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. [illegible] No. 34, Vol. V [illegible] No. 46 — Andover, Allegany County, N. Y., Thursday, November 12, 1874. — Whole No. 1,177 [illegible]

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.

No notice taken short of [illegible]

[illegible] 15 cents a line each insertion.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

Having just made some [illegible] additions to the material of this Department, we are now 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 Directory for $5; every subsequent line 75cts.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. W. W. Crandall.

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

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS.

H. W. [illegible]

Attorney and Counselor at Law. [illegible]

[illegible]

Attorney & Counselor at Law, office over [illegible] Brick Block, Belmont, N. Y.

Angel & Jones,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law Belmont, N. Y. WILKES ANGEL. GEO. B. JONES.

W. L. F. COTTRELL,

DENTIST.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Andover and vicinity, that he has opened a Dental Office at the residence of [illegible], on Main street, where he will always be found ready to [illegible] all kinds of Operative and Mechanical Dentistry. [illegible] acknowledged to be superior to any other in use. He will also be willing [illegible] and [illegible] give satisfaction or no pay.

HOTELS.

[illegible] HOTEL

CHENEY [illegible], 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.

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 has only lately [illegible] to be a favorite resort for the traveling public and the proprietor [illegible] 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 [illegible] from his long experience in the business [illegible] 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 [illegible] 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 [illegible]

JOE. B. GILLIES, Proprietor.

Angelica, Feb. 4th, 1874.

AMERICAN HOUSE.

G. W. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

This House has recently been refitted and furnished, and travelers will find all the conveniences to be had of a first class House; and no pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Oysters served in every style, at all reasonable [illegible]

AMERICAN HOUSE.

G. O. [illegible]

This old and well known House, having lately changed hands, has been newly furnished throughout [illegible] [illegible] times he found ready to administer to the comfort and pleasure of [illegible] [illegible] call and try his fare and accommodations.

[illegible]

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

[illegible] FANCY GOODS,

as well as everything pertaining to a

First class Drug Store

Fuller's Masonic Hall Building, Wellsville N. Y.

[illegible]

[illegible] Allegany Co., N. Y.

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

GILBERT & LANE,

General Insurance Agents

and

Dealers in REAL ESTATE,

Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y.

[illegible]

ERIE RAILWAY.

Pullman's Best Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all [illegible] 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 lv	1.05 PM	......	7.35AM	5.35AM
Little Valley	......	......	4.40	3.37
Cincinnati	9.50	......	......	9.40
Cleveland	7.10 AM	......	......	1.45 PM
Salamanca	3.20 PM	......	9.12	5.31AM
Olean	4.05	......	8.08	6.15
Cuba	4.30	......	10.33	6.42
Genesee	5.20	......	11.40PM	7.36
Andover	......	......	12.05	
Buffalo arr	12.45AM	......	5.15	12 25
Niag'a Falls	1.16	......	9.80	12 35
Hornels'lve	6.38PM	1.50AM	1.50	8.50AM
Elmira arr	8.38	2.40AM	4.30	10.38
Binghamton	10.55	5.58	7.30	12.30PM
Port Jervis	3.40 AM	10.13	12.07	4.45
New York	7.40	2.40	4.40PM	7.30 PM

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

4.50 A. M. except Sundays, from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 5.15; Forestville 5.39; Smith's Mills 6.03; Perrysburg 6.43; Dayton 7.03; Cattaraugus 8.00; Little Valley 7.52; Salamanca 9.35; Great Valley 10.07; Carrollton 10.45; Vandalia 11.15; Allegany 11.47; Olean 12.15; Hinsdale 12.48; Cuba [illegible]; Belvidere [illegible]; Genesee 4.10; Andover 5.40; Alfred 6.30; Almond 6.55, arriving at Hornellsville 7.30 P. M.

9.35 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 11.32, Salamanca 12.10, Great Valley 12.20, Carrollton 12.35 P. M., Vandalia 12.55, Allegany 1.15, Olean 1.35, Hinsdale 1.57, Cuba 2.31, Friendship 3.07, Belvidere 3.20, Phillipsville 3.42, Genesee 4.17, Andover 4.51, Alfred 5.25, Almond 5.43, arriving at Hornellsville at 6.00, P. M.

