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. 33. Vol. VI, No. 45 — Andover, Allegany County, N. Y., Thursday, November 5. 1874. — Whole Nos. 1,176. 305

[illegible]

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	16
3 inch	2 00	3 00	5 00	8 50	11 00	18
¼ col.	2 50	4 00	5 50	10 00	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, [illegible]

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 simple announcement of death, and Obituary [illegible]

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. 286tf

[illegible]
Attorney & Counselor at Law, office over Stores, 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.
CHINS 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. 1y381

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 the Proprietor 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 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 House 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. JOHN H. GILLIES, Proprietor.
Angelica, Feb. 9th, 1874. 360tf

AMERICAN HOUSE,
ANGELICA, N. Y.
E. W. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.
This House has recently been refitted and furnished, and travelers 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. 371

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. [illegible] The public are cordially invited to call and try his fare and accommodations. 5y1

WADSWORTH'S
Hathaway House,
Cor. Lake & Market Sts.
[illegible]
First Class House in every particular. FREE BUS.
[illegible], Sup't.

[illegible] HOUSE,
Belfast, Allegany County, N. Y.
W. E. RENWIC[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 Resort for Pleasure and Business. Fine fishing and shooting in the vicinity. [illegible] to and from Belvidere. Good livery [illegible]

GILBERT & LANE,
General Insurance Agents,
AND
Dealers in REAL ESTATE,
Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y.
Represents the following [illegible]

[illegible]

ERIE RAILWAY.

[illegible] Coaches, combining all the 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 P.M.	.....	7.05 AM	1.35 AM
Little Valley	.....	.....	4.40	4.37
Cincinnati	9.50	.....	.....	9.40
Cleveland	7.00 AM	.....	.....	7.45 PM
Salamanca	3.30 PM	.....	9.12	3.31 AM
Olean	4.03	.....	9.58	4.15
Cuba	4.30	.....	10.33	4.42
Genesee	5.30	.....	11.42 PM	7.30
Andover	.....	.....	12.05	
Buffalo arr	12.45 AM	.....	6.15	12.25
Niag'a Falls	1.15	.....	6.30	12.55
Hornellsv'e	6.25 PM	1.35 AM	1.50	8.50 AM
Elmira arr	8.55	3.40 AM	4.30	10.35
Binghamton	10.53	5.58	7.30	12.26 M
Port Jervis	3.45 AM	10.48	12.07	4.45
New York	7.40	2.40	4.40 PM	7.55 PM

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

4.50 A M except Sundays, from Dunkirk,—Stopping at Sheridan 5 16; Forestville 5 32; Smith's Mills 6 08; Perrysburg 6 42; Dayton 7 08; Cattaraugus 8 00; Little Valley 7 52, Salamanca 9 35; Great Valley 10 07; Carrollton 10 45; Vandalia 11 15; Allegany 11 47 a. m.; Olean 12 15; Hinsdale 12 45; Cuba 1 20; Friendship 2 10; Belvidere 2 40; Phillipsville 3 01; Scio 3 37; Genesee 4 10; ANDOVER 5 40; Alfred 5 31; Almond 6.55, arriving at Hornellsville [illegible]

9.30 A. M., daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9 46, Forestville 9 50, Smith's Mills 10 06, Perrysburg 10 30, Dayton 10.40, Cattaraugus 11 10, Little Valley 11.33, Salamanca 12 15, Great Valley 12 30, Carrollton 12 35 P. M., Vandalia 12 55, Allegany 1 15, Olean 1 35, 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 43, arriving at Hornellsville at 6.00, P. M.

