 6 42; Dayton 7 03; Cattaraugus 8 00; Little Valley 7 52, Salamanca 8 35; Great Valley 10 07; Carrollton 10.45; Vandalia 11.1; Allegany 11 47; [illegible]; Olean 12 15; Hinsdale 12 45; Cuba 1 33; Friendship 2 10; Belvidere 2 40; Phillipsville 3 07; Belo 3 37; Genesee 4 10; ANDOVER 4 30; Alfred 6 30; Almond 6 55, arriving at Hornellsville 7 30 P.M.

9.20 A. M., daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9 45, Forestville 9 55, Smith's Mills 10 05; Perrysburg 10 30, Dayton 10.40, Cattaraugus 11 10, Little Valley 11 33, Salamanca 12 10, Great Valley 12 30, Carrollton 12 35 P. M., Vandalia 12 55, Allegany 1 15, Olean 1 30, Hinsdale 1 57, Cuba 2 32, Friendship 3 07, Belvidere 3 26, Phillipsville 3 42, Belo 4 00 Genesee 4 17, ANDOVER 4 31, 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 9	No 3
New Y'k lve	9.00 AM	10.45 AM	7 00 PM	7.00 PM
Port Jervis	12.13 PM	3.30 PM	10.55	11.35
Hornellsv'e	8.55	3.00 AM	9.30 AM	12.15
Andover				1.15
Genesee	9.57	4.00	9.38 AM	1.31
Cuba	10.48	4.55	10.33	1.52
Olean	11.15	5.20	10.50	3.02
Great Valley	......	5.57	......	3.13
Salam'a arr	11.50	6.02	11.35	3.47
Cleveland	7.55 AM	4.05 P.M.	7.30 PM	10.25 AM
Cincinnati	6.09 PM	......	6.00 AM	6.00 PM
Little Valley	12.22 AM	6.27	12 00	4.32 PM
Dunkirk arr	2.20 AM	7.30 AM	1.30 PM	7.55

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, Perrysburgh 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 4.35 P. M.

4.30 A.M. except Sundays, from Hornellsville, Stopping at Almond 5 00; Alfred 5 25; ANDOVER 6 10; Genesee 7 00; Belo 7 40; Phillipsville 8.05; Belvidere 8 27; Friendship 8 51; Cuba 9 30; Hinsdale 10 40; Olean 11 25; Allegany 11 37; Vandalia 12 11; Carrollton 1 07; Great Valley 1 27; Salamanca 1 55, Little Valley 2 47, Cattaraugus 3 30; Dayton 4 22; Perrysburg 4 31; 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 31; Belo 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 50; Perrysburg 5 07; Smith's Mills 5 25; Forestville 5 35; Sheridan 5 45; arriving at Dunkirk at 5 55 P. M.

1.10 P. M., daily, except Sundays, from Hornellsville, stopping at Genesee 2.38, Belvidere 3.01, Olean 4.05, Carrollton 5.44, arriving at Salamanca at 6.00 P. M.

4.00 P. M. daily, from Hornellsville, Stopping at Almond 4 28; Alfred 4 45, ANDOVER 5 28; Genesee 6 37; Belo 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 23, Carrollton 10 48, Great Valley 11 05, Salamanca 11 55, Little Valley 12 22 A. M., Cattaraugus 12 44, and arriving at Dunkirk at 1 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. BANKS & SON, Agents,

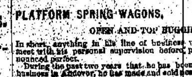
Second Story Simmons' Block, represents the following reliable Companies:

Ætna,	$6,000,000
Hartford, Conn.	2,500,000
Phœnix. Hartford,	$1,650,000
North British and M.	$28,000,000
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 off ered.

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 department, and finishing department, aiming 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 [illegible]

and

Jobbing Shop,

And all orders for BLACKSMITHING and Horse Shoeing will always receive immediate attention. [illegible] Call and satisfy yourselves.

Andover, [illegible] 280

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. [278]

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 Elsewhere, And You will be Convinced.

Poetry.

