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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man is brought in debt to the printer.
The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County with a large and steadily increasing circulation. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.
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THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1858. NO. XLIII.

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square or 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.
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
2 columns, - - - 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.

ANNA HOPE. A Story for Young Ladies.

PART FIRST.

My dear M., come to us, and see if you can do anything with our Anna. She is crazy to attend the Woman's Rights Convention.

So wrote a Boston friend, who had been a school mate of mine. Her husband was a merchant in rather easy circumstances. Anna was an only daughter, and almost a beauty. She had pretty hair, that curled luxuriantly; bright eyes, a delicate complexion. To sum up in general, her face, form and manners, were calculated to arrest attention, even to please eminently. Add to these advantages, a mind of very superior order, and you will perceive that Anna Hope was an only daughter to be proud of.

The following day found me at the cottage of my early friend. The dew sparkled on the little lawn in front; the roses blushed and grew out delicious perfume.

I saw, as Anna's mother had told me, the old maid, "Woman's Rights," crazy. Ridicule, argument, persuasion, all were useless. She launched out in full tide her polemic theme—woman, her degradation, her wrongs, her eminent qualifications, her evident superiority. In vain I cited cases after case to prove my side of the argument. All could not do. Man was a tyrant, a human being, with nothing but brute force to recommend him, pressing his iron hand upon the poor woman. Woman was great; man vile.

Nothing could be done with the girl. She took her curly head, snapped her bright eyes, set her little lips together, and thrust her needle in her little finger in her attempt to thrust a new idea into my brain.

The witch was pretty, and strove to throw her small person all the dignity and masculinity she could assume. She, no doubt, with her slender shoulders equal to the burden of a small world.

"Let her go to the convention, and trust to Providence."
"I don't know," he replied, shaking his head doubtfully; "mother is far from being ill, and one can't trust to nurses entirely. Frank, too, has studied himself almost sick, trying to get the prize. I'm half sick myself, what with anxiety about her, and the pressing demands of business; besides how will it look to send a young thing like her to New York alone?"

"Never fear, but what she will take care of herself," replied I; "something tells me that it will do her good, and perhaps cure her Polish whim."

An unexpected event took me away from home on the evening from that very day, and for more than six months I heard nothing more from Anna Hope.

"What shall I do?" asked her father in despair. "I wish she had never got these Polish notions in her head. She is continually doing extravagant things, and spraining her arms and ankles trying to prove that she has enormous strength. She reads works on agriculture, and argues with the farmers; sets herself up as a theologian and mortifies herself expressly by contradicting our venerable pastor, who is four times her age. What shall I do?"

PART SECOND.
One delightful morning, the second of my return to my native city, on the wings of hope, away to Hope cottage, I flew, eager to see and hear the result of my advice. Spring had blushed into Summer, and the beautiful home of my friend was embowered in vines, roses and roses.

Great was their surprise at seeing me, and much greater my own in meeting my little friend, Anna.

In her eye shone a mild light that made her sweet face radiant. The spiteful snappishness was gone. I looked in vain for the green dresses, the shirt bosoms, the standing dickey, the mannish air—all were missing; and in their stead, modest attire, neatly and becomingly worn. Even her curly hair had lost its determined twist, and looked softer and lovelier. Her whole demeanor was milder, therefore lovelier. She said nothing of woman's rights, spoke softly; and at tea talked with deference to the opinion of the aged pastor.

Her father gave me a triumphant glance. Her mother gazed on her daughter with gentle affection, and something between a tear and a smile sprang to her eyes.

In the evening Anna was alone with me, and I ventured to ask, how she had been blessed with the convention.

"Don't mention it," she answered blushing a little; "I have entirely recovered from the six months that possessed me, then—would you like to hear how?" and her bright eyes twinkled at me so mischievously.