6 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 11.30 and arriving at Salamanca at 11.45 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	9.38 AM	1.31
Cuba	10.45	4.55	10.33	2.32
Olean	11.15	5.20	10.50	3.09
Great Valley		5.37		3.43
Salam'a arr	11.50	6.02	11.35	3.47
Cleveland	7.55 AM	4.05 P.M.	7.30 PM	10.45 AM
Cincinnati	6.00 PM	.....	6.00 AM	6.00 PM
Little Valley	12.32 AM	6.27	12.00	4.20 PM
Dunkirk arr	2.30 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 5.38, Carrollton 5.48, Little Valley 6.27, Cattaraugus 6.47, Dayton 7.02, Perrysburgh 7.09, Smith's Mills 7.24, Forestville 7.32, Sheridan 7.40 arriving at Dunkirk at 7.50 [illegible]

12 15 P. M. daily from Salamanca, stopping at Little Valley 12.57, Cattaraugus 1.39, and arriving at Dunkirk at 4.35 P. M.

4.30 A.M., except Sundays, from Hornellsville. Stopping at Almond 5 09; Alfred 5 25; ANDOVER 6 10; Genesee 7 00; Scio 7 48; Phillipsville 8 05; Belvidere 8 27; Friendship 8 54; Cuba 9 30; Hinsdale 10 49; Olean 11 35; 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 24; 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 48; Alfred 12 56; ANDOVER 1 13; Genesee 1 34; Scio 1 42; Phillipsville 1 51; Belvidere 2 00; Friendship 2 10; Cuba 2 30; Hinsdale 2 47; Olean 3 01; Allegany 3 10; Vandalia 3 20; Carrollton 3 35; Great Valley 3 43; Salamanca 4 00; Little Valley 4 29; Cattaraugus 4 38, Dayton 4 59; Perrysburg 5 07; Smith's Mills 5 35; Forestville 5 35; Sheridan 5 45; arriving at Dunkirk at 5 56 P.M.

1.10 P. M., daily, except Sundays from Hornellsville, stopping at Genesee 2.38, 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 35, ANDOVER 5 03; Genesee 5 37; Scio 5 55; Phillipsville 7 15; Belvidere 7 30; Friendship 7 55, Cuba 8 37; Hinsdale 9.09, Olean 9 40, Allegany 9 50, Vandalia 10 23, Carrollton 10 48, Great Valley 11 05, Salamanca 11 55, Little Valley 12 29 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. 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,	$2,590,000
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 [illegible].

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 [illegible] good and reliable.

4th—That every vehicle looks elegant, from the [illegible]

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. [illegible] Fuller [illegible] in the line of business. Call and see. [illegible] 360

JASON HUNT & SON,

Are receiving daily

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, Oct. 15th 1874. [273]

THE FALL TRADE

OF

1874, is open 1874.

P VANSICKLE'S.

has purchased in the City.

NEW DRESS GOODS,

New Table Linen,

New Towels,

New Repellants,

New Flannels

New Cassimeres,

New Ribbons,

New Hosiery,

New Calicoes,

New Shawls

NEW HAMBURG EDGINGS & INSERTIONS,

an endless

Variety of Trimmings.

$1,500 Worth of

READY MADE CLOTHING,

a large stock of

Boots & Shoes,

Hats & Caps,

Also a full line of

GROCERIES.

Cash paid for Tub and [illegible] Butter.—Dried Apples; Dried Berries, Eggs &c., taken at the highest market price.

P. VanSickle.

Poetry.

THE CHEERFUL ART.

"The world is ever as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
Thus spoke a grandam bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandam say.

Years after, when no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild.

Back to her heart the memory came
Of a quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, to be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow, and smilingly thought
'Tis even as the good soul taught!

"And half my woes thus quickly cured,
The other half may be endured."

No more her heart its shadows wore;
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world (as we, too, must)

In happy mood; and lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view.

She made of life (as we, too, should)
A joy! and lo! all things were good.

And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first he said, "Let there be light."

Miscellaneous.

MY LITTLE STRATAGEM.

BY WILLARD TREMAINE.