JOHN JANKINS' SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin'!
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon;
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord 'Amens' at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once after that to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of that open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
A woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin'
And a nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's she,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But a man is a queer creetur;
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the [illegible]
Now if he had said [illegible]
My [illegible]
I'd have gone to [illegible]
And [illegible]

Just then [illegible]
"And [illegible]
Who've lost the [illegible] our friends
As [illegible]
Go home," says he, "and [illegible] your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

Miscellaneous.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

CHAPTER I.

Dark and bitterly cold! The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind was howling mournfully! Night had approached, and the pulse of the great city was stilled! "Fortune's favorites" would murmur, "What a splendid night to think of the past, and build a happy future;" for they, surrounded by every luxury wealth can procure, know not the terror that the less fortunate have for such a night. Still, the silvery light of the moon falls as softly upon palatial dwellings as it does upon the humble roof of the poor and wretched. For only on this earth are the rich thought above the poor. In this world alone, poverty is equal to disgrace.—But remember, dear reader, that be we rich or poor, our last resting place is the same!

"Yes, my darling, we will soon have a nice bright fire; I shall be paid for this work, when finished, and then we will buy fuel. In the meantime, Lolita, put on my shawl to keep you warm. And she took from her own nearly frozen shoulders a threadbare shawl and handed it to her little girl, while she worked diligently, hoping to be paid by her employers as soon as it was received; for in her poor little attic food was as scarce as fuel. In spite of the miserable in which she had lived nearly three years, she tried to keep up a cheerful countenance for her little daughter's sake.

"I shall make my darling's life as sunny as lies in my power to do so; I shall try not to cloud her youth by looking sad myself." And likewise would Mrs. Kingsly often speak or commune with herself. But she would oftener fail than succeed in carrying out these resolutions, for day after day she found life a heavier burden to bear. Having been left a widow for over three years, she had been obliged to struggle alone in this wide world. Only when Lolita mentioned her father's name was Mrs. Kingsley unable to suppress her grief; and then with her little arms entwined lovingly around her mother's neck, they would both indulge freely in tears.

"Some one is knocking at the door, mamma; shall I open it?"

"Yes, Lolita; it must be some one whom Mr. Vane has sent for this work."

"Good morning, Mrs. Kingsley," and a small boy entered, as Lolita opened the door. "Mr. Vane has sent me for some work you have here; he thinks you could have finished it sooner than this; others, he says, do the same amount of work in half the time you do.

"Very well," answered Mrs. Kingsley, as her eyes filled with tears, in spite of her efforts to keep them back, "you may take this work to Mr. Vane, still unfinished; but I sincerely hope he may pay me for what I have done. Tell him it amounts to only three dollars. My little girl will go with you, so as to save you the trouble of returning."

The work was wrapped up amidst sobs, which Mrs. Kingsley tried hard to check. She had fondly anticipated earning enough to keep herself and little girl in comfort for a few weeks.—But now she must give up the work she would have finished in a few more days, and with it her fond hopes of soon possessing a bright fire and plenty of food. Do you wonder that she shed tears of sorrow, anger, and disappointment after the door closed upon Mr. Vane's messenger and her little daughter, or, as she often called her, "her little sunbeam."

Yes, she shed tears of sorrow, as she compared her present condition to what it had been when her kind and loving husband was living. Tears of anger would involuntarily start to her eyes as she thought of her unfeeling and heartless employer, who would not even raise a finger to help those who were almost starving.

"Oh! my Heavenly Father!" she would cry in her anguish; "do I really deserve all this?—so much privation and suffering? I am willing to bear it uncomplainingly, if so. But spare my little innocent child. Let not the sins of the guilty mar the happiness of the innocent. How cheerfully I would die this instant if I knew that after my death my darling would be happy!—My precious little child! My drooping lily with no one to love her in this wide world! And yet I've often longed to die, for then her father's proud and cruel relatives might take her. Cruel did I say? Yes, 'tis only true—cruel and heartless! Oh! my husband, how can I ever forget that for me you left all that held you dear! Had we never met, to-day you would have been the most petted member in your proud father's house. But how happily we lived together! I cannot realize that that sunny period of my life lasted five years; to look back it seems but a dream! How different were those years from the last three! And in the midst of our great happiness, O, relentless Death! you found our little circle and snatched from us one loving member, leaving nothing but darkness behind—nothing but wretchedness and misery in the future for mother and child!—But, O Lord "Thy will be done," and teach me to humbly submit."