"Well, I went to the convention, and more surprised than edified. In spite of my new philosophy, it shocked me to hear women speaking so boldly upon such themes, before a mixed assembly. But I had begun to get somewhat accustomed to it, and to feel pretty comfortable about it, and was just sitting down in my hotel to affix my signature to some resolutions, when a letter was handed to me from my father. I had been gone a week and little thought I what the household had passed through in that short time. It brought me news of my mother's alarming illness, and my youngest brother's attack of some painful disease. My father was alone with his trouble.

"I need not say how I hurried home, forgetting all my 'rights and privileges.' My mother's sad, reproving eye and wasted form came to the heart; and for the first time, I felt how much I had neglected my duty in

leaving her, an invalid, to battle alone with the cares of a family. My father was walking the floor with little Franky. I relieved him of his burden; and the dear little fellow, at the clasp of woman's arms, pillowd his little head softly, and sunk into a sweet sleep. When I saw him slumbering in his cradle, I left my mother with the nurse, and made a hurried visit over the house.

"I can never perfectly describe to you what I saw. Our help was a green girl, just from Ireland, and unless under the supervision of my mother was of very little service. Not a floor was swept. Biddy was cutting some raw, red slices of half cooked beef for dinner, and my brother Charley washing the remnant of the breakfast dishes, poor child, in scalding water. His face and hands, his buttonless bosom, his very hair, were stained and disfigured with soot and ashes. I could hardly keep from crying.

"The week's wash stood about in tubs and baskets, on chairs, and the floor. The kitchen had a horrid smell of burnt and uncooked food. Through the open windows came pouring the sun upon little heaps of dust, and bits of cinders, an unwashed hearth, and a delapidated stove. In the closet were dishes of damp and mouldy bread, pieces of meat covered with flies. The sight was absolutely sickening.

"The parlor was littered with papers and toys, and the furniture white with dust. To crown the confusion, company had been here—one of those weak, thoughtless kind of women, who never know what to do in such a case, but to stay the day out, fret and worry the sick, eat, drink, sit down with folded hands, and go away to wonder, 'What kind of careless folks do live in the world!'"

"Her two children had broken the case of my guitar, snapped off all its strings, quarrelled with my little brother, and given him the whooping cough.

"I went to the bed-room next; everything was in like disorder. My poor father had slept what little he could, on a mess of bed clothes, and lumps of feathers.

"But all this fuss and confusion was not the worst of it. My father lost fifteen hundred dollars by neglecting his business, as he was obliged to do, in order to help at home; and dear little Charley, who had studied with great success up to the period of my departure, failed to receive the medal, for which he had been working a whole year, because he had been obliged to stay at home to nurse little Franky. I felt as if I could never forgive myself, or cease to regret that my father's letter was delayed four days behind its time; but I went resolutely to work; in the course of time everything was put to rights in our neglected household; and that's the rights I've been working at ever since," she added with the tears overflowing her expressive eyes.

She looked absolutely beautiful to me then; and I was about to commend her for her improvement, when the identical Biddy, much improved, looking in at the door, with

"Af ye please, Miss Anna, Mr. Harris is here and wants to know if ye will be coming down?"

"Ah, Anna," said I, laughing at her eloquent blush, and catching her hand as she came towards me, "confess that one of those horrid men, these walking tigers, these tyrants, has had something to do with your sudden conversion. Anna, Anna, don't give up your liberty, you know the pressure of that iron hand!"

The merry girl ran laughing from my presence, and I had leisure the rest of the evening to inspect the admirable sewing of her unfinished work, the perfect order, the refreshing neatness of everything in her room. The delicate little sketches of her own hung up against the wall; several quite beautiful poems, elegantly written, in her portfolio, and the choicest collection of books, drawings and engravings that I ever seen in a lady's possession.

"These indicated her gentle taste and feminine refinement; but they weighed as nothing in the balance with her mother's heartfelt commendations.

"Anna is a treasure; she is all I could wish—all a perfect woman could be. And who could wish to be more?"

