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THE AGITATOR.

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

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"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Selected Miscellany.
OLD ROGER JOHNSON.
 BY PAUL GRAYTON.

"Ten cents, ten cents!" murmured old Roger Johnson, fumbling the bit of silver in his palm. "Ten cents," he replied childishly, a feeble smile flitting over his lips, with a sickly glare on his haggard features; "tish'n' much, but it will buy my supper—breakfast, dinner, supper, all in one—and God be thankful for that—God be thankful for that!"

His words died away to an inaudible whisper, and hugging his tattered garment around him, he tottered along the street.

It was the close of a rude winter's day.—The evening dusk had fallen, and a few flakes of snow fluttered down out of the dark gray clouds that floated over the city. As old Roger picked his way carefully across the icy slabs, a gay young lamplighter passed on his evening round, set his ladder against a post close by, mounted smartly, and touched with a match the eager jet of gas, which cast a yellow radiance all around the old man's feet.

"Ha!" said Roger, with a ghost of a laugh flitting airily from his numb, cold lips, "that's a good omen. Light, light, gold light, too, all over my poor old ragged shoes! So in my life I've been groping, though Heaven knows I capered as gaily as any youth afterwards—till now the cold winter night's setting in, and it's as powerful dark before me—so dark and chill and threatening! But there will come a gleam soon—just like this which brightens all around me—and—and—"

The old man was mumbling again—with a sort of childish, dreamy glee, when setting his foot incautiously upon a clod of ice, he slipped and fell helplessly upon the frozen ground.

"Hallo, old man—you're hurt?" cried a merry school boy.

"He's down there looking after pins," laughed another, sliding by, with a sled at his rear.

The boys passed on and the old man struggled to regain his feet. But he was feeble and rheumatic, and the fall had well nigh shaken the life out of him. When he came a little to himself, he observed that a kind gentleman was assisting him with cheerful words.

"No! I am not much damaged," said Roger, gratefully. "Thank you, it wouldn't have been much matter if I had broken my neck. I ain't of much account in this world, nobody would miss old Roger Johnson."

"Have you far to go?" asked the stranger.

"Not to-night, thank Heaven. I live, of rather stay, right around the corner here, third door up the alley."

"Well, good night to you. Mind and keep your legs under you," cried the stranger.

Legs passed on, and the old man, dragging his shivering limbs into a provision shop on a corner, purchased a loaf of bread with the bit of silver to which he had clung tightly all the while, then creeping with unsteady steps into the alley, entered a dark, dilapidated door-way with his supper under his arm.

As he was stumbling up a dismal old staircase, a sharp feminine voice cried out to him from the door of the first landing.

"Is that you, Jonsson?"

"I suppose it is, though I sometimes more than half believe I am somebody else," replied the old man.

"Where does that light come from?" asked Roger. "Do you indulge in lamp light, for it is hardly dark, Mrs. Stone."

"Come in here, and you'll see? There you didn't expect such a fire as that; did you, Jonsson?"

"Bless you, woman, that I didn't! You are as warm as toast here. How jolly it is to see a stove all of a glow like that. Where did your coal come from?"

"O, said Mrs. Stone, "Sydney brought me three dollars to-day; and the children were all a shivering and chattering on the little wood fire, I took it into my head that these three dollars should go to getting us all warm once, if we were never warm again in our lives. So what did I do but get and order a quarter of a ton of coal; and the young ones have been as merry as crickets ever since.—They're quite content to go without their supper, so there's a good fire for them to huddle down by. Come in it's a free warm Johnson. As long as the coal lasts I want everybody to enjoy it that can. You shall sit with us this evening, your room is awful dreary, Jonsson."

The frozen tears thawed in the old man's eyes; but his voice was so choked that he could not express his thanks. Seating himself in an old rickety chair, he warmed his cold shins, and rubbed his shrivelled hands over the stove, patted the children's heads and ended by dividing the larger portion of his loaf among them, reserving but a scanty fragment for himself.

Mrs. Stone remonstrated against his generosity.

But the children seized upon the food so eagerly that the grateful old man declared with tears running down his cheeks, that it did him more good to see them eat, than to sit down and eat a most bountiful repast.

The meagre meal was soon concluded when heavy footsteps were heard upon the stairs. The poor woman's heart almost ceased to beat. She turned pale that the old man observed her change of countenance, even in that dim light.