Jessie Hale was the merriest, prettiest, most provoking daughter of Eve that ever existed—at least, I thought so—though perhaps I was not an impartial judge, as I must confess I was deeply in love—and, in fact, I don't believe I could remember the time when I was not in love with her. I first ventured to ask for her company from church; when, after four years' absence, I returned to my native town and set up as a surgeon. Oakdale was a healthy place, or else the people felt a little afraid of trusting their lives in the hands of such a young scapegrace as they had known me to be, for somehow my horse and gig found more employment in carrying Jessie Hale to ride than any other profitable business, yet of all the tantalizing little wretches that ever fascinated and provoked a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he was in the body or out of it—she was the worst.

And there was I—Willard Tremaine—standing six feet two in my stockings, led about by that little elf, coming and going at every beck and call, as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, for after playing "your's devotedly" for about six months, I was no nearer winning her than at first. Open-hearted and candid she was on every other subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone wall.

"All is fair in love and war;" or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strasegy on my wilful little lady-love.

One fine morning, as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, and I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle, her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an alarming rate; of course the jagged bits of iron I had cautiously insertey beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was fairly seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently very from the saddle; of course I caught her before she reached the ground. No sooner was she in safety, when, with a deep groan, I staggered back against the fence, my right arm hanging helplessly by my side. It took nicely, for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"Oh, Will," she said piteously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; what will you do? Poor Will! poor Will!

How like a villain I felt at sight of her distress; but I was not going to give up then; so I answered faintly, "It is nothing, dear Jessie; I would suffer a thousand times more to feel that I had saved your precious life."

"But oh, I am so sorry! What can be done for you?" she said in touching accents.

"Only tell me that you love me, Jessie, darling; it will soothe my pain more than anything else in the world." And then, like the great simpleton that I was, I put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake till she sprang suddenly away.

"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she asked, archly. "There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury was internal, I should think."

Wouldn't I have sold myself for a sixpence! But there was no help for it; so I had to own the trick, and went home wishing I HAD broken my arm or neck, I didn't care much which. After that, for a while, I was rather shy of the love subject, for I didn't fancy hearing of my last attempt; but, one morning, however, I went over the way, resolved that the matter should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself as I entered. She was looking prettier than ever; and I found it terrible hard work to begin.

At last I broke in upon some of her careless nonsense with, "Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? I believe you do—in fact, I know you do.

Here I was again making a simpleton of myself.

"Oh! you know, then, do you?" she said, coolly, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Then, of course, there is no need of my telling you."

"No, I did not mean it, Jessie," I said. "But do you love me? Will you answer me, yes or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered demurely.

"Oh, Jessie Hale!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "you will drive me crazy!"

"A terrible misfortune, surely," she said, with a laugh, throwing down her work, and stepping through the low window upon the lawn. "Now, Will, I will tell you what I will do if you will promise never to plague me again about this."

"I will promise anything if you will only give me an honest answer," I said eagerly.

"Will, then, if you catch me before I reach the elm tree, I will give a decided answer."

I thumped my head against the window sash, and away I went, racing over the green-sward with ten times more eagerness than I ever displ yed in playing catch in my boyhood days. I caught her before she was half-way to the old elm.

"Now for the answer," I said, eagerly.

"Oh! but can't you wait until I get breath?" drawing it in quick, spasmodic jerks. "Let me see; what was it I promised to tell you?"

"Whether you love me or not, you provoking little wretch," said I, fairly out of patience.

"Now look here, Mr. Will; if you don't leave off calling me names I won't tell you at all. I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did; so don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me I can't speak at all; for it will take me some time to think over the objects of my love to see if you are among them. Let me see"—beginning to count her fingers—"there is old Chloe, that's one; and Prince—though he hurt your arm you know—is two; and old Brindle is three; and Watch is four; and—let's see—yes, there is Mr. Willard Tremaine is five.

I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer, and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit from it, it was certainly far more dignified. I had taken my hat, and was out at the gate before Jessie reached the house.

I went home in no very enviable state of mind, and sitting down in my arm-chair began to thing and plan how I could outwit this provoking little elf. Have her I would, but how? That was the question.

