

Suggested by the rest of a present of a human...
The man in the street...
And transported in a...
And when he is in the...
For jorden is a hard road to travel...
When I received this present of a...
These roles on glorious stun and keep a roll...
On like some great locomotive in the sky...
And when I've done you up to the hilt...
A sharpening the knife, I'll reaper the times...
And when I can afford the...
Endeavor to protect another...
For jorden is a hard road to travel...
Yes, Hale glories still, glory's gristmill...
I should add, for in this...
Use the proper terms; bite, agonize...
Of an age which has passed a long time ago...
For jorden is a hard road to travel...
If there's a tick now in this gristmill in any...
By the way...

IMPERATOR STORY

"DON'T URGE HIM, HE'S GOT A WIFE AND FAMILY!"

It was Saturday night. Another week of toil and anxiety had rolled away...
The dark cheer of the past. All over our city the din of labor hushed...
We dearly love Saturday night. It brings a feeling of relief, a consciousness that for one day, at least, worldly cares and responsibilities can be laid aside...
Glad that one week's duty was ended, we walked slowly down the street, passing every face men and boys, who, with their tin dinner-buckets swinging lightly in their hands, thronged along the side-walk...
The stores and shops were all illuminated, and as we came to the corner of Third and Vine streets, a pale, cadaverous little man was lighting the street lamp...
Lamp-lighters are curious looking men—they have a ghastly, supernatural appearance, and as they fit silently from lamp to lamp, one might aptly moralize upon the duty...
We noticed, too, that the "coffee-houses" were thronged that evening. They do a good business on a Saturday night. Men who have been sober all the week, are wont to drink then...
Well, then, every "grog-shop" that we passed had a crowd about its "bar," and the light flashed gaily upon an array of tempting and newly filled decanters...
"Come, boys let's go in and take something!" "I'm in," answered the youngest of the party; "come on, Bill!"

"But the man addressed as 'Bill' did not seem willing to go, though he glanced longingly towards the brilliant bar-room...
"Non sense! come along; it's Saturday night, you know," urged his friend...
"Come, boys let's go in and take something!" "I'm in," answered the youngest of the party; "come on, Bill!"

"But a glass of old Bourbon will do you—" At this instant, the man who had accepted the speaker's invitation so readily, approached him, and whispered—
"Come, boys let's go in and take something!" "I'm in," answered the youngest of the party; "come on, Bill!"

"Well," continued the tempter, "if you don't want anything, stay here until Tom and I come out." And into the "saloon," they went...
We paused a few moments to notice the man who had refused to join his friends in a glass of poison...
"Come, boys let's go in and take something!" "I'm in," answered the youngest of the party; "come on, Bill!"

"Yes, that was the mystic chain which bound him. It was the strong spell that banished alcohol with all its terrors and its troubles from his lips...
"Come, boys let's go in and take something!" "I'm in," answered the youngest of the party; "come on, Bill!"

"Even his companion thought of this. He most have known the appetite was strong and not easily satisfied...
"Come, boys let's go in and take something!" "I'm in," answered the youngest of the party; "come on, Bill!"

THE AGITATOR

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

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In toil, joins him in...
A halo of hope round his path, and stimulates him in every duty...
Whenever we rise to walk the whole body, the trunk, head and extremities should be thrown into a universal but gentle tension...
Put these cigars into boxes 10 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 3 inches high—100 to the box—it would require 4,000,000,000 boxes...
This is a positive injury to the body to exercise when it is toneless, lax, flaccid and careless...
We here find an explanation of the opposite views of different individuals respecting the advantages arising from walking...
A second rule of great value in walking is, that the body (if not the spirit) must be perfectly erect...
As an aid to this position, the eye should not strike the ground for many rods in the distance; the sight should run horizontally; this will prevent the head from drooping, the trunk from bending, and the joints from being lax and weak.

How to Walk.
It is well to know how to do everything well. Walking is one art which we have to learn as well as other things...
Whenever we rise to walk the whole body, the trunk, head and extremities should be thrown into a universal but gentle tension...
Put these cigars into boxes 10 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 3 inches high—100 to the box—it would require 4,000,000,000 boxes...
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How much Tobacco is Used.
The present annual production of tobacco is estimated to be 4,000,000,000 pounds—four billions of pounds! This is all smoked, chewed, or snuffed...
Put these cigars into boxes 10 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 3 inches high—100 to the box—it would require 4,000,000,000 boxes...
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HUMOROUS SKETCHES

Out of 'O's' BY SIDNEY L. STODDARD.

