Andover Weekly 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. 52. Andover, Allegany County, N. Y., Thursday, December 4, 1873. Whole No. 260

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 advertisements payable quarterly; Advertisements from abroad must be paid quarterly, IN ADVANCE.

	1w	2w	3w	6w	3m	1y
1 inch	$3	$4 00	$6 00	$4 00	$5 00	$10
2 inch	$1 50	$3 50	4 00	6 00	9 00	13
3 inch	2 00	4 00	5 00	6 50	11 00	18
¼ col.	3 50	4 00	5 50	8 50	15 00	40
½ col.	4 00	5 50	7 00	15 00	20 00	65
1 col.	10 00	12 00	15 00	30 00	65 00	120

☞ No notice less than $.

☞ Editorial Notices, 15 cents a line each insertion.

☞ Local Notices Required by law to be published will be charged at the legal rates.

☞ Business Notices, 10 cents a line first insertion; 15 cents a line each subsequent insertion.

☞ Advertisements not under contract must be marked the length of time desired, or they will be inserted and charged for until ordered discontinued. We reserve to ourselves 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.

Special prices taken with Law Cards, Points &c.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Cards of five lines or less will be inserted in this column one year for $5; every subsequent line 75cts.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. W. W. Crandall,

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

Drs. T. & F. J. Baker,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

Offices on Baker St., Dr. T. Baker in attendance; and in rear of L. D. Cobb & Co's Store, entrance on north side. Dr. F. J. Baker in attendance. 1y148

Dr. L. A. Simons,

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

ATTORNEY & COUNSELORS.

Rufus Scott,

Attorney & Counselor at Law, office over Sortore, Brick Block, Belmont, N. Y.

Angel & Jones,

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

W. L. E. COTTRELL,

DENTIST,

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Andover and vicinity, that he has opened a Dental Office at the residence of Henry Jones, on Main street, where he will always be found ready to attend to all kinds of Operative and Mechanical Dentistry. He is prepared to put up teeth on three different kinds of base, which are acknowledged to be superior to any other in use. He will also do filling in a manner which will give satisfaction or no pay.

HOTELS.

GLOBE HOUSE.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

E. BOND, - - - Proprietor.

This House has been rebuilt and furnished throughout with new furniture, and no pains will be spared to make it pleasant for the traveling public. It is located near the center of the village. Good Sample Room in basement. Carriages furnished promptly to order. 1y255

AMERICAN HOTEL.

ANDOVER, N. Y.

HENRY JOYCE, - - Proprietor.

The above Hotel has been refitted, and the proprietor is prepared to attend to the wants of the traveling public, to whom he believes he can give satisfaction. Good stables connected with the house. 22by1

NICHOLS HOUSE.

MAIN STREET, HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

FRED. S. NICHOLS, - - Proprietor.

FREE BUS TO AND FROM THE DEPOT.

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 the Fairbanks House, under a long experience in the business, that he will make it quite 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 that his long experience in the business has fitted him to make his guests comfortable and happy. The house has been painted and refitted, and he invites a call to see his friends and the traveling public, generally.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

HORNELL, N. Y.

T. W. HUMPHREY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has undergone a thorough renovation, and for the comfort of the public is now equal to any hotel in the country. Its tables will always be found supplied with the best the market affords, and its bar will contain only the purest liquors and cigars. The house has been painted and refitted throughout, and its rooms are all comfortable and well furnished. Its prices will be found reasonable. Omnibus free to and from all trains. 1y

NATIONAL HOTEL,

HORNELL, N. Y.

Having taken charge of the Hotel formerly occupied by Mr. Lyons, I would respectfully invite the public to visit me at the Depot, where I will endeavor to make the accommodations of this house acceptable. Omnibus free to and from all trains. L. McMANIGAL, Prop'r.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

HORNELL, N. Y.

H. G. CRANDALL, Proprietor.

This house has been thoroughly refitted and refurnished throughout, and the proprietor hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage. Omnibus to and from all trains. 1y

LEGAL

County Courts.

Terms of County Court and Court of Sessions of Allegany County.

To whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned County Judge of Allegany County, has designated and appointed the times for holding the County Court and Court of Sessions in and for said County, as follows:

A County Court and Court of Sessions will be held on the first Monday of September in each year, at which a Grand Jury and Petit Jury will be required to attend.

