MR. BARNES' NEW WIFE.

"I declare she's the han'somest woman't walks into the Ransom meet'n house. Barnes must of had his eyes open when he picked her out."

It was Mr. Whiting who expressed his opinion. He and his wife were picking early peas in their "nigh garden," as they called the patch nearest the house.

Mrs. Whiting did not reply immediately, but she went on with her work with such energy that the pea vines suffered at her hands. When her husband repeated with unction "the han'somest woman" she exclaimed:

"I heard ye plain 'nough, Zenas. You're jest like the rest of the men. They all think they never seen nothin' like her. 'N' she does look well, I ain't disputin' of that."

"'N' her figger!" unwisely went on Mr. Whiting, as he dropped a handful of pea pods into the pan; "'n' her walk. We ain't seen no such in Ransom sence that woman from New Orleans was boarding down to the Bankses. Where did you say he found her?"

"Over beyond Bellin'ham, Sarah Ripley said. She knows of her folks," was the unenthusiastic reply.

After awhile Mr. Whiting brought another handful of pods, and said that "women was odd. He didn't see, for his part, why they couldn't own up when they seen a face 'n' figger like Barnes' new wife. 'Twouldn't hurt 'em none."

Mrs. Whiting straightened herself up from the vines. She looked intently at the currant bushes, and apparently addressed her remarks to them:

"'Tain't no use to try to make men know anything," she said. Then glancing down at her husband, who was sitting on his heels and very busy, she continued:

"I'm thinkin' of his first wife. Poor Marshy! It's jest thirteen months 'n' six days sence she died, 'n' a blessed release to her! I hope she's with her son Barney. If there's any justice in God's laws she's a-resting with her son."

The woman spoke with almost tearful earnestness. She turned and looked toward the tall white house that stood behind its elms and lilacs a short distance down the road.

"I tell you, Zenas, 'f I know anything 'bout folks by their faces Sam Barnes 'll have a dif'runt time with his second wife from what he did with his first. I hope he will, 'n' I shall see it. It'll do me a sight of good to have him stan' roun'. Let him take his turn, I say. He's had most thirty year bein' boss."

"'N' yet Barnes is a good, fair 'n' square man to deal with, 'n' a regular member of the church," said Mr. Whiting.

"I know all that," responded Mrs. Whiting, "but you ain't never ben his wife."

"No more ain't you," said Zenas, with his comfortable laugh.

"Thank the Lord for that!" was the fervent answer.

Then the two glanced at each other, and in their eyes was something which might have led an observer to believe that after all marriage was not always a failure.

When both were steadily and silently at work again there was heard a voice from the other side of the wall where the road lay.

"I didn't mean to begin to borrow so soon, Mrs. Whiting, but will you lend me a nutmeg? I want to make some dried apple pie. Mr. Barnes is fond of hot pie for supper."

The man and woman in the garden stood up suddenly.

Leaning on the wall in an indolent attitude was a tall woman whose figure hinted somewhat at redundance, but whose corset confined her waist so that as yet the hint was not too pronounced. The dark, thin gown was very plain, but fitted with a perfection never seen in Ransom, except perhaps in the case of that "lady from New Orleans." The people in this town were not in the habit of seeing a woman's shoulders and hips accentuated in that way, and to the feminine rural mind there almost seemed something immodest in a gown like that. "It was so dif'runt, you know." But they couldn't help admiring the effect and envying.

Mrs. Whiting recovered her powers of speech so that she could bid the other "come right in," for she had plenty of nutmegs, and she knew dried apple pies were mighty flat things without a good deal of spice.

Mrs. Barnes went round to the back gate and sauntered down the path. She stopped and spoke to Whiting and smiled at him. She was one of those whose voice and glance keep their special sweetness for men. Without having a distinctly formulated belief, she always acted on the supposition that men might be "worth while, but that women never were." Her eyes were large and dark, and they were both hard and voluptuous. Her mouth was thin and pale lipped, but it was very expressive.

Mr. Whiting, replying to her word and smile, watched her as she disappeared in the house. He wished to follow her, but he kept on with his work. He told himself that Sam Barnes was a thunderin' lucky man, and he wondered if that was the kind of women they had out beyond Bellin'ham.