3 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 York 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	6.55	8.00 AM	5.30 AM	3.15
Andover	......	......	......	4.15
Genesee	9.37	4.00	9.33AM	4.34
Cuba	10.43	4.55	10.33	4.39
Olean	11.15	5.20	10.56	5.08
Great Valley	......	5.47	......	5.43
Salam'a arr	11.50	6.00	11.25	5.47
Cleveland	7.55 AM	4.05P.M	7.80 PM	10.47 AM
Cincinnati	6.00 PM	......	6.00 AM	5.00 P M
Little Valley	12.22 AM	6.17	......	7.20 PM
Dunkirk arr	2.30 AM	7.50 AM	1.30 PM	9.55

Additional Local Trains Westward.

7.00 A. M., except Sundays from Hornellsville, also stops at Belvidere 4.34, Friendship 4.45, Hinsdale 5.17, Vandalia 5.59, Little Valley 6.27, Cattaraugus 6.42, Dayton 7.03, Perrysburgh 7.09, Smith's Mills 7.24, Forestville 7.35, Sheridan 7.40 arriving at Dunkirk at 7.50 A. M.

12 15 P. M., daily from Salamanca, stopping at Little Valley 12.37, Cattaraugus 1.20, and arriving at Dunkirk at 4.15 P. M.

4.20 A. M. except Sundays, from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 5.09; Alfred 5.25; Andover 6.10; Genesee 7.00; Scio 7.30; Phillipsville 7.58; Belvidere 8.37; Friendship 8.51; Cuba 9.50; Hinsdale 10.40; Olean 11.23; Allegany 11.47, Vandalia 12.11; Carrollton 1.07; Great Valley 1.37; Salamanca 1.55; Little Valley 2.47, Cattaraugus 3.30; Dayton 4.09; Perrysburg 4.11; Smith's Mills 5.27; Forestville 5.51; Sheridan 6.10; and arriving at Dunkirk at 6.30 P. M.

12 30 P. M. daily from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 12.43; Alfred 12.55; Andover 1.15; Genesee 1.51; Scio 1.51; Phillipsville 1.54; Belvidere 2.00; Friendship 2.16; Cuba 2.40; Hinsdale 2.58; Olean 3.04; Allegany 3.16; Vandalia 3.20; Carrollton 4.25; Great Valley 4.38; Salamanca 4.55; Little Valley 4.20; Cattaraugus 4.53; Dayton 4.59; Perrysburg 5.07; Smith's Mills 5.25; Forestville 5.35; Sheridan 5.45; arriving at Dunkirk at 5.55 P. M.

7 10 P. M., daily, except Sundays, from Hornellsville, stopping at Genesee 2.38, Belvidere 2.31, Olean 4.25, 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 5.38; Genesee 6.27; Scio 6.53; Phillipsville 7.15; Belvidere 7.33; Friendship 7.53; Cuba 8.27; Hinsdale 9.00; Olean 9.40; Allegany 9.58; Vandalia 10.32; Carrollton 10.48; Great Valley 11.03, Salamanca 11.55, PM Little Valley 12.28 A. M., Cattaraugus 12.44; and arriving at Dunkirk at 2.30 A. M.

* Daily.

† Daily between Hornellsville and Dunkirk.

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

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

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

Wellsville Insurance Agency

FIRE, ACCIDENT, LIFE

B. HANKS & SON, Agents,

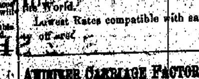
Second Story Simmons' Block, represents the following reliable Companies.

Ætna,	$6,000,000
Hartford, Conn.	2,500,000
Phoenix, 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 safe 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 [illegible] of anything, in that way, to compel him to quit making those elegant

PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS,

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,

and [illegible] 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

[illegible] Platform Wagons, and the [illegible] of five Dollars will pay for all work or repairs needed on these since.

You can, 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 [illegible]

3d—[illegible] warranty for all his work [illegible]

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

[illegible] the Painter's ornamental [illegible] department, and is in every way [illegible]

[illegible]

REPAIR

and

Jobbing Shop,

[illegible]

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 & [illegible] Butter—

Dried Apples, Dried [illegible]

at the highest market price.

P. Vansickle.

Poetry.

ZWEI LAGER.