"A letter for you, sir," called out my boy at the door.

I took the letter and tore it open. It was from an uncle of mine—a surgeon in a flourishing city—making me a very advantageous offer if I would come and take his place. This was just the situation I had been wanting for years, and I hailed it with delight now.

"But, Jessie," I thought—"could I leave her?"

A moment's reflection showed me it was just what was needed, for if she really cared for me my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make my arrangements, and before night they were all completed, and the next morning I started for the station, calling at Mr. Hale's on my way, to bid Jessie goodbye. I could see the little witch did not believe one word of the story I told her.

"I hope, Mr. Will, you won't break your arm in the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said, with a smile, as I concluded.

"And you not there to cure it," I retorted. "But, seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest, now. It is probable I shall not see you again for years; for if I like the place I shall remain there."

She still believed it some trick, for her eyes said plainly, "You can't cheat me again. And she said good-bye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk, feeling much as I think Adam must have felt when he left Paradise, except that he took his Eve with him and I left mine behind.

I was well pleased with the place, and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposals. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer, desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakdale. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning. In three days I followed the letter, determined that if I did not succeed this time, I would give her up forever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just at twilight, of a pleasant September day, when I reached Oakdale. Direct to Mr. Hale's I took my way, saying to myself as I went. "Now or never!" I entered the dusky parlor unannounced. By the dim light I saw Jessie sitting on a sofa, her head resting on the soft pillow. She was alone and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me.—That argued well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and had raised the bowed head.

"Jessie! dear little Jessie!" I said tenderly, scarcely knowing how she would receive it. With a quick start and a glad cry of surprise, her head was pillowed on my bosom.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you. Will! They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been lonely too, Jessie darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you.—Will you not go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low, but I knew it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week?" I was determined to make sure work now.

There was some hesitation, a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing-room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise when my errand was made known; and a few tears from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father, concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

Not so, however. In a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all England; and what is better still, I think so now, even though she did say, ten minutes after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, after all, Will."

And she never has to this day.

OLD PEANUTS THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

"Hey! old Peanuts! How much a pint?"

"Twelve cents," answered the old man who presided at the stand.

"But look here," said the ragged little questioner, "couldn't you let 'em go for ten cents, seein' as I want to keep Thanksgivin' and havn't any more than this."

He held up a torn ten-cent stamp.

"That's no good," said the old man. "The Gover'ment don't take torn ones."

"There is quite a piece of it," said the boy, looking wistfully at the pile of peanuts, "but you could pass it. It was passed on me."

The old man shook his head. "Torn ones don't go," he answered.

"Gosh! That's so," said the boy.—"I've tried it in three places. Can't keep Thanksgivin', I s'pose. Wish I war you."

"Do you?" asked the old man, smiling faintly. "But I am not keeping Thansgiving either."

"I would, if I war you," said the boy. "I'd eat a whole quart."

"You wouldn't if you had no teeth to eat 'em with," answered the old peanut seller, "and didn't like 'em. Once I cared for peanuts; but that's long ago."

"What do you keer for now?" asked the boy, "How do you like to keep Thanksgiving?"

"I shouldn't care to keep it at all," said the old man. "I used to keep it; but one day is like another now, and that is best for me. I have nothing to be particularly thankful for now-a-days, and I don't want to think of the old times."

"How were the old times?" asked the other leaning against the lamp-post close by.

"What'd be the use of telling you," grumbled the old man. You couldn't help me,—nobody could that I know off."

Yet he went on as if it relieved him to tell his troubles even to the small ragged boy beside him.

"My boy John went out West and was scalped by the Indians. I knew how it'd be. I wanted him to stay on the old farm with me; it was in Pennsylvany; but it was a small place, and half stones, and mortgaged for nearly all it was worth at that; so he would go to make his fortune, as he said. His wife that he left behind him till he cleared his claim fit for her to live on, why, in less'n a year after he was dead she married again, and they took John's boy with 'em to New York. That's the last I heard of little Johnny."

