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# THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER.

E. S. BARNARD, Editor and Proprietor. Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Local and General News. TERMS, $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. V, NO. 14. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1873. [WHOLE NO. 222.



## Andover Advertiser,

PUBLISHED BY

E. S. Barnard,

AT

Andover, Allegany Co., 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 advertise-ments payable quarterly. Advertisements from abroad must be paid quarterly IN ADVANCE.

| | 1w | 3w | 6w | 3m | 6m | 1y |
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| 1 inch | 75 | $1 25 | $2 00 | $4 00 | $5 00 | $10 |
| 2 inch | $1 50 | 2 50 | 4 00 | 6 | 8 00 | 13 |
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| ½ col. | 4 00 | 5 50 | 7 00 | 15 00 | 30 00 | 55 |
| 1 col. | 10 00 | 12 00 | 15 00 | 35 00 | 55 00 | 100 |

No notice less than 25c.

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; 5 cents a line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements not under contract must be marked the length of time desired, or they will be continued and charged for until ordered discontinued. We reserve the privilege of rejecting any advertisement we may consider objectionable.

Obituary Notices, embracing more than the ordinary announcement of death, and Obituary Poetry, ten cents a line.



## Job Department.

Having just made some important additions to the material of this Department, we stand ready to do all kinds of Job Work in the neatest style, on short notice. Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY

*Cards of five lines or less will be inserted in this column one year for $5; every subsequent line 1 dollar.*

### PHYSICIANS.

**Dr. W. W. Crandall.**

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

**Daniel Lewis, A. B. M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon, associated with Dr. W. W. Crandall, Andover, N. Y.

**Drs. F. & F. J. Baker,**

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

Office on Baker St. Dr. T. Baker in attendance; and first door north of Browns' Hardware Store, Dr. F. J. Baker in attendance. 1y148

**Dr. L. A. Simons,**

Electrician and homeopathic Physician. Office and residence two doors west of the Baptist Church, on Washington Street, Belmont, Allegany Co., N. Y.

**J. N. Forbes, Dentist,**

Kline Block, every Tuesday and Wednesday. Has had 21 years practice and knows how to please everybody.

### ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

**CHARLES A. DOLSON,**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW. A tendency given to collections and conveyancing. Office in Post-office building, Main St., Andover, Allegany Co., N. Y. 1y171

**Rufus Scott,**

Attorney & Counselor at Law, office over Sone's, Sone's Block, Belmont, N. Y.

**Angel & Jones.**

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

**E. H. HOUGH,**

**Real Estate Agent & Auctioneer**

*Tribune Office, Hornellsville, N. Y.*

**E. H. HOUGH**

**AUCTION & COMMISSION MERCHANTS**

*Tribune Office, Hornellsville.*

Consignments Solicited. 143

**MONEY TO LOAN**

The subscriber has MONEY to loan on good

**Real Estate**

securities in any counties of Wyoming, Genesee, Livingston, Allegany, Cattaraugus, Erie or any adjoining counties in the State of New York. For particulars in regard to Loans, inquiry may be made of W. H. RUSSELL (county clerk) at his office in Belmont, N. Y. Halsted

### HOTELS.

**NICHOLS HOUSE.**

MAIN STREET, HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y. FRED. T. NICHOLS, Proprietor. [illegible] GOOD LIVERY ATTACHED TO HOTEL.

**SWINK'S HOTEL.**

ANDOVER, N. Y.

*PETER SWINK* *Proprietor.*

This house has been thoroughly refitted and the proprietor is now ready to entertain all who may give him a call. A good barn in connection with the House. Charges reasonable.

**American Hotel,**

FRIENDSHIP, N. Y.

*E. FAIRBANKS,* *Proprietor.*

Although this is a new Hotel it has already got to be a favorite resort for the traveling public, and he flatters himself, from a 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 that he will be able to make his guests comfortable and happy. The house has been put in good condition and he desires to see his friends, and the traveling public generally.

**AMERICAN HOUSE,**

ANGELICA, N. Y.

*J. W. ELDRIDGE,* *Proprietor.*

This Hotel has recently been refitted and furnished, and travellers will find all the com... necessary 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. 1y1

**NATIONAL HOTEL,**

BELMONT, N. Y.

Having recently leased the Hotel formerly occupied by [illegible] and is prepared to wait upon the ... a first class Hotel. Prices reasonable. L. A. BARNARD, Prop'r.