I am about to impart to you, gentle reader, in confidence, a misfortune of an unusual character, an incident that will make you smile as it fell to my lot, but would have made you laugh on the other side of your mouth if you had yourself been its victim...
There is a certain journal in circulation, dedicated expressly to the theatre and the movements of the stage, the columns of which are filled with theatrical advertisements, and the dramatic persons of each representation...
Put these cigars into boxes 10 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 3 inches high—100 to the box—it would require 4,000,000,000 boxes...
This is a positive injury to the body to exercise when it is toneless, lax, flaccid and careless...
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As an aid to this position, the eye should not strike the ground for many rods in the distance; the sight should run horizontally; this will prevent the head from drooping, the trunk from bending, and the joints from being lax and weak.

"What's the matter now, pray?" "A parcel of worthless scum." "What do you mean?" "Theives." "Where are you driving?" "People without delicacy, honor or principle!" "How now?" "Enemies of the press." "Godd heaven! what is the matter?" "Iconoclasts of thought, vandals who set their faces against the march of mind." "For mercy's sake, explain." "They have clandestinely, surreptitiously, feloniously and burglariously introduced themselves into the printing office—and stolen all the 'o's out of the case!" "The case of 'o's'?" "What, every one?" "They haven't left 'o's enough to set one." "What is to be done?" "Why every time an 'o' occurs you must put another letter in its place, at hap-hazard. We must rely upon the subject of the words to make out the sense." "A precious affair we shall make of it, I fear, sir."

Women on Liquor.

The women seem determined to put the liquor-sellers through, Maine Law or no Maine Law. In Newcastle, Henry Co., we believe there were recently intimations thrown out of a purpose to "dry" the traffic up by some means, fair or forcible, but we have not learned what has been done further...
For a while the women, like the old man with the boy that "hooked" his apples, were willing to use mild measures; but recently it seems, finding that "better threats nor petitions will do; they have determined to see what virtue there is in "stones," hatchets and force. The most recent case of this kind came off on Wednesday in Centerville, in this State...
For some days, we are told, there had been afloat suspicions of such a purpose. The women had tried all appeals and arguments to induce the dealers to quit, but in vain, and resolved at last that they would take the law into their own hands—the worst possible use to which the law can be put, bad as it proverbially is to meddle with. So a committee of them hired a wagon, and went down to the establishment of the principal dealer, and, after some talk, either forced or induced him to get into the wagon with them, along with all the liquor barrels the wagon would hold, and taking the same to the Court-House-square, knocked, not the man, but the barrels in the head, and turned the liquor into the gutter—a capital place for it.

Presence of Mind.

A thief entered a house in Sterling, Conn., on Saturday last, while the family were at church, and was discovered searching drawers, &c., by a little lad of the family. The rogue threatened the boy's life if he didn't tell where the money was; but the youngster shrewdly replied—"Mebbe it's jest out, and father's coming up the road; he'll tell yer—he knows better than I do." The thief, somehow or other, was not inclined to wait...
Presence of Mind. Western bank robber up to his friend—Charley, can you give the change for a dollar? I see the Bank Superintendent is in town, and I want some specie in the vault to make a show.

Some Fanny Things Will Happen in Meeting.

A few evenings since, a widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh! thou knowest what is the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A m-a-n!" responded a brother, in a broad accent. It was wicked, but we are quite sure that several grave members smiled on the occasion.—Toledo Blade...
"How is your husband dear?" asked one lady of another. "O, he's in a very bad state," was the reply. "And pray what kind of a state is he in?" persisted the other. "In the States Prison."

Another Puzzle for the Gossips.

A Boston paper adds a new chapter to the curiosities of history. The legend reads as follows: The late Capt. Joseph Beck, so long keeper of the Long Island Light on our harbor, on his death-bed, last summer, disclosed to his family that he was a son of Gustavus, 111, King of Sweden, and a younger brother of that remarkable knight errant of a King the late Gustavus IV. An unknown person, who had been seen at various times to regard him with great interest, and who was present at the time of his death, left, in the next European steamer for Sweden. Within a short time, the only daughter of Capt. Beck, an intelligent and accomplished lady, now the wife of Abel T. Hayden, one of the pilots in our harbor, has been sent for from a high quarter in that country, and supplied with funds for the voyage, to be restored to the possession of property and titles belonging to her father, which were confiscated at the time when his brother, Gustavus IV, was dethroned. Mr. Hayden and his wife, it is said, will take their departure for Sweden in a few days.