A few days later Sarah Ripley announced that not only had the "new Mis' Barnes" been married before, but that she had been married twice before. Her first husband had died and was buried. The history of her second husband was not, however, so straightforward. He had neglected to die and be buried, and was roaming at large in the world. He had run away from her. It was said that he had declared before disappearing that "if Charlotte wasn't the devil she was jest as good as the devil."

This was strong language, and no wonder the man had not returned after having made use of it.

Sarah Ripley paid a visit to that remote town whence Mr. Barnes had brought his wife, and when Sarah returned she was much sought after by the whole feminine neighborhood. She was not reticent in regard to the information she had gleaned. She said that Mr. Fickett, the second husband, had been heard of "out west somewhere;" that Mr. Barnes had spent a pile of money in getting a divorce from him for Charlotte, so that he, Barnes, could wed Charlotte, for he was regularly bewitched with her. "There had never been no man so bewitched before," Sarah said confidentially to each person to whom she related the tale. "Folks did say he was jest like a man run crazy. He had been heard to declare by three dif'runt people that he'd spend every cent he'd got but what Charlotte should have that bill and be free to marry. 'N' Fickett'd ben jest so fore he got her. I d' know what there is 'bout her, but some women be so."

Thus said Miss Sarah Ripley, concerning whom no man, in all her 40 years of life, had ever "run crazy."

For two or three months Mr. Barnes went around like a man in a state of beatitude. He even sold his pigs at less than the market price, having for the first time in his life neglected to inform himself what the "goin' price" really was. Worse than that, when informed that the trader had taken advantage of his ignorance he had smiled happily and had replied that "he guessed it didn't make no odds." Several neighbors were sharp enough to improve this lapse and to get a few "good bargains out of Sam Barnes."

There were changes in the house, too; it was painted and papered and refurnished. It was opened, also. The sacred "south parlor" was a sight to see, with its plush chairs in place of the horsehair, and with its open doors and blinds. Mrs. Barnes said she didn't like to do heavy housework, and they had a hired girl who kept the neighborhood informed as to the progress of Sam's infatuation. There were visitors, too, and brisk talk and laughter were heard from among those clumps of lilac.

Mrs. Whiting watched all these proceedings with unfailing intensity of interest. She said she wanted to see them folks over there git to the end of their rope. They'd git to it, and she thought it would be sooner rather than later. When Sam Barnes got over his blindness he'd just put his foot down agin, 'n' folks would stop gigglin' there."

In the course of the summer it was rumored that Mr. Barnes had "moggidged his house." On the very same day at a Baptist picnic there ran a whisper all through the company that "Mis' Barnes went to bed every night with her face tied up in a raw beefsteak."

"Porterhouse?" questioned the minister when this news was told to him. But whether the steak were porterhouse or plebeian "round" was never really ascertained, owing to the remiskness of the hired girl.

In those days Mrs. Whiting returned, after some fluctuations, to her belief that after all Mrs. Barnes would be too much for her husband and he could never resume his sway again. She was growing thin and he had now lost his beatified expression. When he went to meetin' with his wife it was generally noticed that he no longer sat so close to her in the pew and he did not look at her so often, but her smile seemed just as sweet, and she was often bestowing that smile upon her husband.

"I guess things is kinder settlin' down over ter Barnes'," said Mr. Whiting, "but he never'll be the same man ag'in. Whose buggy's that?"

He stepped out from the back door that he might see more plainly a dashing black horse and glittering buggy which were stopping at his gate. Mrs. Whiting ran to the front entry and peeped out. She saw a man alight from the buggy and carefully hitch the horse to the post. He was smoking a very long, thick cigar. He had on yellow gloves with broad black stitching on the backs; also a tall silk hat, so glossy that it seemed to radiate back light; also dove colored trousers and a white waistcoat; across the latter was draped a good deal of chain which held slides and dangling things known as charms. He was fat; he had a long mustache and "goatee" so visibly dyed as to appear to be ready to soil anything with which his face should come in contact.

He walked up the path to the front door and knocked. Mrs. Whiting had been peeping through the side lights, and she now opened the door with unexpected promptness, so that she received a whiff of smoke directly in her face and was seized with a fit of coughing. The stranger threw his cigar away and took off his hat with a large flourish, which revealed a bald head.