She arose to bathe away her tears before Lolita returned, feeling much lighter at heart after giving vent to her grief.

"Oh! mamma," exclaimed Lolita, as she came in, her face flushed with excitement, "I was coming home from Mr. Vane's after he told me that he could not give you the money till next week, and to think how bad you would feel, I commenced to cry, when a tall man took hold of my hand and asked me what made me cry; and oh! mamma, he was such a kind man, with such white hair and beard! I did not want to tell him why I was crying, but he asked me so many times I could not help it, mamma; and when I told him, he wanted to come and see you, ma, truly? But I was afraid you would be angry with me, so I told him no, he must not come. Then he put his hand in his pocket and gave me this paper; what is it good for mamma?" And she handed to her mother, who was surprised at this little incident, a note, which she opened, at the same time exclaiming:

"Why, Lolita, this gentleman must have made a mistake; this is a fifty dollar bill! He could not have intended to give you so much."

"He gave me something else, mamma," the happy child interrupted, and told me to give it to you, so you could go to his house and get all the sewing you wanted. Oh, my! I think I've lost it," and she looked eagerly around for the missing paper, almost ready to cry for fear of having lost it. "Oh, here it is, mamma," and she handed her mother a card with this address:

"H. S. Kingsley,

445 Pemberton Square"

"Oh, Heavens, can this be possible? Can this benevolent man be my husband's father? Can that heart that turned so bitterly and unrelenting against his only son, be so troubled by a crying little girl whom he does not even know? Yes, it is he, and none other. He is as generous as he is proud! Oh, Heavenly Father, if he only knew that he had given alms to his own granddaughter, IN THE STREET! And yet, could it not have been that he was drawn towards her by instinct—by a fatherly love which he has been unable to quench? How could he fail to see his dear son's looks in her sweet face, when it is a diminutive picture of her dead father? And oh, how much rather would I die, with my child in my arms in this miserable room, than plead for money to him!"

"Mamma, are you angry because I spoke to that man?" and her sweet lips quivered.

"No, my darling, I am not."

CHAPTER II.

"It is very strange, very strange.—Her little face was so sweet in its expression, that I could hardly resist taking her in my arms. Her voice, even, thrilled me to my heart. The sweetest children are to be found only among the poor, for they are so innocent and guileless. I would willingly give half my fortune to gain possession of that child. We would be happy, dear wife, once more if we had that little girl to brighten our home. And we would place in her all the love that should have been our son's had he not ——"

"Oh, do not pierce my heart, dear Harry, by alluding to what I struggle to forget. I cannot think of what our wretched pride did without almost hating myself. Had we only approved of our son's choice, how much happiness would have followed. I can think with only the deepest sorrow of how many blessings we flung from us for our foolish. If my son lived, I would gladly kneel to-day at his feet and beg for forgiveness; but the wrong we did him is beyond atoning for, for we shall never again see him on this earth."

And, as she reclined on the sofa, sighs and sobs could be heard from behind her delicate lace handkerchief.—How strange, that amid so many beautiful and costly surroundings she should weep so bitterly. Should she not have been perfectly happy, having everything her refined nature and taste called for? Everything that wealth could procure was at her command.—Her slightest order was obeyed with the greatest promptness; and yet she leaned back upon the sofa and wept as bitterly and felt as unhappy as the most unfortunate who led a life of drudgery. But such, dear reader, is life.

"Might we not partly atone by seeking for his wife, and making her as happy as lies in our power to do? But where in this world can she be? Three years has passed since she became a widow; in three years they might have formed a new attachment and married again, for I now remember she was very pretty and attractive. A beautiful widow seldom remains single long. I really do not know whether she had a child or not. But I believe I heard some one say my son 'had left a little girl'—'a little girl,'" he repeated, with such deep feeling, and then turned deadly pale, then flushed to the temples, as he thought of the little girl he had met in the street—the little girl who had taken such a hold upon his affections, he knew not why, and whose little suffering face had haunted him from the moment he left it, until he could not refrain any longer from speaking of her to his wife. Could that little darling, whom he had loved at first sight, be his son's child? Could it be possible that his son's wife was in the city, and in such extreme poverty? How his brow burned with shame as these thoughts entered his mind. As he thought of his cruelty he remembered that he was the cause of his son's untimely death and his wife's present suffering. His heart now ached keenly, as he recalled to mind the morning his son had come to him, humbly asking his forgiveness, which he had sternly refused to grant, at the same time exclaiming—"Never think of me as your father; nor ever again think of this house as your home! As you made your bed so shall you lie upon it!"—And the disowned son, who but a few short weeks before had been the pride and hope of that stern father, now turned his footsteps from the happy home of his youth towards his new home, where his young bride of two weeks was awaiting him with breathless anxiety, to know what success he had met with. But as soon as she saw her husband's fallen countenance she rushed to him, her eyes overflowing with tears, which she could not repress.

