

When married by the care of life... And by its full expression...

THE AGITATOR

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One of the most curious cases that ever came under my observation... I met with a young man...

In two weeks Kate Sinclair died. She was a beautiful girl, just verging into womanhood...

As soon as I could get away from my workmen I hastened to the widow's house...

I answered her that I had only the most grateful emotions toward her, and that only a heavy press of business had prevented me from calling upon her...

"Before you see Eliza I must tell you all. Since our dear Kate died we have been very intimate with the new sect, and I will not deny that they have had much influence over us...

"But this is not the worst. Three weeks ago last night she says her sister appeared to her and told her that on the eighteenth of this month she would die. This warning has been repeated, and Eliza says it must be so...

"I pondered awhile, and then asked in what shape she fancied her sister had come. "She thinks she saw her in a dream..."

"I understood the matter now, and asked to see the patient. I found her in bed, and though she was worked upon by mental hallucination alone, yet she was absolutely dying..."

"I found the tongue perfectly natural, and all the functions free from derangement. The clock was running down, that was all. The pulse was regular but very faint, and I easily discovered that the whole vital organization was gradually going out like a smouldering fire..."

COBB, STURROCK & CO. WELLSBORO, PA.

Ab, she replied with a faint smile. "I don't think you are one thing very much, you are just about nothing enough to let you jump—let me see."

"I don't know about that," said I. "I very much doubt the truth of anything which directly contravenes God's own laws."

"I bade her good bye, and she went to her room. She was a beautiful girl, and as good as she was beautiful; and I meant to save her if I could."

"Can you keep a perfect control over the tongues of those who go into her room today and to-morrow?" I asked.

"I was just in time," she said. "When I entered her room the first thing she asked for was a glass of lemonade. So I went out, and having remained about as long as it would have taken me to make it, I carried in the drink you fixed, and she drank it all down without a suspicion—and I had it well stirred up, too."

"Very well," said I, hopefully, for I believed the hardest part was done; "now mark me: To-day is Friday—and it is now three o'clock. Eliza will not wake up to-morrow afternoon—and if she is kept perfectly quiet she will sleep eight-and-twenty hours. Be sure that no one goes to her room save yourself—have the apartment kept fresh, but don't let any current of air strike her—have no noise about the house—and have your porter and groom keep a strict watch, that no racket may be made outside. I will be here to-morrow when she awakes."

"I thought I left my gloves here. Ah—yes—here they are. I missed them as soon as I got out."

Did you ever go into "The Cave of the Winds" at Niagara? That's a "bait" to talk of...

But now we are standing on the cliffs above, and to get down we enter at the top of a round tower, by which you descend a narrow spiral staircase, wondering after a while if there is any bottom to it...

Down a rude flight of steps, holding on like death to the single banister doubtfully fastened on the inner side. A good jerk you think, would break it down, and send you whirling into the foaming gulf. I was reminded of the boys trying the ice on a mill pond...

After a few moments' rest, you clamber through a crevice under magnificent showers. Here is another board with a single banister, and holding on with the consciousness that your life is in that grasp, you crawl and drag yourself out on the rocks at the foot of either division of this mighty fall...

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—The fact we are about to relate, has the very rare merit of truth, combined with the pleasant excitement of the wonderful; so states the Philadelphia Evening Journal:

Some months ago a friend of ours purchased a number of picture frames, tastefully made of acorns, and handsomely stained and varnished, which he placed in his library at his country-home. The ensuing season he and his family departed on a rather distant tour, and for some months the country house remained closed and unattended...

Though you were there but for a few minutes, you will never forget it, and the probability is that you will never make the venture again.—National Magazine.

To Young Men.—Young man save that penny; pick up that pin; let that account be correct to a farthing; find out what that bit of ribbon costs; before you say you will take it; pay that half dime your friend handed you to make change with; in a word be economical, be accurate; know what you are doing; be honest, and then be generous; for all you have of acquire thus, belongs to you by every rule of right; and you may put it to any good use you please.

My dearest wife in the world.—I was made the happiest of husbands by the receipt this evening of your sweet letter. I am glad to hear that you continue well. On my part I am well, with the exception of a slight headache, which I hope will go off by to-morrow.

My sister is afflicted with a bad tooth-ache, in addition to a mild form of neuralgia. It is, therefore, not in her power to attend to your wishes about the new hoops; but as soon as my health permits, I will send them to Miss C. Mrs. A., who you know, keeps a millinery shop over against our store, is very sick; she is hourly attacked with convulsions, occasioned by a rush of blood to the head. She owes my partner fifty dollars. I have no doubt she will pay the bill immediately on its delivery.

My dearest wife.—Why on earth don't you answer my last letter? Where have you been all this while? Have you run off with another man? I am very uneasy about you. Why don't you write, you careless wife! I have kept well since the date of my last, maugre the excessive heat.

My dearest wife.—I was roasted alive. I was roasted alive. I was roasted alive. I was roasted alive. I was roasted alive.

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Self Support. Arches of brick or stone are always built upon a foundation of wood, which is supported by a row of posts...

Does any man detect in this a moral, applicable to his own character and the training to which he has been subjected? Has he been reared in luxury and ease, and sheltered and protected by his parents and friends? Does he lean on his friends and seem inclined to avoid responsibility, and live under the guidance of others; and be secured from danger in his course? If so let him knock out the supports and leave the arch to settle down upon its own bearings, and become self supporting.

Now to the letters, they were written to the writer's wife during her visit to her mother in the valley of the Juniata. June 30th, 1856.

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