Der night vas dark as anything
Ven at mine door two vellers ring
Und say, ven I ask who vas dere,
"Get oop und git!"—und den dey schvear—
'Zwei Lager.'

I says, "'Tis late, schust leave mine house,
Unt don't be making such a towse!"
Dey only laught me in der face
Und say, 'Pring oudt, Old schweitzer kase,
Zwei Lager.'

I dold dem dat der bier vas oudt;
But dose two shaps set oop a shout,
Und say no matter it's vas late,
Dat dey must haf put on der schlate,
Zwei lager.

'Oh, go avay, dot is goot poys!'
Mine moder says, 'und schtop der noise,'
But still dem vellers yelt avay,
Und dis is all dot dey would say,
'Zwei lager.'

'Vot make you gone!' my daughter said
'Ven beoples all vas in deir ped;
Schust gome to-morrow, ven you're dhry;'
But dem two plackguards edill did cry.
'Zwei Lager.'

'Vot meane you by sooch dings as dese!
I go und call for der boleese,'
Says Schneigelritz, who life next door,
Day only yelt much as before,
'Zwei lager.'

'You schust holt on a little vhile,'
Says mine Katrina, mit a schmile;
'I vix dose shaps, you bet my life,
So dey don't ask of Pfeiffer's vife
'Zwei lager.'

Den right away she got a peece
Of goot und schtrong old Limburg cheese;
Und put it just outside der door,
And den ve didn't hear no more
'Zwei lager.

— Boston Transcript.

Miscellaneous.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Oh yes, we had an excellent time," said Miss Genevra Wilber as she settled her ruffles and puffs. "We secured a private room in a palace car, and were just as retired and as much at ease as though we had been traveling in our own drawing-room. It was furnished magnificently, all in scarlet and gold, with panels of polished rosewood and mahogany, and a lovely Wilton carpet. The windows were of French plate-glass, with curtains and lambrequins all complete. Then there were luxurious easy-chairs and sofas, great mirrors, an upright piano, and lunch-tables and card-tables and every thing one could devise for comfort. And it all seemed so much like an Arabian Night's tale that I fancied I had only to rub one of the silver-plated lamps which hung from the ceiling to make a genie appear who would execute my bidding. Ah, it was superb!"

"Seems to me times have changed a little since I was young," said old Uncle Ezekiel, taking advantage of the momentary pause Miss Genevra made. "Then people couldn't go scooting about the country in a parlor; they had to put up with a good many inconveniences, not to say privations, if they wanted to travel; but then I guess they took just as much comfort, on the whole, as they do now-a-days. At any rate they looked enough sight more healthy and wholesome than the young folks of this generation do with their airs and their graces, their folderols and their pinched-looking forms and faces. Now, when I was rising one-and-twenty I took a notion that I should like to see a little of the world. You see, I had always stuck close at home, only now and then going to the nearest village to 'muster,' or to trade off some apples or butter. So I spoke to father about it, and he said that after haying and harvesting I might take the three-year-old colt I broke in the spring and go up and visit my relations in Vermont. It was called the New State then, and before they let it into the Union they called it the Future State.

Well, this idea suited me mightily, and I'll warrant I set more store by it than boys now-a-days would by a trip to California. There didn't much grass grow under my feet for the next few weeks, I can tell you, and we got our last load of grain in uncommon early, so that one morning in September I was all ready to start. I got up early and fed my pony, and mother baked a shortcake before the fire and made a good cup of tea for my breakfast; then while I was eating she put a generous allowance of doughnuts and cheese in my bag, and showed me the new cravat and socks she had got ready for me. Mother was always thoughtful for us, and, besides, she wanted me to make a handsome appearance up country; so she had had a tailoress in the house for a week, making me a suit of the pepper-and-salt homespun which she had just taken from the loom. The sun was rising over the barn when I sprang onto my pony and waived a good-bye to my mother, and to the little sister who had crept down in her nightgown to see me start and stood in the doorway by her side. As I passed through the village I saw quite a number of the young men of my own age stepping towards their barns with their milk-pails upon their arms, and they stopped and started well to see me setting off so early in my new clothes; but I enjoyed their surprise too much to stop and give them any information on the subject. The air was fresh and bracing, and I was so carried away with the idea of a holiday that I wanted to whistle and shout and sing to work off my extra spirits. 'Brutus' seemed to feel as keen as I did, and he cantered along pretty briskly for the first few miles. Then he began to take it a little slower as the road was getting tolerably hilly and by the time we reached Gainesborough he was considerably tuckered out. I knew by the looks of the sun that it was nigh onto noon, so I drew up to the nearest tavern and asked them to [illegible]. As for myself, I sat down under a big elm tree that grew in the yard, and took out my doughnuts and [illegible]. The long ride had sharpened my appetite as well as Brutus's, and I never relished anything better than I did those cakes. Mother always did have the name of an excellent cook, but I thought she had fairly outdone herself that time.