"Oh, my husband! how cruel that you should suffer in this way, only for me. Had we never met, what a happy fate would have yours!"

"Do not allow such words to pass your lips, my loving wife. I would not part with you for all the wealth on this earth; and I shall never cease to thank Heaven for bestowing such a priceless gem upon me. Only for your sake I would have my father relent, for then only could I place you where you deserve to be. But as it is, we will live a life of love and contentment."

And they really had, dear reader, enjoyed a short period of their life with as much happiness as it is possible to enjoy in this world; and when their little girl came as a crowing blessing, they felt that such perfect happiness could not last long. Only a few days of warning was given when the unfeeling hand of death had beckoned to the truly loving husband and father, and without a murmur he followed, leaving his heart-broken young wife and little child, with nothing more than their pleasant home, which was soon sold by creditors, who had no compassion for either mother or child. And then Mrs. Kingsley had moved into the little attic room where, dear reader, we found her at the opening of my story.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, mamma! come quick; see over there on the sidewalk! There is the gentleman that gave me that money.—Oh, see, mamma, he is looking over here; and, oh my! he sees me, and is really coming over here. It is not my fault, mother; I couldn't help it. He is coming over to see me." And she smiled satisfactorily as she brushed away her tears.

"Can he possibly be coming here? Merciful Heaven! what can be his object? He surely cannot know that he is to meet his discarded son's wife! Can he intend—"

But the door was opened before she finished her sentence, and a handsome, venerable-looking man stood in the doorway. For an instant the two appeared as though they were statues.—The sight of the transfixed the other. But the third was so very much pleased that she hardly knew where to find words with which to express her delight. She at last decided what to do, however, for she sprang, with such a beaming face, into the gentleman's arms, exclaiming:

"You came to see me, didn't you Mr. ——; but I don't know your name. Don't you know my mamma? Her name is Mrs. Kingsley."

As these words were uttered tears fell thick and fast from Mr. Kingsley's eyes; for in the first place this child reminded him so strongly of his loved but lost son, and in the second place, to glance at the miserable room and surroundings was enough to draw tears from the hardest heart. He could not help comparing his own luxuries and elegant home to this shattered attic room. As his eyes were still filled with tears, he put Lolita down as gently as though she had been a princess, and opening his arms again, exclaimed with deep feeling and emotion:

"Will you come to my arms and heart, my dearest daughter? Will you forgive and forget the past? Oh! prove you superiority, my suffering angel, by bestowing upon me the happiness I refused you years ago. Do not chide me, for you in your poverty have not suffered what I have suffered. Since I met this little child in the street I have searched unceasingly for you and at last have found you."

What could she do, gentle reader, but allow herself to be clasped in those loving arms which had so often clasped her beloved husband? How could she refuse forgiveness—even had she wanted to—when those dark eyes (so much like her husband's) were filled with tears of repentance, and his arms extended to receive her? No, there was no alternative. She rushed into his arms, and burying her face on his bosom, gave vent to her grief. For she now felt that she had a strong arm to lean upon, and knew that if she was now unhappy there was one to comfort her.

"Oh, my son! can you look down upon us? If you were only here to crown my newly found happiness! But from your heavenly home, you can rejoice at this meeting!" And he raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, while his arms were clasped most tenderly around his newly-found daughter.

"I thought you did not know my mamma, Mr. ——; but I don't know your name yet," exclaimed Lolita, who had been looking on at these proceedings with the greatest surprise and wonder. "But do all people act that way when they are introduced? I told you my mamma's name was Mrs. Kingsley, and then——"

"Come here, my darling, and I'll tell you that I am your papa's papa; ain't you glad?"

