

# THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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Loan and Real Estate Agency.  
ANDOVER, N. Y.

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**BAY MONARCH!**  
Dark Bay Stallion  
With Black Points,  
Foaled 1887; 16  
Hands High;  
Weight 1200;  
Sired by  
**ALMONARCH.**  
No. 3234, record 2:24 3-4. First  
Dam by Royal George, so stated by  
Mr. Geo. Brace, who raised the dam.  
—Bay Monarch will stand at the barn  
of W. J. Deming.  
TERMS:—\$15 for colts to stand  
and suck. W. J. DEMING.

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**ANDOVER GRIST MILL**  
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## WEDDED AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

**A Story of Real Life in Which Figures the Letter That Never Came.**  
"I have seen descriptions of a good many swell weddings," said the colonel from Virginia, "but I was present at a quiet, simple ceremony over in Georgetown that was to those who know about it a genuine romance. The marriage of the Rev. Dr. J. Henry Davis and Miss Annie A. Hunter at Christ church, in Georgetown, by the Rev. Dr. Stewart, is no fairy tale."

"Over thirty years ago Annie Hunter was a pretty, red cheeked maid, belonging to a well known Virginia family. That was before the war, when the hospitable Virginia planters kept open house, and when a full house of guests was an every day occurrence. Annie Hunter happened to be visiting at the house of her bosom friend during a Presbyterian convention in the village. The ministers were scattered about at the different houses, and among the guests at this particular mansion was a young theological student who had just passed his examination for the ministry, and the brilliancy of his examination was the talk of the whole country round about. He was as handsome as he was bright. He remained long enough to become quite fascinated with pretty Annie Hunter and for her friend to be greatly taken with him. Neither of these facts was known, however, until later.

"A week or so after his departure Annie Hunter received a letter from the young minister. It was a great surprise to the girl, for while it did not contain a proposal exactly, it was so worded as to mean that, if replied to in a similar spirit. It took Miss Hunter only about two days to realize that she was really in love with the handsome young man, and she proceeded to write a reply. While engaged in the pleasant task her intimate friend entered Annie's room.

"Oh, you are writing a letter, Annie?" she said. "Well, I'm going to the village and will mail it for you."  
"Never mind," said Annie. "I won't trouble you, but will send it by the post boy."

"But her friend insisted, and the result was that the fair letter writer sealed her missive and intrusted it to her friend's care.  
"She knew about what day to expect an answer, and when that day had passed and no letter came, and then months followed weeks, the girl felt much chagrined, but her pride prevented her from telling any one of her trouble. She endeavored to banish the memory of her fickle lover. The whole thing was a secret for several years, when a mutual friend told the disappointed girl that the letter had been destroyed by her bosom companion, to whom she had intrusted it. Annie could not and would not believe it, but when several years later the same false friend prevented what would have been a happy marriage with another suitor she could doubt no longer.

"She never told her secret, though, and it was only years afterward that the family knew the story. The young minister was called to a thriving city, became prominent and popular, and in the course of years married. All this Annie Hunter heard from time to time, and could not help thinking what her lot might have been. She was still very attractive, and before she reached middle life received numerous offers of marriage. She was engaged more than once, but the engagements all came to nothing.

"There was a Presbyterian convention in Winchester recently, which was attended by the Rev. Dr. Davis, a more than middle aged minister. He heard in some way that Annie Hunter was in the neighborhood, and wrote a polite note asking permission to call to renew an old friendship. The request was granted. The minister came. He did not find the pretty girl who won his heart over thirty years ago, but his old love was reawakened. Annie then learned for the first time that he was a widower, and he learned for the first time of the letter that never came. It didn't take long for them to come to an understanding."—Washington Star.

**Quite Appropriate.**  
Small Jessie—Uncle Dick, I've got such a big pain.  
Uncle Dick—Where, little girl?  
S. J.—In my—under my snash.  
U. D. (scootingly)—Never mind, dear. Pains always go with a snash, you know.  
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

**The Dear Girl.**  
Ethel—How do I look in this dress?  
Maud—Gorgeous, isn't it wonderful?  
Ethel—How much does it cost?  
Maud—It cost me a dollar and a half.  
Ethel—How much does it cost?  
Maud—It cost me a dollar and a half.

## ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

**How Kent and Blackstone in Bags Knocked Out a Furniture Man.**  
There is a furniture store on Third avenue, a short distance above Forty-second street. The enterprising proprietor has a wagonload of furniture piled on the sidewalk, including a number of bedsteads, furnished with mattresses and pillows, and marked, "For Sale—On the Installment Plan."

A couple of nights ago, while the proprietor was busily engaged inside, an enterprising knight of the pave, somewhat the worse for wear and tear, hove to alongside of one of these beds. He carefully divested himself of his coat and vest, tugged valiantly but vainly at his trousers, and after essaying to turn out the electric light, which was fortunately some ten feet beyond his reach, sank with a groan of ecstasy upon the nice hair mattress and gave himself up to snores and pleasant dreams.

A crowd collected and gazed with delight upon the well fixed wanderer. When the proprietor awoke to the fact that something was going on outside of his door which called for his personal supervision at least a hundred people were calmly awaiting the storm which threatened to break soon at that quarter of the globe.

The proprietor seized the wayfarer by the hair of the head, and shook him violently. The wayfarer awoke and eyed the proprietor mildly but with dignity.

"What you do in my bed? Get out of my bed. I sell him in installments."  
"That's all right, my friend," said the wanderer, with dignity; "that's all right. Let me go. I buy it by installments, and this—don't you see—is my first installment."

The crowd roared at this, and the venter of beds, wild with rage, threatened to call in the services of a policeman. Then it was that the wanderer rose to the occasion. Rising majestically to his feet, he waved his hand defiantly close to the nose of the installment man.

"Call the police!" he cried.—"Call the police, scoundrel! and I will have you hauled before the officers of the law! What right have you to encumber my sidewalk—the sidewalk of the people, sir—with your trashy bit of painted pine? How dare you place this public nuisance as a stumbling block to poor wayward humanity? By the shades of Blackstone, whose pupil I am, whose humble worshiper I always will be, I will teach the buxsters manners if you tread upon my right and franchises as a citizen of this metropolis."

Gathering his rags about him the stranger meandered on, while the furniture man, breathless with astonishment, fell back and said never a word. He had a guilty conscience, and it took away his breath.—New York Herald.

## WEST GREENWOOD NEWS.

**Mr. and Mrs. James A. Miller and R. B. Miller** visited in this place last week. James Conley who has been sick for the last few weeks is reported better. Will Conley is on deck again. Miss Emma Brewster has commenced another year's school in the Mead district. Miss Varina Rogers is teaching in the Lane district. Rev. G. W. Gibson gave a temperance lecture in the Mead school house a short time ago. At the close twenty two persons signed the pledge. Constable Ben Brundage was on the hill last Monday and assisted in moving Mr. Luther's family out of Mrs. P. A. Mead's house.  
It is reported that James Dunnigan threshed 600 bushels of oats from ten acres of ground. Who can beat it?  
Potatoes are yielding well but are badly rotted. Edward Brewster has lost a good cow. She fell in the spring and drowned. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Travis, of Woodhull, visited at Mr. A. and J. Miller's over Sunday.  
Our last sale of cheese brought 9 cents a pound.

**Notice.**  
To persons having claims against the county of Allegany. The Board of Supervisors of Allegany county will hold its annual session at the Court House, in the village of Belmont, November 9, 1891.  
All persons having claims against Allegany county should present the same to the Board, duly verified, on or before the third day of the session.  
**CHARLES STILLMAN,**  
Clerk of Board of Supervisors.  
Alfred Centre, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1891.

**The Dead Horse Business.**  
There is very little, if any, money now in the dead animal contract. Ten years ago I was interested in the contract. The company averaged eight dead horses a day the year round. Now the collections wouldn't amount to an average of four daily. And this is all on account of the substitution of electric and cable power on the street railroads. I expect in the near future to see a great part of the package delivery business in the city done by the street railroad companies, which will run package cars over their lines at certain hours of the day.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.