"After I had eaten all I cared for, I went to the well and drank some clear cold water, right from the bucket. (I have always thought I should like to go back and drink once more from that well, for I never found water anywhere else that tasted just as that did.— After that I felt just as well satisfied as though I had been in an inn and paid out a shilling for a dinner, and I laid down in the shade for an hour or so till I thought the pony had had a good chance to get rested, then I concluded I might as well push along, for I meant to stop that night with my mother's cousin, who lived about ten miles further on. As I was putting on the saddle the tavern-keeper came out.

"'I wouldn't be too quick about starting, young man,' said he, 'it's going to rain.'

"'Reckon you are mistaken there,' said I.

"'Guess not,' replied he. 'I've lived here these five and forty years, and I never heard the loons scream over the pond and saw the clouds hang below the mountain in the way they do now without our getting rain afore night.'

"However, I was sure I could get to my cousin's in time, so I started in spite of his warning; but I hadn't got more than a matter of two or three miles when it grew so dark that I knew I had better make for shelter, and as I hadn't passed a house since I left the tavern, I calculated that the best thing I could do was to go right back. The road was down hill all the way, and I wasn't long in compassing the distance, but just as I cantered into the barn the rain came down powerfully. The tavern-keeper laughed when he saw me, and said he was looking for me back to supper.

"'Well, I'll agree that you are the best judge of the weather,' said I, 'but when I left home I didn't lay out to put up at taverns, and if I could do a little something to pay for my lodging I should be glad to.'

"'Oh, don't borrow any trouble about that,' said he; 'I won't be hard upon you; but now I think of it, I have got some grain in my barn that needs threshing, and if you are a mind to try your hand at that a spell we'll call it square.'

"So I went to the barn pretty well pleased with my bargain, and, pulling off my coat, made lively work among the rye that was spread out upon the floor. I prided myself upon being able to thresh with any man in the country, and my flail buzzed up and down the length of the barn till you would have thought there were a dozen flails in the air. I mind how the young follows who were hanging about the tavern came and stared at me and made remarks; but I laid about me at such a rate that they were glad to stand back out of my way.

"I reckon the landlord didn't lose much by his trade that time. We had fried potatoes, cold salt beef, and corn bread for supper, and it was all proper good, no mistake.

"The next morning the sun rose clear as a bell, and I was off again bright and early. I went right past Cousin Hepzibole's, for I was anxious to get through to my uncle's that night. It wasn't no great disappointment to me; for, as I said, she was only second cousin on my mother's side, and though I had never seen her, I had always heard that she wasn't the pleasantest and most even-tempered woman in the world. If I could have had my choice, I think I should have rather done the threshing anyway.

"I jogged along at a pretty good pace that forenoon, and by twelve o'clock was pretty well up among the mountains. I had more than half of my doughnuts and cheese left. Mother wasn't one of the kind that scrimped in putting up luncheons, and there was plenty of good clever by the rood side, so Brutus and I were not accountable to anybody for our dinner that day. I did get a little tired before night, though, and caught myself nodding several times as we went up the long hills; then I would get off and walk a piece.

"About sundown I reached Bolton, but I didn't know in just what direction my uncle lived, so I stopped before the door of a little wood-colored house and asked the old [illegible] sat knitting by the kitchen fire, if she could tell me where I could find Jeremiah Gale's house.

"'Why, I guess you are a stranger in these parts if you don't know where Jeremiah Gale lives,' said she.

"'Yes, I am,' said I.

"'What district might you be from?' asked she.

