A BUTTERFLY.

When Mrs. Walsingham lost the diamond butterfly which her husband had given her on the first anniversary of their wedding day, she was naturally much perturbed by her loss.

For two seasons Mrs. Walsingham's butterfly had been an absorbing topic of conversation whenever pretty Mrs. Walsingham herself happened to be present, and on more than one occasion it had attracted the admiring attention of royalty.

And now the butterfly was lost. The world—or rather such portion of it as was crowded into the Court theatre on that disastrous night—had seen the jeweled insect flashing and scintillating in Mrs. Walsingham's pretty brown hair all the time of the performance. But when husband and wife stood in the light of their own hall lamp, the former had uttered an exclamation of dismay.

The butterfly was gone!

Everything had been done that was usual in such cases. The colonel had looked carefully in the carriage, and had made a thorough examination of each separate fold in his wife's dress. Next morning he had gone off to the theatre, and had himself searched the box in which they had been sitting. Then, with commendable prudence, he had cautioned his wife against speaking about her loss, even to the servants, and in the advertisement in which he offered a considerable reward for the recovery of the missing trinket he had described it as "a jeweled insect (paste), valuable to the owner because specially designed for the Polish wife of Prince Boris Ivanvitch, when she secretly sold the Ivanvitch diamonds to supply her compatriots with funds for a revolutionary uprising."

The colonel was very pleased with the wording of this advertisement, and read it aloud with a great deal of complacency to his wife.

Mrs. Walsingham was not quite so pleased as her husband. She objected to the slight put upon her cherished possession by describing it as paste, and the aristocratic flavor of its mythical history did not console her.

"Even if I do get it back," she murmured plaintively, "I shan't care to wear it, if everybody imagines it is paste."

When, however, the colonel pointed out that he had referred the public in the first instance to a neighboring stationer's, and that there was nothing whatever in the advertisement to suggest to a captious world that Mrs. Walsingham's famous butterfly was in question, she was greatly impressed with her husband's cleverness.

That evening the Walsinghams did not dine out, but had a cozy tete-a-tete dinner at home, so as to be on the spot if any one came with news of the stolen jewel.

"Not that I am at all sanguine," said the colonel, as he thoughtfully peeled a banana. "If the thief had happened to be a stray pickpocket, we might hope to see the 'fly' again. It's more likely, though, that the vagabond who has the thing now had his eye on it for some time past."

But even as he spoke the solemn butler came softly in.

"A person to see you, sir," he announced, deferentially; "he won't give his name, but he says Foster, the stationer, has sent him, and that you will know all about it."

Mrs. Walsingham gave a little start of delight, and the colonel could scarcely conceal his excitement. "Show him in here, Bailey," he said quickly, "it is some one we are expecting."

The butler withdrew, and in a few seconds ushered in a slight, gentlemanly looking man with sharp gray eyes and smooth face.

"Col. Walsingham, I believe?" began the stranger, taking with easy self possession the chair which the colonel indicated at the far end of the table.

The colonel assented. "You have come, I presume—"

"To give information about some lost property of yours. Precisely."

"Have you found it?" queried Mrs. Walsingham, eagerly.

"Well, that's just what I wish to ascertain," said the stranger suavely. "My name is Sawder, Fred Sawder, late of Scotland Yard," he continued, turning to the colonel. "I'm a detective, and a few hours back I came across a piece of jewelry answering to your description."

"You don't mean to say so!" cried the colonel excitedly. "Where did you find it?"

"Well, it's long story," said Mr. Sawder, deliberately, "and brings in matters which are, so to speak, professional secrets at present. But there—the whole account will be in the papers to-morrow, so's there's no harm in my telling you."

Both the colonel and Mrs. Walsingham waited anxiously for him to go on, and, after a few seconds' pause, he was graciously pleased to do so, pointedly addressing himself now to Mrs. Walsingham.

"Of course, madam, you have heard of the great Fenton Court robbery?"

Mrs. Walsingham made a motion, for now ready the two gentleman got into

assent.

"Er—well—the fact is, today I had the good fortune to recover nearly all that stolen jewelry. I have just telegraphed to Mr. Fenton to come up and identify the things to-morrow."

"You have got back the diamonds?"

"Everything, madam, as far as we can tell."

"Tell us all about it," commanded Mrs. Walsingham, in her pretty, imperious manner, while her husband's face seconded her request.

