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IF YON BRIGHT STARS.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. If yon bright stars which gem the night, Be each a blissful dwelling sphere, Where kindred spirits re-unite, Whom death has torn asunder here, How sweet it were at once to die— To leave this blighted orb afloat— Mit soul with soul, to cleave the sky, And soar away from star to star. Bot ah! how dark, how drear and lone— Would seem the brightest world of bliss, If passing through each radiant one, We failed to find the loved of this! If there no more the lies should twine, Which death's cold hand alone can blight, Ah! then those stars in mockery shine, More hateful as they shine so bright. It cannot be!—each hope, each fear, That lights the eye or clouds the brow, Proclaims there is a better sphere, Than this bleak world that holds us now! There is a voice which sorrow hears; When heaviest weighs life's galling chain; 'Tis heaven that whispers, "dry thy tears— The pure in heart shall meet again!"

THE MISTAKE.

"I'll never do it,—never, so long as I live!" And the boy clenched his hands together, and strode up and down the room, his fine features flushed, and his forehead darkened with anger and shame. "I'd ask the minister's pardon, in father's presence, of course I would; but to go before the whole Academy, boys and girls, and do this!" His whole frame quivered at the thought. "Ellsworth Grant, you will brand yourself as a coward and a fool all the days of your life." "But father never retracts, and he said I must do this or leave the school, and go out on the farm to work; and the whole village will know the reason, and I shall be ashamed to look any one in the face. I've a good will to run away." The boy's voice grew lower, and a troubled, bewildered expression gathered on his flushed features. "It would be very hard to leave the old places; and then, never to see Nellie again; it would break her heart, I know it would." And his face worked convulsively a moment, but it settled down into a look of dogged resolution the next. "I mustn't think of that just now; though it's only ten miles to the seaport, and I could walk that in an hour, and get a place in some ship that was about to sail, before father was any wiser. Some time I'd come back, of course, but not till I was old enough to be my own master." The boy sat down and buried his face in his hands and the sunset of the summer's day poured its currents of crimson and amber into the chamber, and over the bowed figure of the boy. At last he lifted his head—there was a look of quiet resolve in the dark hazel eyes and about the usually smiling mouth, which in youth is so painful, because it always indicates mental suffering. Ellsworth Grant was, at this time, just fifteen; he was his father's only son, and was motherless.

The deacon was a stern, severe man; while Ellsworth inherited his mother's sunny temperament. His father was a man of unswerving integrity and rectitude—a man who would have parted with his right hand sooner than have committed a dishonest act; but one who had few sympathies for faults indigenous to peculiar temperaments and character; a man whose heart had never learned the height and depth, and the all-embracing beauty of that mightiest text which is the one diamond among all the pearls and precious stones of the Bible; "Be ye Charitable." He was a hard, exacting parent, and Ellsworth was a fun-loving, mischief-brewing boy, that everybody loved, despite his faults, and the scrapes he was always getting himself into. There is no doubt that Deacon Grant loved his son, but that was not a demonstrative man; and, then—it is the sad story that may be written of many a parent—"he didn't understand his child," and there was no mother, with her soft voice and soothing words, to come between the father and son.

Ellsworth last offence can be told in a few words. The grape vine, which, heavy with purple clusters, trailed over the kitchen windows of the school-teacher's residence, had been robbed of more than half its fruit, when the inmates were absent. The perpetrators of this deed were, however, discovered to be a party of the school-boys, among whom was Ellsworth.

The rest of the scholars privately solicited and obtained the school teacher's pardon, but the deacon, who was terribly shocked at this evidence of his son's want of principle, insisted that he should make a public confession of his fault, before the whole assembled school.

In vain Ellsworth explained and entreated. His father was invulnerable, and the boy's haughty spirit entirely mutilated.

"Ellsworth, Ellsworth, where are you going?" There came down the garden walk, an eager, quivering voice, that made the boy start, and turn round eagerly, as he stood at the garden gate, while the light of the rising day was flushing the grey mountain in the east with rose colored hues. A moment later, a small, light figure, crowned with golden hair, and a large shawl thrown over his night-dress, stood by the side of the youth. "Why, Nellie, how could you? you'll take cold in your bare feet, among these dews."