By this time Mr. Whiting had made his way round to the front of his house, and was standing close to the stepstone, filled with curiosity, but determined not to speak first.

"My name is Fickett—Leander Fickett," said the man, as if he were conferring a favor.

Mr. Whiting nodded, and Mrs. Whiting tried desperately to stop coughing that she might hear better.

"I was told," went on the stranger in a way perfectly in keeping with his trousers and his chains and his gloves, "that Mr. Samuel Barnes resided here. Be you him?" looking at Mr. Whiting, who said slowly:

"No, I ain't him, 'n' he don't reside here."

"From that minute," said Mr. Whiting, in relating the incident afterward, "from that minute I knew something was up 'bout that woman."

That woman meaning Mr. Barnes' second wife.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Barnes does reside?" was the next question.

"I can," was the answer. But before giving the information Zenas thought he would ask a question:

"Who be you?"

"I told you—Leander Fickett." The two who heard him say this were trying in vain to recall when they had before heard that name.

"Yes, but who be you?" retorted Mr. Whiting.

"I am," said Mr. Fickett in his large way, "I am Mr. Samuel Barnes' wife's husband."

Mr. Whiting whistled. He looked at his helpmeet, who actually gasped as she returned his glance.

"Can't ye come in?" she inquired in a voice which curiosity made cordial.

Now Leander Fickett was a man who would rather talk about himself than do anything else. He knew he was well worth talking about. His visit at the residence of Mrs. Barnes could wait.

He accepted the invitation, and was soon sitting on the best haircloth chair in the Whiting parlor. The chair creaked, but it bore up. The first thing Mr. Fickett told his companions was that he was worth more than $1,000,000, and that in two years more he should be worth double that sum—all out of the Leading Star mine. He had come back after his wife.

"He guessed them divorce papers didn't amount to much. He guessed he 'n' Mr. Barnes could arrange it. Charlotte always did like to handle money. He'd had some trouble with Charlotte, but he kinder hankered to give her the handlin' of some of that money. He didn't reckon there'd be much difficulty. He considered that he could make it all straight with Mr. Barnes. Folks wasn't so partickler 'bout such things out where he'd ben. He was willin' to do the fair thing, but he guessed he'd take Charlotte back with him; he guessed she'd go."

He was right in his surmises. Charlotte did go.

On this particular day Mr. Barnes was absent until nightfall. When he returned there was only the hired girl in the house. She told him that "Mis' Barnes 'd gone off to ride with a gentleman, 'n' didn't say when she should come back."

She did not come back. The next day Mr. Barnes received a letter signed "Charlotte Fickett." The letter explained that she, the writer, had always felt compunctions about marrying another man while her husband was still living, but that her love for Mr. Barnes had overruled her conscience. Now, however, her conscience had been too much for her and she could go against it no longer. She obeyed the voice of duty, and at the same time the voice of Leander Fickett.

Mr. Barnes turned off his hired girl. He lives alone and does his own housework as well as his farmwork. He looks 70. People say he "ain't so sharp in a bargain 's he used to be," and naturally they think he has "soft'nin' of the brain."

Mrs. Whiting asserts that if 'twas soft'nin' of the heart she would have some hopes of him.—New York Tribune.

His Intentions.

She—Sir, what do you mean?

The Culprit (smacking his lips and unabashed)—I mean to do it again if I get the chance.—Epoch.

He Ought to Know.

Visitor—What a sweet aroma comes from the kitchen, so suggestive of—eh—

"Indigestion," supplied Jones. "My wife is cook this week."—Yankee Blade.

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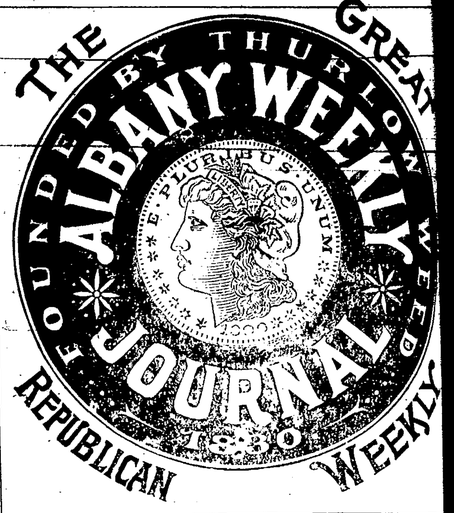

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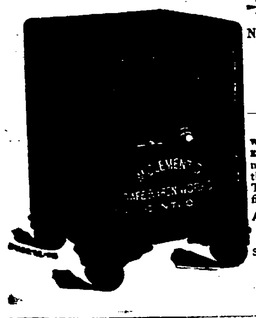

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ANDOVER, N. Y.