**AMERICAN HOUSE,**

BELMONT, N. Y.

[illegible]

### Real Estate for Sale.

**For Sale.**

The House and one-acre of land, known as the Wm. Hale property. Terms to suit. Apply to Jon Mourhess, Andover, N. Y.

Jan. 4, 1873. 160tf

## ERIE RAILWAY.

Pullman's Best Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are run through on all Trains between Salamanca, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and New York.

ABSTRACT OF TIME TABLE, ADOPTED JAN. 20TH 1873.

EASTWARD.

| STATIONS | No 10 | No 4 | No 8 | No 2 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dunkirk lve | 12.35 PM | 7.00 AM | ...... | 2.50 AM |
| Little Valley | 2.30 | 8.43 | ...... | 4.30 |
| Cincinnati | 9.45 | ...... | ...... | 8.3 |
| Cleveland | [illegible] | ...... | ...... | 6.15 PM |
| Salamanca | 3.00 PM | 9.16 | ...... | 5.10 AM |
| Olean | 3.38 | 10.05 | ...... | 6.10 |
| Cuba | 4.04 | 10.35 | ...... | 6.55 |
| Genesee | 4.34 | 11.52 | ...... | 8.28 |
| Andover | ...... | 12.18 PM | ...... | 9.00 |
| Buffalo arr | 12.05 AM | 7.55 P.M. | ...... | 6.55 PM |
| Niagara Falls | 12.55 AM | 8.45 | ...... | 8.05 |
| Hornellsv lve | 5.05 PM | 1.50 PM | 3.15 AM | 10.50 |
| Elmira arr | 7.58 | 4.30 PM | 5.58 | 12.33 |
| Binghamton | 9.45 | 7.13 | 7.30 | 2.30 |
| Pt. Jervis | 2.50 AM | ...... | 11.55 PM | 6.55 |
| New York | 7.00 | ...... | 3.2 | 9.55 |

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

4.45 A. M. except Sundays, from Dunkirk,—Stopping at Sheridan 5.10; Forestville 5.32; Smith's Mills 6.0; Perrysburg 6.10; Dayton 7.10; Cattaraugus 8.3; Little Valley 9.10, Salamanca 10.30, Great Valley 10.50; Carrollton 11.02; Vandalia 11.20; Allegany 12.05; Olean 12.40; Hinsdale 1.15; Cuba 1.55; Friendship 3.07; Belvidere 3.40; Phillipsville 5.10; Scio 5.10; Genesee 5.45; Andover 6.45 P.M.; Alfred 8.33; Almond 9.05, arriving at Hornellsville 9.30 P.M.

10.00 A. M., daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 10.16, Forestville 10.3, Smith's Mills 10.43 Perrysburg 1.15, Dayton 11.17, Cattaraugus 11.48, Little Valley 12.15, Salamanca 12.40, Great Valley 12.48, Carrollton 1.05 P. M., Vandalia 1.20, Allegany 1.37, Olean 1.50, Hinsdale 2.10, Cuba 2.34, Friendship 3.5, Belvidere 3.20, Phillipsville 3.32, Scio 3.48, Genesee 4.03, Andover 4.35, Alfred 5.02, Almond 5.18, arriving at Hornellsville at 5.35.

WESTWARD.

| STATIONS | No 1 | No 5 | No 3* | No 29* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York lve | 9.00 AM | 11.0 AM | 7.00 PM | 7.00 PM |
| Jersey City | 12.10 PM | 3.40 PM | 1.40 | 11.25 |
| Hornellsv'e | 5.55 PM | 3.0 AM | 5.0 AM | 2.40 |
| Andover | ...... | ...... | ...... | 4.00 |
| Genesee | 9.51 | 4.00 | 9.00 AM | 4.33 |
| Cuba | 10.40 | 4.53 | 10.05 | 6.29 |
| Olean | 11.06 | 5.23 | 10.23 | 7.15 |
| Great Valley | ...... | 6.01 | ...... | ...... |
| Salamanca | 11.40 | 6.15 | 11.23 | 9.00 |
| Cleveland arr | 7.00 | ...... | 7.10 PM | 8.00 AM |
| Cincinnati | 3.55 PM | ...... | .50 AM | ...... |
| Little Valley | 12.02 PM | 6.32 | 11.42 | ...... |
| Dunkirk | 1.50 M | 8.00 | ...... | ...... |

Additional Local Trains Westward.

