Terms of Publication.

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AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, large and steadily increasing circulation reachto every neighborhood in the County. It is sent to every neighborhood in the County but whose most convenient post office may be juining County. ter.

Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

RUTH.

In the land of Bethlehem Judah, In the land of Bethlehem Judah,
Let us linger, let us wander?
Ephrath's corrow, Racchels's pillar,
Lieth in the valley yonder;
And the yellow barley harvest
Floods it with a golden glory.
Let us back into the old time,
Dreaming of her tender story,
Of her true heart's strong devotion,
From beyond the Dead Sea water,
From the heathen land of Moab,—
Mahlon's wife and Mara's daughter.
II.

On the terebinth and fig-tree
Suns of olden time are shinning,
And the dark leaf of the Olive
Scarcely shows its silver lining;
For still noon is on the thicket,
Where the blue-neck'd pigeons listen
To their own reproachful musio;
And the red pomegranates glisten.
As a maid might wear a blossom,
So the valley wears the cornfields
Heaving on her fertile bosom;
And the wild gray hills stand o'er them,
All their terraced vineyards swelling
Like the green waves of a forest,
Up to David's mountain-dwelling.

III.

TIT.

Lo! the princely-hearted Boaz Lo! the princely-hearted Boaz
Moves among his reapers slowly;
And the widow'd child of Moab
Eends behind the gleaners lowly,
Gathering, gleaning, as she goeth
Down the slopes and up the hollows,
While the love of old Naomi
Like a guardian angel follows;
And he speaketh words of kindness,
Words of kindness calm and stately,
Till he breaks the springs of gladness
That lay cold and frozen lately;
And the love-flowers that had faded
Deep within her bosom lonely,
Slowly open as he questions,
Soon for him to blossom only—
When that spring shall fill with music,
Like an overflowing river;
All his homestend; and those flowers
Bloom beside his hearth forever— Bloom heside his hearth forever-Mother of a line of princes,
Wrought into that race's story,
Whom the Godhead breaking earthward,
Mark'd with an unearthly glory!

And the day is nearly over,
And the lonely mountain partridge
Seeks afar his scanty cover:
And the flocks of wild blue pigeons,
That had gleaned behind the gleaner,
Find their shelter in the thicket; And the cloudless sky grows sheener With a sudden flush of crimson, Steeping in a fiery lustre every sheaf top in the valley, On the hill-side every cluster.

V.'
Slowly, slowly fade, fair picture,
Yellow lights and purple shadows,
On the valley, on the mountains,
And sweet Ruth among the meadows!
Stay awhile, true heart, and teach us,
Pausing in thy matron beauty,
Care of elders, love of kindred,
All unselfish thought and duty.
Linger, Boaz, noble minded!
Teach us—haughty and unsparing—
Tender care for lowlier station,
Kindly speech, and courteous bearing.
Still each softest, loveliest color Still each softest, loveliest color Shrine the form beloved and loving, Shrine the form beloved and loving,
Heroine of our heart's first poem,
Through our childhood's dreamland moving,
When the great old Bible open'd
And a pleasant pastoral measure,
As our mothers read the story,
Fill'd our infant hearts with pleasure. [Dublin University Magazine.

A CLEVER STORY.

ANN POTTER'S LESSON. were both small, and didn't leave us much pity her." means beside the farm. Mother was rather a And that was just the way the mother took wastly woman; she didn't feel as though she wald farm it for a living. It's hard work enough for a man to get clothes and victuals off down at the foot of Torringford Hill, two good always; and then a man can turn to, himself,

Mother talked it all over with Deacon Peters. and he counselled her to sell off all the farm orchard with young apple trees, and had a garden-spot at one end of it, close by the house. Mother calculated to raise potatoes and beans and onions enough to last on the year round, and to take in sewin' so's to get what few gro-ceries we was goin' to want, We kept Old Red, be be bearin' as yet, and we 'lotted a good deal on milk to our house; besides, it saved butcher's

Mother was a real pious woman, and she was a high-couraged woman, too. Old Miss Perrit, died. I remember all about it, though I wa'n't It due't seem as if I could 'a' been real distressed about father's dyin' when I could do so; living.

lot children is just like spring weather, rainin' I remember one time I'd gone up into my but children is just like spring weather, rainin' and went to rockin' back and forth, and sighin', till mother come in.

thing to be left a widder in a hard world; don't you find it out by this?"