"But didn't you come to New York to look after him?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the old man, "of course I did, or I wouldn't be on this Chatham street corner selling peanuts to-day. She promised to write, but she never did, so at last I couldn't stand it any longer and I sold the old place and came to New York. I got partial track of 'em two or three times but at last I had to give it up. Then my money was about gone, and I set up this stand and have sold peanuts ever since—that's five year. No, there's no Thanksgiving for me unless I find Johnny; and I never shall."

"Mebbe you will," said the boy.—"Things turn up sometimes when you aint a-lookin' fer 'em, like this ten-cent stamp. I didn't set any hopes on keepin' Thanksgivin'; but a man says to me as I was a-standin' in Fulton market, 'would you carry this turkey as far as the Third avenue cars?' So I did. But as sure as my name is Johnny Mooney I was cheated after all, unless you take it."

"Is your name Johnny?" asked the old man. "Well, then, you shall keep Thanksgiving for me, for your name."

He poured a pint of peanuts in Johnny's hat. The boy held out the torn stamp.

"No, no," said the old man, "throw it in the gutter. I might pass it on somebody that'd go hungry on account of it. I don't want to be wicked, if I can't be thankful."

"Then here she goes," said Johnny, tossing the stamp into the gutter, 'and thank you, Old Peanuts. But what makes the boys all call you Old Peanuts?' he added, cracking a nut between his teeth; "or mebbe it's your name?"

"It's as good a name as any other," said the old man. "I haven't seemed to myself to be John Dorfling since that happened. So I'd rather be called Old Peanuts."

Johnny went down Chatham street crunching his peanuts and hopping in glee, and Old Peanuts leaned his wrinkled cheeks in his hands and sighed.

"May be worse things'll come upon me by my unthankfulness," he said to himself; "but I can't be thankful. But worse could not come. If I had only died long ago!"

Presently another small boy stopped in front of him,—ragged, shoeless and hatless, but with a clean, jolly looking face.

"Five cents' worth of peanuts," he said, briskly.

Old Peanuts poured the peanuts into the boy's pocket, which he held open to receive them.

"And here's a ten," said the boy.

"A torn one again!" said the old man. "It looks like the very same one offered me just now. Where'd you get it?"

"Out of the gutter down the street," said the boy.

"It must have gone floating down," said Old Peanuts. "Well, they say a bad penny always turns up again."

"Give me the five, quick," said the boy. "I want to buy some taffy with the rest."

"Going to keep Thanksgiving, too, I s'pose," said the old man, "though I'd like to know what you can have to be thankful for."

"Lots," said the boy. "Nustly, for this luck. I don't pick up ten-cent stamps every day."

"Well, and what else?" asked old Peanuts.

"'Cause I'm going to a splendid dinner. But I must give my hair a-pullin' out, or they won't let me in," he said, laughing and trying to disentangle the mass of brown hair on his head.

"Why, the Mission," answered the boy. "And it's most time to be there."

"The stamp isn't good," said Old Peanuts, handing it back to the boy.

"Why, yes, it is," said the boy. "It's only dirty."

"But it's torn," said old Peanuts.—"I saw a boy just now to fling it into the gutter."

"He must be a funny boy to fling stamps away," said the boy, laughing.

"No," said Old Peanuts; "not so funny as you think; he only ment it for being fair. But I gave him a pint of peanuts because his name was Johnny."

"Then you ought to give me a pint," said the boy, laughing again, "for my names Johnny, too."

"Don't stand there laughing at me and telling lies!" said the old man, impatiently.

"Taint lies," answered the boy.—"My name is Johnny. There! I can prove it. He drew a small thin card out of his jacket pocket and held it up. "Read that," he said, triumphantly.

It was a card of admission to the Mission-House dinner. The old man snatched it and read "John Dorfling."