"It is father!" whispered the children.

"At that moment an angry voice demanded, with an oath, why she did not hold a light."

"Hush," said Mrs. Stone, to the covering little one.

She opened the door, and presently a shabby, frost-bitten, middle-aged man came blustering into the room; it was the woman's husband, who, always, when he had money to spend, deserted his family for the grog-shop, and who returned to them for shelter.

He was a brutal, tyrannical man, though he had not always been so, in youth—and his appearance was the signal for general trouble and fear. It made poor old Roger Johnson's heart burn in his bosom to hear Jacob Stone demand money of his wife, and curse her because she had that day spent all their oldest son's earnings for fuel; and when the unfeeling father snatched from the hand of a sickly child, the crust that had been given to gnaw, the old man spoke out his indignation. This led to a sharp quarrel and he was driven, with oaths from the room.

Jacob slammed the door after him, and the feeble lodger creaked up to his cold and windy attic. He sighed as he sat there in the gloom, on the uninviting bed. The comfort he had just tasted made the present desolation more bitter by the contrast.

The old man huddled himself together with the tattered bed-clothing wrapped around him, and resting his elbows on his knees, wept and sobbed like a child. It seemed the darkest of all the dark, dark hours he had yet known. Always till now, he had some little ray of hope when the gloom was the thickest, but in the present anguish, nothing was left him but to die.

Once the old man started up and cursed himself for a fool. He was half-finished in a wintry garret; and the reflection that he had given away to the greedy ones of Jacob Stone, nearly the whole of his last loaf, fired him with indignation at his own folly.

"I deserve to starve," he muttered. "The world is all selfishness, and he who gives is a dull doer—let him suffer. But O! this hunger and cold! Have I deserved so much?"

There were others well fed and warmed that night. Roger thought of them; he saw happy families with smiling faces sitting around glowing hearths. Then he wept again—not now with envy or remorse. He thanked God that there was comfort in the world, though his lot was to suffer. He thought of the man who gave him the money that purchased the loaf; of him who lifted him up when he had fallen, and spoken kind words to him; of the good and patient Mrs. Stone, the mother of the children he had fed; and for all his hungry pangs, he felt richly compensated, in the consciousness of having done one self-forgetting charitable act, which made him, in spite of his poverty and rags, a brother to all the good and noble hearts that throb in human clay.

The old man's limbs meanwhile grew chill and numb; and he was wondering if it would be possible for him to get warm if he went to bed, when he heard a step on the stairs, and presently saw a light shining through the wide cracks around the door.

"Have you gone to bed, Johnson?"

"It was Mrs. Stone's voice, and the old man aroused himself to answer.

"No! I thought I'd try a sitting freeze first," said he, with a sad, playful humor.—"Anything wanted?"

"Yes," replied the woman. "There's a wren down stairs that wishes to see you."

"To see me?" echoed the astonished lodger, starting up. "You didn't mean me?"

Mrs. Stone did mean him indeed; and he hastened to shake the coverlid from his shoulders, and accompany her down stairs. All was quiet in her room, Jacob having fallen asleep by the stove, stupified by the fire.—The caller was waiting in the dark entry below; and the woman held the lamp while Roger went down to speak with him.

The old man was tremulous with the vague apprehension that something was going to happen to him; nor was this fear dissipated when in the person who took his hand and addressed him with kindly tones, he recognized the man who had so lately helped him to regain his footing in the slippery street.

"I was afraid I should not find you," said the visitor. "But from the time I left you, your words, 'Old Roger Johnson—around the corner, third door up the alley,' kept ringing in my ears, and I was finally compelled to come back and look for you."

"God bless you sir," said the shivering old man. "This is an honor I don't know how I have deserved; you must have made a great mistake."

"Not at all. I thought that you might be very poor, and in need of assistance."

"True, true, I am poor enough, but—"

Roger's voice failed him, and he began to shake again as with the ague.

"You are cold," said his new friend. "Come let's step into yonder shop and talk over matters."

Roger hesitated.

"They turn me out, sir, when I go there to get warm."

"They will not turn me out," replied the other. "Come along."

They entered a common refreshment saloon, and by the countenance and protection of his new friend, Roger was permitted to enjoy a seat by the stove.

"You look like a man who has seen hard times," observed the stranger.