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200 PRIZES OF	200 are	40,000
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500 PRIZES OF	100 are	50,000
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1:45 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.
6:54 p. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:48 p. m., but does not stop.
Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accomodation.
8:47 a. m. daily, No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.
1:51 p. m. daily, No. 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.
8:24 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.
Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
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" Allentown....8.38 a. m...2.53 pm
" Bolivar.....9.05 a. m...3.20 pm
" Ceres.....9.33 a. m...3.48 pm
" Eldred.....10.05 a. m...4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford...11.35 a. m...5.30 pm
EAST BOUND.
Leave Bradford.....8.15a m..2.10 p m
" Eldred.....10.15 a m..4.25 p m
" Ceres.....10.52 a m..5.02 p m
" Bolivar.....11.15 a m..5.25 p m
" Allentown...11.43 a m..5.53 p m
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COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Gov. Hill will speak at the Franklinville Fair Sept. 26.

Cuba now has a Western Union telegraph office in the village.

A Syracuse firm is arranging for publication of a history of Cattaraugus county.

The next meeting of the Allegany County Farmer's Club will be held in Hume on September 3d.

Two Jamestown firms have been fined for employing children under 14 years of age in their factories.

Volney Brainard of Friendship, has invented a machine for binding grain with straw binders. An Auburn firm will manufacture the machine.

"Lightning loves hemlock," and if you are in a forest during a thunder storm make for a beech tree as soon as possible. Don't stand under the hemlock.

County Clerk Green will be the busiest man in the county during the campaign, in getting the new ballot law muddle introduced. He is equal to the emergency.—*Cuba Patriot.*

The town of Ellington, Chautauqua county, claims to be the banner Sunday School town. It has a population of 1,200, and there are ten Sunday Schools, one for each 120 inhabitants.

Five persons were in attendance at the annual school meeting in district No. 1. in Wellsville. Of these three were members of the Board of Education and one was the janitor of the building.

The Corry *Telegraph* says: "There is a farmer near by who runs a 'hen dairy.' He gets for eggs two cents a dozen more than market price, on account of stamping his name on every egg, and guranteeing their freshness."

A number of papers are printing the report that Hank Smith, the Allegany county murderer, who is incarcerated in the Angelica prison, pending trial, is suffering from a cancer. It is stated by his attendants that Smith has become very weak and it is feared he will die before court convenes.

The peach and apple crop is a decided failure in Western New York. In Schuyler and Yates counties, where trees blossomed profusely, giving hopes of an abundant harvest, no fruit is to be found. The farmers have many different reasons for this fruit famine, among which are the wet weather, strong winds and the unusually warm weather.

Superintendent Murray of the New York police is at Wm. Muldoon's place in Belfast and has been there four weeks. He was in very poor health and was advised by Muldoon to try good Allegany air and fare, with such exercise as he should prescribe. He is now very much improved in health and is very confident of a speedy recovery. He is getting very much the same treatment Sullivan did when training there, only not to so great a degree.

Dr. Lockwood lectured on spiritualism at Chautauqua last week. He performed slate writing in perhaps half a dozen different ways under different conditions. He produced the various noises, such as rapping, ringing of bells, and playing of trombones, and none of the gentlemen whom he had invited to the platform, much less the audience could tell how he did it. He materialized flowers, he lifted tables by touching them, answered a question folded up and burned, by rubbing the ashes on his arm whence appeared the answer in letters of blood. Dr. Lockwood says he has been investigating spiritualism for over 10 years. He holds spiritualism in contempt, and offers $200 to the medium who will receive a communication between two slates he shall fix.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

One hundred and fifty times as much as is annually paid to the clergymen in the United States, and one hundred and eighty times as much as is paid every year by the whole world for the cause of missions, is annually expended to support the liquor traffic.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage recently said: "A few clergymen are hindered from taking part in this temperance cause because Christ turned water into wine. But let me say to those gentlemen that last December I was in Cana of Galilee, where that miracle was performed, and I saw the very firkins which tradition says contained the wine that the Lord made, and I have to report that there is not one drop of that liquor left, and there is not a drop of it in the world. The Lord made that; the devil makes the rest."