"I can't help it Ellsworth." It was a tear swollen face that looked up wistfully to the boy's. "You see, I haven't slept any, hardly, all night, thinking about you, and so I was up, looking out of the window, and saw you going down the walk."

"Well, Nellie," pushing back the yellow tangled hair, and looking at her fondly, "you

see; I can't do what father says I must, to-day, and so I'm going off."

"O, Ellsworth! what will uncle say?" cried the child, betwixt her shivering and weeping, "what will uncle say? How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know," he replied, evasively, "I shan't be back to-day, though. But you musn't stand here talking any longer. Father'll be up soon, you know. Now, goodbye, Nellie."

There was a sob in his throat, as he leaned forward and kissed the sweet face, that had only seen a dozen summers, and then he was gone.

"Go and call Ellsworth to breakfast, will you, Ellen?" said the deacon, two hours later.

"He isn't up stairs, uncle." And then as they sat down to theirs, she related what had transpired.

The deacon's face grew dark as she proceeded. "He thinks to elude the confession and frighten me, by running off for a day or two," he said; "he will find that he is mistaken."

So that day and the next passed, and the deacon said nothing more, but Ellen, who was his adopted child, and the orphan daughter of his wife's most intimate friend, noticed that he began to look restless, and to start anxiously at the sound of a foot-fall; but still Ellsworth did not come.

At last a strict search was instituted, and it was discovered that Ellsworth had gone to sea, in a ship bound for some part of the western coast of Asia, on a three years' voyage.

"I hope he will come back a better boy than he left," was the deacon's solitary commentary, but in the long nights, Ellen used to hear him walking restlessly up and down in his room, and his black hair began to be thickly scattered with grey.

But the worst was not yet come. One November night, when the winds clamored and stormed fiercely among the old apple trees in the garden, Deacon Grant and Ellen sat by the fire in the old kitchen, when the former removed the wrapper from his weekly newspaper, and the first passage that met his eye was the one that told him how the ship—, the one in which Ellsworth had sailed, had been wrecked off the coast, and every soul on board had perished.

Then the voice of the father woke up in the heart of Deacon Grant. He staggered toward Ellen with a white haggard face, and a wild fearful cry, "My boy! my boy!" It was more than his proud spirit could bear. "O Ellsworth! Ellsworth!" and he sank down restless, and his head fell into the lap of the frightened child.

After this, Deacon Grant was a changed man. I did not know which was the most to blame, the father or the son, in the sight of God who judgeth righteously.

But equally to the heart of many a parent and many a child, the story has its message and its warning.

Eight years had passed. It was summer time again, and the little hills were green; and the fields were yellow with their glory. It was in the morning, and Deacon Grant sat under the porch of the great, old, rambling cottage; for the day was very warm, and the top was wrapped round thickly with a hop vine.

These eight years had greatly changed the deacon. He seemed to have stepped suddenly into old age, and the light wind that stirred the green leaves, shook the grey hair over his wrinkled forehead, as he sat there, reading the village newspaper, with eyes that had begun to grow dim.

And every little while, fragments of some old-fashioned tune floated out to the old man, soft, sweet, stray fragments; and fitting back and forth from the pantry to the breakfast table, was a young girl, not handsome, but with a sweet, frank, rosy countenance, who smiles seemed to hover over the household as naturally as sunshine over June skies.

She wore a pink calico dress, the sleeves tucked above her elbows and a "checked apron." Altogether, she was a fair, plump, healthful looking country girl.

And while the old man read the paper under the hop vine, and the young girl hummed and fluttered between the pantry and the kitchen table, a young man opened the small, front gate, and went up the narrow path to the house.

He went up very slowly, staring all about him, with an eager, wistful look, and sometimes the muscles of his mouth worked and quivered, as one will when strong emotions are shaking the heart.

ness, that, at last, all converged into one joyful certainty.