The life and character of Capt. Beck give a strong tinge of dramatic property, if not probability, to this curious rumor. He was a stout, hale, athletic man, who always lived as befitted an exiled King, but maintained a reserve, as to his personal history, which amounted to mystery. All anybody knew of his origin was that he served on board the old frigate Constitution, under Commodore Bainbridge, in the early part of the War of 1812, and was sometimes strangely honored by the Commodore, by being taken on shore with him in his gig, while his officers were left standing on deck; that he afterwards sailed as master in a brig named the Gustavus Adolphus, to St. Bartholomew, and that for more than thirty years he was keeper of the Long Island Light, seldom leaving his post, where, at last, he died, at an age which is supposed to be about 70.

It is proper to remark that in all the chronicles of Sweden we have been able to consult, Gustavus IV is mentioned as the only son of Gustavus III, at the time when the latter perished so tragically in a ball-room, by the dagger of Ankerstrom. He was born in 1778, the first fruit of a marriage which took place twelve years earlier. It is, however, recorded that on the 25th of August, 1782, the queen gave birth to a Prince, who was named Charles Gustavus, and declared Duke of Smolande; and that he died on the 26th of March, 1783. A person moderately given to suspicion may easily see that the royal parents, in the days when perils began to thicken around their ancient line, with a presentiment of what was to happen in 1792 and 1809, transplanted their tender offspring to another nursery and introduced into the royal one some dead plebeian baby to mystify the chronicles. If such a thing were done, perhaps amid the troubles which afterward befel legitimacy, this disguised scion of 'o' was sent to the United States to be kept safe until he was needed; just as some worldly fore-sighted people, while they make the most of the present, lay up treasure in heaven by building a church; and this accounts for all we have said in regard to Capt. Beck!

Russian Serfdom.

Among the limitations of Russian serfdom in which it is different from the chattel slavery of the United States: 1. The master cannot sell the serf without the land on which the serf lives. 2. Families cannot be separated; and the unmarried children, after the death of parents, constitute a family. 3. The master's power over the body of the serf extends not to maiming, or perilling life. 4. The master cannot require the serf to marry contrary to his own choice and affections. 5. He is entitled to the labor of only three days in the week, and cannot require labor on the Sabbath, or on high festivals. 6. Serfs cannot be held except by the nobility and certain privileged classes and persons. 7. They cannot be held except in proportion to the master's property in land; there being required for each serf the possession by the master of twenty acres. These provisions of the Russian law render serfdom, bad and oppressive as it is, a condition entirely different from that of chattel slavery. The slave market, the coffee, the bonds, the "innocent toil, the concubinage, are unknown; and the serf population live in villages, have homes which are homes to them, have more than half their time to themselves, and, except for military service, enjoy the most precious of boons, security. Turn Ovid's said to destroy the attraction of the magnet. Also of the ladies.

Roman Roads.

In many things the world has made no progress, as the excavations of Egypt and Pompeii attest. There are no roads in the world now that will compare with those of ancient Rome. Even our best street pavements hold no comparison with them. The Appian way which was made three hundred years before the birth of Christ, ran from Rome to Capua, about 140 miles, and part of it was through the Pontine marshes. Nine hundred years after its construction, it was described by Procopius as showing no appearance of waste or ruin. It is described as composed of large square blocks of free stone, so well fitted as to show no joint, the whole looking like one stone. The bed, upon which the road was laid, was of cement. Parts of this road are still sound, and bid fair to remain. The Flaminian Way, made 190 years before Christ, was of this kind. It was 180 miles long. The Russ pavement which is seen in Broadway, New York, and the cubical block pavements of our city, seem to be contrived by the pavers with an eye to encroaching the trade by future repairs and renewals. The old Romans would have saved the expense of cutting up hard stone into little blocks. The larger they could get them the more they knew they would resist displacement, and of course the longer they would endure. When we come up to the wisdom of the old Romans, we shall also have ways that will cease to tax this generation for repairs. Besides the effective power of the horse would be greatly increased, the terrible noise would be lessened, and the mud reduced. There is a short sample of the kind of Street way that meets but fancy in Custom House Street Block, running from Front to Dock street below the Exchange. One look at it will make a convert of every viator.—Phila. Ledger.

Law of Compensation.

Human labor, through all its forms, says Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his Essay on Compensation, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an empire, is one immense illustration of the perfect composition of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is subtle. The absolute balance of give and take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing, but something else is to be obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of States, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. What are the boys say they don't bring upon the size of their babies, but on the certainty of the crop.

An Experiment.