"I have suffered almost everything sir," replied Johnson, in a subdued, unsteady tone. "I don't know why I am left to live."

"But you have some idea of happiness in store for you yet; no man is without that, you know."

"I sometimes dream of such a thing. I have hopes, I have hopes, sir—rainbow colored, some of 'em are too. But it's all delusion. My castles are built in the air, but they're forever falling down about my ears. I know what would make me happy, sir, but what's the use of talking? It's something I cannot have."

"Speak it out, friend Johnson," cried the stranger. "But be careful and not place your

expectations too high. The gods love modesty, you know."

"Well, sir, it is this—nothing more nor less than three meals a day."

"Three meals a day!"

"I knew you'd call it extravagant," said Roger, with a faint smile. "But I would not mind your rich dishes, only give me plenty of bread and potatoes—with now and then a bit of cheese, or may be a morsel of dried beef or smoked bacon; make me sure of that, day after day, as long as I live, so that I can keep clear of the almshouse, and you would see me a happy man, if there is not another in creation?"

"And haven't you as much already?" cried the astonished stranger.

Roger replied, that with his poor health, he had found it difficult to get work that winter, and it was so painful for him to ask alms, that his subsistence had not average half a meal a day.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his friend; "in all this wasteful city is it possible that one man can be found reduced to such extremes? One, too, whose happiness would be so cheaply purchased—three poor meals a day!"

"Cheap, if one had the money," suggested old Roger.

"I have the money, and by all that's precious, I will devote so much of it to a pension, that will afford you this royal bliss."

"O, sir, don't jest with me!"

"I am not jesting, friend Johnson! To show you how earnest I am—waiter, cook this man the choicest steak you have. Or would you prefer mutton chops, or anything else on the bill? Speak for yourself."

As soon as the old man had sufficiently recovered from his amazement to realize his good fortune, he made choice of some cold fowl, with hot biscuits and coffee, because these comforting items could be most readily procured.

The sympathetic stranger, who, by the way, was a fine looking man of forty, with tasteful whiskers, and an exceedingly pleasant eye—seemed to enjoy the meal, although he had tasted nothing quite as much as the famished Roger himself.

Still the old man was unable to realize that he was to have the luxury of such living every day. It seemed so much like a fairy story, or dream!

"If you don't believe me, look here, this is my business card. You ought to know me—perhaps you do. I am rich enough to afford any little caprice of this kind, as you will see by calling at my store in the morning."

Roger began to be convinced. By this time the stimulus of food was having its effect, and his happiness in deep quiet laughter and tears.

"Now are you sure you are going to be perfectly happy?" asked Mr. Upton.—"three meals a day—all the world has that, but I don't know two really happy men. Isn't there something else that you would like?"

"I forgot my clothes," said Roger. "I should like a good warm coat, and whole trousers and shoes, for this cold weather; but then, if I have plenty to eat, I can manage to keep myself warm."

"The clothes you shall have," rejoined the other. "I had forgotten them myself. Waiter, call a hack for me. You shall go to my house, friend Johnson, and I'll look over my wardrobe this evening, and see if I cannot furnish you with an outfit."

The old man's heart leaped with joy. Still he seemed to be more than half inclined to believe it was a trick, even after Mr. Upton had taken him with him into the hack.

"I've made sure of my supper, at any rate," said Roger to himself. "There's no trick about that."

They alighted before a handsome brick dwelling house, with a silver knob on the door, and a silver bell handle, and the name of Upton on a silver plate—as the old man saw by a bright gas-light that burned before the just painted steps.

The merchant entered by means of a night key, showing that he felt at home on the premises, and presently the old man was introduced into a snug little library, where among other comforts, there was a fire glowing brightly in the grate.

The adventure looked more and more like a reality; and when, with his own hands, the merchant brought from an adjoining room, coats, vests, pantalons and shirts, all good and wholesome, scarcely worn at all, and told him to choose what suited him best, Roger chuckled with a deep inward joy, scarce clouded by a doubt.

"But I ought to have a good wash and shave before getting into anything respectable in the shape of clothing."

"I thought of that, and so I ordered a warm bath, which will be ready in a few minutes. I am determined to see if it is possible to make one man perfectly happy."

"You've chosen a promising subject," said Johnson, with a smile of quiet glee. "I've a good natural capacity that way, and if any man is suffered to appreciate comfort, I can set up that modest claim!"