"'Massachusetts,' I replied.

"'Dew tell!' said she. 'What sort of country is it down there? and how did you make out with your [illegible] to crop this year? Such a [illegible] time as we have had with ours; first it was too wet, and then these pesky bugs came round. I [illegible] our folks that if I should have to go to the poor-house, the first thing I should ask for would be a dish of good, mealy potatoes.'

"I saw that she would talk for half the night if I would stop to listen, so I asked her again if she would direct me to Mr. Gale's.

"'Why, lor, yes, to be sure I will,' said she; 'it's a good mile further on, but the road is as straight as an arrow. The house is a gambrell roof, with two popple trees standing right afore it.— You can't miss it—but don't be in such a hurry. Stop and rest yourself a spell, can't ye?' I thanked her, but hurried along, pleased enough that I was so near my journey's end. After I had rode about half a mile I saw a little old man laying stone wall near the road. I saw him stop and look at me as though he meant to speak; but I was tired and thought I wouldn't give him a chance, and was passing him upon a brisk trot, when he just reached out his hand and took Brutus by the bridle.

"'You seem to be in a great hurry,' said he. 'Where mought you be from?'

"'I told him Bamberbrook, Massachusetts.'

"'Why, how you talk!' said he, 'Did you ever run against a cousin of mine, David Smith, who lives in the old Bay State somewhere? I've lost all track of him lately.'

"'Never heard of him.'

"'Ah!' what mought be your name, if I may be so bold?'

"'Ezekiel Gale.'

"'Any relation to Squire Gale's folks?'

"'He is my uncle.'

"'Sho! you don't say. Here, don't be in such an everlasting hurry. How would you like to swop off ere pony of yourn for a pair of steers? He seems to be a likely beast.'

"I replied that I didn't care to trade that day and pushed on, although he tried to stop me again by asking how long I expected to stop in those parts.

"In about ten minutes more I had climbed the hill and stopped at Uncle Jerry's. I think I should have known the place without any directions, it looked so comfortable and home-like. I fastened my horse at the gate and then went into the house by the kitchen door. I expected to take Aunt Nancy all by surprise, but she wasn't there. No one but a girl, sitting in a low chair stringing apples. A great tub of quarters stood by her side, and the table was tilled up with those she had already strung. I felt kind of awkward like and began to whirl my hat around in my hands, for I was so taken back that I didn't know just what to say.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Gale?" said she, looking up.

"I am his nephew, Ezekiel Gale," I managed to stammer out, "and I came up from Massachusetts to make him a visit."

"Oh, did you?" said she, jumping up and putting down her pan of apples. "Why, you must be very tired. Sit down here by the fire—it's quite frosty to-night, and let me take your hat.— Mr. and Mrs. Gale have gone to Greenough, but they will be back this evening. I am Content Sabin."

"I said I guessed I would go out and put up my horse. I was glad of a chance to go out into the open air and get my breath, for she was just the neatest girl I had ever set eyes on; and although I was accounted quite a beau at home, she flustered me so that I hadn't a word to say for myself. When I went back into the house she had drawn out a little square table, which was covered with a white cloth and spread with raisied biscuits, cold boiled ham, apple-sauce, and pumpkin pie. She sat down opposite to pour out my tea, and I could hardly eat my supper, good as it was, for watching her. She did look just like a picture, that's a fact. She had on a linsey-woolsey petticoat and blue check short gown; her brown hair was braided back just as smooth and shiny as could be; and she had blue eyes, plump, rosy cheeks, and a neck and arms as white as milk.

"I am sorry Mr. and Mrs. Gale are away," said she, for I hadn't had the grace to speak a civil word yet, and she began to be afraid I wasn't pleased.— But, dear me, although I had come so far to see my relations, I was beginning to wish that they would never come back at all, but that I might just sit in that warm little room all the rest of my life, with the tea-kettle singing, the cat purring on the hearth, and Content pouring tea for me and I looking at her. I found my tongue after a while, too, so that when Uncle Jerry and Aunt Nancy came home we sat by the fire as sociable as though we had known each other all our lives.