"Oh, my! and did you just find that out? And is that the reason why you gave me that money? And—oh my! I'm so glad! Are you coming here to live with us now?" and she fairly jumped round the room with glee.

"No, my little daisy; but you and mamma are coming to live with me. I have a nice, big house, with plenty of room, in which you can play, and I shall buy you ever so many playthings. Will you go?"

"I think I should like to, for your sake, because you were so kind to come and see me here. But you must not make mamma cry any more."

And, dear reader, they did move into Mr. Kingsley's palatial dwelling, where they were all supremely happy, with but one drawback—and that is the void each feel in their hearts, which nothing can fill but the presence of him who surely must look down upon them from Heaven with a smile of perfect contentment. Lolita, you may surmise, is the joy and pride of her "grandpa" and "grandma," and as every childish whim is gratified, her mamma is much afraid that her "little sunbeam" will become a very wayward young lady.—[Sacramento Union.

A Man Who is Going to be Dropped into the Ocean.

Paul Boyton is the name of a daring individual who is to be dropped into the ocean, 200 miles from the land.—He is now at Atlantic City, N. J., where he is under an engagement with the Camden and Atlantic railroad company, to take charge of the life guard established there. He is an intelligent young man of about twenty-seven, of average size and well developed. The Merriman life saving suit in which he will make his hazardous experiment, consists of pantaloons and boots, and a jacket with a hood attached. Seven small tubs with mouth-pieces are connected with air chambers in different portions of the dress. The hood, as it becomes inflated, is drawn tightly over the face, leaving the eyes, nose and mouth visible, and making a perfect air pillow for the head, which is not only comfortable, but also serves to keep the face constantly above the waves without the slightest exertion. C. S. Merriman of New York, the patentee of the life dress, has offered $500 to Mr. Boyton to make a sea voyage in his suit in order to demonstrate to the public its merits as a life-preserver.—He has accepted the proposal and on or about the 25th of December he will be carried from New York by an outward bound steamer to a distance not less than 200 miles from land, when he will be dropped and left to the mercy of the waves until he shall meet with some passing vessel. He will carry with him in a rubber bag sufficient rations, consisting of dried meats, etc., for one week, as well as a good quantity of fresh water. He will also carry signal lights and flags, with a sectional staff twelve feet long for raising them, all of which are to be stowed away in the unlimited portals of the rubber bag, which is about two feet square, and is of little or inconvenience, strapped to and floated at the side of the swimmer. This feat may be considered by many as deliberately challenging death, but Mr. Boyton is very sanguine of success and even says that he would willingly allow himself to be left a thousand miles out if necessary, without the slightest fear regarding his safe recovery.

After the Burglars.

Grace Greenwood, who, with two other females, is keeping house out in Colorado, tells the following story:—

Theft has stolen into our paradise, and frantic drunkenness

"To riot when the sun is down,
And rob the world at rest."

A mason engaged in reconstructing our cellar complains of missing tools left at his work over night, taken, perhaps, by a wandering fellow-craftsman—a Free Mason—and night before last we three unprotected females were aroused by a burglarious and nefarious attempt to enter our domicile by the bay-window. There was rashly rude and alarming work made forcing open the sash. A—— and H—— struck a light after the usual delay in such cases from unaccountable failure of matches and stepped boldly out on the balcony, lamp in hand, and, seeing their coolness, the monsters or wretches fled. After that all went on a tour of inspection through the cottage to see what damage had been done, and possibly to confront and put to confusion more jackals in human form. It was a solemn and imposing procession. We had no fire-arms, but we were not without deadly weapons. I was burdened with the lamp, yet bore in my good right hand a gleaming dagger—an instrument, by the by, with a history, it having once been the cause of my arrest in Italy in the good old days of Austrian and Papal supremacy, when to bear arms without authority was a grave criminal offense. A—— carried a Corsican stiletto, the gift of our brilliant friend, Mr. S. S. Cox, and as keen as his wit, but so diminutive as to be chiefly terrible by reason of the awful words graven on its shining blade—"*Vendetta*," "*Morte*." H—— brought up the rear, armed with a formidable blue cotton umbrella. Woe to the hapless housebreaker we might encounter! We searched in all possible and impossible hiding-places, in the closets, under tables and lounges, we "poked up the chimney, on the pantry shelves, in the clothes basket, but without success, and [illegible] the window, we [illegible] to our chambers, covered with glory and a cold sweat.