5.00 A. M., except Sundays, from Hornellsville,—Stopping at Almond 5.25; Alfred 6.07; Andover 7.00; Genesee 8.25; Scio 9.10; Phillipsville 9.48; Belvidere 10.23; Friendship 11.13; Cuba 12.00; Hinsdale 1.03 PM; Olean 1.50; Allegany 2.25; Vandalia 3.00; Carrollton 3.30; Great Valley 3.50; Salamanca 4.10, Little Valley 5.21 PM; Cattaraugus 6.45; Dayton 7.22; Perrysburg 8.5; Smith's Mills 8.57; Forestville 9.20; Sheridan 9.4; and arriving at Dunkirk at 10.05 P.M.

12.38 P. M., except Sundays from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 12.57, Alfred 1.22, Andover 1.5, Genesee 1.40, Scio 1.58, Phillipsville 1.58, Belvidere 2.05, Friendship 2.17, Cuba 2.35, Hinsdale 2.55, Olean 3.12, Allegany 3.25, Vandalia 3.4, Carrollton 3.5, Great Valley 4.00, Salamanca 4.12, Little Valley 4.28, Cattaraugus 4.48, Dayton 5.4, Perrysburg 5.5, Smith's Mills 5.32, Forestville 5.49, Sheridan 5.58, arriving at Dunkirk at 6.10 P.M.

1.60 P. M. daily, from Hornellsville, stopping at Alfred 2.27, Andover 3.05, Genesee 3.20, Belvidere 3.45, Cuba 3.47, Olean 3.57, Salamanca 5.15, Little Valley 12.2 A.M., Cattaraugus 1.25, arriving at Dunkirk at 1.60 A.M.

7.45 P. M., except Sundays from Hornellsville, stopping at Almond 8.13, Alfred 8.34, Andover 8.5, Genesee 9.55, Scio 9.57, Phillipsville 10.2, Belvidere 10.35, Friendship 10.49, Cuba 11.20, Hinsdale 1.55, Olean 12.18, Allegany 12.45, Carrollton 1.05, Great Valley 1.2, Salamanca 1.55, Little Valley 2.18, Cattaraugus 3.35, Perrysburg 3.55 and arriving at Franklin at 4.30.

* Daily.

† Daily between Hornellsville and Salamanca.

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.

| | |
|---|---|
| North British and M. | $28,000,000 |
| Lycoming, | 5,000,000 |
| Hartford, Conn. | 2,500,000 |
| Continental, | $2,500,000 |
| Springfield, Mass. | 1,200,000 |
| Glens Falls, N. Y., (farm) | 700,000 |
| Phœnix (Hartford), | $1,650,000 |
| Alps, Erie, | $350,000 |
| German (American) | $1,250,000 |
| 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.

## WELLSVILLE MARBLE WORKS,

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.,

THE subscriber would inform the people of Allegany county that he is a practical Marble Worker, Sculptor, and Designer of many years experience, and will keep on hand and manufacture to order

GRANITE, FREESTONE, AND ITALIAN

**MONUMENTS.**

MARBLE, ITALIAN, AND VERD-ANTIQUE

## HEADSTONES,

CENOTAPHS, OBELISKS, URNS, VASES, &c.

STENCIL PLATES CUT TO ORDER.

I am confident that no person in want of marble work will go away without purchasing if they favor him with a call. His facilities are such that he can sell five per cent. cheaper than other dealers in this vicinity. The patronage of the people of Allegany and Potter counties is respectfully solicited. 1y11 J. W. HUBBARD. First door East of ..., west of Howell's Hotel.

## VETERINARY SURGEON.

[illegible]


## Select Poetry.

### THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing.
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then Heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.

## Select Literature.

### THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

BY MISS C. V. MAITLAND.

It was very quiet down there in the old cottage on the beach. Mother and daughter both seemed to be listening to the plashing of the waves upon the shingle close beside the door. The clicking of the knitting-needles was the only movement the girl made, seated yonder in her window; and for the old woman, her hands had fallen idly in her lap with the net she had been mending by the firelight.

What she was thinking of, in her silence, her words soon betrayed:

"May, my lass, how you loitered up there by the stiles a-top of the cliff. I was a-watching for you to come home, and I saw—"

"You saw," May added to the other's hesitating speech—"you saw my parting with Hugh Osborne, then. We'll never meet again, mother, up there at the old trysting-place."