A County Court and Court of Sessions will be held on the second Monday of January in each year, at which a Petit Jury only will be required to attend.

A County Court will be held on the first Monday of May for each year for the hearing of motions and trial of issues of Law, at which no Jury will be required to attend. Dated Angelica, June 24th, 1873. JAMES S. GREEN,

3w190 County Judge of Allegany county.

Surrogate's Notice.

SURROGATE'S COURTS will be held at the office of the Surrogate, in Angelica, upon Monday of every week,

at Wellsville, upon the last Wednesday of every month.

At Cuba, on the last Thursday of every month. Dated Angelica, January 15th, 1873.

J. S. GREEN, County Judge.

Mortgage Sale.

BY virtue of a mortgage dated April 1st, 1872, Arthur Neill and William Neill, conveyed to Burton J. Green, Joseph McCluney and Ephraim J. Green, James Crawford as follows: All that tract of land in the town of Almond, Allegany county, New York, known as a whole of lot thirty-nine, in ninth division township four, seventh range of townships, containing of ninety-two and forty-three hundredth acres. Also all that other piece of land in the town of Almond aforesaid, known as middle gore division of lot forty, in south division, township four, seventh range of townships, containing twenty-one and fifty hundredth acres, as surveyed by Abraham Allen; also that other piece of land in said town of Almond, bounded as follows: commencing at south west corner of lot twenty-two, described in deed from Craven and others to Christopher Tuttle, dated, January 1st, 1861, in highway, thence east along south line of said twenty two, twelve rods, thence north parallel with west line of lot twenty-two, twenty rods; thence west on line parallel with south line of lot twenty-two to west line of lot twenty-two to place of beginning, being one and one-half acres off from southeast corner of lot twenty-two.

Said mortgage, with power of sale therein contained, was recorded in Allegany County Clerk's office, on the 4th day of April, 1872, at 9 o'clock a. m., in Liber 21 of mortgages, page 505. The amount due on said mortgage at the time of first publication of this notice is three hundred and seven dollars, and to become due, two thousand four hundred and thirty-four dollars and sixty cents with interest from April 1st, 1873. No proceedings having been taken to collect the money secured thereby, or any part thereof, by advertisement is hereby given that said mortgaged premises will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 10th day of January, 1874, at 9 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the Law Office of Wesley Brown, in the town of Almond, county of Allegany, and said premises foreclosed for the amount due and to become due thereon.

October 9th, 1873.

BURTON J. GREEN,
JOSEPH MCCLUNEY,
EPHRAIM J. GREEN,
WESLEY BROWN, Atty. Mortgagees.
Almond, N. Y.

Mortgage Sale.

BY virtue of a mortgage dated November 10th, 1871, Nathaniel Bell now deceased and Malinda his wife, conveyed to Andrew Gillespie lands described as follows: All that parcel of land situate in the town and village of Almond, Allegany county, New York: bounded north by a lot owned by Thomas Richardson and land owned by Joseph Owen; east by the Erie railroad running from east south by the highway known as Angelica street; west by said Owen's land. Beginning at the north-east corner of the Baptist church lot, then south on the west boundary of said railroad one rod; west 25½ rods; west 30 links to center of Angelica street; thence in said street north 1½ rods; west 25 links; thence north 22½ rods; east 50 links to stake; thence south 22½ rods; west 25 links to stake; thence north 22½ rods; east 30 links to stake; thence south 22½ rods; east 25 links to place of beginning, containing seventy one-hundredths of an acre more or less. Said mortgage with the power of sale therein contained was recorded in Allegany County Clerk's office on the 15th day of November, 1871, at 11 o'clock a. m., in liber 20 of mortgages, at page 205, and said mortgage was, November 15th, 1871, assigned by Wesley Gillespie to Joel E. Gibbs, and said assignment has been duly recorded in Allegany County Clerk's office. The amount due on said mortgage at the time of the first publication of this notice is fifty-six dollars, and to become due thereon twenty hundred dollars with interest thereon from November 15th, 1873. No proceedings at law or in equity have been taken to collect the money secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that said mortgaged premises will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 20th day of February, 1874, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, in front of the law office of Wesley Brown, in the town of Almond, in Allegany county, and said premises foreclosed for the whole amount due and to become due on said mortgage.