BACH A TO

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. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1859.

NO. 30.

treated his wife like a dumb brute while he was alive, and died drunk; but she didn't say nothin'. I see her give a kind of a swaller, and then she spoke up bright and strong.

"I don't think it is a hard world, Miss Perrit. I find folks kind and hopeful, beyond what I'd any right to look for. I try not to think about my husband any more than I can help, because I couldn't work, if I did, and I've got to work. It's most helpful to think the Lord made special promises to widows, and when I remember Him I ain't afeard."

Miss Perrit stopped rockin' a minute, and then she begun to creak the chair and blow her nose again, and she said :--

"Well, I'm sure it's a great mercy to see anybody rise above their trouble the way you do; but, law me! Miss Langdon, you a'n't got through the fust pair o' bars on't yet. Folks is allers kinder neighborly at the fust; they feel to help you right off, every way they can, —but it don't stay put, they get tired on't; they blaze rite up like a white-birch-stick, an' then they go out all of a heap; there's other folks die, and they don't remember you, and you're just as bad off as though you wan'n't a

Mother kind of smiled,-she couldn't help it

but she spoke up again just as steady. "I don't expect to depend on people, Miss Perrit, so long as I have my health. I a'n't above takin' friendly help when I need to, but above takin Triendly help when I need w, but I mean mostly to help myself. I can get work to take in, and when the girls have got their schoolin' they will be big enough to help me. I am not afraid but what I shall live and prosper, if I only keep my health."

"Hem, well!" whined out Miss Perrit. "I

allers thought you was a pretty mighty woman, Miss Langdon, and I'm glad to see you're so high-minded; but you ain't sure of your health, never. I used to be real smart to what I am now, when Perrit was alive; but I took on so, when he was brought home friz to death, that it sp'iled my nerves; and then I had to do so many chores out in the shed, I got cold and had the dreadfullest rheumatiz! and when I'd got past the worst spell of that and was quite folksy again, I slipped down on our door-step and kinder wrenched my ankle, and ef't hadn't 'a' been for the neighbors, I don't know but what Nancy and I should 'a' starved."

Mother did laugh this time. Miss Perrit had overshot the mark.

"So the neighbors were helpful, after all!" said she. "And if ever I get sick, I shall be willin' to have help, Miss Perrit. I'm sure I would take what I would give; I think givin' works two ways. I don't feel afraid yet."

Miss Perrit groaned a little, and wiped her eyes, and got up to to go away. She hadn't never offered to help mother, and she went off to the sewing circle and told that Miss Langdon hadn't got no feelings at all, and she b'liev ed she'd just as soon beg for a livin' as not Poll Mariner, the tailoress, came and told mother all she said next day, but mother only smiled and set Polly to talkin' about the best way to make over her old cloak. When she was gone, I begun to talk about Miss Perrit, and I was real mad: but mother hushed me right up.

"It a'n't any matter, Ann," said she.

"Her sayin' so don't make it so. Miss Perrit's got a miserable disposition, and I'm sor-My sister Mary Jane is older than I—as her happy; she's a doleful Christian, she don't much as four years. Father died when we take any comfort in anything, and I really do

At first we couldn't sell the farm. It was

a farm in West Connecticut: it's up-hill work | miles from meetin', and a mile from the schoolhouse; most of it was woody, and there wa'n't to ploughin' and mowin'; -but a woman a'n't | no great market for wood about there. So for of no use, except to tell folks what to do; and the first year Squire Potter took it on shares; estribody knows it's no way to have a thing and, as he principally seeded it down to rye, why, we sold the rye and got a little money, but 'twa'n't a great deal-no more than we wanted for clothes the next winter. Aunt but the home-lot, which was sot out for an Langdon sent us down a lot of maple sugar from Lee, and when we wanted molasses we made it out of that. We didn't have to buy no great of groceries, for we could spin and knit by fire-light, and, part of the land bein' piny woods, we had a good lot of knots that were as bright as lamps for all we wanted. the best cow; there was pasture enough for her Then we had a dozen chickens, and by pains in the orchard, for the trees wa'n't growed to and care they laid pretty well, and the eggs were as good as gold. So we lived through the first year after father died, pretty well.