"Child, you have never quarreled?"

"No, we've not quarreled, mother," the girl answered, with a fetter ring in her clear voice. "Why should we quarrel because Mr. Osborne has eyes to see, and sees Lady Maud Lesley's face fairer than mine? We've not quarreled—we've only parted."

"Lady Maud Lesley!"

"Ah!"—the cry broke passionately from May—"what am I that he should remember me when a Lady Maud Lesley—?"

"So she has gone on striving to win him away from you, in spite of all I told her!" cried old Margery.

A hot flush swept over May's pale face, and she was about to speak impatiently, but she checked herself, and when she answered, it was gently.

"I don't know what you told her, mother—I am sorry you told her anything—but she has striven to win him from me; and I read the triumph in her face, as she passed me to-day, in the lane—she leaning on his arm, as she went by."

"In spite of all I told her!"

The old woman muttered the words, this time, again and over again.

May glanced toward her with troubled pride in her eyes, then bent them, hurriedly, over her knitting; but the elder woman was rocking herself backward and forward in her chair, and presently she broke out, with a moan:

"The time's come, as I feared it would, and I must tell you all—tell you what I told yon proud lass up there at the Hall—"

"You are speaking of Lady Maud Lesley, mother," May put in. "Remember, she's a right to be proud, with her high name, and her beautiful face, and her—"

"I'm done speaking of Lady Maud Lesley," Margery interrupted. "I'm speaking of May Barton, my own child."

May looked at her in bewilderment; but the old dame had gone on:

"The time's come, and I must tell you the whole truth. You are no child of mine. You are Lady Maud Lesley. I was Lady Lesley's nurse, as you know, and changed the children—my child in your place. I've been finely punished for it, God knows! I've learned to love best the one that I've wronged. The girl yonder has a hard heart and a wicked. She's never spared you when I told her the truth—when I saw that she was wiling away young Osborne's heart from you. Before that, I thought his love for you would make all right, and he would make a lady of you yet. When I saw that he was playing you false, I told her who you were, and that you were troth-plight with him."

There came no word from May's white and parted lips.

"And now it is all told—the whole black, shameful story," said the shaking voice again.

And then a silence filled the homely cottage-room. There was the tick, tick of the old clock in the corner; the crackle of the logs upon the hearth, as the flame leaped up and flickered on the cross-beamed roof, the burnished chest of drawers, the snowy press-bed in the alcove to the left. They flickered, too, upon the figure of the speaker from whom that shaking voice had come—the stooping figure of the aged woman, bowed and cowering together, as if were in her place in the chimney corner, her withered hands trembling as they rested each upon an arm of her easy-chair.

Had her words fallen unheeded on the girl's ear, as she sat still in the window, her knitting fallen in her lap, and her eyes lifted from the strip of beach to the dark fringe of park and the Hall lights flashing through it from the cliff above? She never moved, till the old woman stirred in her chair uneasily, with a low, moaning breath; and then May said, yet never looking around:

"Is it true, this story of yours, mother?—is it true?"

"It is true, my lady," tremblingly.

Any one might have wondered at those last two words, addressed to the girl who sat there in her stuff short-gown and white apron, and the homely knitting-work upon her lap. And the title seemed to startle her out of her quiet—for she rose up hurriedly and went to the old woman, kneeling down by her, and taking the two withered hands tenderly in her own, which were small and shapely enough, if somewhat brown and hard with labor.

"Mother, mother," the girl cried out, passionately, "don't call me that! Haven't I been your child—your little May—for sixteen years? And if you put me away from you now, who shall I have to love me any more?"

But old Dame Margery put the girl from her hastily.

"Haven't I made you understand?" she stammered. "Didn't I say you were no child of mine, but I had cheated you out of your birthright, and robbed you, and put my own child in your place yonder at the Grange? You are Lady Maud—Lady Maud, do you hear? And those lights you've been watching yonder from the window, shine from your rightful home! And I am not your mother, but only your unfaithful nurse, who robbed and cheated you!"

The last words were sobbed out on the girl's shoulder—for the strong young arms had drawn the trembling creature there—and the sweet voice said, tenderly, yearningly:

"Have I not been a child to you, mother? Have you not loved me as your very own?"