JESSE H. GIBBS, Assignee.
WESLEY BROWN, Atty. Almond.
Dated, Nov. 27, 1873. 22w1

THE SUN,

WEEKLY, SEMI-WEEKLY & DAILY

The WEEKLY SUN is to widely known to require any extended recommendation but the reasons which have already given it fifty thousand subscribers, and which will, we hope, give it many thousands more are briefly as follows:

It is a first rate newspaper. All the news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment, and always presented in a clear, intelligible, and interesting manner.

It is a first rate family paper, full of entertaining and instructive reading of every kind, but containing nothing that can offend the most delicate and scrupulous taste.

It is a first rate story paper. The best tales and romances of current literature are carefully selected and legibly printed in its pages.

It is a first rate agricultural paper, the most fresh and instructive articles on agricultural topics regularly in this department.

It is an independent political paper, belonging to no party and owing no allegiance to lights for principle and for the election of the best men to office. It especially devotes its energies to the exposure of the great corruptions that now weaken and disgrace our country and threaten to undermine republican institutions altogether. It has no fear of knaves, and asks no favor from their supporters.

It reports the fashions for the ladies and the markets for the men, especially the cattle markets, to which it pays particular attention.

Finally, it is the cheapest paper published. One dollar a year will secure it for any subscriber. It is not necessary to get up a club in order to have the WEEKLY SUN at this rate. Any one who sends a single dollar will get the paper for a year.

We have no traveling agents.

THE WEEKLY SUN.—Eight pages, fifty six columns. Only $100 a year. No discount from this rate.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.—Same size as the Daily Sun. $2 00 a year. A discount of 20 per ct. on clubs of 10 or over.

THE DAILY SUN.—A large 4 page newspaper of twenty eight columns. Daily circulation over 120,000. All the news for 2 cents. Subscription price 65 cents a month, $6 00 a year. To clubs of 10 or over, a discount of 20 per cent.

Address "The Sun," N. Y. City.

Wanted,

I want 100 pair of Sleigh Runners consisting of oak, Ash, Birch, or Red Beech, from two to three inches in thickness.

20,000 feet of Oak lumber,
8,000 " second growth Ash lumber,
5,000 " Barrwood.

100 Wagon Tongues of the best quality of second growth Ash, for which a reasonable price will be paid. 3w256

J. W. Fuller.

ERIE RAILWAY.

Pullman's First Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements are run through without change between Salamanca, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, and New York.

ABSTRACT OF TIME TABLE, ADOPTED NOV. 3rd, 1873.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 12.*	No. 8.	No. 6.	No. 2.
Dunkirk lve	7.05 PM	.....	7.00AM	3.45AM
Little Valley	.....	.....	9.18	5.57
Cincinnati	9.50	.....	.....	9.40
Cleveland	1.00 AM	.....	.....	7.45 PM
Salamanca	7.15 PM	.....	9.12	5.22AM
Olean	8.38	.....	10.38	6.42
Cuba	4.28	.....	10.50	6.31
Genesee	5.17	.....	12.07PM	7.20
Andover	.....	.....	12.23	.....
Buffalo arr	12.45AM	.....	6.30	.....
Niagra Falls	1.16	.....	9.00	.....
Hornell've	8.35PM	1.20PM	8.50	10.00AM
Elmira arr	8.32	12.22AM	4.30	10.51
Binghamton	10.55	3.32	7.20	12.42pm
Port Jervis	3.48AM	10.15	11.55	5.36
New York	7.40	1.45	4.55PM	8.05

Additional Local Trains Eastward.

5.00 A M except Sundays, from Dunkirk,—Stopping at Sheridan 5 25; Forestville 5 45; Smith's Mills 6 10; Perrysburg 6 30; Dayton 7 02; Cattaraugus 8 00; Little Valley 9 10, Salamanca 9 55; Great Valley 10 25; Carrollton 10 45; Vandalia 11 55 a.m.; Allegany 12 m; Olean 12 45; Hinsdale 1 12; Cuba 1 37; Friendship 2 10; Belvidere 2 31; Phillipsville 2 49; Scio 4 27; Genesee 5 00; Andover 6 00; Alfred 6 25; Almond 7 25, arriving at Hornellsville 7 40 P.M.