THE PROGRESS OF THE TIMES.—Does any one wish to know by what contrivance the great chandelier in the dome of the Senate chamber at Washington, which hangs two hundred feet above any floor, and has fifteen hundred gas burners—is lighted? The Star furnishes the information: It is done by electricity! and the way it was done was contrived by Mr. Samuel Gardner, Jr., of New York, whose mechanical and scientific ingenuity the Star has heretofore favorably noticed. The operator stands upon the floor, some two hundred feet from the chandelier, which is suspended in the dome, and by touching three small keys the gas is turned off or on at pleasure, and the electric current communicated to it like magic. It has been in operation for the last two weeks, and thousands have witnessed this wonderful electric exhibition. Senators, Heads of Departments, Foreign Ministers, and many other distinguished savans and philosophers, have been astonished and delighted with this apparatus. No gas escapes into rooms; and it is believed to be equally applicable to the lighting of street lamps, and the firing of submarine batteries after being submerged ten minutes or ten years—affording a complete protection to our harbors and cities.

"Do you know who I am?" said a police officer to a fellow who he seized by the throat. "Not exactly, sir, but I reckon you are the malignant collarer!"

Ladies and Poor Folk in Germany.
A writer in the N. Y. Times, in speaking of the rural life in summer of the better classes in Germany, says:

It is not half a dozen times in summer that we enter a house, though we pay a visit every day: In every garden are two or three bowers, and all sheltered so as to be safe in sunshine and in shower. You enter a gate by ringing a bell, which admonishes a servant of your arrival. The ladies are sewing, or rather embroidering and chatting in the summer-houses, and there you go and sit or walk at your pleasure. If you stay to tea, the tea, or more often coffee, is taken upon a rude board table without cloth and without ceremony: We say the ladies are embroidering. We have never seen a German lady sew on any occasion. Seamstresses are cheap as well as cooks, and we have no fault to find with the custom of employing them. But we are beginning to surprise these far famed German housekeepers and models of industry, by telling them that the American women except a few ultra-fashionables in cities, work some ten times as hard as ladies of the same class in Germany. When we tell them that American women really do—American ladies—they raise their hands and roll their eyes in astonishment. It never entered their heads to imagine that a lady, even in any country, actually washed, and ironed, and baked.

"How is it possible," they exclaim, "for a lady to do such things?"

"The women in northern Germany spin, and the German women everywhere, knit, knit, knit, forever. They need such quantities of stockings and linen where they wash so seldom, and 'Oh,' they say, 'how can people live and have the fuss of washing every week?' Why, it almost kills them to think of it. But though they have not the fuss of washing every week, they are much afraid of soiling a great quantity of clothes than those who endure this fuss often. In answer to our inquiries, and in accordance with our experience, the custom is to give each person one clean sheet a month. The upper one is secured to the quilt all round.—We have never been furnished with more than a quart of water a day, and one towel a week for personal use. In the same kind of family in America, they furnish a clean sheet every week, and a clean towel every day for the same purpose. There is no such class of people in Germany as are scattered over the hills and valleys of England and America—gentlemen farmers and tradesmen, whose wives and daughters are ladies, as cultivated and refined as any city ladies, and a little more so.

Here, the people who live in the country and in the small villages are all of the peasant class, entirely without culture or polish. When we are among them, we see every morning, women go forth with hoes and rakes on their shoulders, or driving oxen with the good stick in their hands, and the 'haw buck,' and 'gee hiss,' in their mouths.—They look more toil worn and degraded than Indian women, of whom they often remind us, and southern slaves can have no worse lot except in the slave mart, and the tearing of heart-strings, which the buying and selling impose. Here, they cannot even hope for this change. They cannot pass from one little province to the other, without paying a larger sum than is required to pay their passage to America. A man born in Nassau may go to America and have something left to begin with there, for what he would have to pay to make him a citizen of Frankfurt, twenty miles from his birth-place. If he is rich enough to go there and live fifty years without business, and his children are born there, it makes no difference, they must pay the price before they are admitted to the marvellous privileges of the free city of Frankfurt.