"Oh, well, there's not much to tell, ma'am. From information received we made this morning a raid on the house of a party called Sleepy Jim—sleepy because he just isn't sleepy, don't you see, madam? Well, Jim was very easy and careless, and we searched and searched, and not a thing could we find, and at last we gave it up. I was the last to go, and as I went I heard—for my ears are quick—I heard him give the least little bit of a sigh.

"'Come back, men!' I shouted; 'the things are here, and we won't be such numskulls as to go away without them. Let's have one more look around.' Then it occurred to me that Sleepy Jim had not been sitting on the table for nothing all the time we were turning his place upside down. So I just pushed him and it on one side, kicked over the square of carpet on which the table had been standing, and lo and behold, there were plain signs that the boards had been raised pretty recently.

"We had those boards up again in a jiffy, and there in a deep hole underneath was all the Fenton Court jewelry!"

The detective paused impressively and looked at his two eager listeners, as though challenging their admiration.

"Well, and my wife's butterfly?" asked the colonel inquiringly.

"I am coming to that, sir. Among the things there were several paste brooches not included in the list supplied to us at Scotland Yard. I had seen your advertisement, and I thought one of the miscellaneous articles looked very much like your insect. So I just asked Sleepy Jim about it, and he told me that it had been brought to him by a man who had picked it up in Sloane street and had been afraid to pawn it. Jim gave him thirty shillings for it, for he saw the diamonds were uncommon good paste, and"——

"But they are nothing of the sort," put in Mrs. Walsingham, indignantly; "that was only my husband's idea to call them paste."

"Ah! that was smart, sir, very smart. You ought to be one of us."

The colonel looked gratified. "Won't you take a glass of wine, Mr. Sawder," he said, pushing the decanter over to him.

"Thank you, sir. I don't mind if I do," replied Mr. Sawder, helping himself, and he required little pressing to be induced to repeat the action several times in the course of the next hour.

As a consequence he soon grew exceedingly communicative, and entertained the colonel with the most thrilling Scotland Yard narratives, all illustrative of the cleverness of rogues and the superior astuteness of detectives.

"It's not that the criminal classes are so especially clever," he remarked, judicially, as he wound up one of his tales, "but the public is so uncommonly soft."

The colonel acquiesced. There were a great many fools in the world, he opined; but for his part he had no pity for them. He himself had never been taken in in his life.

"I can quite believe that," said Mr. Sawder, politely; "and if I may make so free, I repeat again you ought to be one of us."

The colonel did not at all resent Mr. Sawder's free chat. He was particularly pleased with him and his stories, and in the fullness of his heart he told him he was going down to the club for half an hour, and would be charmed to give him a lift.

Mr. Sawder was quite sensible of the colonel's condescension, and accepted the offer with alacrity. Having arranged with Mrs. Walsingham that she was to come down to the club and fetch the following morning, he went off with the colonel into the adjoining room, waiting there while this gentleman was ready to go out. This room was a sort of sanctum of Col. Walsingham, and while he drew on his gloves he passed in review his collection of firearms and other objects of warlike application.

The detective sniffed a bit of a connoisseur, and his enthusiasm was sufficiently dashed with disillusionizing knowledge to be particularly pleasing to the colonel, who actually ventured to bring out from a cavernous cupboard his latest extravagance, to wit, a handsome fur lined coat he had recently imported from Russia.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"Think!" said the detective, "why, that it's not a thing to be left in the hall."

"Rather not," laughed the colonel; "we keep it in a cupboard in this room. Why, that coat cost me eighty guineas!"

"It looks as if it did," said the detective, warmly, and the colonel being now ready the two gentleman got into

their hansom and drove off.

It was scarcely half an hour afterward that there was a hasty pull at the door bell. Mrs. Walsingham was tired, and had gone to bed, and the household had followed her example. The butler alone was still up, busy with the silver in his pantry.

"Why, master's forgotten his latch key!" he cried, hurrying to the door; "it's lucky for me he's come back so early!"

But it was not Col. Walsingham who stood in the doorway—it was Mr. Sawder.

"Sorry to trouble you, my man," he said, speaking very fast, and slipping a shilling into Bailey's hand; "but I left some important papers behind me, which I was showing to Colonel and Mrs. Walsingham. Will you give them to me?"

"Papers, sir? I haven't seen any."