9.30 A. M. daily from Dunkirk, stopping at Sheridan 9 45, Forestville 9 55, Smith's Mills 10 08, Perrysburg 10 30, Dayton 10 50, Cattaraugus 11 06, Little Valley 11 30, Salamanca 12 03, Great Valley 12 15, Carrollton 12 34 p. m., Vandalia 12 46, Allegany 1 07, Olean 1 28, Hinsdale 1 46, Cuba 2 12, Friendship 2 52, Belvidere 3 12, Phillipsville 3 28, Scio 3 46, Genesee 4 42, Andover 5 15, Alfred 5 40, Almond 5 59, arriving at Hornellsville at 6.50.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No 1.	No 5.	No 3*	No 29†
New York lve	9.00 AM	10.45 AM	7.00 PM	7.00 PM
Port Jervis	12.17 PM	3.40 PM	10.43	11.25
Hornellsv've	9.10	3.10 AM	8.25 AM	12.05
Andover	.....	.....	9.42	1.28
Genesee	10.13	4.16	9.38AM	1.45
Cuba	11.02	5.03	10.33	2.45
Olean	11.24	5.20	10.58	3.17
Great Valley	.....	6.08	.....	4.00
Salamanca	12.05	6.12	11.30	4.05
Cleveland arr	7.55 AM	4.00PM	7.30 PM	10.47AM
Cincinnati	6.00 PM	.....	6.00 AM	5.00 P M
Little Valley	12.36 AM	6.35	12.59	4.50 PM
Dunkirk arr	2.20 AM	8.00 AM	1.30 PM	6.05

Additional Local Trains Westward.

The **3 10 A. M.** except Sundays from Hornellsville, also stops at Belvidere 3 42, Friendship 4 02, Hinsdale 5 17, Allegany 5 38, Vandalia 5 50, Carrollton 6 00, Little Valley 6 35, Cattaraugus 6 53, Dayton 7 13, Perrysburg 7 29, Smith's Mills 7 38, Forestville 7 52, Sheridan 7 59 arriving at Dunkirk at 8 05 A. M.

3.15 a. m., daily from Hornellsville, stopping at Genesee 5 15, Olean 6 25, Salamanca arrive 11 45, leave 12 05 a. m., Little Valley 12 48, Cattaraugus 1 25, and arriving at Dunkirk at 4 35 p.m.

4.45 A M, except Sundays, from Hornellsville, Stopping at Almond 5 12; Alfred 5 37; Andover 6 23; Genesee 7 42; Scio 8 04; Phillipsville 8 20; Belvidere 8 37; Friendship 9 25; Cuba 10 47; Hinsdale 11 22; Olean 12 05; Allegany 12 27; Vandalia 12 38; Carrollton 1 00; Great Valley 1 30; Salamanca 2 25; Little Valley 3 00; Cattaraugus 3 17; Dayton 3 31; Perrysburg 3 49; Smith's Mills 4 00; Forestville 4 25; Sheridan 4 35; and arriving at Dunkirk at 4 50 P. M.

4.20 P.M. daily, from Hornellsville, Stopping at Almond 4 52; Alfred 5 15; Andover 5 57; Genesee 6 40; Scio 7 08; Phillipsville 7 30; Belvidere 7 50; Cuba 8 30; Hinsdale 9 05; Olean 9 50; Salamanca 11 35, Little Valley 12 20 A M; Cattaraugus 12 36, arrive at Dunkirk at 2 20 A M.

* Daily.
† Daily between Hornellsville and Dunkirk.

☞ Through Tickets to all points West of the very lowest rates, for sale in the Company's offices of the Genesee Depot.

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

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

Attention Company!

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

The undersigned are now prepared to serve you in the way of Fire Life, or Accidental Insurance, as represented in the Fire department.

The Waterloo Farmers Joint Stock.
" Westchester.
" Hanover.
" Agricultural.
" Niagara.
" Aetna, of Hartford, Conn.
" Queens and Onondaga.
" St. Paul, and Mississippi Valley Ins. Co.

In Life we have the Phoenix Mutual of Hartford Conn., in every first class in accident, the Travelers Insurance Co., of Hartford. We should be pleased to receive your applications for Life. Why not do your insuring at home, when you can get just as good satisfaction. If you are in need of any insurance please leave your application with us, we look after your interests in the matter. BURROWS & YOUNG.