"More—more!" the woman moaned out, with her weary sobs. "My own child has grown up, cold, and hard, and cruel, and she has spurned me, who have ruined my own soul for her—"

"Lady Maud knows the truth, indeed?" May interrupted, hastily.

Old Margery's head sank lower, in her shame.

"She knows," she said. "It is a month now since I told her, and—but I will tell it out, so that the whole countryside shall know it, the false-hearted—"

But the girl's hand was on the woman's lips.

"Hush!" she said, gently. "Mother, you must leave it now to me. You must let me choose and judge what I shall do; only, remember, this must never come between us two."

"Child! child!—my lady—you don't know what you say—"

"But your little May knows," the girl murmured, with her arms about the old woman's neck, "your little May, who is not going to lose her mother, who has been loving to her all her life."

Whatever pang the gentle soul might feel at looking back upon the old woman's treachery, she gave no sign. She soothed and comforted the remorseful creature; and it was not until Dame Margery had fallen at last into a troubled sleep that May suffered the bitter thoughts that stung her to find expression in her face.

She rose up from the bedside then, and went away to the window, pushing back her hair from her throbbing temples. Yonder were the lights still shining from the Hall. They seemed to the girl to beckon her up there, and she caught up her cloak, and stole out softly from the cottage.

The way did not appear long to her before she had gained the cliff, had crossed into the lane from the old stile, and was standing on the north terrace at the Hall, where opened the library windows. The curtains were only half drawn; May could see two figures within, but only indistinctly; until presently—

Presently there was a movement, a shadow crossing the light—and a white hand put the curtain aside. And May, shrinking back into the shadow of the climbing ivy, saw Lady Maud stand there, and her lover at her side.

The window was pushed open for a minute, and Lady Maud's pretty hand was stretched out inquiringly.

"It is so dark, I thought perhaps it rained," she said, turning to Hugh Osborne. "It is a dismal night for your walk back—"

But as she turned, the careless words paused on her lips, and the lashes fell prettily over her eyes, for she had encountered her lover's passionate gaze, and as she stood, downcast and blushing before him, he drew him to her suddenly, and kissed the drooping lids.

May, cowering in the ivy shadows, watched him there, and saw the proud, triumphant love that kindled in his face as the light from the room within streamed full upon it. And she turned and crept away out of her place. When had he ever looked thus on herself? His heart was wholly gone from her to yonder woman, be she Lady Maud Lesley or May Barton. Let his love still be Lady Maud Lesley's, then. For his sake let the dead past bury its own dead secrets.

And so May—May Barton still—crept back to the seaside cottage with her secret. Crept back to the seaside cottage, and left her birth-right and her lover once for all to Lady Maud Lesley. For it is too late sometimes to mend what has been done amiss. And May Barton kept her loving face and cheery ways to brighten the cottage—hiding her sorrow all the deeper in her own heart, out of sight.—[From Saturday Night.

### "They Say" and "All Right."

BY EVE FIELD.

"They say our minister is going to marry again. He has called on the Widow Spargue now three Wednesday nights in succession, on his way to prayer-meeting."

"You don't say? And his wife not dead two years yet! and that dear little Annie to be ruled by a stepmother, and such a 'highty-tighty' as Mrs. Spargue!" spoke up Miranda Sample, who had, as we all knew, done everything but ask Parson Slocum to take her!

"Well, it seems to me very necessary for a minister to have a wife," spoke up meek Mrs. Miles, "and I, for one, believe in his choosing for himself!"

The looks Mrs. Miles received were annihilating; and where they would have ended is hard to determine, had not the hostess broke in:

"Ladies, lay aside your work, please; tea is ready."

The work was laid aside, and the half dozen gossips seated around the table, Mr. Tanner assisted his wife in distributing the edibles.

Mr. T. was an incorrigible joker, and these tea parties of his wife afforded him no small amusement.

Miranda Sample had by no means forgotten the Widow Spargue and the Parson.

"Mr. Tanner, what do you think of Brother Slocum's choosing Mrs. Spargue to fill dear Mrs. Slocum's place?"

"Oh, that's 'all right.' It's just the thing. Suppose they will be married in a month or two."

Now the fact was, Mr. Tanner had never heard a lisp of this before; but he saw fun ahead.

To repeat all the harsh things that were said at that supper would fill many pages.