"But they must be here," cried Mr. Sawder, looking very worried. "The fact is—I daresay Mrs. Walsingham told you—these papers have to do with the Fenton Court robbery. We nabbed the man and his swag this afternoon, and the owner's coming up to-morrow. So you see the papers are awfully important."

"Of course, they must be," said the butler, unbending from his solemn dignity on the instant. "Well, I'll just light a taper and see if they are anywhere in the dining room. I may have overlooked them, but I don't think I have."

The detective followed him into the dining room and helped in the search, but no papers were found, and he grew more and more anxious.

"I tell you what it is," he began, in a vexed tone, "Mrs. Walsingham must have noticed them directly we had gone, and, knowing their importance, must have locked them up somewhere. Now, if you can get them for me to-night I'll not forget you."

Bailey's kindness, or his affection for the prospective coin, made him consent, after a little demur, to do what he could.

"I'll go up stairs and call up one of the women servants," he said, "and then send her to ask Mrs. Walsingham. I'll shout up to the under housemaid," he added; "she'll come like winking, when she hears my voice."

It took longer to get the housemaid to come down, however, than the butler had anticipated, but at last she had gone off on her embassy, and had brought her mistress' answer to Bailey, patiently waiting on the upper landing.

"I am sorry, sir," he began, as he descended the last flight of stairs, "but Mrs. Walsingham hasn't seen your papers."

Then he stopped short. The rosy tints fled from his well nourished face, and a bilious hue took possession of that broad expanse.

The street door was open and Mr. Sawder had disappeared.

"A do," murmured Bailey, faintly; "a real old do."

He thought of his plate, and almost breathed again as he remembered that he had deposited it in the plate chest and turned the key before he had let the insidious stranger in.

"Depend upon it, he's only gone off with master's umbrella," he said, trying to reassure himself.

The next moment he struck his hands wildly together and rushed into the colonel's study. When he came to it he was perfectly pale. The colonel's fur coat, for which he had paid eighty guineas only a few weeks back, was there where to be found.

The detective of Scotland Yard had meanwhile fled, with police alacrity, to Col. Walsingham's account of what had happened.

"A clean shaven man with gray eyes, you say?"

"Yes," was the answer. "He gave the name of Sawder—Fred Sawder."

"Fred Sawder! The man was James Carter, alias Sleepy Jim, the cleverest rogue in the United Kingdom, as I happy to say I am not. I am afraid you will never see your fur coat again, sir."

And he was right, for the colonel never did. But one result of his lady experience was that he completely changed his views of criminals.

"It is not that the public is so stupid," he was often heard to say, "it is those scamps who are so terribly clever."—*Argosy.*

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Actor—None whatever.

Manager—Then how am I to know that you are experienced in all these parts?

Actor—I will prove it to you—here (assuming a fierce expression—on, give the black mic che).

Manager—All right, you're engaged.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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State of Zacatecas, Mexico.
Venezuelan capitalists have secured the concession for operating this
LOTTERY,
and will extend its business throughout the United States and British Columbia.
Now will be found a list of prizes which will be drawn on
JULY 26, 1890,
AT ZACATECAS, MEXICO,
and continued monthly thereafter.
CAPITAL PRIZE $150,000.00
100,000 Tickets at $10.; Halves, $5.; Tenths, $1; American Currency.
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1 PRIZE OF	$150,000 is		$150,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is		50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is		25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are		20,000
2 PRIZES OF	5,000 are		10,000
5 PRIZES OF	2,000 are		10,000
10 PRIZES OF	1,000 are		10,000
10 PRIZES OF	500 are		10,000
100 PRIZES OF	200 are		40,000
300 PRIZES OF	150 are		45,000
500 PRIZES OF	100 are		50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
100 PRIZES OF	$150 are		$22,500
100 PRIZES OF	100 are		15,000
100 PRIZES OF	50 are		7,500
999 Terminal Prizes of	50 are		49,950
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TIME TABLE.
Adopted May 11, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
12:25 p. m. daily, No 10, Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8, the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:46 p. m. daily, but does not stop.
1:45 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.
6:54 p. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:48 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accomodation.
8:47 a. m. daily, No. 3, Pacific Exdress for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.
1:51 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.
8:21 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.
Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or
GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.
W. C. RINEARSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R.
T. C. PLATT, Receiver.
WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	...	2.15 pm
" Allentown	8.38 a. m.	...	2.53 pm
" Bolivar	9.05 a. m.	...	3.20 pm
" Ceres	9.33 a. m.	...	3.48 pm
" Eldred	10.05 a. m.	...	4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford	11.35 a. m.	...	5.30 pm

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15 a. m.	...	2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a m.	...	4.25 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m.	...	5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m.	...	5.25 p m
" Allentown	11.43 a m.	...	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a m.	...	6.30 p m

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E. H. Socwell's Trip Through Dixie.

