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# WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1858.

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

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

# For the Agitator. THE LAW WAS GIVEN BY MOSES; BUT GRACE AND I CAME BY JEEUS CHEIST .- John, 1: XVII.

old Judes, many years ago, ancient records and traditions show, mighty prophet in the land arose save the people from their many woes o save the people from their many woes. o him were given wisdom, strength and pow'r o sid them in captivity's dark hour; jad through the dreary wilderness, his band He led in safety to the Promised Land.

ime ran to riot in those early days; ew learned to walk in wisdom's pleasant ways. undeveloped were the many, thenrace of barb'rous. unenlightened men. uch natures and such passions to restrain-Mid such a people order to maintain, lequired a law relentless in its course-Severe, inflexible-the law of force.

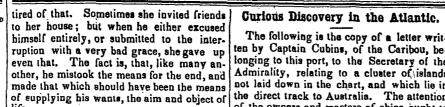
be lapse of ages brought a wondrous night, the lapse of ages prought a wondrous hight, When came a vision from the world of light; When spirit-voices holy anthems sang, While hear in sown arches with the music rang; When shone the star of Bethlehem on high, nen some the said of betweened of angle, nd worshippers with reverence drew nigh o Jeus: then the reign of peace began, race to this tronbled earth, ' good will to man,' He whom the angels sang on that glad night Became, as years sped on, a shining light: Heek and forgiving, pure and undefiled, ise beyond all, yet gentle as a child. turning good for evil, love for wrath, ad blessing all who daily crossed his path. In lores not holiness, and soon arose, round the Heav'nly Teacher, bitter foes; y friends betrayed, by bigots crucified, srus of NazaRETH bow'd down and died.

Oh, why are we not like him ! why, to-day. Vhen eighteen centuries have rolled away, ire they who call themselves his followers. true Who claim his precepts and his will to do, minimal hopes and duties cold ? unb, unforgiving to an erring brother, stead of loving, aiding one another ! Nby, in this land of liberty and light, Not the role allows rise, a sick hing sight ! Vhy, on the soil where patriots fought and bled hadgave to Freedom all the blood they shed, uld Slavery rule? and men be bo't and soldadying spirits, trafficked in for gold ! e wrong a the truth is plainly seen : e follow Moses, not the NAZARENE! Dh. let us grow more like him day by day ! or earthly hie will quickly pass away, ad other scenes and other glories rise

oglad our souls when death unseals our eyes. may our thoughts and actions here below. tus for that abode to which we go; r we shall see in that blest home above he law of Force change to the law of LovE. PRIL. 1858. VIRGINIA

#### "The Wife's Mistake." BY GREY MARION.

It is very beautiful, the history of the Wife's Mistake," and I have no doubt such ases are and such an example may be profitible. But let me tell a tale on the other side. My friend Merle Vernon was a bright, atnetive girl, well educated and intelligent, and as good as she was intelligent. She married according to her choice. I might, I had the power, and were inclined for a mance, instead of a straight forward story, ell of the first meeting, and the first imressions, and the mutual attraction, and the onclusion to which she and Henry Dale rere irresistibly drawn, that they were made r each other, and could not by any possiility go through life except together. I saw hem when they met, twice accidentally, and him unexpectedly, and I built a whole roance on his start and blush of pleasure, and s animated greeting. (I wish I could have een the same thing ten years later.) Well, went on; they were married, every ine augured the most sunny life for them. Both well educated, cultivated, and with similatity in laste, even their religious feelings in iscipline, and he had never known the harm of a pleasant home and social inter-OUTSe.



VOL. IV.

THE

While Merle was still nursing the delusive hope of the "next year," his locks whitened with his toils, and the silver threads grew more and more plentiful among her dark ocks.

By that time she had almost learned to live alone, and it had been wise had she learned the lesson earlier. I heard a friend say one day, in her hearing, "I don't be-lieve in polygamy; a man who is wedded to his profession ought not to take any other wife." Merle looked as if she understood

### "But not a word she spake."

One day the secret came out. A friend said to Henry, "You ought to give yourself more time ; you work too hard at your age."

"Ah," said he, in reply, "There is noth-ing else for me. The fact is, my habits are fixed, I am not good for anything else, I don't know anything else, and I suppose I shall work on till I die."

There was the end of all my friend's beautiful hopes. He had unfitted himself entirely for domestic and social life, and so chose to live and die. Quite too common a case. Merle also had made a mistake ; or rather if she had made a mistake, it was early in life, and one not easily rectified.