Anybody that couldn't get along with mother and Major (I always called Mary Jane "Major" when I was real little, and the name kind of an old widder-woman that lived down by the stayed by her) couldn't get along with anybody. bridge, come up to see her the week after father I was as happy as a cricket whilst they were by, though, to speak truth, I wasn't naturally tan ten years old; for when I see Miss Perrit so chirpy as they were; I took after father Chain' up the road, with her slimpsy old veil more, who was a kind of despondin' man, downhanging off from her bombazine bonnet, and hearted, never thinkin' things could turn out ber doleful look, (what Nancy Perrit used right, or that he was goin' to have any luck. to call "mother's company-face,") I kinder That was my natur, and mother see it, and thought she was comin' to our house; and she fought ag'inst it like a real Bunker-Hiller; but was allers musical to me. I went in to the back- natur' is hard to root up, and there was always dys, and took up a towel I was hemmin', and times when I wanted to skulk away into a estamn in the corner, all ready to let her in. corner and think nobody wanted me and that I was poor and humbly, and had to work for my

one hour and shinin' the next, and it's the Lord's great mercy they be; if they begun to have tallin' over what luck Nancy'd had be feelin' and early, there wouldn't be nothin' she'd been tellin' over what luck Nancy'd had is to grow up. So pretty quick Miss Perrit down to Hartford: how't she had gone into a thocked, and I let her in. We hadn't got shop, and a young man had been struck with to spare room in that house; there was the her good looks, an' he'd turned out to be a hocken in front, and mother's bed-room, and master-shoemaker, and Nancy was a-goin' to the buttery, and the little backspace opened be married, and so on, a rigmarole as long as on't behind. Mother was in the bed-room; the moral law,—windin' up with askin' mother to, while I called her, Miss Perrit set down in the splint rockin'-chair that creaked awfully, for Major was as old as Nance Perrit. I'd waited to hear mother say, in her old bright way, that she couldn't afford it and she couldn't "Good-day, Miss Langdon!" says she, with spare us, if she had the means, and then I flung a kind of a snuffle, "how dew you dew? I up into our room, that was a lean-to in the thought Pd come and see how you kep' up moder this here affliction. I reo'lect very well how I felt when husband died. It's a dreadful on the sill, and begun to wonder why we thing to be winder to be winder to be winder with my ching to be with the winder with my ching to be with the winder with my ching to be winder with my ching to be winder with which will be winder with the winder with the winder with the windex with the winder with the winder with the windex with the win couldn't have as good luck as the Perrits. After I'd got real miserable, I heard a soft step I guess mother felt quite as bad as ever Miss comin' up stairs, and Major come in and looked at me and then out of the winder.

"What's the matter of you, Anny?" said

"Nothing," says I, as sulky as you please. "Nothing always means something," 88.78 Major, as pleasant as pie; and then she scooched down on the floor and pulled my two hands away, and looked me in the face as bright and honest as ever you see a dandelion look out of the grass. "What is it Anny?" Spit it out, as John Potter says; you'll feel better to free

"Well," says I, "Major I'm tired of bad luck."

"Why, Anny! I didn't know as we'd had any. I'm sure, it's three years since father died, and we have had enough to live on all that time, and I've got my schooling, and we are all well; and just look at the apple-trees, —all as pink as your frock with blossoms; that's good for new cloaks next winter Anny." "'Ta'n't that, Major. I was thinkin' about Nancy Perrit. If we'd had the luck to go to

Hartford, may-be you'd have been as well off as she; and then I'd have got work, too. And I wish I was as pretty as she is, Major, it does seem too hard to be poor and humbly too," I wonder she didn't laugh at me, but she

was very feelin' for folks, always. She put her head on the window-sill along of mine, and kinder nestled up to me in her lovin' way, and said, softly .-

"I wouldn't quarrel with the Lord, Anny." "Why, Major! you scare me! I haven't said acthing against the Lord. What do you mean?" said I,—for I was touchy, real touchy. "Well dear, you see we've done all we can to help ourselves; and what's over and above, that we can't help,—that is what the Lord orders, ain't it; and He made you, didn't He? You can't change your face; and I'm glad of it, for it is Anny's face; and I wouldn't have it changed a mite: there'll always be two people to think it's sightly enough, and may-be more by-and-by; so I wouldn't quarrel with it, if I

was you.' Major's happy eyes always helped me. I looked at her and felt better. She wasn't any better-lookin', than I; but she always was so chirk, and smart, and neat, and pretty-behaved, that folks thought she was handsome after they