The end was, the parson and Mrs. Spargue were watched in their every movement; little things magnified; and, of course, the parties most interested, being in blissful ignorance, innocently did many things to help the matter along. And at the end of a month, a committee visited Parson Slocum, to inquire "his intentions" regarding the fair widow; and, about the same time, one of the older sisters called to tell Mrs. Spargue "the news," and "'They say' you and the parson are going to be married, or ought to be."

The next week, Parson Slocum and Mrs. Spargue left town—not on the same day; but then it was "all right;" and Miranda Sample informed a half dozen friends, in strict confidence:

"'They say' he waited for her to come on, down at Station C——."

Parson Slocum returned, at the end of the week, with a fair girl-wife, who, "they say," is young enough to be his daughter; and "they say" Mrs. Spargue is so cut up about it that she'll stay away one while.

"'They say' Spinner is in a tight place. Guess, he'll have to shut up shop," says a man, in the corner grocery, to a group of loungers.

"You don't say! Well, I'll lose a good bit if that's so," said the groceryman.

"Oh, that's 'all right!' I've known he was hard up for some time." He tried to borrow money of me, but I was short"—with a knowing wink.

Consequence: Mr. Spinner, who was suddenly pressed by a fall in the market of his goods—of which he had a large stock, and with a rise, which was sure to follow, would have come out many thousands ahead—was flooded with every little debt that stood against him, and an assignment was made necessary.

"'I heard a person say' 'they saw' the new school teacher walking with a strange man, over in the grove, the other night, and she was crying."

"Ha! ha! then my suspicions are 'all right!' I tell you, look out for these red-headed girls; they are always deceitful and tricky."

The next day there were two or three less scholars at school, and in a week half the scholars had dropped off, and people looked coldly. One little girl waited for the teacher at close of school, and throwing her arms around her neck, crying, said:

"Oh, Miss Thayer! ma thays I tant tum to school no more, for they thay you walked with a man in the grove!"

Light suddenly broke upon Miss Thayer, and it took many weeks to stem the current of public opinion, who could hardly see why a girl should walk with her brother in a grove, and shed tears at a separation of years.

"They say" that "widow" that's just moved in the Jones' house, is a grass-widow, trying to get a divorce. Who says? Who knows? Who is the "they say" of every community?

Oh, if people would only stop to consider the misery, the damage to reputation, to business, to happiness, the families even that have been broken up by this ominous invisible hydra-headed "they say," methinks they would sometimes investigate the origin of so much slimy, ghoulish fiendishness, and trace to its source the "they say" of every community.

"It's all right!" How often we hear it. A man comes into a store, fills his pipe with tobacco, saying with a smile: "Guess I'll try your tobacco." "All right!" is the reply, when in fact that makes a dozen pipes that have been filled by way of "samples" that morning, and the tobacco is lower, profits less.

Many loungers make a regular practice of going in a printing office for their papers. They pick one up, informing the editor, "Guess I'll see what you have to say this week."

The editor is just wishing the forms were not off, as he finds the edition short; but he smiles at the compliment implied, and says, "all right!"

The postman calls your name, you cry out "all right," when often it's "all wrong," for the missive is a dunning letter.

And thus we might enlarge—how a cheerful giver on paper will put ten dollars opposite his name, and when called upon for the cash, say: "There's five dollars, I'm short to-day;" and the receiver takes it, saying, "that's all right!"

The patient creditor waits day after day for a bill to be paid, and if he meets the payer, is always met with a smile. "I shall run in and settle that bill to-morrow. Will it be all right?" "Certainly, 'all right'—to-morrow will do." How often to-morrow does not come for weeks.

And thus it is, we even make life "all wrong" by insisting that it's "all right" when a little more spirit and independence at the right moment would make it "all right!"

### A Mother's Love.

The pure, unbiased love of any being, no matter how lowly, is a sacred thing. I have seen affection welling from the dark eye of brutes, for which I thanked their maker; but next to the line of "Our Father which art in heaven," there is nothing on earth purer, holier, more lasting, than a true, virtuous mother's love. No motive of self-interest can push it aside; no distance can dim it; no crime, no degradation, no ingratitude can quench it. Though the child of her affection go down to the lowest depths of immorality; though it become a thing spurned, despised and condemned by its fellow-beings, yet the mother's love clings to it; still her voice is heard endeavoring to bring the lost one up from the depths of sin and misery; still her tears are shed, her prayers uttered that her child may be saved. Though her love be repaid with ingratefulness or careless indifference, still she loves on.