#### The Sheriff's Story.

In the summer of 185-, while traveling on business in the wilderness of Northern Maine, we stopped one afternoon in the little -, which nestles cozily in the village of Pshade of Saddleback mountain. After supper, while enjoying our cigar upon the porch, we noticed a peculiar looking scar upon the landlord's cheek. Thinking "thereby hangs a tale," we asked him to inform us of the cause of so unusual a mark. He professed himself willing to relate the story, and drawing a chair close to our side, commenced-

"In my younger days I was a sheriff in the county in which I then resided. In the swarmed with sea elephants; and that they spring of 1829 a murder was committed in a neighboring town, under circumstances of the discovery, twenty-five thousand barrels unusual atrocity. The deed was done by a of oil. The island was bold on the N. E. Frenchman, whose name was Liste. He, side, and no hidden dangers; and the bay with his wife, lived in a log cabin in the woods, some ten miles from where the deed bor, with good anchorage; no sunken danwas committed, and had long been suspected as a thief and secreter of stolen goods. I and sheltered from all winds except a northwas sent to secure him, and you may be sure I did not relish the job much, but go I must. As I had ten miles to ride, I started early, and arrived at the cabin about noon. Tving my horse to a tree, I went up to the door and knocked; after considerable delay in unfastening more than was necessary, the door was opened by his wife, who demanded, in no very pleasant tone, what I wanted.

"Is your husband at home ?" I asked. "No, he has gone to the village, and will not be back till night," she answered.

"Then I will wait till he comes home,"

The following is the copy of a letter writbe called to the subject, as many vessels of

been wrecked on them : "Ship Caribou, Hobson's Bay, March 13, 1858. I sailed from Liverpool on the 8th between the squalls, I fancied I saw land to the southward; took in studding sails, shortened sail, and stood towards it. Hove to sent her to the land. I afterwards stood in ground with one hundred and twenty fathoms of line. The island appeared to be in a S. was covered with snow; there was a remark-I think that its greatest elevation could not be the level of the sea. While hove to awaiting ily in all the concerns of home life. our hoat's return. I was astonished to see

to be the American schooner Oxford, of Fairhaven. They put out a boat, and the masthem eighteen months before. He seemed annoyed that my boat had landed, and adwould never leave her while I had another boat to seek for her. I was very anxious, for it was then sundown, and darkness coming on fast; but while speaking, the lookout at the mast head reported the boat in sight. He then became more communicative, and told me they were after oil; that the shores had sent to America from the island since where the lay was a fine bay or natural hargers, with twelve to twenty fathoms all over, easterly, with a fine river of fresh water at the head of it. My own officers confirmed his statement of the sea elephants, and the island being well watered. There were penguins and other birds in myriads, and on an island about a mile apart from the main ap-

peared to be a great mound of guano. While lying to I went to look at my abstract, and it made me shudder to think that only twelve months before I ran past the island at midnight in a heavy gale of wind, not more than a to find out if there relieve. I send, inclosed with this, a sketch was very much assisted by one of the pas--Liverpool Daily Post.

Girls at Home. There are two kinds of girls; one is the ten by Captain Cubins, of the Caribou, be- kind that is abroad-the girls that are good longing to this port, to the Secretary of the for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose Admirality, relating to a cluster of islands chief delight is in such things; the other is not laid down in the chart, and which lie in the kind that appears best at home-the girls the direct track to Australia. The attention that are useful and cheerful in the dining of the owners and masters of ships ought to room, the sick room, and all the precincts of room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character .--which no tidings have been heard may have One is often a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming every-

AGITATOR.