"You!" he said. His hands shook so that the card slipped out of them. Just then there came a gust of wind and away went the card and the boy after it. The old man tried to call him back, but he was too much agitated to speak. He shook in every limb, but he started after the boy, running as he could. But the boy ran twice as fast, and he disappeared around a corner. Then the old man raised a feeble cry, "Johnny! Johnny! Stop Johnny!" He turned the corner, breathless. but the boy was no longer in sight. On went the old man, looking right and lift, peering in the open door-ways and gazing wildly down the cross-sts. But suddenly he thought, "how silly I am! He has found his ticket and gone to the Mission dinner." So, with renewed hope, he turned his steps toward the Mission.

He explained his errand to the door-keeper, and was ushered into a large room where two hundred or more boys and girls sat at long tables laughing and talking merrily and devouring good things. Up and down the passages Old Peanuts walked, gazing at every brown-haired boy; but he did not see Johnny.

Then the children were appealed to. Silence was called for and the question asked, "Is Johnny Dorfling here, or does any one here know him?" But all the children shook their heads. The superintendent then searched the books and found the name "John Dorfling," he said, "but no address. He probably did not know it. Many of the children cannot tell where they live."

"But I suppose he will come in again next Sunday," said Old Peanuts.

The superintendent shook his head "It is doubtful," he said. "You see a great many come in a week or two before Thanksgiving, because we give them all a good dinner. But only those who have been with us three months have tickets to the Christmas festival. Yet he may come next Sunday again. Drop in and see," he added, unwilling to send the old man away without any hope.

"Ah! if I had only staid at my stand," Old Peanuts thought, as he hurried along to the Chatham street corner. "He has the ten cents and the peanuts too, but if he is like his father he will come back." So he went to his stand, vaguely expecting to find his grandson there. But the other Johnny stood beside the stand instead.

"You ought not to leave your stand 'thout anybody to look after it," he said. "A lot of fellers war agoin' to make off with yoor peanuts, but I happened up and hollered 'perlice!' and they thought I owned the concern and took to their heels. The perlice didn't come, but I kept guard and sold five pints too. And there war a boy here and said he owed you five cents, and—"

"Where is he?" cried the old man.

"Why, he left the five and he went away," said the boy. "I don't know which way; I warn't looking."

"It was Johnny," said the old man, wringing his hands. "Now I shall never see him again." In a chocked voice he told the story.

"Don't take on," said the boy. "Ef I'd a-knowed it I'd held onter him.—Next time I will. I'll know him again."

"Ah!" said Old Peanuts, tears rolling down his cheeks, "I thought I couldn't have more trouble; but to find him only to lose him again, it is more than I can bear. But he is a good honest boy,—I knew he was."

"I'll look for him," said the boy. "I was agoing to the Central Park to see the animals; but never mind; and it's an awful ways to walk, so I don't keer much. And here's for the five pints."

"No; keep it for taking care of my stand," said Old Peanuts.

"No," said the boy. "The peanuts you gave me paid for that, I aint mean. Good by. Don't fret. Mebbe I'll fetch him along afore you know it."

The old man sat down by his stand, but he could not rest.

"I'll look for him too," he said.—"Ah! if I could only find him I would keep Thanksgiving. If God would only help me; but I have been so unthankful to Him I have no right to expect it."

He locked up his stand and went down toward the City Hall, then up Broadway and across Canal street, then down to Chatham street again, through the dirty cross-streets and lanes,—up and down—up and down, until his feet were so tired that they slipped under him. At last when night came he went back to his stand, unlocked it and sat down on his stool. But he was worn out; and as he leaned his head against the pine-boards his eyes closed. Soon he was in dreamland. He was keeping Thanksgiving with his wife and his son and little Johnny. They were all at the village church, singing hymns, and then again at the old farm-house, eating their Thanksgiving dinner. Little Johnny climbed on his knee and kissed him and then pulled his hair in fun.