So the old man was put into the bath; then barbered with a fellow skilful with the razor and shears; and finally clad in garments that would have been respectable on change.

Then Roger sat down in an easy chair which Upton placed for him before the grate, and wept like a child.

"What is the matter?" asked his friend.

"This reminds me of my better days—it brings such strange things to my memory!" muttered the old man.

"Is that all? I thought there might be something else necessary to your happiness."

"Nothing—nothing!"

"Nothing at all, are you sure?"

"Indeed—a cloud passed over the old man's face—there's one thing that I would

like to have mended a little, but I have no thought of asking the favor of you."

"Speak out, I tell you, old man. I knew there was something else."

"My lodging is cheerless and cold, I freeze there these raw nights; and I ain't sure that the warmest clothing will be sufficient to carry my happiness into that gloomy hole."

"What will you have then?"

"O, I ask nothing, but the truth is, if I was able to rent a more comfortable lodging—"

"What would you fancy? 'Twill do no harm to talk."

"I am well aware that the only genuine civilized way of living is to have a house of one's own; but that of course, I am not foolish enough to think of."

"But suppose you were to have a house, what sort of a house would you like?"

"If you mean just such a house as I would like, why I'd say some such a house as this of yours. Everything seems so comfortable here. A man ought to be as happy as Adam, in an Eden like this."

"Now I'll tell you what old man," cried the enthusiastic merchant, "I can't think of turning myself out of doors, and even for the sake of philosophy; but if you will let me live here, and have my own way a little, I'll give this house to be your home as long as you live."

Old Roger Johnson opened his eyes wider with wonder.

"It shall be as if you were my father," said the eccentric Mr. Upton. "Everything I have shall be at your service. You shall sit with me at my table and enjoy three meals a day; my baker, my tailor, my servants, are all yours. So you will have nothing to do but to be happy. 'Twill be worth the half of my fortune to have a happy man in my house. What do you say to that?"

"Now you are mocking me," said the old man, deeply troubled.

"So you thought at first, but I'll teach you that I was never in more earnest in all my life."

"But I can never pay you."

"You will pay me, I tell you, by being perfectly happy."

"It is too much, too much!"

"Not a bit too much, old man. And take my word for it, it won't be long before you'll think of something else necessary to fill and complete bliss. I see by your eye you have already thought of something; am I right?"

"Indeed," said the old man, letting drop a tear, "I can never think of being happy until I know whether my child Edith still lives, or what has become of her."

"Ho, then you have a daughter?"

"I had a daughter; to know that I have one, and that she is fair, and good, and happy, would be worth more than all those blessings you so lavishly bestow upon me. I know that, is all I ask of Heaven—then I would be content to die."

"But how could you lose sight of your child?"

"O, it would take a long story to tell you that. The poor thing's mother married me against the will of her family, who hated me because I was poor. But I was fortunate in business, and in the course of time I was able to invite my wife's proud parents to my own house and treat them as well as people ought to be treated. Edith was our third child, and all the dearest because she came late to fill the place of one brother and two sisters, who one after the other had been taken from our hearts and laid in the grave. When she was thirteen years old, the failure of a large firm in which my fortune and reputation were staked swept away every thing I had earned and left me penniless. In the midst of trouble my poor wife died, and necessity compelled me to commit Edith to the care of her grand-parents."

"O, the sorrows of that time," said the old man, weeping again. "To forget it, and to retrieve my fallen fortunes, I made a voyage to the East Indies. It would take all night to tell you what chances befell me on sea and land. Let all that pass. It is enough to say that after an absence of twenty years, I returned with broken health, poor as when I went abroad. Then commenced a search for my child; but her grand-parents had been dead many years—she had been thrown upon the world. I could find no one to tell me what had become of her—and no one remembered her even."

"And is it so necessary to your happiness that you should find her?" asked Mr. Upton. "Consider how changed she is by this time, if indeed she lives."

"I have thought of that," replied Roger, "but O, she was the sweetest little girl. If I could but find her as I let her, still a child, then my cup of happiness would be full."

The merchant arose smiling, noble browed, radiant with the inspiration that filled him.

"Have faith, he cried, 'have faith, and miracles may yet be performed. I have power to do you good beyond anything you have yet conceived. Speak the word and it shall be done. Shall I restore your child?'"