thing about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her path-December, 1857, bound to Port Philip, in way. Now it does not necessarily follow Australia. On February 22d, wind wester- that there shall be two classes of girls. The ly, brisk gale with snow squalls. In a clear | right education will modify both a little, and unite their characters in one. Girls are not made altogether for home, any more than boys are. Society would be of but little abreast the island, lowered a life boat, and worth, without girls, without women. The first pleasure and duty of every woman to about nine miles off shore, and got no should be at home; her next should relate to the refinement and well being of society. But in order that she may benefit and adorn E. and N. W. direction, about twenty five society, she must first know how to benefit miles, its southern extreme trending to the and adorn home. Hence all girls, whether S. W. The greater part of the whole island rich or poor, should be early and well instructed in all the duties and cares of home. able group of high rocks lying off to the N. From the parlor to the kitchen, she should E., and on the N. W. extreme an iceberg be complete mistress. All the interests of aground. The island was cloud capped, but home should be familiar to her as household words. Neither idleness, folly or indifferless than four hundred and fifty feet above ence, should prevent her from engaging heartwill be to her a school more valuable than vessels at anchor in a bay, we having opened the seminary or the ladies' college. It be-it by drifting to the S. E. One of them got hooves mothers, therefore, to feel that they hooves mothers, therefore, to feel that they under way and stood towards us; it proved are teachers of the first dignity in position. Their daughters will be much what they make them. The home education will lay ter came on board; he told me they called it the true foundation of character. It will fix Kurd's Island, and that it was discovered by the true principles of life in the young girl's mind. It will give her an insight into domestic duties, and teach her that to be useful vised me to go and leave her behind, saying is one great end of life. Book education she would never return; but I told him I can easily follow a good home training; but good home training is not apt to follow the education of the schools. Girls well taught at home, are the girls that abpear well everywhere. Give us the well read girls, and we

## My Experience in Teaching.

shall have no need of any other. They will

make the true woman.

Yes, Mr. Editor, it is veritably I, who write these words. Your friend Nelly has really been engaged in the foolish enterprise of teaching. "What !" I hear the teachers exclaiming, "do you call it a foolish work ?" Then you did not enter upon it with a right spirit; for we can't help liking to teach .--Well, to you I would say, that I wager a bright penny that you never taught school in Paradise. There was where I spent three months in instructing the "young ideas" of the curly headed angels of those very Paradisaical regions which way to shoot.

I am sure my romantic notions about having a blissful Eden in my school were fanciful enough to please any one. I was certain of success and went to work cheerfully. But to show you my school in its true four or five miles distant, ignorant of its ex- state, I will tell you about one of the classes. istence. My greatest wish on sending a boat to the island was to find out if there were was the history class. "You may read," any shipwrecked persons on it whom I might said I to a lad of twelve or thirteen. He commenced, "Mr. Bennett who resided near of the island, in the execution of which I Forty Grisly wolves was-"That word is Fort Griswold, James," interrupted I. He sengers. It was entirely of volcanic origin, corrected his mistake and finished the verse, my six officers having found on the surface and the solemn Mary Jane rose. "About ashes and stones, like the specimen enclosed. this time the people were thrown into great gloom by the death of the father of his counCommunications. For the Agitator. MARY:

A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

NO. XLVIII.

The fragrant breath of early spring is abroad, and as I sit here in the deepening twilight, it walts to me the perfume of open ing buds and flowers, and the soft notes of the ever welcome songsters, who with man, seem to hail the coming spring with a burst of welcome. And come there no other notes to my ear? Ah! there is a whispering of the night-winds, which brings to my heart a tone dearer than the music of birds. It is the voice of memory. It speaks to me of other days-of the absent but unforgotten .-Methinks I see them sitting in the little porch as when I was with them; their words and looks of love are all unchanged. And perchance as their eyes wander away to the quiet churchyard, they think of one who was beloved by us all, who now "sleeps that sleep which knows no waking." The grass is green, and the flowers bloom above her head. But Mary is not forgotten ! Her virtues and sufferings are recorded in many hearts.

I shall never forget my first visit to her dwelling. It seems but a little while since that evening, and yet, time has counted months, and even years. I had procrastinated my long-promised visit from day to day, until the news of her increased and alarming illness, came like a reproof for my selfish tardiness. I prepared for my walk with a saddened heart, and accompanied by a friend. set out, just as the sun was nearing its west ern bed. We walked silently along, until we reached the summit of the hill, and then paused to look back upon the scene below ere an angle in the road hid it from our view. There was our quiet, happy home, nestled amidst the trees, and half hidden by their foliage. To me, that place had always looked beautiful, for it was the abode of loving hearts, and there I had spent some of life's happiest hours. And now the rays of the setting sun fell upon it with such a flood of golden light, and the soft murmur of voices blended with the notes of instrumental music, was wafted to my ears, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "How hard it must be to die and leave this beautiful world !" I forgot, in that moment, when I was bound by so many strong ties to the world, where the beauties of nature and the smiles of affection wooed my heart into a willing captivity-I forgot, for a moment, that better world which lies beyond. But when I stood in that sick room, and listened to the words of humble trust which fell from saint ed lips, I felt indeed, that the favor of God is better than life.