"Merciful man!" The words broke from the girl's lips, and the last roll of butter fell from the little hands, as looking up, she saw the stranger in the doorway; and her rosy cheeks actually turned pale with the start of surprise.

The exclamation seemed to recall the young man to himself. He removed his hat. "Excuse me," he said, with a bow, "but can you tell me whether Deacon Grant resides here?"

"O! yes, sir, will you walk into the parlor and take a seat? Uncle, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you." And in a flutter of embarrassment, she hurried towards the door.

The gentleman did not stir, and removing his silver spectacles the deacon came in; and the two men looked at each other, the older with some surprise, and a good deal of curiosity in his face; the younger with a strange longing earnestness in his dark eyes that seemed wholly unaccountable.

"Do you know me, sir?" he asked, after a moment's silence, and there was a shaking in his voice.

"I do not know that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir," said the deacon.

But here a change came over the features of the girl, who had been watching the stranger intently, the light of a long buried recollection, seemed to break from her heart into her face. Her breath came gaspingly between her parted lips, her dilated eyes were fastened on the stranger; then, with a quick cry, she sprang forward. "Uncle, is it not Ellsworth! it is surely our long lost Ellsworth!"

O! if you had seen that old man then! His cheeks turned ashen pale, his frame shivered; he tottered a few steps forward, and then he great, wild cry of his heart broke out—"Is it you my boy, Ellsworth!"

"It is I, father: are you glad to see me?" And that stout man asked the question with a sob, and a timid voice, like that of a child.

"Come to me! come to me, my boy, that I thought was dead, that I have seen every night for the last eight years, lying with the dark eyes of his mother under the white waves. O! Ellsworth, God has sent you from the dead! Come to me, my boy!"

And the old man drew his arms around his son's neck, and leaned his grey head on his strong breast, and for a while there was no word spoken between them.

"You have forgiven me, father?" asked the young man.

"Do not ask me that, my boy. How many times would I have given everything I possessed on earth to ask, 'forgive me Ellsworth?' and to hear you answer, 'Yes, father.'"

So there was peace between those two, such peace as the angels, who walk up and down the hills, crowned with the royal purple of eternity, tune their harps over!

"And this is Nellie?" How she has altered! But I knew the voice," said Ellsworth at last, as he took the girl's hand in his own, and kissing her wet cheeks, adding, very tenderly: "My darling sister Nellie." And at last they all went out under the cool shade of the vine, and there Ellsworth told his story.

The merchantman in which he had sailed for home was wrecked, and many on board perished; but some of the sailors constructed a raft, on which the boy was saved, with several others. They were afterwards rescued by a vessel bound for South America. Here Ellsworth had obtained a situation in a large mercantile establishment, first as clerk, afterward as a junior partner.

He had written home twice, but the letters had been lost or miscarried. As he received no answer, he supposed his father had never forgiven him for "running away," and tried to reconcile himself to the estrangement.

But he had of late, found it very difficult to do this, and, at last, he had resolved to return, have an interview with his parent, and try whether the sight of his long-absent son would not soften his heart.

O! it was a happy trio that sat under the green leaves of the hop-vine that summer morning. It was a happy trio that sat down in that low, old-fashioned kitchen, to the delicious dinner of chicken and fresh peas, that Nellie had been so long in preparing.

And that night three very happy people knelt in the old sitting room, while the trembling voice of the deacon thanked God for him that was dead and is "alive again."

THE MOTHER.—Despise not your mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed; but her motherly relation is ever in its bloom. It may be autumn, yea, winter, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness. But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and the coldness of the world come withering to our heart—when we expect how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride is reported to have remarked: "Why d'ye see I took her for to be only one half of me, as the parson said; but dash me if she ain't twice as much as I am. I'm only a tar and she's a tartar."

Incident of the Revolution.

A military officer with whom we have long been intimate, relates two incidents connected with Croghan's gallant defense of Fort Stevenson; one of which affords strong positive proof, and the other a strong negative proof, of the adage, "fortune favors the brave."