Who can estimate it? Who could tell its priceless worth as they have felt it shielding them from the cold, unfeeling, calculating world?—as they have felt when among strangers who neither knew or cared for them, who looked upon them with an unsympathetic eye, that a mother's love was watching over them with a careful anxiety sympathizing with them in their loneliness and heart-struggles?—as they have felt its cheering warmth when friends grew cold, when others blamed and shunned! Yet how many treat lightly a mother's love, looking upon it as a thing of earth instead of a gift from Heaven, leaving it unrequited until the dark grave forever shuts it out from them, and, when they feel how cold and indifferent is all human sympathy in comparison, then come bitter repinings and unavailing regrets!

### Speech-Makers.

The power of ready and fluent speech is very differently judged of by the reflective or philosophic, and by the popular mind. To the latter it seems a wonderful endowment, and its possession a sure proof of superior abilities. A man who is able by force of utterance apt illustration, ingenuity in meeting objections, clear statement, and graphic description, to interest and control an audience, is thought capable of filling the highest posts to which he may aspire.

But to those who know how easily the art of speech may be acquired by men of mediocre capacity, and how little of real mental discipline and grasp of mind—to say nothing of moral qualities—is demanded, the ordinary speech maker ceases to be a person of much importance or interest. A man may have very little knowledge of a subject, and yet be able to conceal his ignorance from those who know less than himself, and even appear to them a prodigy of information and eloquence. To success as a popular speaker little more is needed in addition to a certain intellectual quickness and flexibility, than a knowledge of the mental condition of his hearers, their modes of thought, their prejudices; their partialities and antipathies. What audiences seek, for the most part, in those who address them, is not instruction, nor investigation of truth, nor anything that compels thought, but an animated and flowing expression of their opinions and feelings. To see themselves reflected in the speaker, to hear him utter what is in their own minds, but in a better way than they could do it; this is the secret of the powerful orator. It is plain enough that to be the spokesman and to be the leader of men are two very different things, and there are a hundred of the former for one of the latter.

### Luther on Compulsory Education.

Luther had advanced views on the subject of education. Not only is Germany largely indebted to him for the development of her Universities, but, in 1526, had urged the compulsory education of the young, by the State, in language that is equally just and applicable to-day. In a letter to the Elector Frederick, he says:

"If the parents will not reform, they must go their way to ruin; but if the young are neglected and left without education, it is the fault of the State, and the effect will be that the country will swarm with vile and lawless people; so that our safety, no less than the command of God, requireth us foresee and ward off the evil."

He maintains that the government, as "the natural guardian of all the young," has the right to compel the people to support schools. "What is necessary to the well-being of a State, should be supplied by those who enjoy the privileges of such State. Now nothing is more necessary than the training of those who are to come after us to bear rule." With what added force does this principle apply to a form of government like ours!

### Women.

The editor of the Nashville Union and American is an admirer of the fair sex. Hear him: "We love women, old or young, simply because they are women. Our mothers spank us; our sweethearts spoil our joys by flirting with our rivals; our wives read us a genuine or moderate Caudle lecture which we usually deserve. Woman has laughed at our woes when indulging in the tender passion, riddled our hearts with Erosian arrows, depleted our pocket book, disturbed our slumbers, spoiled our coffee, rumpled our starched linen bosoms, hung to our arm with her whole precious weight when our corns hurt us most, danced us into a perspiration, and caused us to buy lozenges for a cold; but in spite of all these extra things, we love her. We set her up as an idol, and prostrate ourselves before her as before some divinity. We don't care a copper what dry goods cost, so she looks sweet. We will fight for her like a Prusian soldier. Let Mr. Holland say what he will to derogate from the sex, we shall 'hang our banners on the outer wall,' and cry, 'Hurrah for women!'"

### Acts of Love.

Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet, when viewed all together, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbor? Not the doing of half a dozen great favors in as many years, but the little everyday kindnesses, none of which seems of much consequence considered in itself, but the continued repetition of which sheds a sunlight over the whole neighborhood. It is so too in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when wanted—to run up stairs or down, to rock the cradle, or to run an errand; and all with a cheerful look and pleasant temper—has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl can not take her grandfather on her lap as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woeful world.