A TALE OF TERROR.—The following rather marvellous story is told by one of the Vienna journals:

"As a farmer of Orsinovi, near that city, was returning from market, he stopped at a roadside public house, and imprudently displayed to the innkeeper a large sum which he had received. In the night the innkeeper armed with a poniard, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to stab him; but the farmer, who from the man's manner at first, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself, fully dressed on the bed without going to sleep, and being a powerful man he wrested the poniard from the other, and using it against him, lay him dead at his feet. A few moments after, he heard stones thrown at the window, and a voice which he recognized as that of the innkeeper's son, said: 'The grave is ready!' This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection, had intended burying the dead body at once. He thereupon wrapped the dead body in a sheet and let it down from the window; he then ran to the gendarmerie and stated what had occurred. Three gendarmes immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shovelling earth into a grave. 'What are you burying?' said they. 'Only a horse which has just died!' 'You are mistaken,' answered one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse. 'Look!' and he held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. 'Good God!' cried the young man, thunderstruck, 'it is my father!' He was then arrested, and at once confessed all.

Good.—The Sunday Atlas, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm says: "Hurrah for the girls of '76!" "Thunder!" cries a New Jersey paper, "that's too old. No, no, hurrah for the girls of '17!"

How many Congressmen and Presidents have been made by happy wounds on the battle field! Here is a hero with new claims to fame:

When Col. L— was a candidate for Congress in one of the North-western States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1813. Discovering in the course of the canvass, that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his prejudice, he concluded to let the people know that he was not unknown to fame as a soldier himself; and accordingly, in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tened field as follows:

"My competitor has told you of the services he rendered the country in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defense of the national honor, I, fellow citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!"

Ohio editors are not very deeply read in the "Scriptures," if the following, from a correspondent of Harper's Magazine is to be taken "for gospel":

"Governor Chase issued his proclamation appointing a thanksgiving day. To make sure of being right on the subject in hand, the Governor composed his proclamation almost entirely of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognize them and admire the fitness of the words as well as his taste in their selection. A learned editor of a Democratic paper (the Governor is on the other side) pounced upon the proclamation—declared that he had read it before—couldn't exactly say where—but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end! That would have been joke enough for a while at least, and perhaps longer; but the next day the Republican paper came out valiantly in defence of the Governor, pronounced the charge false and libellous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had ever been in print before!"

THE TOOTHACHE.—"My dear friend," said H—, "I can cure your toothache in ten minutes."

"How? how?" I inquired, "Do, it in pity."

"Instantly," said he. "Have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it with some common salt."

They were produced. My friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he "if that does not cure I will forfeit my head. You may tell this to every one and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coolness which gradually subsided, and with it—the alum and salt—cured the torment of the toothache.

For a specimen of Wisconsin officers, a correspondent away out there sends us a sketch of Tom Noyes, the Sheriff, a rough original character, of no education. He had always lived on the border, and knew nothing of the forms of law. But when he was called on to serve a writ of Habeas Corpus, he told the applicants, "that want the kind of thing for him, but he would issue a writ of rams damus that would take the fellow just as well where he wasn't as where he was!"

Judge Gosh, when he was on the bench in the same county, used to keep the court-room in a perfect uproar by his mock majesty and outlandish sayings. On one occasion a couple of lawyers got into a hot discussion on some point of law, when the Judge rose, with all his dignity hanging on him, and stopped the mouths of the disputants by saying: "If the Court is right, and she thinks she are, why then you are wrong, and she knows you is. So dry up!"

The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college:

"My dear son—I write to send you two pair of old breeches, that you may have a new coat made of them. Also some new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls, if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings, if you do not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

A little urchin in Sunday school at Newark, was asked a few Sundays ago, this question: "What did our Savior say when he knew that Judas had betrayed him?" The urchin scratched his pate a few moments, and then gravely answered, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"

Muggins says that Job's turkey was fat compared with an old gobbler he shot last week on the Devil's Fork. That was so light it lodged in the air, and he had to get a pole to knock it down.

Communications. Leaves by the Wayside.