As the British and Indians, in their operations, had violated their pledges and the usage of civilized warfare by wantonly murdering their prisoners, Croghan's little band (only one hundred strong, with a six-pounder, and surrounded by about six hundred Indians) had naturally agreed to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

When all was ready, the British commander sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, to treat for the surrender of the fort. Croghan pointing to him as he approached, exclaimed:

"It will not do to let him enter here and see our weakness; who will volunteer to meet him?"

As it was pretty certain that whosoever should leave the fort on such a mission, would be murdered by the dastard foe, there was a brief pause, when Ensign Shipp replied:

"I will, upon one condition."

"What is that?" asked the captain.

"Pledge me your word, as an officer and a man of honor, that you will keep that gun bearing directly upon me, and that you will fire it off the moment you see me raise my hand."

The pledge was given, and Shipp went forth.

To all the arguments and persuasions of the enemy his unwavering reply was:

"I am instructed to say that we defend the fort."

Soon the Indians began to surround him. One clutched his epaulets, another his sword. Shipp, who was of Herculean frame, released himself by a powerful effort, and, turning to the envoy, coolly said:

"Sir, I have not put myself under the protection of your truce without knowing your mode of warfare. You see that gun," said he, pointing to their solitary six-pounder, "it is well charged with grape, and I have the solemn pledge of my commander that it shall be fired at me the moment I give him the signal. Therefore, restrain these men and respect the law of war, or you shall instantly accompany me to the other world."

This was enough. Shipp was no more molested, but returned to his comrades in safety, fought out the desperate action that ensued, and obtained promotion for his bravery.

The counter instance referred to at the head of our paragraph was told as follows: After the British and Indians had withdrawn, Croghan missed one man, only one, who had belonged to his little band, and all efforts for his recovery were, for some time unsuccessful. At length his remains were discovered in the garret of one of the block-houses, where he had crept for safety, and was cut in two by a cannon ball.

All the rest, considering their chances of life not worth a thought, had only sought to do their duty, and escaped alive, from perhaps the most desperate fight on record. The only man that was killed happened to be the one that proved himself a coward.

SECRET PRAYER.—Men never take so firm a hold of God as in secret. Remember Jacob. Thou shouldst pray alone, for thou hast sinned alone, and thou art to die alone, and to be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment seat. Why not go alone to the mercy seat? In the great transaction between thee and God, thou canst have no human helper. You are not going to tell Him any secret. You may be sure He will not betray your confidence. Whatever reasons there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for secret devotion. Nothing is more embarrassing and disturbing in secret prayer than unpropitious circumstances. Great attention ought always to be paid to this point—"Enter into thy closet," says Christ. He says not a closet, but thy closet. The habit of secret communion is supposed to be formed. The man is supposed to have a closet—some place in which he is accustomed to retire for prayer—some spot consecrated by many a meeting there with God, some place that has often been to him a Bethel. The Saviour uses the word to mean any place where, with no embarrassment either from the fear or pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer to God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring or canopy. Christ's closet was a mountain, Isaac's a field, Peter's the house-top.—Necius.

ONE PRAYS AND ANOTHER PUMPS.—The ship, Senator, which arrived at this port from Liverpool last week, in a leaky condition, met with a very severe gale of wind just after leaving the port, on the 9th of April, in which she shifted her cargo and sprung a leak.—After several days hard pumping, the crew, becoming exhausted and discouraged, notified the captain that they should not pump any longer. Capt. Coffin hereupon assembled all hands. Taking out his watch, he looked at it and then at the men, and said, coolly: "It is now just twelve o'clock; at the rate the ship is now leaking, I calculate we shall all be in the other world at about half past two. I am going below to say my prayers," and went into his cabin. A consultation was soon held. One old fellow declared he had rather pump than pray, as he understood it better, and it agreed better with his constitution.—In a few minutes, the Captain heard the pumps going again lively as ever, and they did not cease going, except at short intervals, until the ship arrived in New York.—New York Times.

Reading one's own Obituary.