GILBERT & BRUNDAGE,

INSURANCE AGENT.

Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y.,

Represents the following:

COMPANIES.	ASSETS.
Commercial Union, London	$1,500,000
National, Philadel'a, Pa	450,000
Glens Falls, N. Y	600,000
Phoenix, N. Y	1,200,000
Republic of New York	800,000
National Life, U. S. A	2,000,000
Travelers Acc't Hartford, Conn	250,000
Hermann, Ohio	500,000

All these Companies pay 100 cents on a dollar in all the great fires of 1871 and 72.

Policies written at the lowest rates. 22by1

Wellsville Insurance Agency

FIRE, ACCIDENT, LIFE

B. HANKS & SON, Agents,

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

North British and M.	$23,000,000
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,	$1,050,000
Alps, Erie,	$350,000
German (American)	$1,250,000

LIFE AND ACCIDENT.

Travelers Hartford,	2,500,000
Connecticut Mutual,	$5,000,000

Also agents for White Star Atlantic Line, the largest line of Steamships in the World.

Lowest Rates compatible with safety offered

Large assortment of gingham at J. J. Larman & Co's.

Select Miscellany.

HEPSIBAH'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. O. G. ATWOOD.

Poor little Hepsy Brown! Although it was the night before Thanksgiving, and a very lovely night, too, she felt anything but happy, and very little inclined, I fear, to give thanks for anything.

One would think that Hepsy had a great deal to make her happy and grateful. Grandmother Brown had been busy all day getting ready for the great family dinner party; and besides the long rows of flakey pies and plummy cakes—such as no one but grandmothers can make—and the two huge turkeys stuffed and trussed ready for baking, there stood on one especial shelf a row of ten puffy little pies for the ten little cousins. The inside of these pies was a profound mystery to Hepsy, as Grandmother Brown had locked the kitchen door during their concoction. So, beside other anticipations, which should have been delightful to a little girl twelve years old, there was a mystery to be unveiled.

Besides this, the dear pale-faced mother had been busy up-stairs for two days, all for Hepsy, too; and to-night the last stitch had been taken, the last basting thread pulled, and a bright blue plaid dress with dainty crimped ruffles in the neck and sleeves, hung in the wardrobe, and a pair of bronze boots, real bronze button boots, lay on the closet shelf.

So why should little Hepsy sit by the grate with her head on her hands and such a sorrowful look on her little face.

Only a year ago Hepsy was thinking, as she looked in the bright coal fire—only one little year ago she had a strong, handsome father to keep Thanksgiving with her. How well she remembered how he pulled the wishbone with her, and cracked nuts, and told fortunes, and finally how they finished the day with such a royal romp that they broke mamma's vases; then how papa caught her in his arms and ran up stairs, pretending that some dreadful punishment was coming.

It was only a little while after that her father had gone, abroad on business. At first there were letters for mamma, with sometimes a little one for Hepsy. Such jolly, happy letters, full of mysterious hints about huge French dolls, boxes of dainty bon-bons, and a little No. 5 kid gloves, that might come in use to somebody, if somebody were very good. Then there came the happiest one of all, saying that he would sail in a certain steamer, and that mamma and Hepsy must be at New York to meet him.

Hepsy remembered very well the ride to the city with her mother, that ride so full of pleasant anticipations, commenced so joyfully, ended so very wretchedly; for though the steamer came there was no papa upon it. They waited another week for the next one; still no papa. Then they wrote to the last address; then to the business firm; but all they could discover was that he had bidden them good-by in excellent health and spirits, and since that day nothing had been heard of him.

Then they had locked up the dear little home, and come up among the hills to Grandfather's. And though the little mother never gave up all hope, and said, often and often: "I know he will come back to us, Hepsy dear; I feel sure the dear God has not taken him from us; still the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, paled the sweet face, and brought white hairs among the waving brown locks. So sometimes Hepsy feared that God was going to take her mother, too, and leave her alone in the world.

Do you wonder now that Hepsy's face was sorrowful, or that when she crept away to bed her little pillow was wet with tears?

But you know, though "sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." So, when Hepsy opened her eyes Thanksgiving morning, and saw the sun gleaming through the frost pictures on the windows, her heart bounded with the natural joy of childhood, and all the dismal forebodings of the night before passed away.