We now give warning to all gentlemen of burglarious proclivities, that a good and gallant friend having provided us with a six-shooter, we intend to practice diligently with it, firing promiscuously from our balconies o' nights. I would also especially give notice that I am not Mrs. J. B. Lippincott, and haven't any diamonds, that our silver is plated and our money in the bank, if we haven't overdrawn; that I intend putting alarm bells to all the windows, and setting the shrubbery full of steel traps; that, in short, it is no use for them to call again at Clematis Cottage, and may be slightly dangerous.

P. S.—Another friend has lent us a brindled bull-terrier—very powerful.

Fight Your Way Up!

The many who have to take the world rough-and-tumble are prone to envy those who roll through it in cushioned vehicles on patent springs. The toiler as he stumbles through its thorny thickets and climbs over its foot-blistering gravel, is apt to curse the luck that placed him on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smoothly over Fortune's macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which is the birth-gift of his donothing neighbor. The more fool he! Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion—quite the reverse when their use is properly understood—but the discontented worker, who pines for wealth without being willing to work for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. We have no sympathy with such sensuous longings.—People who indulge in them never acquire wealth. They lack the energy to break their way to the worldly independence for which they yearn and whine. They don't know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing Fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall! There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" obtaining a golden store that some thriftier hand had accumulated. Your accidental Crœsus knows nothing of the pride of success—of the exultation with which the self-made man looks back upon the impediments he has overcome, and forward to the fair future which he has earned a right to enjoy.

Why it is Necessary to Employ Lawyers.

A merchant in New York stopped in front of a furniture store on his way to dinner to look at a bed room set worth $80, and remarked to the dealer that he admired it very much, and asked if $80 was the lowest price, which found to be the case. The merchant went home and mentioned the fact to his wife. On his return home again at night, he found the bed-room set had been put up at his house in his absence, his wife supposing he had sent it as a surprise. But he denied ever buying it.

It occurred to him, however, that a lawyer might be of some service, and he remembered a needy little fellow down town, whom he called on and stated his case. The lawyer said, "Very well; keep the goods and leave it with me." Not long after, a summons was served on the merchant for the price of the set; this he took to the lawyer and asked him what else should be done.

"Oh, nothing," said the attorney, "leave it all to me."

"But don't you want me as a witness?"

"No, leave it all to me."

Trial day came and passed, and the merchant, not a little nervous, called to learn the result, asking his legal friend how it came out.

"All right," said young Blackstone, "all right; the furniture is yours."

"But what have I to pay for it?"

"Nothing."

"How can that be?"

"Easy enough; he put one witness on the stand to swear you bought the goods. I admitted it. I then put two witnesses on the stand to swear they saw you pay $80 cash for it. Of course I won."

This was conclusive.

Condensed Romance.

About a year ago in Bennington, Vt., lived James Ward, a Union Soldier who had lost an arm in the first battle of the Wilderness. Lovely daughter, Josie—"innocent, guileless, and belle of the town." Oscar Pease, a book-agent, came along—young, educated, good looking, "cheeky." Corralled Josie's affections. Old Ward prejudiced against him. Elopement and marriage. Old man in tears. Finds out that Pease is a fiend of the first water, who had served a term in Sing Sing; real name Bill Benson, lay, confidence operator. Grief and consternation of old man. In February, 1874, "Pease" heard from in Hollister. Ward started across the continent. Found Josie near Salinas City, dressed in man's clothes, and trying to [illegible] as a sheep-herder, with poor success. Grand tableau: "He sprang forward with a loud cry and clasped her in his arms." Josie has seen rough times; "Pease" had been in the habit of swinging her, hollow cheeks and dark lines about the eyes. Had been [illegible] by her husband with a [illegible] and other handy articles. He had recently "skipped" to parts unknown. Bless him! Old Ward and Josie [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]