The tenure of the Major Generalship of Massachusetts, like that of a good many other offices in that ancient Commonwealth, is for life or during good behaviour. The Boston Transcript says that one of them lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave, as a sentiment at a public dinner. "The memory of our late Major General—may he be eternally rewarded in Heaven for his everlasting services on earth." Judge of the surprise of the author of this toast, on learning, the next day, that the report was false, and that the veteran officer was still alive.

This reminds us of an occurrence that took place in the same State some years ago. In the days of old Mycail, the publisher of the Newburyport Herald, (a Journal still alive and flourishing), the sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay his arrears of subscription. At last he one day told Mycail that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead" said he.

The morrow came and passed, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when on the morning of the day after, he opened his Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored; he was not punctual in paying the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more! Full of perturbation he entered the printing office to deny that he was dead, in propria persona.

"Why, Sheriff!" exclaimed the facetious editor, "I thought you were defunct!"

"Defunct!" exclaimed the Sheriff. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Why, yourself?" said Mycail. "Did you not tell me—"

"Oh! ah! yes! I see" stammered out the Sheriff. "Well there's your money! And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please."

"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker; "it was only printed in your copy."

The good Sheriff lived many years after this "sell," and to the day of his real death always took good care to pay the printer.—N. O. Picayune.

BE SURE OF YOUR SWEETHEART'S NAME.—If you wish to have a bustling, fly-about wife, you should marry one named Jenny, for every cotton-spinner knows that jennies are always on the go. If you marry one named Margaret, you may fear for the manner in which she will end her days; for all the world knows that "Pegs" were made for hanging. The most incessant writer in the world is he who is always bound to Ad-a-line. You may adore your wife, but you will be surprised in love when your wife is a Dora. Many men of high moral principles, and who would not gamble for the world, still have refused to take a Bet. We have heard of a Mr. Rose who, in a fit of ecstatic delight over his small addition to his weekly expenses, insisted on having the child named "Wild."

It was, doubtless, a very pretty conceit, and as she expanded into womanhood, with the glowing color of youthful beauty on her cheeks and clustering ringlets of glossy auburn moving as gracefully as a river-reed in a southern wind, those who gazed on her dwelt with admiring approval on her happy name of "Wild Rose" but alas! and alas! a day! at some fatal polka she danced with a gentleman who enjoyed the patronymic which typifies the "people's" representative of Old England, and within six months she had to sign all gentlemanly, affectionate, and polite missives with "Wild Bull." "Oh, what a falling off was there!"

FULL LENGTH FAINTING PREVENTED.—The new invention of steel frames for ladies' Jupons to rest upon, is of such enormous weight for the hips, that it is hardly likely to become general, yet for those who are liable to faint it has a certain advantage. There is no possibility of falling! The solid dome of metal which surrounds the lady so effectually sustains her that she can only faint from the waist upwards—or, at least, the consciousness of the remainder is of no particular consequence.

At one of the most elegant balls of the season, in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, there was a great alarm among the guests occasioned by the falling of a chandelier in the reception room. Fortunately no one was immediately under it, at the moment, but there was some screaming with the surprise of the crash, and a general laugh followed the discovery that no one was hurt. But, an instant after, an exclamation drew all eyes into a corner of the apartment, and there stood the stout Baroness de —, her head fallen back and her arms hanging nerveless at her sides, but otherwise apparently on her feet. The steel petticoat sustained her as completely as the semi-pumpkin sustains the candle on the husking floor. She had fainted—but only in bust.

How do you know there were railroads in the days of Solomon? Because it is stated that when the Queen of Sheba visited him, she came with a great train.

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:— 3 months. 6 months. 12 months. 1 Square, (14 lines). - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00 2 Squares. - - - - 4 00 6 00 8 00 1 column, - - - - 10 00 15 00 20 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.

The Bobolink.

"Oriolee-olee-olee, oriolee, oriolee, toodle linkum come again! Crookerinkum—gingle gingle—how are ye old boy, by jings! Toodlelinkum linkum, oriolee, jassie, knip-perangum, doodleinkum. skeet! skeet!"

