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Andover Weekly Advertiser.

E. S. BARNARD, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Local and General News.

Andover, Allegany County, N. Y., Thursday, April 17, 1873.

TERMS, \$1.80 per year, in Advance.

Whole No. 236

Andover Advertiser.

E. S. BARNARD, AT

Andover, Allegany Co., N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Per Line	Per Week	Per Month	Per Year
1st	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$10.00
2nd	.75	1.87	7.50
3rd	.50	1.25	5.00
4th	.25	.62	2.50

Job Department.

Business Directory.

Physicians.

Attorneys and Counselors.

Real Estate Agent & Auctioneer.

Commission Merchants.

Money to Loan.

Hotels.

Marble Works.

Headstones.

Wellsville Insurance Agency.

Fire, Accident, Life.

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Real Estate for Sale.

For Sale.

ERIE RAILWAY.

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

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Select Poetry.

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many my lord's head keeper," she said

drawing from it a pair of glittering

bracelets, held them up before Jessie's

surprised eyes, who, snatching up the

hissing pen from the fire, reached out

her hand for the young man's showy

gift.

"It was good of you to think upon me,

Willie," she said, with a grateful smile

on her fair lips, while she turned the

bracelets round and round in her

hand, without attempting to draw them

on her wrist. "Only I'm thinking

me or Nellie. But if the man you got

them from would take them back, and

give me a nice dress or the like—"

But Willie interrupted her with a

laugh.

"Jesse, girl," he said, "jewelry don't

sell well."

"Then do down this way," Jessie

persisted, still with her eyes on the

bracelets, despite their uselessness.

"There's a man goes through here

once a fortnight with rings, brooches,

and dresses, too, of all sorts."

"Ay, Brummagem jewelry!" Willie

presented, a little nettled at the

girl's questioning acceptance of his

gift.

"Well," she said, with a smile on her

bonnie, honest face, "I'll not scorn

your present, but I'll look it over, and

keep it to wear at Nellie's wedding."

Drayton laughed, but though he

laughed, he felt his face flush, as he

followed the girl's smiling glance, and

when Nellie stood in the open door-

way, watching the little scene between

the cousins.

"You had best keep them for your

own wedding," Nellie returned, as she

looked through the door, with a pout on

her sweet lips.

But Jessie only laughed, and said she

had no chance of a wedding yet; while

Nellie, with the pout upon her lip,

changed into smiles, held out her hand

for Willie's offered present.

III.

Willie and the two girls walked to-

gether that day to Calhoun church by

road, as the snow lay too thickly on

the muddy path to allow of their taking

the shorter route through the woods.

Coming out after service they found

shalwart Mark Wilton waiting for them

in the churchyard, dressed in his home-

ly Sunday best. He was to dine that

day at the Oak farm by special invita-

tion, and having joined the Draytons

in taking place at his side with a silent

assumption of ownership which made

Willie Drayton feel a trifle sulky—not

that it had hurt to do him, as he

had told him while he went with Jesse

down the path leading to the church

garden, and looking at it with a

glance half smiling, half laughing, as

she answered with demure gravity.

"They're gone to bed an hour ago;

so if you want Jesse, you won't be likely

to see him before tomorrow."

"Thank I don't particularly want Jesse,

Nellie."

She gave her head a coquettish little

toe.

"How am I to understand your Lon-

don way of asking for people you don't

want?" she said, looking away from

Drayton's face into the fire.

"There for a moment, in the silence of

the evening twilight, the two stood