BY AGNES.

"Cousin, whose portraits are these?"
"Those! Oh those are uncle Daniel Hunter's and aunt Keturia's."

"Pray tell me who uncle David and aunt Keturia were. I am just in the mood this afternoon to work in silence, and listen, which, like many other scandalous things told of woman, is a rare mood for her to be in."

Your least wish is mine, honored cousin, so let the spirit of silence and attention pervade you, and you shall have the history of uncle David and aunt Keturia."

"I shall never forget the bitter sorrow that filled my heart as I stood beside my dead mother, as she lay so pale and silent in her coffin. I had often heard them speak of death as being terrible. But oh, how beautiful she looked to me, in her robe of white merino, with her dark hair parted upon her brow as in life, and a bouquet of green leaves and white buds were clasped in her fingers. I gazed upon her long, and felt that she was sleeping. In my total forgetfulness that those dear lids were closed upon me forever, I bent over and touched her lips. As their coldness thrilled upon mine, I then realized that she had left me. With one wail of sorrow I threw myself beside her, and it seemed as if the world had suddenly become enveloped in darkness, and I was alone—and oh, so desolate—so forsaken. I could not weep; tears were denied me. I felt my soul scorched, and dried up by burning grief. Then my senses failed me. I knew no more. When I awoke, a dark woman sat by me. I attempted to rise in my bed, but my strength failed me. Then came the recollection that my mother was dead. I looked about me, and oh, how I missed her soothing presence. I could endure it no longer, and cried 'mother, oh my mother!'"

"David, will you come here?" said the lady by me.

The door opened; a quick step brought another personage to my side, and a voice murmured, "My child, my Nellie, be comforted! I will be unto thee even as thy father and mother." As I listened to that voice, so like my own mother's I wept. He told me how they had laid my mother in the grave; but that her spirit, all free from sorrow and suffering, was even then perhaps by my side—that I was not alone in life, for "God sends his ministering angels to watch over us;" why should he not send those who love us?

I grieved no more, but felt comforted. For I felt that an angel walked by my side—an angel who had loved me best in life.

In my mother's dying hour she committed me to my uncle David, with these words:—"Brother, take my Nellie, and love her as you loved her mother, when your playfellow in the old homestead." As soon as my health permitted I left my childhood's home and started for the west with uncle David and aunt Keturia.

"To-morrow, Nell!" said my uncle, "we shall be at Niagara Falls; open your eyes wide and take in with one look all of that glorious view which will burst upon your sight! and listen to the roar of those waters whose mighty voice speaks to us of the Eternal!"

The morrow came; and I did open my eyes wide, as we came in sight of the Falls. The grandeur—the sublimity—the deep voice of its waters overwhelmed me. I felt a deep awe steal over me, and a voice whisper to my innermost being, "Behold the work of God!" And I felt my soul bow before him in worship; and as the spray fell upon my brow, I seemed baptized into a new realization of the greatness of God.

Then came gay throngs of people. I looked upon many who seemed truthful, high-minded, intelligent, refined. Then came others whose souls groped in darkness upon this world of uncertainty and sorrow. For them I grieved. Then floated by me the sweet voice of childish laughter; like the music of angels it mingled with the roar of the deep waters. I was awakened from my reverie by the voice of aunt Keturia, who hastily stepped forward and exclaimed:

"I am delighted my dear friends, to see you!" I looked and saw four persons upon the bridge leading to the tower, who were presented to uncle David, and then I was introduced to Mrs. Charles, a fat, stylish dowager, whose noble physiognomy made me her friend at once. Then came the charming, intimate friend of aunt Keturia, Adeline Rouser. As a smile parted her lips, the whitest of teeth gleamed upon me, the brightest of eyes were languishingly turned upon me, and small taper fingers were held towards me. I turned, and met a pair of soul-loving eyes of blue.—The dark, brown haired girl before me was not beautiful, if feature and complexion make one so, but I felt I loved her. My own spirit, intuitions, so I thought, have never yet deceived me; so I will trust to thee, sweet Sallie Benford. Next came aunt Keturia's brother, Henry Walton, a dark-eyed Southern, and lastly, Captain Biddleford. He stood before me, with a jaunty little cap resting upon a small head, small eyes, a large nose, and what his mouth might have been, I was not able to tell; for whiskers, moustaches, etc., forbade all further investigation.