The discussion on the reappointment of women as school commissioners for New York City has demonstrated that this office has been filled efficiently and acceptably. The satisfaction given all around seems to be as complete as is humanely possible. A large number of very conservative people, such as Rev. Dr. Dix, petitioned for their reappointment and Bishop's Potter's name headed the list. The trustees of Columbia college also signed the petition. This sets forth that the duties have been performed with singular fidelity and that it is a great mistake to suppose these are incompatible with the tastes of women or that the influence of the home will be prejudical to the schools. Among those who were active in the movement was Frederick R. Condourt, a Catholic lawyer. He reviewed the case in a judicial spirit, and gathered evidence with impartiality. The interviews he had with representative people showed but one opinion and that unanimously in favor of reappointment. Miss M. E. McFarlane, secretary of the primary teacher's Association stated that no members of the board had given so much time and attention to the schools as these women, and none are so familiar with all matters of sanitary regulation that come before the Board. Miss Reichman, principal of the girl's grammar department in school No. 77, states the same. Miss Charlotte C. Wray, principal of the primary department of grammar school No. 60, attributes to Miss Dodge and Mrs. Agnew the introduction of manual training, the prevention of the reduction of teachers' salaries and an improvement in the condition of dark and overcrowded rooms. Whoever is interested in securing the proper and rightful share of women in the management of the public schools cannot but feel profoundly grateful that in this influential locality such thoughtful and sensible women were chosen to make the first trial.

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Bits of News and Gossip.

A writer from Belmont to the Albany *Journal* suggests that murderers shall be sent over Niagara Falls as a means of surely and economically ending their existence.

Two hundred farmers of Huron county, Mich., have asked for public aid because their crops were totally destroyed by the storm which swept over the eastern portion of the county at harvest time.

Charles J. Bresin died at Cincinnati last week of heart failure, indirectly due to drinking impure water. He was brother-in-law of Col. John Kinnane, the Springfield (Ohio) millionaire, and was known to the medical profession for a physical peculiarity, his heart being on the right side. In early youth he was crushed by a wagon, which forced the heart beneath the right lung.

The recent railroad strike has set the cranks turning out bright ideas on the question of how to prevent interruption of traffic in case of a difference between the managers and the employes of roads. One writer reviews the plan of having the government take charge of the road. In that case he would have the men enlisted as soldiers and sailors are enlisted and on like conditions. "I would run them on the same plan as the army and navy are run," he says. It is not easy to see how the discipline of the navy could be applied to running railroad trains.

James R. Jordan of Ulster county, resides in a house that was built in 1764, as shown by an iron plate set in a stone in the front gable. The building is of stone set in mortar, and is of the style in vogue in Revolutionary times. The walls are fully two feet thick, and were not only built for durability but also as a protection against the Indians, who at that time roamed in the valleys of Ulster, Orange and adjacent counties. Numerous bullet holes may be seen in the doors and window frames, made by leaden missels from the guns of the Indians.

The Farmers' Alliance is getting to the front in Allegany county, if we may judge from the following, written to the New York *Press* from a "Republican for thirty years," from West Almond:

"Your editorials on the tariff and other important questions are good, sound doctrine, and Congress should take some 'pointers' from them and act before it is too late, and while about it they had better give some attention to the Farmers' Alliance and see if some good measures cannot be brought about to aid and relieve the farmers. The Alliance is bound to be a giant, and its influence will soon be felt. The Republican party was born seven miles from where I write this letter, (Angelica, N. Y.), and old Allegany county is Republican; but I am willing to wager two to one that in less than 2 years the majority will be with the Farmers' Alliance party, and out of the voters in this town (West Almond) that in less than ninety days from date nine-tenths of all the voters from all parties will be pledged to vote the Alliance ticket. Although the movement here is less than a month old it has a following now that means the ultimate destruction of all other parties not with it, and it is folly for the present Congress to laugh the move down, and they will find this out when rural candidates are some day elected to fill their places."

A. A. McCarn.

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