He looked and spoke like a prophet. The old man was thrilled and bowed. His lips moved with a feeble murmur, and on the instant, open flew a door at the merchant's touch and into the full flood of light, streamed from the astral lamp, stepped the graceful form of a young girl fresh and beautiful, and glad, with curls rippling over her head and neck.

"My own child—my own Edith!" cried the wonder struck old man. "But it cannot be, he faltered, sinking back upon the chair from which he had risen in the excitement of the moment, 'it cannot be.'"

"Look at her," said the merchant, "and have faith."

The old man looked again. Those melting blue eyes, that sweet and cheery mouth those dimpled cheeks, the fair white brow,

and demure chin, every feature was the child's—his Edith's. Yet it was not his child that stood before him; else she was an apparition that might at any time vanish into the air.

"Who are you darling," he said in broken accents.

"I am Edith Johnson," said the child with a bashful smile.

The old man took her into his arms, and bowed his face over that fair head, and sobbed out his emotion.

"I understand it now," he said, speaking with an effort, "this is my child's child—my Edith's Edith—the woman, the mother, where is she?"

Already a slender female form was kneeling at the old man's feet; affectionate lips kissed his hands; affectionate eyes bathed them in tears.

"Father—Father!"

The kneeling looked up. It seemed his own lost wife that had come up out of the past to embrace him there again!

"O Time! O miracle of life! O wonderful divine law! ever working in the broad day and in the secrecy and silence of the night, when we sleep, the same pushing forward the germ into the plant, from the plant producing flower and fruit, evoking new germs, creating all things new, each hour and each moment of the day, parent and child, parent and child forever."

Such thoughts whirled and burned in the old man's brain, as daughter and granddaughter lay in his arms and his hot tears rained downward upon their heads.

"How is it that I have never found you before, dear father?" said Mrs. Upton, for she was the merchant's wife. "How I have longed to hear of you, to know if you were alive. I thought you must have died in some foreign land, but when my good husband here came home this evening and told me he had heard a man calling himself Roger Johnson something said to me deep in my soul, that it was you."

"I told him of this sorrow upon your cheek; he had observed it, and had no longer any doubt that you were my father. How I wished to go with him when he went back to try to find you. But he said the truth must be disclosed to you carefully and by degrees, for he thought you ill and feeble; so I have waited patiently for this moment, when I could safely throw myself at your feet and call you father."

"Is it not a dream! It is real; yes, you are, you are my child!" said the excited old man. "O God be thanked."

"Amen," responded the generous-hearted merchant, who stood looking on with glistening eyes.

"Don't weep, father," pleaded Edith, weeping herself, the while, "your trials are now all over."

"You have every wish of your heart, and all you have to do is to be perfectly happy," added her husband.

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "but why, putting his arm around his grandchild's neck with tender playfulness, 'why did you tell me your name was Edith Johnson?'"

"That is my name," said the young girl, Edith Johnson Upton. "And if you are my grandfather, I am so glad, I shall love you so much."

"I shall be afraid to go to sleep to-night, mused the old man, 'for fear that when I wake I shall find myself in Mrs. Stone's attic, and this will be a dream that has passed.—But if all of it isn't a dream, there is one thing required to give us perfect peace of mind.'"

"Poor Mrs. Stone and her children, something should be done for them. Protect her from her brutal husband, and procure her eldest son a good situation, where his time and his talents will bring comfort to that poor family."

"That shall be done if there is any virtue in money," said Mrs. Stone; "is there anything else?"

"Nothing: only let me know your history, my Edith."

"You shall lie down, father, and I will talk to you about myself until you fall asleep.—Don't be afraid father, said the young woman tenderly. 'I will take good care that you do wake in Mrs. Stone's attic.'"

So the old man was conducted to a comfortable chamber, and when he was peacefully ensconced in the soft sheets of a couch, his daughter came to him and sat by his side, soothing him with gentle speech until all this happiness dissolved and mixed and interlarded into the fancies of a dream. Then silently calling down blessings upon his head, Mrs. Upton softly withdrew from his side and left the chamber.

"O God," she said, "may the dear old man never know earthly sorrows more."