Hewitt Springs has no depot as yet, but the railway company have agreed to put in proper side tracks and erect a depot. A large tract of land has been bought by Seventh Day Baptists at this point and the village of Hewitt Springs laid out within the limits of the tract. The design is, of course, to have the village chiefly if not exclusively denominational. They are distant from the Mississippi river on the west 50 miles and from the Pearl river on the east 20 miles, and situated about 465 feet above sea level. All the country is heavily wooded, the farms having been hewed out of standing timber. Besides pine, the oak, beech, hickory, cypress, pecan, poplar, magnolia, sweet and black gum flourish all through southern Mississippi, and everywhere are found saw mills and planing mills which not only supply the local demand for lumber but send long train-loads north daily. Lumber in this region sells for $4 to $6 per thousand feet for common boards and $8 to $12 for clear dressed lumber.

The soil is not rich like our Iowa prairie soil, but is capable of yielding abundant crops when properly cultivated. Cotton is the chief product, but corn does well also. Potatoes are raised to a great extent and I am told they always sell for $1 or more per bushel. Sugar cane is raised extensively, and good syrup and sugar manufactured from it. All kinds of fruit grow well in all this country, in short it is the fruit growers' paradise. The matter of education receives very little attention through the portion of the south we visited, unless it may be in the towns. We saw all the country from Cairo to Beauregard by daylight, and we looked diligently for schoolhouses and churches but saw none whatever outside of the towns and very few even there. Still there are colleges and other schools scattered through the country. We had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Mr. J. F. Conner (colored), who is at the head of the colored high school at Dyersburg, Tenn.; also Mr. E. D. Miller, principal of State Normal at Holly Springs, Miss. From them we learned considerable of the low state of educational matters in the South.

The inhabitants of the towns are mostly well dressed and courteous, but blacks and whites alike in the rural districts seem very ignorant and in abject poverty.

In our rambles among the many large cotton plantations we saw very few if any horses in use. The cotton and other crops are cultivated almost exclusively with mules and the old, old one shovel plows such as were used a hundred years ago by our grand-sires, while the hoeing is done with the proverbial "nigger hoe," a clumsy, awkward hoe which in some cases at least weighs less than ten pounds. Hogs, called "hawgs," run at random everywhere and commit all sorts of depredations. They do not resemble our western Poland China breeds in the least, but belong to the "hazel splitters" from way back. Many humorous remarks were made by our fellow-travelers on the train about the "hawgs" we saw. One man declared that he saw a hog in one town whose ham was as thick as his hand, but some of his friends questioned the statement. Another man said he saw a hog which if lifted up by his ears his head would balance the rest of the body. None of us questioned this man's veracity. Another remarked that it would take three Tennessee hogs to cast a good shadow. Cattle run at large the year round in southern Mississippi, and many of them never get a pound of hay or grain during winter, and come out in spring looking fairly well.

After all, with the advantages and disadvantages of the South, we rather liked many parts of it, and believe that good homes, with plenty to eat and wear, are waiting for those who go there as permanent settlers.

We had designed to return home through Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri, but sickness at home caused us to return by the shortest route, which was the way we went into Dixie. When we enter another Iowa winter with frost, snow, high wind and the thermometer at 30° below zero, we shall call to mind our trip to Dixie and quite likely shall wish ourselves below Cairo instead of below zero. E. H. SOCWELL.

GARWIN, Iowa.

COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Prof. James Baxter of Friendship has under training a company of colored people of that village, who are to compose the Baptist choir in the near future.

The proposition to bond the village of Franklinville for $32,000 for a water system was carried last Thursday by a vote of 95 to 34. The citizens of Franklinville will never regret their enterprise in voting for water works.

Hornellsville young men are trying to organize a military company to belong to the State National Guards. Gen. N. M. Crane and Hon. M. N. Acker are interesting themselves in the project, and are confident of having the company accepted by the State.