I returned from that visit with a chastened and grateful hears. The summer waned and still Mary lingered, and often did I sit beside her bed and receive instruction from one who seemed so near the "spirit land,-When the frosts of autumn changed the woodlands to a richer hue, I bade adieu to the friends around me, and left the scenes o happy home, with the thought that it would be perhaps forever. But when the glorious spring returned again, it found me there, amid the haunts I loved. There was music once more under the old oak trees which surrounded the little rustic school house-the

## **Bates of Advertising.**

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aertions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-dered out, and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all

kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Consta-bles' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and nrinted to order.

passed away, leaving her dying blessing for har only child, and bequeathing her no inheritance except her own beauty and fragility. Her father soon took another to fill his home and heart, but even a careless observer could discern in her an unsympathizing nature.---A part of Mary's girlhood had been passed with a judicious aunt, who had given her an education which tended to the development of a mind rich by nature. The talents which had been cultivated were not permitted to remain inactive. When her health permitted, she gave instruction to her own sex in fancy work, and also in drawing and painting, of which she was passionately fond, or instructed the little pupils who were intrusted to her care, She remembered how her own heart in its childish loneliness had yearned for kindness and love, and she cherished that memory, as the secret incentive to acts of love towards others. She eagerly sought means for self-improvement, but the mental labor, with the heart yearnings for that sympathy, which is so sparingly extended to the sensitive ones of earth added to the want of physical exercise, were slowly, but surely developing that disease which was her birthright-consumption.

Often, when the evening shadows length. ened, I turned my steps through the little gate which opened into the orchard, a few steps from her dwelling; and in my evening rides, I sometimes compelled the impatient pony to wait long for me, for the time always passed so pleasantly that I wished to linger. But a change came, as is always the case in this changing world. I paid my last visit-unknowing it was the last. I parted with her. promising to come the next week and spend few days with her.

The full moon of autumn shed a flood of light around as we turned our steps homeward, and the trees cast strange shadows across our path. A feeling of sadness stole over my spirits, and my friend Lizzie had caught the same, and we walked along in silence, or conversed in tones that betrayed what we could not account for. Was it presentiment? One week, and I was far away. Unexpectedly I had been called to leave .---No time was left for parting visits. I looked back, as the bright Ohio, the distant hills, and all the objects which had become so familiar to me, faded from my sight, and felt that it was, perhaps, the last time I should look upon them. And so it may be.

The first news I received after my departure, told me Mary was dead ! The flattering disease had fanned up the last spark of vital energy, and when her friends called her better she faded, "as the flower fadeth when the wind passeth over it."

A LETTER FOR DENNIS .- "Hillo, Misther Postmaster, and is there iver a letter here for Dennis O'Flaherty ?"

"I believe there is," said the postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter.

"And will you be so kind as to rade it to me, seein' I had the misfortune to be edicated to rade niver a bit ?"

"To be sure," said the accommodating postmaster.

He then opened and read the epistle, which was from the "old country," concerning his relations there, &c. When he had finished,

perfect harmony, that the education and habits of life of each should have been sim-

Well, as I said, they were married, the wedding journey was over, the wedding visits received and paid, and then Henry threw imself into his profession, with the more zeal for the time he had lost. His wife entered into his pursuits and interests, devoted her evenings to him when he could be at home, helped him to look for authorities, pr took her work or book, and sat quietly by, while he knotted his brow over knotty cases. She had expected some sympathy in her pursuits also; not much time given to her, but some help now and then, advice as to reading, refreshing discussions on topics of interest. Evening after evening, week after could not share. There were always the best reasons in the world; no one could question his propriety, but there were always reasons.

So she learned to plod on by herself; helped her husband still when she could, and then read as she might, turning over what she had read in her own mind, for want of sympathy in the communication.

Still she said to me, "next year," and "next year, Henry says, he will not work so bard ; he will have more time."

I smiled inwardly at her woman's faith, and said to myself, "next year, and next year, my dear child, will never come."

You can break a few threads easily, but let me wind around you the habits of many years, (I wear yards,) and it will take more strength than you have to break them.

Heary grew renowned in his profession, his renown. Years gathered on his head; the woods, to the nearest neighbors. Sethey had position, eminance, wealth, but no curing the assistance of one of the "men bome. He was much engrossed, and gradu-Was reading and writing. So they spent their time asunder.