Late the following morning she went herself to awaken him. How soundly he slept. His thin hands were crossed upon his breast; his pale cheek rested calmly on the pillow; there was a smile on his thin lips, but not a motion, not even a breath. Edith touched his brow; it was cold. She felt his lips; they were rigid and chill. She did not shriek or sob, or shed one tear, but a feeling of awe came over her; she turned her eyes upward, and with a clasped hands murmured:

"O God, thy will be done!"

Her prayers of the previous night had been answered not as she had hoped. No more trouble would the old man know. A happy door had been opened to him in his last mortal hours, and through that his spirit had passed into the blessed country where alone perfect peace and happiness await us.

Edith felt this when her pious heart repeated with earnest faith and trust:

"O God, thy will be done."

PROUS ABSTRACTOR.—Having your pocket picked while at church

Getting the News.

The difficulty one experiences now-a-days in getting hold of reliable news, when every political partisan paper finds its interest in telling a good story for its own side, reminds us of an incident related by an old sea-captain, some twenty years ago. He says:

"I was coming from Calcutta in a good ship I then commanded; I had been away from home eleven months, during which time I had heard no news from thence, either public or private. Off Barnegeat, we fell in with a fishing-smack, having on board a man and boy, father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming aboard, we then made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real India bandanna handkerchief, a plentiful supply.

"Well, skipper," said I, after the barter was over, "what's the news?" He nodded his head thoughtfully for a moment, and said, "potatoes is twenty-five cents a bushel."

"Is it possible?" I asked. "But the news, friend, what's the news?"

"Wal, there's a great crop on 'em last fall," said he.

"Never mind the potatoes," I replied, "tell us the news—what's going on in the political world?"

"Politik!" said the fisherman, standing silently for a few moments, "Politik! I'd see that follow in, my boat there!" pointing to a mop-headed fellow of eighteen. "Wal, captain, that 'ar chap made two hundred dollars last winter!"

There, was no getting anything out of him, so we parted. Three or four years afterwards on my return from another voyage, on the same coast, I again met the same fisherman. He remembered me, took the identical bandanna I had given him, waved it with a cheer, above his head, and said I should have the biggest and best fish he had. I made another purchase of him and was again anxious for the news.

"What's the news?" I inquired. "Who's President?"—It was just after a general election.

"Dye recollect the boy that I had in the smack with me, the one that made the two hundred dollars?" said the fisherman.

"Yes," said I.

"Wal, he replied, his hard eyes becoming watery, 'the little cuss is dead!'"

"And that is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Barnegeat," said the captain.

The Marriage Fee.

The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned his money.

"Now," says the farmer, "when you are called upon to marry a couple you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my very next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very Well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards, the doctor was called on to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars; and I s'pose a figure two would do for the slice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying, now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes to half-a-dozen bushels.

ANTICS OF THE WIDOWS.—"Do you think moire antique becoming on a widow?" said young widow to Mrs. Parington, as she exhibited a morning dress, elaborately trimmed and a bonnet of the latest mode. The old lady scanned her attentively through her glasses before she could answer. "More antic!" said she at length, and her finger was raised up like a note of exclamation. "I should think less antic would be more becoming in a widow. Widows more antic must be them spoke of by Paul to Timothy, who was wanted and will marry. Well, let 'em, tho' where a woman has once married with a congealing and warm heart—looking straight at the rigid profile of the corporal on the wall—one that bends responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again." There was a tremulousness in her voice, a glistening in her eye like a dew drop on a morning glory, the finger fell to her side, and she turned to look out of the window after like; who was sailing a single boat in a tub of rain water, with a garden tool as passenger. And the young widow withdrew to read what Paul had said, evidently disgusted with the dame's misapprehension of her question, though there was a lesson to her in the blunder.

Among the many errors into which humanity is more than apt to fall, is that of magnifying the faults and depreciating the virtues of their neighbors, entirely forgetful of their own sins.

A SOLDIER in one of the hospitals of the Crimea, was asked what he had to say of Miss Nightingale, the philanthropic nurse. His answer was—"I hope she will go to heaven without dying."

WITTY many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake boisterous in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under the ground.—Littell's Jour.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

1 Square, (14 lines) -	3 months -	6 months -	12 mo's -
2 Squares, -	4 00 -	8 00 -	16 00 -
3 columns, -	10 00 -	15 00 -	30 00 -
1 column, -	18 00 -	30 00 -	40 00 -

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
 Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.