The third day from that time we arrived at uncle David's home—the home of my mother's childhood. It stood upon an eminence that sloped for nearly a quarter of a mile towards the road. Noble trees, shrubs and flowers filled the whole distance. As you stood upon the piazza and looked upon the horses, carriages and people gliding among the trees in the road, you might have imagined the whole a pantomime performance for your especial amusement. All around lie every variety of rich and beautiful scenery. Hills covered with gigantic trees reared themselves like a mighty bulwark for miles around. In many places the fine old forest trees had been cut down to afford views of some magnificent scenery. In others they formed cool and delicious groves. A little way to the east of the building slept a beautiful lake. I used to sit for hours and watch its calm and placid surface, as the green hills which formed its background were reflected in its waters, or the light and fleecy clouds which passed over it for a moment cast the image of their beauty therein, or when the winds came and in their frolic caused its waters to form waves of deep green and blue, capped with a tinge of pure white foam.

There was another feature in that landscape of hill and dale, and broad, rich meadows, that suited my fancy passing well. It was a small stream of water at the foot of a hill, winding and beautiful—now, lost among the trees, then appearing again like a thread of silver, spanned here and there by rustic bridges, which gave it a romantic and picturesque appearance. It was on one of these bridges, beneath the spreading branches of an old oak, I used to resort with Sallie Benford, and with my sewing talk by the hour. I could talk to her of my mother who slept far away, with those pale sleepers who come no more to join us in the great struggle of life.

Aunt Keturia knew not how to sympathize with the heart. The only child of parents who made her days a "summer's dream" she sought only the sweet from the flowers of existence, and left the bitter, unshared with those less fortunate than herself. She had never learned that life was filled with duties, the performance of which bring sunny spots to our view; like the blue violets of spring, which are often found by raking away the wet and withered leaves of the past autumn. She had never learned that the discharge of these duties, from the peace they bring to the mind, give life a warm, rich coloring, which makes the progress to our father's mansion more easy. She was the idol of society—the gayest of the gay—fascinating as Cleopatra, she shone a bright, resplendent star.

"Nell, I have been here four weeks, and in all that time have seen no wife kneeling to her blue-beard husband, while he stands over her with savage impatience to hang her up beside the former relics of his tender love."

"Sallie, will you in plain, sober language tell me what you mean?"

"Well, dear, I have been told that your uncle was a tyrant, and would if his wife were docile enough, keep her like the prisoner of Chillon to gaze upon spider's webs.—But, Nell, I have seen none of this. Altho' sad and proud in his bearing, how kindly and courteously he moves in his household and makes all happy by the tones of his voice and cheerful expression of his eye."

"Study my uncle, dear Sallie, as I have, and you will scarcely find a more noble specimen of humanity. Sorrow and disappointment have thrown a tinge of sadness over his life, and has given him a stern, proud bearing. Have you not seen the waters of a stream toss themselves proudly and defiantly when the storm smote them? but when again in the sunlight, how calmly and gently they flowed and kissed the violets upon the banks?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOUND TO BE REVENGED.—An old lady, a professor of the washer-woman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon as she was comfortable in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the West, and before many minutes a tornado swept through her small property, scattering the timber of her little barn in all directions. Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation, but at last exclaimed—"Well, here's a pretty business! No matter, though, I'll pay you for this! I'll wash on Sunday!"

Wilson and Phinney are the leading members of the Washington county bar. Sitting opposite one another at dinner table—they are always opposite in practice at the bar in the court house, and agreed as to the bar in the hotel—Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before in a great political meeting in the village where Phinney resides.

"Indeed," said he, "I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm!"