"Well, I stayed and stayed there till my folks began to think I never was coming home. I helped Uncle Jerry get in the late crops, and I had a kind of knack with a saw and a hammer which made me very useful about the house to Aunt Nancy. Then in the evening I sometimes took Content to a husking or an apple-bee. Finally my father sent for me, and that night, coming home from a husking at Deacon Handford's—I mind how the moon shone down through the pine trees that shaded the road—Content promised to go back to the Bay State with me when I came up in the spring."

Uncle Ezekiel grew thoughtful. He seemed to be living over again that golden October evening, but Genevra clasped her hands together and said in that pretty little affected way she has:

"What did she say when you proposed to her? Oh, I should like to know so much."

Uncle Ezekiel roused up:

"She gave me a simple, straight-forward answer," replied he, "and didn't ogle or put on airs, as you would have done in her place, miss."

We were familiar with Uncle Ezekiel's blunt ways, but we all thought that he was too hard upon Genevra; so we changed the subject to the last importations by Stewart, and he fell into a doze in his easy chair by the grate.

What a Bear Did.

J. H. Witt, of Bear canyon, Colorado, went into the mountains to look for some cattle that had strayed away, and after proceeding about three miles, and while pausing to listen and look about, suddenly a large cinnamon bear, which had been concealed in the bushes near by, sprung toward him with the evident intention of giving him a hug. Not fancying such intimate friendship with strangers, Mr. Witt declined to permit the affectionate [illegible] [illegible]

Poking Information.

Poking among the crevices with a walking-cane, was a melancholy, one-armed man, whom we thought was a soldier, and we wondered if he had come back, after the battle, to look for the one lacking arm. He seemed so sad, so thoughtful, and as he stirred away the fallen leaves with his stick we wondered if his memory was not poking around among the cracks and crevices of the past to uncover what once had been on that very spot. And we concluded he was a good man to interview. I approached him. I said,

"You seem familiar with this place, sir."

He took a sort of an inventory of himself, as if to see what led me to such a supposition, and replied very quietly:

"No, sir; I have never been here before."

"Ah! Some personal interest in the spot, I suppose. Your regiment perhaps was in this battle."

"No I was never in the army."

"Ah! but, ah! I eh, we-eh, my friend there and I were wondering if you didn't lose your arm in this battle."

"That arm, sir," he said, "was snaked off in a saw mill;" and he left me like a man who was terribly bored.

That interview didn't turn out to suit us, and we thought we would have some fun with the colored troops. Calling a mammoth lump of ebony to him, my friend asked:

"What do they call this a battle-ground for?"

"Cause dar was a fight hear, sah."

"Who fought?"

"Massa Gen'l Hookah, sah; an' I don't 'low de oder gemman's name, sah, I disremembahs dat just now."

"Which licked?"

"Massa Gen'l Hookah, sah, of course."

"What did they fight about?"

"Well, sah, I don't just reckon what dis hean fight was about; de whole fight, sah, was to free de niggh, sah."

"Who owned the nigger, Hooker or the other man?"

Pompey's eyes opened till they looked like two round agates. He looked at my friend and then looked at me; then he looked over to his companions who were shouting and laughing at the antics of one of their number in a swing; but he didn't reply. My friend spoke sharply:

"Which owned the nigger that they fought about?"

"W-w-w-what's you ben?" Who is you, axs me dis—ax'n dis chile who owns dat niggah? What's you bin?"

"I've been all around here, but I didn't see any fight. When was the fight?"

"Right smart run o' time since dat, sah; dat's a good while ago, boss, dat was."

"What sort of a fight was it, a prize fight?"

"A which, sah?"

"A prize fight. Did they form a ring and pound each other with their fists? Did Hooker mash up the other fellow with his fists? Who got the first knock-down?"

The expression that grew on that man's face, the transformation scene that passed over that man's features was a better answer to the question than his tongue could have given.— First a look of curious bewilderment, then of annoyance, then of pity, contempt, and utter disgust successively, till he turned silently and walked back to his party, seeming to wonder which was the greater fool, he or we.

A Spanking Machine.

This is the age of invention, and there is no knowing what a day may bring forth. Prominent educators have for years ransacked their brains and consumed midnight oil to devise some method whereby the youthful student, the urchin with thick soled pantaloons could be chastised as the gravity of the offence might demand without inflicting a more severe punishment upon the lady teacher's hand than upon the child. Previous to the invention of this machine, principals of schools have wept to see their assistants go round with their arms in a sling from the effects of punishing scholars. In many cases excellent teachers, who loved their calling, had been compelled to resign their position because they had too much on their hands.