They gradually withdrew from social life. Sometimes she went out alone; but she grew So ends the sheriff's story.

said I; and, without giving her time to reply, stepped into the room.

One glance around convinced me that the harmony; on one point only was there any murderer was at home. A rifle stood in the difference. His early life had been a hard corner of the room, which he had been cleaning, as I drove up, for the water was even dripping from the tube. I said nothing, however, but sat down, and began to take a It is desirable in married life, in order to survey of the room. He could not have left, while I stood at the door, without my seeing him; so that he must either have left before came, or else, which I considered more likely, was concealed about the cabia. My eye fell upon a rag mat, lying on the floor, and taking that up the mystery was explained. A trap door was underneath, which proba-

bly led to the hole or cellar in which he was concealed. I lifted the door up, and was looking for some means of descending, when a push from the "gude wife" sent me down without the use of a ladder, and the door was suddenly, shut. I tell you sir, I was in no enviable position, in a dark cellar with a murderer-for he was there, as I very soon after found out.

Thinking I heard him move, I took a step in the direction of the sound. In an instant week, she watched and waited, but there was there was a flash, a loud report, and I felt a always something of more importance, or burning pain in my cheek. I saw him by very often engagements out, in which she the flash of the pistol, crouching in the further corner of the cellar. My blood was up, and I made a spring and closed with him. We had a sharp tussle, for a few moments, but at length I managed to get the bracelets on his wrists, and, then it was all over .---

Meanwhile his wife was above, standing on the door, and asking every now and then-"Have you fixed him, Jem ?"

Putting my hand upon the man's mouth, and imitating his voice as near as I could, I told her I had, and ordered her to lead the

sheriff's horse into the shed. My ruse succeeded perfectly, and, as she left the room, I ordered him up the ladder, and by using the

argument of a pistol persuaded him to go.---Once up, the rest was easy. His wife was somewhat astonished when she came in, but seeing I was well armed, made no resistance. The man was sullen, and refused to speak, but I did not care for that. I put him on the made himself famous; but he paid dearly for horse, and led the horse two miles through

folk," I had him securely lodged in the jail ally, even his wife was in his way when he that night, and he is now in the State Prison serving his sentence, imprisonment for life. But that was the hardest fight I ever had;

FORLY-NINE PRICES .--- In the early times of California, the immigrants nearly all used present. "God" replied the pupil seriously. immense quantities of saleratus, in the manufacture of bread. There was no yeast to be had in the country, and unless we could get saleratus to lighten our slap-jacks they were, to say the least, "heavy lum." On the 29th day of August, 1849, our company arrived at Weberville. We were all amply supplied with flour, pork and other eatables, but there was a great dearth of that most indispensable article-saleratus. One of our party, (Colonel P-----, who is now a respectable and wealthy citizen of Sacramento county,) had at the time, one-quarter of a dollar left, which was, to be candid, about all the cash to be then found in the train. The Colonel determined to invest his last two bits in the purchase of saleratus, and with that intention proceeded to the little log grocery, (the only establishment of the kind hen existing in the diggings,) and addressing the business man of the concern, inquired if he had "any saleratus?" The storekeeper

made answer affirmatively, and the Colonel at once asked for a quarter's worth. "Stranger," said he of the grocery, "

dont' know how to weigh that quantity." "Why," said the Colonel "how do you sell it mister?

"Only sixteen dollars a pound," was the

calm reply. With a look of unutterable amazement, the Colonel pocketed his quarter, and va-mosed the ranch.-Placerville Index.

A Wag in New York seeing a man driving a tack into a card through the letter in the word "Boston" printed on it, seized the card and exclaimed, "Why, what are you about; Don't you know that laying tax on tea in or oppressed. Boston once raised a thundering muss there ?"

WE have heard a great many expressions of filial affection, but none equal to the fol-lowing, which a Western man really gave son. vent to not long since :- "My father was the and I shall carry a mark of it to my grave. only man I ever allowed to be sassy to me without licking him like thunder."

try." "Who was the father of his country" asked the County Superintendent who was "And did God die about this time ?" was the next question.

But I forbear to relate any more. It would weary your patience and tire my fingers, besides, it really is sad to think of Paradise.-NELLY.-Honesdale Herald.