"I feel so happy, mamma," she said, as she was dressing for church. "I feel so sure that something beautiful will happen to-day; perhaps Uncle Tom will bring us a letter from papa."

"Perhaps so, my darling, she answered with a smile and a smothered sigh.

It was such a pleasant drive to church! Grandfather always drove his own horses, and Hepsy always sat by him. To-day, after many furtive looks at the back seat, to be sure that her mother wasn't noticing, Grandfather Brown put the reins in Hepsy's hands, and she drove into the church-yard in grand style; her cheeks as pink as blush roses, and her blue feather waving triumphantly. It was all the grander because Uncle Tom's little Tom stood on the church steps watching her with envious eyes.

"Never you mind, Miss Hep," he whispered with a sly pinch, as she prepared to sail by him, "I'm agoing home with Gran'pa Brown; and what'll you bet he don't let me drive all the way?"

"I don't bet on the church steps, chilly!" she answered with a dignified air, which was entirely wasted on young Tom.

Church was a very pleasant place to Hepsy that day. The huge square pew was filled with relatives, and the innumerable little cousins were distributed in the neighboring seats.

"How perfectly happy I should be," tho't Hepsy, "if papa were only here!" And when she put her head down she prayed earnestly that God would send them some token from out the mysterious somewhere so that they could find him.

But all the other pleasures of the day sank into insignificance compared with Grandmother's royal dinner.—Even the tiniest baby cousin sat in a high chair and brandished a drumstick, smearing its fat little face and poking its own blue eyes.

Young Tom was so engrossed that he actually forgot to pinch Hepsy, although he sat by her side; and Hepsy was so busy taking care of Rose, who sat on the other side, and protecting her new blue frock from being decorated with gravy and currant jelly, that she never noticed Bridget's whispering to her Uncle Tom, and his leaving the room, and soon after her mother doing the same. Then they both came back again with such happy faces: All this passed entirely unnoticed by Hepsy.

When the huge turkeys had been reduced to skeletons, and the mince pies and plum pudding had vanished, Grandmothes seated the ten little cousins side by side, and pinced a little pie before each one.

Tom was the first one to open his and beneath the puffy upper crust he found a huge jack-knife with countless blades and three bright gold dollars. Hepsy came next and her heart was made glad with a bottle of "Lubin's Violet" and a fine embroidered handkerchief.—Funny filling for pies, wasn't it? But you must remember there was only a well-baked upper crust and a clean little dish underneath.

So each one of the little cousins explored, and judging by their faces each one was perfectly satisfied.

It had long been the custom of Grandfather Brown's to gather the children and grandchildren around him just before they were ready to go home, and ask each one in turn what they had to be thankful for. So tonight, after they had grouped to their hearts' content, and even the noisest were tired of "Pussin-in-the Corner" and "Stage Coach, they all gathered around the huge fire to a quiet time before saying good-night.

"I thank God for our children!" said Grandfather, and the tears started to her eyes as she thought of one who had been there a year ago.

"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever!" said the little mother, with a strange flush upon her cheeks and intense feeling in her voice.

"What do you think Hepsy, daughter?" said Grandfather, turning tenderly to Hepsy.

Now all the old loneliness and longing for her father had come back with such renewed force since night had come on, and the other children had gathered around their parents, that Hepsy felt as if she could not endure it, and she burst into tears, exclaimed: "O! Grandpa, I want my father! I can't think I'll a until He gives him back to me!"

"Hepsy, Hepsy!" said Uncle Tom, pointing to the door he had just entered. "Look there, Hepsy!"

Hepsy turned her head, and with one scream and bound she was across the room with her arms around her father's neck. Pale, thin and haggard, to be sure, but father for all that.

What an excitement there was then! and not until he had been kissed and cried over by every member of the family from Grandfather down, and was finally seated by the fire with Hepsy on his knee, and Mamma close by his side, did they hear the whole story.

Mow he had been stricken with sudden sickness at Liverpool, and had been delerious for a long time, so that he could give the good Samaritans who took care of him no sort of clue to his friends; and how he had written home during his convalescence letters which by some strange fortune had never come; and how he had finally been enabled to attempt the journey home, and had telegraphed from New York to Uncle Tom that he would be here this evening.

And that was why Uncle Tom had called the little mother out of the room; and that was why the old bloom had come back to her cheeks.