This matter has been discussed at the various institutes, and it had been almost decided to adopt capital punishment, instead of the time honored taking across the knee, when the inventor of this machine stepped in, and, by a simple device, saved the lives of many valuable young men. The heart of the inventor was touched at seeing a frail school ma'am with her right hand swelled up to the size of a canvas ham from agitating a boy who had wickedly placed a piece of clap-board inside of his pants when he knew that the teacher was on the war path after him. The teacher was weeping, and mentally saying she would run that boy through a threshing machine before she got through with him.

The idea at once struck the inventor that something could be constructed that would [illegible] the jacket, as it were, of the young [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

A Chicago [illegible] Game.

What [illegible] to be the most famous game of draw poker on record was played in Chicago in 1860. The players were Charles B. Farwell and Hugh Maher. It seems that Messrs. Farwell and Maher did not play a cash game, [illegible] the great [illegible] game that is is impossible to play poker, properly unless the money is put up every time, and it is altogether owing to the neglect of these players to conform to this commendable usage that they have been involved in a litigation which promises to be tedious, annoying and expensive. At the end of the game between Mr. Farwell and Mr. Maher, it may have been a series of games, but the principle is the same—Mr. Maher found himself owing a considerable sum—$1,200, we believe—to his opponent. According to his story, he offered to settle soon afterwards, but he says that Farwell raised him a thousand, or in other words, that he claimed $1,200 more than was really due him. The matter was arranged by the transfer to Farwell of eighty acres of land belonging to Maher, who says that this transfer was made as security for the payment of the dispute pending an adjustment of the dispute as to the amount actually due, with the understanding that Farwell should reconvey it back when the two could come to an agreement upon the amount of the debt, and when the money should be produced to liquidate it. Since then the land has increased greatly in value, being worth now about $100,000, and one day Maher was greatly surprised to learn that a portion of it had been sold and resold, whereupon he filed a bill in court for the purpose of securing a reconveyance. This occurred long ago. Since then nothing has been heard of this case, so interesting to the poker playing community, until a few days ago, when application was made to Judge Williams for a rule of court requiring the opposing counsel to file certain documents forthwith, so that they might be examined by the attorneys of persons holding lots under title derived from Farwell. It is said that a great many depositions and other testimony has been collected, and that some of this evidence contains information of great value in regard to the mysteries of draw poker as played in Chicago.

A Persecuted Man.

The residence of William Yeomans, near Washington, Warren County, was burned down Saturday night, involving a loss of $12,000, on which there was $5,000 insurance. From his own account he seems to be an object of persecution. Five years ago his barn was set on fire and destroyed. The following year his house was broken open and everything of value was stolen.— Three years ago his barn was again burned down. Two years ago, during the absence of himself and family, his house was burned down. The same year Wm. Van Doren's smoke-house, where Yeomans' meats were being cured, was set on fire and destroyed, and James Van Doren's grist-mill, where Yeomans' grain was stored for grinding, was set on fire and consumed. Three weeks ago his barn was broken open, and the harness, grain bags, chickens, and other articles stolen. Last summer he built a new dwelling-house, and had it newly furnished, and now it is destroyed, and he with his family barely escaped with their lives, losing everything—even their clothing. An examination after the fire revealed the fact that his watch dog had been poisoned on the night of the fire. The unfortunate man does not know who his enemy is, and the local authorities have no clue to the perpetrators of these outrages.

Not His Fate.

A New Orleans Judge, riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered:

"Yes."

"Why do you wear a veil?"

"Lest I attract attention."

"It is a province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.

"Not when they are married."

"But I am not."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, no; I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law.

He has been a raving maniac ever since.

The best use for a man—curcuma.

A witness, attempting theatrics, modestly observed that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than public speaking."

People who persist in traveling [illegible] a newly-carpeted bedroom [illegible] find themselves on the wrong track.

"Good morning, Smith; you look [illegible]" "Yes," replied Smith, "I [illegible] all night." "Up! where?" [illegible]

[illegible]