Well, after a spell, there was a railroad laid out up the valley, and all the land thereabouts riz in price right away; and Squire Potter he bought our farm on speculation, and give a good price for it; so't we had two thousand dollars in the bank, and the house and lot, and the barn, and the cow. By this time Major was twenty-two and I was eighteen; and Squire Potter he'd left his house up on the hill and he'd bought out Miss Perrit's house, and added on to't, and moved down not far from us, so's to be near the railroad-depot, for the sake of bein' handy to the woods, for cuttin' and haulin' of them down to the track. 'Twasn't very pleasant at first to see our dear old woods goin' off to be burned that way; but Squire Potter's folks were such good neighbors, we gained as much as we lost, and a sight more, for folks are greatly better'n trees,—at least, clever folks.

There was a whole raft of the Potters, eight children of 'em all, some too young to be mates for Major and me: but Mary Potter, and Reuben, and Russell, they were all along as old as we were: Russell come between Major and me; the other two was older.

We kinder kept to home always, Major and me, because we hadn't any brothers to go out with us; so we were pretty shy of new friends at first. But you couldn't help bein' friendly with the Potters, they was such outspoken, kindly creturs, from the Squire down to little Hen. And it was very handy for us, because now we could go to singin'-schools and quiltin's, and such like places, of an evenin'; and we had rather moped at home for want of such thing-at least I had, and I should have been more moped only for Major's sweet ways. She was always as contented as a honey bee on a cloverhead, for the same reason, I guess.

Well there was a good many good things come to us from the Potter's movin' down; but by-and-by it seemed as though I was goin' to get the bitter of it. I'd kept company pretty steady with Russell. I hadn't given much thought to it, neither; I liked his ways, and he to Indiana. After we left the boat there was seemed to give into mine very natural, so't we a spell of railroad, and then a long stage-ride got along together first-rate. It didn't seem as to Cumberton; and then we had to hire a big though we'd ever been strangers, and I wasn't one to make believe at stiffness when I didn't feel it. I told Russell pretty much all I had no time to feel real lonesome now, for all our to tell, and he was doin' for me and runnin' after me jest as though he'd been my brother. I didn't know how much I did think of him. till, after a while, he seemed to take a sight of notice of Major. I can't say he ever stopped bein' clever to me, for he didn't: but he seemed to have a kind of a hankerin' after Major all the time. He'd take her off to walk with him; he'd dig up roots in the woods for her posybed: he'd hold her skeins of varn as patient as a little dog; he'd get her books to read. Well, | brighten up; but I wished to my heart that I he'd done all this for me; but when I see him doin' it for her, it was quite different; and all at once I know'd what was the matter. I'd thought too much of Russell Potter.

Oh, dear! those was dark times! I couldn't blame him: I knew well enough Major was than I was; I didn't wonder he liked her; but I couldn't feel as if he'd done right by me. So I schooled myself considerable, talking to myself for being jealous of Major. But 'twasn't all that;-the hardest of it all was that I had to mistrust Russell. To be sure, he hadn't said nothin' to me in round words; I couldn't ha' sued him: but he'd looked and acted enough: and now .- dear me! I felt all wrung out and

flung away! By-and-by Major begun to see somethin' was goin' wrong, and so did Russell. She was as good as she could be to me, and had patience with all my little pettish ways, and tried to make me friendly with Russell; but I wouldn't. I took to hard work, and, what with cryin' nights, and hard work all day, I got pretty well overdone. But it all went on for about three months, till ope day, Russell came up behind me, as I was layin' out some yarn to bleach down at the end of the orchard, and asked me if I'd go down to Meriden with him next day, to a pic-nic frolic, in the woods.

'No!' says I, as short as I could. Russell looked as though I had slapped him. Anny,' says he, 'what have I done?'

I turned round to go away, and I catched my foot in a hank of yarn, and down I come flat on the ground, havin' sprained my ankle so bad that Russell had to pick me up and carry me into the house like a baby. There was an end of Meriden for me; and

he wouldn't go, either, but come over and sat by me, and read to me, and somehow or other, I don't remember just the words, he gave me to understand that—well—that he wished I'd marry him.