"Filled with what?" cried Phinney.

"With enthusiasm," repeated Wilson.

"Oh, ah!" said Phinney, "I understand; but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it rum!"

VERY CORRECT.—"Please, Mister, give me a bundle of hay?"

"Yes, my son. Sixpenny or shilling bundle?"

"Shillin'."

"Is it for your father?"

"No, guess 'tain't—is for the hoss. My father don't eat hay!"

your especial amusement. All around lie every variety of rich and beautiful scenery. Hills covered with gigantic trees reared themselves like a mighty bulwark for miles around. In many places the fine old forest trees had been cut down to afford views of some magnificent scenery. In others they formed cool and delicious groves. A little way to the east of the building slept a beautiful lake. I used to sit for hours and watch its calm and placid surface, as the green hills which formed its background were reflected in its waters, or the light and fleecy clouds which passed over it for a moment cast the image of their beauty therein, or when the winds came and in their frolic caused its waters to form waves of deep green and blue, capped with a tinge of pure white foam.

There was another feature in that landscape of hill and dale, and broad, rich meadows, that suited my fancy passing well. It was a small stream of water at the foot of a hill, winding and beautiful—now, lost among the trees, then appearing again like a thread of silver, spanned here and there by rustic bridges, which gave it a romantic and picturesque appearance. It was on one of these bridges, beneath the spreading branches of an old oak, I used to resort with Sallie Benford, and with my sewing talk by the hour. I could talk to her of my mother who slept far away, with those pale sleepers who come no more to join us in the great struggle of life.

Aunt Keturia knew not how to sympathize with the heart. The only child of parents who made her days a "summer's dream" she sought only the sweet from the flowers of existence, and left the bitter, unshared with those less fortunate than herself. She had never learned that life was filled with duties, the performance of which bring sunny spots to our view; like the blue violets of spring, which are often found by raking away the wet and withered leaves of the past autumn. She had never learned that the discharge of these duties, from the peace they bring to the mind, give life a warm, rich coloring, which makes the progress to our father's mansion more easy. She was the idol of society—the gayest of the gay—fascinating as Cleopatra, she shone a bright, resplendent star.

"Nell, I have been here four weeks, and in all that time have seen no wife kneeling to her blue-beard husband, while he stands over her with savage impatience to hang her up beside the former relics of his tender love."

"Sallie, will you in plain, sober language tell me what you mean?"

"Well, dear, I have been told that your uncle was a tyrant, and would if his wife were docile enough, keep her like the prisoner of Chillon to gaze upon spider's webs.—But, Nell, I have seen none of this. Altho' sad and proud in his bearing, how kindly and courteously he moves in his household and makes all happy by the tones of his voice and cheerful expression of his eye."

"Study my uncle, dear Sallie, as I have, and you will scarcely find a more noble specimen of humanity. Sorrow and disappointment have thrown a tinge of sadness over his life, and has given him a stern, proud bearing. Have you not seen the waters of a stream toss themselves proudly and defiantly when the storm smote them? but when again in the sunlight, how calmly and gently they flowed and kissed the violets upon the banks?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOUND TO BE REVENGED.—An old lady, a professor of the washer-woman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon as she was comfortable in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the West, and before many minutes a tornado swept through her small property, scattering the timber of her little barn in all directions. Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation, but at last exclaimed—"Well, here's a pretty business! No matter, though, I'll pay you for this! I'll wash on Sunday!"

Wilson and Phinney are the leading members of the Washington county bar. Sitting opposite one another at dinner table—they are always opposite in practice at the bar in the court house, and agreed as to the bar in the hotel—Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before in a great political meeting in the village where Phinney resides.

"Indeed," said he, "I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm!"

"Filled with what?" cried Phinney.

"With enthusiasm," repeated Wilson.

"Oh, ah!" said Phinney, "I understand; but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it rum!"

VERY CORRECT.—"Please, Mister, give me a bundle of hay?"

"Yes, my son. Sixpenny or shilling bundle?"