"Don't pull so hard, Johnny," he said. And then he opened his eyes.

"Yes, I must pull, if you don't wake up," said a voice. "We [illegible] everything. You sleep so sound."

Old Peanuts opened his eyes wildly and rubbed them, but still he was asleep, for the two Johnnys stood beside him.

"Went to Central Park after all," said the first Johnny, "and found him looking at the animals. Thought mebbe I would."

"Are you my grandpap?" asked Johnny number two. "If you are, I'm glad, though you made me lose my dinner."

The old man drew the boy to him and held him closely in his arms as if he were afraid he would lose him again.

"And your mother," he asked. "Will she let me have you?"

"She died," answered the boy, "died long ago—him too; and I take care of myself helping a junk man."

"And hereafter Grandpap will take care of you," the old man said. "Thank God, I have found you, and now we will eat our Thanksgiving dinner."

So, hand in hand, the three walked up the Bowery, and down a side street, to Old Peanuts' lodgings. He bought a cooked turkey and other good things on his way there, and at the door he stopped, to ask a neighbor or two to "come up and help them be merry."

What a happy, blessed day they had after all! How they talked and laughed, and how Old Peanuts leaned back in his chair and almost cried with joy when Johnny sang a pretty song for them that he had learn at ragged-school!

For the first time in years, John Dorfling, when he had sat down to the table, bowed his head in penitence and greatful prayer. But this thanksgiving did not end with that day, nor for many a day.

In fact, he is hail and hearty yet. This very year he and Johnny hope to keep "Thanksgiving" with the other Johnny; and after dinner they all are going to ride in the horse-cars to the park to see the animals.—[St. Nicholas for November.

How Old Hickory Broke up a Race.

Many are the interesting scenes of Jackson's life which his biographer has not brought to light. When a boy I saw him scare and put to flight 20,000 men. The occasion was this: Gray Hound, a Kentucky Horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they were afterward matched for $5,000 a side, to be run on the Clover Bottom Course. My uncle, Josephus H. Conn, carried me on horseback behind him to see the race. He set me on the cedar fence and told me to remain until he returned. There must have been 20,000 persons present. I never witnessed such fierce betting between the States. Money and negroes were put up. A large pound was filled with horses and negroes bet on the result of this race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard loud talking, and looking down the track, saw for the first time Gen. Jackson riding slowly on a gray horse, with long pistols held in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, and had a mouth that a ground-squirrel could enter. In his wake followed my uncle, Conn, Stokely Donelson, Patton Anderson, and several others as fierce as bull-dogs. As General Jackson led the van and approached the judges' stand, he was rapidly talking and gesticulating. As he came by me he said that he had irrefragable proof that this was to be a jockey race; that Grey Hound was seen in the wheat field the night before, which disqualified him for the race, and that his rider was to receive $500 to throw it off, and by the eternal he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track, that the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and the fire from his eye. I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious looking animal that I had ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of 20,000 people. If they felt as I did, every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wanted some lead in their hides, just bring their horses on the track, for by the eternal he would kill the first man that attempted it. There was no response to this challenge, and after waiting some time, and they failing to appear, General Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some that he acted hastily and without consideration. He would give the scoundrels a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a court to investigate this matter, who would hear the proof and do justice to all parties. Thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proclamation was made that the court was open and was ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. Not appearing, Gen. Jackson introduced the witnesses proving the bribery of Grey Hound's rider, who was to receive $500 to throw off the race, having received $250 in advance, and that Grey Hound had been turned into the field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and counteract the proof and vindicate their innocence. They failing to appear, Gen. Jackson told the court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which in a few moments was done in accordance with the facts proved. I was still on the fence forming one line of the large pound containing the property bet on the race. Each [illegible] was anxious to get back his property. General Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said, "Now, gentlemen, go calmly and in order and each take his own property." When the word was given the people came with a rush. It was more [illegible] [illegible]

—[Judge [illegible], of Tennessee.