It's about as tirin' to be real pleased with anything as it is to be troubled, at first. I couldn't say anything to Russell; I just cried. Major wasn't there; mother was drying apples out in the shed; so Russell he didn't know what to do; he kind of hushed me up, and begged of me not to cry, and said he'd come for his answer next day. So he come, and I didn't say, 'No,' again. I don't believe I stopped to think whether Major liked him. She would have thought of me, first thing ;-I for him, for he was just as lonesome as I, and I believe she wouldn't have had him, if she'd wasn't no kind of comfort to come home tothought I wanted him. But I a'n't like Major; 'most always cryin', or jest a-goin' to. it come more natural to me to think about my-Russell was.

However, it turned out all right, for Major was almost as pleased as I was; and she told given all the honey and buckwheat in Indiana me, finally that she'd known a long spell that for a loaf of mother's dry rye-bread and a drink Russell liked me, and the reason he'd been hangin' round her so long was, he'd been telling her his plans, and they'd worked out considerable in their heads before she could feel as though he had a good enough lookout to ask me to marry him.

That wasn't so pleasant to me, when I come to think of it; I thought I'd ought to have been counselled with. But it was just like Major; everybody come to her for a word of help or comfort, whether they took her idee or too stubborn to speak to him.

not,—she had such feelin for other folk's Well, things got worse, 'n' one day I was trouble.

then I was so pleased, everything went smooth ag'in. I was goin' to be married in the spring; and we were goin' straight out to Indiana, onto some wild land Squire Potter owned out there, to clear it and settle it, and what Russell cleared he was to have. So mother took some money out of the bank to fit me out, and Major and

went down to Hartford to buy my things. I said before, we wasn't either of us any great things to look at; but it come about that one day I heerd somebody tell how we did look, and I thought considerable about it then and afterwards. We was buyin' some cotton to a store in the city, and I was lookin' about at all the pretty things, and wonderin, why I was picked out to be poor whon so many folks was rich and had all they wanted, when presently I heard a lady in a silk gown say to another one, so low she thought I didn't hear her,-"There are two nice-looking girls, Mrs. Carr."

"Hem,—yes," said the other one; "they look healthy and strong: the oldest one has a lovely expression, both stendy and sweet; the other don't look happy."

I declare, that was a fact. I was sorry, too, for I'd got everything in creation to make anybody happy, and now I was frettin' to be rich. I thought I'd try to be like Major; but I expect it was mostly because of the looks of it, for I forgot to try before long.

Bible into my trunk for a weddin' present; but I was cryin' too hard to thank her. She swallowed down whatever choked her, and begged then I was thinkin' more of Major and mother goodness the way you do." than I was of Russell; they'd kept me bright and cheery always, and kept up my heart with their own good ways when I hadn't no strength to do it for myself; and now I was goin' off alone with Russell, and he wasn't very cheer ful-dispositioned, and somehow my courage give

But I had to go; railroads don't wait for nobody; and what with the long journey, and the new ways and things and people, I hadn't no time to get real down once before we got wagon and team, so's to get us out to our claim, thirty miles west'ard of Cumberton. I hadn't things hed got to be onpacked, and packed over ag'in in the wagon; some on'em had to be stored up, so's to come another time. We was two days gettin' to the claim, the roads was so bad, mostly what they call corduroy, but a good stretch clear mud-holes. By the time we got to the end on't, I was tired out, just fit to cry; and such a house as was waitin' for us -a real log shanty! I see Russell looked real beat when he see my face: and I tried to was back with mother forty times that night, if I did once. Then come the worst of all, clutterin' everything right into that shanty for our frame-house wouldn't be done for two months, and there wa'n't scarce room for what we'd brought, so't we couldn't think of sendin. miles and miles better and sweeter and cleverer for what was stored to Cumberton. I didn't sleep none for two nights, because of the whippoor-wills that set on a tree close by, and called till mornin' light; but after that I was too

tired to lie awake.

Well it was real lonesome, but it was all new at first, and Russel was to work near by, so't I could see him, and oftentimes hear him whistle and I had the garden to make, round to the new house, for I knew more about the plantin' of it than he did, especially my posey-bed, and I had a good time gettin' new flowers out of the And the woods was real splendidwoods. round as a quill, without any sort of branches ever so fur up, and the whole top full of the yeller tulips and the queer snipped-lookin' shiny leaves, till they looked like great bowpots on only they're all mostly spindled up in them woods. But the flowers that grow round on the ma'shes and in the clearin's do beat all.