### Singular Superstition.

An extraordinary outburst of superstition occurred a short time ago at Torre del Greco, near Naples. The Bishop of Ischia died there on August 3d, and as he had a great reputation for sanctity, a great crowd accompanied his corpse to the cemetery. Suddenly a cry was raised that a miracle had happened,—that a dumb girl had recovered her voice through touching the cloth of the coffin, and the people rushing on to the coffin, bore it off to the church, and began tearing away bits of the coffin and grave clothes as miracle working relics. The priests a little better educated than their flock, mounted the pulpits, and told them the day of miracles was past, but the crowd would not desist till they had left the corpse naked on the altar. They would probably have torn the body to pieces also, but a clever priest rang the bells, the crowd hurried out and the gates were shut behind them.

It is very often said that the Jews are rapidly losing all interest in Palestine, and growing more and more indifferent to the thought of reinhabiting it. Perhaps this may be true of them as a body, yet there are some indications that there is an increasing desire to see the land of their fathers, whatever may be their expectations about the future. The number returning yearly has of late much enlarged, and it is said that last year was marked by the advent of a larger number than any previous year. Almost every ship has brought from sixty to one hundred. Most of these proceeded to Galilee.

"Put your own shoulder to the wheel." The young man,—or old,—who hangs around street corners, stores, taverns, or saloons, chewing and smoking the filthiest tobacco, drinking the most villainous liquors, feasting on his own or other's licentious utterances,—he who chooses to be an idler and vagabond, rather than industrious laborer, secures for himself ... [illegible] ... personal disgrace.

## For the Children.

### The New Boots and Buying Eggs.

BY AUNT MAMIE.

We were having rather a late breakfast one morning. It was very cold and very icy out doors.

When we were part through, we heard a little noise at the back door of the room. Open came the door, and a little boy from the next house came in.

He was all wrapped up from the cold. On his feet were a new pair of boots. In his hand he carried a little tin pail. The pail was just big enough to hold six eggs.

"Good morning, sir" we all said. For we all liked the smart, little lad who did his mother's errands. He was four years old.

"Good morning," he answered back. "I want to buy some eggs." His mother had always sent a note. But now he was large enough to buy for himself.

While the eggs were being put up, I said, "I'm afraid you'll slip down. It's very icy."

"Oh no!" said he. "I have a pair of boots, now, and I stamp them in hard. I can't slip down."

And he came around to show them.

They were the first pair of boots and were as nice as all your first pairs of boots and shoes are.

I praised them pretty well. For a pair of boots that would keep a boy on his feet, that morning, were worth having.

I wished all the little boys could have as good a pair.

He took the eggs and went home! In two or three minutes, he came back.

"I forgot," said he, and down went his hand into his pocket.

He drew out a purse and opened it, giving us the money for the eggs.

We were quite pleased. His mother was teaching him to pay for things, when he bought them. And it was a very good lesson. Little folks cannot learn too soon not to run in debt.

### Little George's Troubles.

Aunt Libby patted me on the head the other day and said, "George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life."

I guess Aunt Libby don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it, got the tail hitched in a tall tree, whose owner wouldn't let her climb up to disengage it.

I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sled some Saturday afternoon when it was prime coasting.

I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great lubberly boy, because he would thrash her if she didn't.

I guess she never had him twitch off her best cap and toss it into a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give her humming top to quiet the baby and have the paint all sucked off.

I guess she never saved all her pennies a whole Winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she must not blow it, because it would "make a noise."—No; Aunt Libby don't know much.—How should she? She never was a boy!—[Fanny Fern]

### Children's Scrap Book.

It is well to save childish pictures and wood cuts of various kinds (many of which give children an excellent idea of places,) and paste them into an old ledger or copy book. They help pass away many a childish hour, and are at once innocent and attractive. With the help of questions from their elders they aid children to think. Such books may be made very interesting and valuable with a little care, and in after years will be referred to with much pleasure.

### A Dog Story.

One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a quarrel over a bone, or some other trifling matter. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, the first thing they knew, over they went, into the water.

The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so with poor Bruce. He struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, had reached the land and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should he do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and keeping his nose above water, tow him safely ashore.

It was curious to see ... at each other as soon as they ... their wet coats. Their looks ... ly as words, "We'll never quarrel any more."

### On Love.

Love is a little boy. I don't know him, but, by his pictures, he's a ... His principal costume is wings. ... attacks the young, and curls them ... like shavings, they like it. ... same to boys and girls as ... per ... [illegible]