Well, well! This is a pleasant surprise. Our old friend Robert Lincoln, for all the world, and his first appearance. Clear, distinct, and as liquid with melody, as the gush of water, that tarrent of bird music bursts and swells forth from that tiny throat. It seems to come from the clouds, and after looking long we see a dainty and tremulous shadow of black flecking the blue overhead, poised recklessly, as if a cloud wail of song had been caught up and lingering in the air. It is joy to see thee again, Bob—joyous to hear thee. How fashionable the close fitting pants—what a love of a shiny coat and waist-coat, and how jauntily the white cap sits on the head, while the jetty eye is aglow with the light of unfettered fun and dare-devil mischief. There isn't a sign of age about Bob. He is the same spruce little chap as of yore, and as young as five and thirty years ago, in the meadow. Wonder if he—

"Oriolee, oriolee!" He is so full of fun and song that he can't keep it in. With a dainty flutter of the wing, he goes skimming into the meadow, and cocking his eye mischievously towards us from his perch, squeals out:—

"Oriolee, toodlelink-te-link-te-de, squeazle—come to see you—see you—see you—how ye do sir—wife and babies—chief and chief—olee, linkum—sucker—sucker—ee—Tiger catchum—euchre skinum—rinkum, pumpy-diddle, diddle, by jinks!" Down he pops, leaving a wave of song to murmur and die out among the golden dandelions, and the bright green of the award.

Bob is foppish, and sometimes saucy, but he is always so cheery and good tempered, and so punctually comes with the odor and the bloom of the first flowers, that his little foibles are always forgotten, and he warmly welcomed. His song has all the silvery richness of an earlier day. His annual coming annihilates a broad waste of years, for he sings us back to the homestead; the old meadow with its broad reaching butternuts, elms and thornbushes white with blossoming, the early dandelions, starting the soft green velvet of the sword, or the daisies dancing like golden spray in the wavy grass; the deep clear spring, below the nursery; the brooklet between the house and the barn; and in the lowlands, the dark hemlocks where at twilight, there was an evening song, so clear and pure that it lingers still in the memory of cherished things. Those spring and summer times are drifting in the past like silver tinged clouds, all aglow with a beautiful haze, while he who watches them is nearing the later summer of life, and already finds the driftings of winter in the locks.—

But the brooklet sings as sweetly, the meadow is as green, and the dandelions and daisies of the old homestead are blooming as beautifully while he writes as though no years had flown. And the bobolink sings as sweetly, his

"Oriolee, toolee—diddle uptee—doodle um—Mrs. Lincoln, Lincoln—shantee—thorn tree in the meadow—little Lincolns—Sukee, Heis and Bobby junior—happy family, riffer ciffer through the meadow while the summer's going—come and see us—see us—see us—good time coming, by jings! skeet! skeet!"

With a train of song behind him he slowly, as if on a tide, drifts over the ridge, out of sight, and twitters soft things to Mrs. Lincoln. Sunny skies to them and their nests. —Cayuga Chief.

ON SIGHT AND DEMAND.—One of "Porter's" staff is responsible for this anecdote: Judge —, a well known, highly respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, a widower with five children—full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke—to give or take, was bantered the other evening by a miss of five and twenty, for not taking another wife; she urged that he was hale and hearty, and deserved a matrimonial messmate. The Judge acknowledged the fact; admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had thus far been remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed; ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she should not certainly reject him after pointing out the heinous offense.

The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; but there was one, to her, serious obstacle.

"Well," says the Judge, "name it. My profession is to surmount impediments."

"Ah! Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if I ever marry a widower, he must have ten children."

"Ten children. Oh! that's nothing," says the Judge, "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in instalments for the balance." Fact.

Sitting on a pile of lumber yesterday, a couple of yawning loafers were talking politics:

"Well, Joe," said one, "when a fellow runs for Governor he gets awfully abused don't he?"

"Yes," replied Joe.

"I wonder what they would say about me if I was running; I expect they'd say I stole horses, and didn't pay any board."

"Yes," answered his comrade, "and if they should ask me about it, I would say it is true."

Joe was shoved off the lumber by the other, and they both started down street to ring in for a lurch and a glass of the "be-joyful."