THE KANSAS WOMEN .--- A young lady some time since, went from her home, in New York, to Kansas, to meet her affianced lover for the purpose of marrying him. She traveled all the way from Rochester to Ossawotamie alone, making the trip pleasantly and safely. Immediately on her arrival she was married to her "beau," who is a steady farmer named Merrit, and went to house keeping instanter. A week after she writes back to a lady friend at Rochester, giving an account of her trip, situation, &c. She 88 VS :

"Merrit is plowing, and when he gets through with his spring work, we are going to take a trip to Missouri to buy cows, chickens, and such other "fixings" as we may need. Please give my love to all the girls, and tell all who are in want of a husband to come out here, and they can readily find boys. How does Mr. B. survive my loss? I hope he won't commit suicide as in that case all the young ladies who are now shedding such "sweetly sentimental tears" over Stout, will be drowned in grief. I would not give my M. for all the boys in York State, not even excepting Mr. H. M. sends his love to you and Dr. &c., &c."

The husband and sons of such women as the above will never submit to be tyranized

The last excuse for hoops is, that the "weaker vessels" need much hooping.

music of childish voices welcoming me back again to their midst.

My first inquiry was for Mary. Glad was I to learn that she was now able to be seated in her easy chair, and sometimes drawn to the open window, where she might catch a glimpse of the sunshine, and inhale the fragrance of the opening flowers. Not many days were allowed to pass before I visited her. What a long, happy afternoon we passed, talking of all that had transpired during my absence, and how cheerful she was notwith. standing all her sufferings. How my heart smote me for ever repining at my lot, when I looked upon her, so patient amid her multiplied afflictions! There, resting upon the stool before her, was one little foot-its fellow long since an inmate of the cold grave, and she, who loved the beautiful works o nature with a fervor amounting to enthusiasm, was denied the happiness of walking abroad in the glorious sunshine-was doom ed to pass through life, a cripple.

She did not allude to her misfortune until our acquaintance had ripened into intimacy One day our conversation turned upon he recovering strength. "When you called to see me the first time," she said, "I thought my journey was nearly closed. My wearled spirit longed to quit this worn out tenement

But I am spared to suffer on. 1 do not repine. 'The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Oh! my friend, you know not what it is to be cut off from the bright and beautiful world without, in the bloom of youth, and doomed to forego so many delights, which make life a blessing-never more to walk abroad in the glorious springgood ones. Also, please give my love to the time-never more to enter the sanctuary, but to sit here day alter day-oh! you know not the inestimable value of health !"

Her words affected me more, because I had already learned from others her touching lifehistory. A fall when a child, had been the cause of her becoming what she now wasa cripple. By skillful treatment she was enabled to retain the weakened limbuntil she had grown to womanhood. It then became apparent that she must either suffer amputation or lose her life. The persuasions of friends overcame her reluctance to submit to

the fearful operation. Long, wearisome days and nights followed, and after months of suffering, she began to recover. Kind friends ministered to her wants, but there was one hand missing for which she sighed. How she yearned for a mother's love! Ere she could fully appreciate that priceless gem, she

Dennis observed :

"And what would you be axin for the postage on that letter ?"

"Fifty cents."

"And its chape enough, yer honor, but as niver think of axin ye to trust, just kape the letter for pay; and say, Misther, if I'd call in, one of these days, would ye write an answer to it ?"

A SMART PEOPLE .- Not long ago an attorney with considerable "swell," but not much brains, came to C----, Ohio, to "locate," One day when the post office was full, awaiting the distribution of the mail, a half-witted fellow stepped up to him in the crowed, and said :

"Mr. S---- I'm told you have come here o practice law."

"Yes, I have.".

"Well you will find it a first rate location. had not lived here four months before I had een sued ten times."

"Well it seems to me I could live here for years without being sued at all."

"I presume you could," said our half-witted friend. "People here are pretty darned smar, they don't sue a fellow without he's good for the cost !"

A lady tells this story : "I have been out in Indiana on a visit, and while there I found a kitten, which I bought and brought home for a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of onss I proposed, and it was agreed that the head of the kitten should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddie, the eldest, but only three years, should be the proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddie rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the

animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day soon after, I heard the poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and I called out to Eddie: 'There, my son, you are hurting my share of the kitten. I heard her cry.' I didn't mother; I trod on my part and your part hollered.""

A correspondent in the Crescent City writes as follows : Here is something I saw myself. A few days since a verdant youth with his blushing bride arrived at one of the principal hotels in this city. The head of the family immediately registered his name as "S. B. had lost it. In early childhood her mother Jones and lady, Alabamy, on a bridle tower."

Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self helping man. For him all doors flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire -- Emer-