"What are you thankful for now, little girl?" asked Grandfather as Hepsy came to bid him good-night, long after her usual bed-time.

"Give thanks unto the Lord," repeated Hepsy, in a low voice, "for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever."—[Christian Union.

A Sunday School teacher, explaining the first chapter of Genesis, asked:—"Why did God command them to leave the fruit of one tree untouched?" A dead silence. At last a little girl spoke up and said:—"Please marm, I think he wanted them to leave some for manners!"

Over the shop door of a pork butcher in a village in the eastern counties of England may be seen a sign-board representing a man in a black coat, brandishing a hatchet, with the inscription —"John Smith kills pigs like his father,"

An Experiment in the Fine Arts.

I sat down one day to make a moss picture. Not that I am an artist, but I am not without artistic capabilities. Enthusiastic friends had descanted on the beauty of such fancy work. There was a vacant space on my walls which needed a picture, and I thought with awe upon the fate of the man who had talent in a napkin. If these reasons had not been sufficient to set my idle fingers to employment, there were others—not least of which was a natural delight in mosses, which generally was forced to satisfy itself in collecting "specimens." But now, from all vain or humbler uses, mosses were to reach the "grand climatic light" of aspiration.

A little bit of the woods was soon to be immortalized by the touch of genius, environed in golden walls, and hung as a fitting accompaniment to works of more pretentious value. Directions given were explicit. I was to take a piece of cardboard, and on the upper half to delineate a sky, a sunrise, or sunset sky being preferred. I did. It was artistic in the extreme!

My idea was vague as to the phase of landscape my picture should assume, and the difficulty was increased by the troublesome manifestation of an independent spirit on the part of my materials, perhap consequent upon the "step upward" in their existence. For when, after much pulling and cutting and fitting, a piece of moss had been exactly overlaid with mucilage, and the propitious moment had arrived for its translation, how on earth should I make it take its place on the card, when despite all remonstrances, it persisted in adhering to the fingers?

A sheet of water in a picture is a great desideratum to be secured at any hazard, and some one having recommended a piece of finely mildewed corn husk as possessing virtues superior, for the purpose, to paint, I wrapped my mantle of exploration about me, and wended my enthusiastic way to the barn, and returned neither sadder nor wiser, but richer by a bit of mold. It was properly treated and pressed to the card. Do you imagine it adhered? Disabuse yourself of the idea! It did everything else. It rolled completely over, curled at the edges, and on repeated manual application elevated itself in ridges innumerable, leaving a very sticky memento upon the finger, and bedashing the fair surface of the card.

I might have left it to represent the hills of my native land; but I wanted a lake—a quiet, slumbrous lake, and would have it; so I sent my thought searching among the stores of my brain for an available suggestion; then scrit my little hand-maiden among the stores my parent for the idea in substance.

She returned with a paper glass.

It was forthwith melted; and, acquainted with the decided qualities of glue, it was with feelings of exultation that I besmeared the bottom of my lake and set it in its bed, making picre! All was water that would not seek its level!

I honor aspiration. I commend the lowly born who spurns the common clod; and would set his proud feet on the easier hights of Fame; but, when I want a lake, for that lake to aspire to the dignity of the everlasting hills, is an exercise of spirit not at all commendable.

A few dry, brownish leaves were laid down for the groundwork, their ragged edges jutting into the water, forming miniature capes and headlands; and ever actuated by humane principles, I set up broad-branched trees thereon, to shelter the little boys who should find excellent fishing there in the summer.

A wide country road was separated from the adjoining fields of rocks and rubbish with much patience, and gray irregular mosses, forming a fine array of stumps, and according to the taste of the owner, a lane was bounded eastward and westward by a magnificent valley of the same material. This, on experiment, proved easy work.

I did not interfere with their natural instincts, but extended the beautiful arrangement up a side hill twenty rods, more or less, where it terminated in a bit of mossy bark, which, with the assistance of a penknife and glue, was soon transformed into a love of a cottage, with all the modern improvements.

A lawn must be added; so I surveyed the premises and laid off one of moderate dimensions; consulted a work on landscape gardening, and proceeded to improve Nature.

I knew in that particular field I had no equal; neither in building or gardening do I fear rivals; but when I attempted to depict animal intelligence, a bit of which I wished to relieve the gloom which ever hangs over inanimate nature, then my genius failed me.