The philosopher, one warm summer day, was in the fields, chipping off pieces of bark and looking at green-leaves, and talking about their families and other relations. Looking at birds and telling their genus and popular names, catching grasshoppers, and giving learned lectures on their habits, assuring his hearers that it was not real molasses voided from their mouths; and doing sundry and diverse other sagacious things that are hardly material to the story, when he was struck all aback by seeing something lying beneath a wall which he at once denominated a new species of the snapping turtle. The animal was evidently asleep, as his head and legs were not visible. The philosopher was delighted with his discovery, inasmuch as it would form a grand addition to his lecture on the terrapin, with which he was about to electrify the class in Natural History of the Hamtown Academy, where he was president, and several of his pupils were present.

"He don't seem inclined to put his head out," said the philosopher, poking him with a stick. "Suppose we put a coal of fire on his back?" suggested one of the boys. "That would be effective," said the professor, "but it would be inhuman. We should not be cruel to animals; but under the circumstances, I think we will try it. It has been said that on the application of fire the animal will leave his shell, and the experiment is certainly worth testing. Run over where they are burning brush yonder, and bring a brand, while I watch that he doesn't run away." The boys ran for the brand, while the philosopher seated himself upon a log to see that the animal did not escape. It remained quiet until they returned. The philosopher took the brand and after informing them what to do when the animal run, in order to secure it, he touched the live coal to the back of the turtle but it did not move.

"Look a-here," said a farmer, looking over the wall, who had been attracted by the boys running with the firebrand, "you don't think that's a turtle, do you? Why is the top crust of a rye-and-injun loaf that we had out here for lunch yesterday, and you may put fire on it till doomsday, and you cannot make it move." "Boys," said the philosopher, "the worst are at times deceived, and I would rather that this story would not transpire." But when he came to deliver his lecture on terrapins, with the new species omitted, the whole class laughed as if they all knew something about the matter.

A Smart Dog.

A friend of ours has a dog, which used to be very smart. He says— "There wasn't anything in all Kentuck that could begin with him; 'cept none. One day we started a bar, a regular snorter. He put right straight off, and the dog after him, an' I brought up in the rear. They were soon out of sight, but I follered on for a mile or so, and came out at last on a clearing, where was a log hut an' a feller sitting down an' smoking his pipe as comfortable as possible." "Did you see anything of a dog an' a barf going by here?" sez I to the feller. "Yes, I did," sez he. "Wal, how was it?" sez I. "Wal," sez he, taking his pipe out, an' drawing his coat across his face, "it war about nip an' tug, though I think the dog had a little the advantage." "How was that?" sez I. "Wal, he was a trifle ahead!"

How to FIND ONE'S RELATIONS.—An old man named Raddieburn, in New York, becoming apprehensive that he had not a single relation in the world, published an advertisement desiring that all who could claim kindred with the Raddieburn family should come forward, as there was a fortune of \$150,000 to be divided among them; and in less than 24 hours he was visited by no less than six aunts, nineteen uncles, twenty-nine nephews, ninety-four nieces, and one hundred and seventy-five cousins.

Mr. Jones, after having spent an evening over his bowl, went home a little "how come you so." He was fortunate enough to find his better half asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration, he thought it would be policy to turn over lest his breath should betray him; when Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world, said: "Jones you needn't turn over your's drunk clear through."

"Ours ours."—One hour lost in the sleeping by lying in bed, will put back, and may frustrate all the business of the day. One hole left in the fence will cost ten times as much as to fix it at once. One bad habit indulged in or submitted to, will sink your power of self-government as quickly as one leak will sink a ship. One drinker will keep a whole family poor and in trouble. One sinner destroyeth much good.

"Ours, Jamie, did ye ever hear of my powerful spache afore the Hibernia Society?" "No, Pa, how should I, for sure I wasn't on the ground." "Well, Jamie, you see I was called on by the Hibernian Society for a spache; and be jabers, I rose with the enthusiastic cheers of thousands, with my heart overflowing with gratitude, and my eyes filled with tears and divil the word did I spake at all." A letter from Gov. Reeder is published, in which he says that Kansas territory, which as it has been commended, has been undervalued. He describes it as possessing an unusually fertile soil and abundance of game, and advises all classes of building mechanics to emigrate thither. Hard times produce one good thing. They check gossiping. Mrs. Clinker has only "had company" once since last summer. The consequence is, that the neighbors' characters stand higher than they have done for the last five years. Don't you remember old Tower, dear Kato! Old Tower, so shaggy and kind? How he used to lay, day and night by the gate. And seize interlopers behind! Gen. Grant's "of the medical profession in some parts of the country, are now familiarly called "Snipes," from the inconceivable length of their bills.