So time passed along pretty glib till the frame

and to get the tidings from Cumberton, and begin to feel as though we were settled for good and all; and after the newness had gone off, and the clearin' had got so fur that I couldn't see Russell no more, and nobody to look at, if I was never so lonesome, then come a pretty hard spell. Everything about the house was real handy, so't I'd get my work cleared away, and set down to sew early; and them long summer days that was still and hot, I'd set, and set, never hearin' nothin' but the clock go "tick, tick, tick,"-never "tack," for a change-and every now'n then a great crash and roar in the woods where he was choppin,' that I knew was a tree and I worked myself up dreadfully when there was a longer spell 'n common be-twixt the crashes, less that Russell might 'a' been ketched under the one that fell. And settin' so, and worryin' a good deal day in and day out, kinder broodin over my troubles, and never thinkin' about anybody but myself! I got to be of the idee that I was the worst-off crea-

So the summer went along till 'twas high in self; and besides, she was pious, and I wasn't. to winter, and I wa'n't in no better specrets.-And now I wa'n't real well, and I pined for mother, and I pined for Major, and I'd have of spring water. And finally I got so miserable, I wished I wa'n't never married—and I'd have wished I was dead, if 'twan't for bein' doubtful where I'd go to, if I was. And worst of all, one day I got so worked up I told Russell all that. I declare, he turned as white as a turnip. I see I'd hurt him, and I'd have got over it in a minute, and told him so-only he up with his axe and walked out of the door, and never come home till night, and then I was

ture goin'. If I'd have stopped to think about

Russell, may-be I should have some sort of pity

rouble.

I got over that little nub after a while; and it heard a team come along by, and before I could get to the door, Russell come in, all red

for joy, and says:—
"Who do you want to see the most, Ann?"
Somehow the question kind of upset me got choked, and then I bu'st out a-cryin'.

"Oh, mother and Major!" says I; and I hadn't more'n spoke the word before mother had both her good strong arms round me, and Maior's real cheery face was a-lookin' up at me from the little pine cricket, where she'd sot down as nateral as life. Well, I was glad, and so was Russell, and the house seemed as shiny as a hang-bird's nest, and by-and-by the baby came—but I had mother.
'Twas long about in March when I was sick

and by the end of April I was well, and so's to be stirrin' round again. And mother and Major begun to talk about goin' home; and I declare, my heart was up in my mouth every time they spoke on't, and I begun to be miserin the woods, and singin' away, and says I to

"What he I goin' to do, mother, without you and Major? I 'most died of clear lonesomeness before you come!"

straight abme.

Well, in the spring we was married; and when I come to go away, Major put a little red cheer, Anny," says she. "You haven't any call to be lonely here; it's a real good country, and you've got a nice house, and the best of husbands, and a dear little baby, and you'd of me not to cry so, lest Russell should take it oughter try to give up frettin'. I wish you was hard that I mourned to go with him. But just pious, Anny; you wouldn't fault the Lord's

"Well, Major don't have nothin' to trouble her, mother," says I. "She's all safe and pleasant at home; she ain't homesick."

Mother spoke up pretty resolute :-"There a'n't nobody in the world, Anny, but what has troubles. I didn't calculate to tell you about Major's; but sence you lay her lively ways to luck, may-be you'd better know 'em. She's been engaged this six months to Reuben Potter, and he's goin' off in a slow consumption; he won't never live to marry her, and

she knows it." "And she come away to see me, mother?" "Yes, she did. I can't say I thought she need to, but Russell wrote you was pinin' for both of us, and didn't think you could get along with Reuben, and I'd come on alone.-And says she, 'No, mother, you a'n't young and spry enough to go alone so fur, and the Lord made you my mother, and Anny, my sister, before I picked out Reuben for myself. I can't never have any kin but you, and I migh have had somebody beside Reuben, though it don't seem likely now; but he's got four sisters to take care of him, and he thinks and I think it's what I ought to do; so I'm goin' with you. So she come, Anny; and you see how lively she keeps, just because she don't want to dishearten you none. I don't know as you can blame her for kinder hankerin' to get home." I hadn't nothin' to say; I was beat. So mo-

ther she went on:—
"Fact is, Anny, Major's always a thinkin' about other folk; it comes kind of nateral to her, and then bein' pious helps it. I guess, dear, when you get to thinkin' more about Rus sell an' the baby, you'll forget some of your troubles. I hope the Lord won't have to give you no harder lesson than lovin', to teach you Major's wavs."