The committee canvassing Friendship for the purpose of ascertaining the number of children not attending Sunday School, found a family of seven youngsters who had never heard of that institution. A little missionary work at home is not out of place.—*Register.*

Sheriff Garwood of Angelica purchased a colt from Lott Bennett of Canaseraga last Spring. He commenced to break the colt recently and was agreeably surprised to find that he had become possessed of a fine pacer. One day last week the colt paced a mile in 2:30. The Sheriff paid $120 for the colt and refused $1,200 for it last week.

A steam thresher, which was at work on the Enos Smith farm on Col. Bill's creek three miles from Canisteo, set fire to the straw Thursday and burned three barns. One was packed full of pressed hay and another of loose hay and grain. A stack was also burned. The grain included 250 bushels of wheat. The separator was drawn out of the barn and saved. The property destroyed was a total loss.

Lieutenant Governor Jones had a narrow escape from drowning last week. While driving near Binghamton he decided to drive through the creek instead of over the bridge. The current was quite rapid and the water much deeper than the Lieutenant Governor thought and he soon found himself completely submerged. He had to make a long and vigorous struggle before he was enabled to reach shallow water.

A Buffalo man has invented an automatic alarm for railroad crossings in the country. By the action of a train approaching the crossing a bell is rung, a flag is waved and a light is flashed. What is most wanted is some sort of a hand-of-providence attachment for locomotives that will lift a deaf man who persists in walking on the railroad tracks out of the way without mussing up the cowcatcher or making the engineer feel bad.

Naples, a small village on the shores of Canandaigua lake, was treated to a shower of fire during a heavy rain storm last week. A report was heard resembling a sharp clap of thunder and a moment later a shower of live coals, as it is generally described by the villagers, fell. The coals sputtered and were extinguished by the falling rain. The only theory advanced to explain this curious phenomenon is that a meteor burst over the village and the red-hot fragments were scattered promiscously about.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Done in Faith.

Just one good deed! and though others ne'er know it,
~~Angels will carry it up to the throne;~~
At the hereafter Christ's record will show it.
"Fed thou the hungry? Come hither, my own."

Just one kind word! and though others ne'er guess it,
Angels will chant it at vespers to-night:
At the hereafter, Christ's promise will bless it.
"Cheered thou the weary? Stand thou on my right."

Just one sharp struggle! though no eyes behold it,
Though to the world we have grievously failed;
At the hereafter, when angels have told it,
Christ's voice will answer, "Thy faith has prevailed."

Put Yourself in Her Place.

We often wonder how many men have really tried to put themselves in a woman's place. Fancy a man brought to trial before a court composed entirely of women! Fancy a man going, year after year, to pay his taxes when he was denied representation! Fancy him bearing, year after year, the burden of work for the churches with no voice in their councils! Fancy him sitting quietly listening to the average Fourth of July speech, declaring this to be a government of the people, when he knew half of the people were disfranchised! Can any one imagine a man in such a situation holding his peace, and would any one respect him for a moment if he did? Yet he has no more at stake in the government than woman has. It involves his dearest interests, but so it does hers. She is equally amenable with him to every law. Who is more concerned than woman in every law affecting the home, property, marriage and divorce, and who has a greater stake in war? In short, though woman cannot raise her finger to change the law, she is not therefore exempt. The law does not let her alone. It interferes in all her affairs at every step from the cradle to the grave.—*Woman's Standard.*

A wine glass is never right side up until it is upside down.

A saloon can no more be run without using up boys, than a flour mill without wheat, or a saw mill without logs. The only question is, Whose boys?

Says the Christian father to the Christian mother, "Bring up our son so that he will never want to enter a saloon." Says the Christian mother to the Christian father, "That is rather hard when you vote to license the saloon to tempt him."

Postmaster John Wanamaker made this good temperance speech to his Philadelphia Bible class not long ago: "The drunkard who votes for prohibition is a freer man than the total abstainer who carries water on both shoulders and then votes for liquor, or to put it in the harness of high license. Just as the saloon keeper must answer for every glass he sells, so we must answer for voting for liquor. It is simply a question of whether or not we are in favor of the saloon. It isn't a question of high license. The quibble that prohibition does not prohibit has nothing to do with it. The law against stealing does not prevent stealing. The same power that put the amendment on our Constitution will attend to the enforcement of the law. It is our duty to make it as difficult to get liquor as it is to get poison."

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