Then I turned my attention to the road near the fence, scattered a little greenness in the field of rocks and rubbish to show the neglect of the owner in not making available such fertility, and with a general sprinkling of everything to fill up vacant space, as best pleased my æsthetic eye, and my labor of love was ended.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said I to Charley, who happened in.

"Lovely!" said he. "What skill you have in delicate work! Pray, what is the design?"

"A bit of natural scenery, don't you see? Here is the road which leads to this romantic cottage, half hidden in trees, from which you can look down on the quiet lake with the glory of the sky on it."

"Where is the lake? What, that grey patch!" Beg pardon! And what are those horned beasts drawn up in battle array for?"

"That is a fence! How stupid you are!"

"Oh, I see! Yes, it's VERY beautiful!"

I showed it to the loved ones at home.

Intent on extracting a modicum of praise from some one, I asked 'Tom, my respected brother, how he liked it.

"A meditative toad on the remains of a rail fence," said he solemnly.

"It looks more like an old witch creeping over the ashes," piped one of the younger ones.

"Or a big spider with a pack of flies on his back crawling into his web," giggled another.

"A remarkable production!"

"Does you credit!" and so on, ad infinitum through the family. My dear friends, to affirm that I lack a genius for the fine arts was no more than the conclusion to which they all arrived.

Here is where they erred. In cutting up with their critical scissors my picture, when my design was good, my perspective better, and letting the persistent springy, clinging little absurdities go scot-free, who had everything their own way, and as fast as laid in one position immediately turn over and lay in another.

There hangs in one corner of my room a modest conglomeration of cardboard, mosses, sticks and glue, a warning to whatever remains of adventuresome spirit, and a remarkable illustration of the total depravity of inanimate things.

M. A. C. L.

Touching Story.

A touching story comes to us from the city of Poughkeepsie, and we imagine that few of our readers will peruse the incident without emotion.—According to the Eagle, a lady was walking along the street when she met a little girl between two and three years old evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her where she was going.

"I'm going down to town find my papa," was the reply, between sobs, of the child.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing.

"But what is his other name?" queried the lady. "what does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the baby.

The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying,

"You had better come with me, I guess you came from this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her, and led her away. From the subsequent inquiries it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her lonesomeness and love for him she had tired of waiting for him to come home, and had stalled out to find him and kiss him.—Could anything be more touchingly sad?

A Peculiar Business.

The business of a druggist is a very peculiar one. He is absolute master of the situation. In the matter of dry goods, the customer can feel the goods, and, if he has half sense, can tell something of their value. In the matter of groceries, the customer can smell, taste and handle, and has his defence. When we come to the drug business, however, the customer enters with a bit of paper figured over with hieroglyphics which he knows nothing whatever about; the awfully majestic prescription clerk receives it with a mysterious air, retires as mysteriously behind a mysterious screen, and, from hidden bottles concocts a fluid or a powder, puts it in a bottle, hermetically seals it, and, emerging demands seventy-five cents or a dollar from the mystified customer, who knows not whether the stuff is poisonous or harmless. It is none of his business. The money is paid—what else can the man do?—and he retires, impressed with the majesty of the drug trade.

Sympathy is one of the most impotent and sacred emotions of an intelligent mind, and is equally consonant with the genius of refined humanity, and the spirit of true religion. It is inseparable from a truly elevated, though unsanctified mind, for it is a compound of the finest and noblest feelings of our nature—of feelings which are characterized by all that is touching in tenderness, and winning in benevolence. To the soul it is what the lucid beams of the moon are to the pleasing features of nature, which are not essential to their existence, but which adds brilliancy to their beauty and sublimity to their grandeur.—Lang bridge.

A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath.

A Wicked Boy.

The Stockton (Cal.) Gazette tells this little story.

Where the road between the Merced and Snelling crosses the Merced river that stream is about 200 yards in width and even at this season of the year, when the water is quite low, it looks like a dangerous and deep stream to cross. A few weeks ago a patent medicine agent, traveling on horseback in that section, came to the river and hesitated about attempting to ford it as he saw the wide expanse of rushing water. There is no bridge anywhere along there, and after some indecision he concluded to swim his horse across.—Spying a boy fishing in a small punt tied to the bank, he said:

"Hello, bub!"

"Hello yourself."

"Can I get