So after that, I couldn't say no more to mother about stayin'; but when they went away, I like to have cried myself sick-only baby had to be looked after, and I couldn't dodge her.

Bym-by we had letters from home; they go there all safe, and Reuben wa'n't no worse, Magreat tall tulip-trees, as high as a steeple and jor said-ef't had been me wrote the letter. I should have said he wan't no better !- And I fell back into the old lonesome days, for baby slept mostly, and in July, Russell, bein' forced to go to Cumberton on some land business, left sticks: then there's lots of other great trees, me to home with baby and the hired man calculatin' to be gone three days and two nights.

The first day he was away was dreadful sultry; the sun went down away over the woods in a kind of red-hot fog, and it seemed as the' house was done, and then we had to move in, the stars were dull and coppery at night; even tramp of horse's feet it came up it stopped;

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the whippoor-wills was too hot to sing; nothing

but a doleful screech-owl quavered away, a half a mile off, a good hour, steady. When it got to be mornin', it didn't seem no cooler; thar wan't a breath of wind, and the locusts in the woods chitted as though they was fryin." Our hired man was an old Scotchman, by name Si-mon Grant; and when he got his breakfast, he said he'd go down the clearin' and bring up a load of brush for me to burn. So he drove off with the team, and havin' cleared up the dishes I put baby to sleep, and took my pail to the barn to milk the cow-for we kept her in a barn of a home-lot like, a part that had been cleared afore we come, lest she should stray away in the woods, if we turned her loose; she was put in the barn, too, nights, for fear some stray wild-cat or bear might come along and do her a harm. So I let ber into the yard, and was jest a-goin' to milk her when she begun to snort and shake, and finally giv' the pail a kick, and set off full swing, for the fence to the lot. I looked 'round to see what was a-comin', and there, about a quarter of a mile off, I see the most curus thing I ever see before or since-a cloud as black as ink in the sky, and hangin' down from it a long spout like, something like an elephant's trunk, and the whole world under it looked to be all beat to dust. Before I could get my eyes off on't, or stir to run, I see it was comin' as fast as a locomotive; I heerd a great roar and rash-first a hot wind, and then a gold one, and then a crash-an' 'twas all as dark as death all round, and the roar appeared to be a passin' off.
I didn't know for quite a spell where I was.

was flat on my face, and when I come to a little, I felt the grass against my cheek, and I smelt the earth; but L couldn't move, no way; I couldn't turn over, nor raise my head more'n two inches, nor draw myself up one. I was comfortable as long as I laid still: but if I went to move, I couldn't. It wasn't no use to wriggle; and when I settled that, I jest went to work to figger out where I was and how I got there, and the best I could make out was that the barn-roof had blowed off and lighted right over me, jest so not to hurt me, but so't I could

Well, there I lay. I knew baby was asleep in the trundle-bed, and there wan't no fire in the house; but how did I know the house wan't blowed down? I thought that as quick as a flash of lightnin'; it kinder struck me; I could not even see, so as to be certain! I wasn't naterally fond of children, but somehow one's own is different, and baby was just getting big enough to be pretty; and there I lay, feelin' about as bad as I could, but hangin' on to one hope-that old Simon, seein' the tornado, would come pretty soon to see where he was.

I lay still quite a spell, listenin'. Presently I heard a low, whimperin, pantin' noise, comin' nearer and near, and I knew it was old Lu, a yeller hound of Simon's, that he'd set great store by, because he brought him from the Old time they spoke on't, and I begun to be miserable ag'in. One day I was settin' beside of mother; Major was out in the garden, fixin' up things, and settin' out a lot of blows she'd got mother. no sound. Finally I called, "Lu! Lu! here, Sir!" and if ever you heard a dumb creature laugh, he barked a real laugh, and come springin along over towards me. I called ag'in, and he begun to scratch and tear and pull,-at Mother laid down her knittin', and looked | boards, I guessed, for it sounded like that; but it wa'n't no use, he couldn't get at me, and he give up at length and set de head and give another howl, so long and so dismal I thought I'd as lieves hear the bell atollin' my age.
Pretty soon, I heerd another sound—the baby

cryin'; and with that Lu jumped off whatever 'twas that buried me up, and run. "At any rate," thinks I "baby's alive." And then bethought myself if 'twan't a painter, after all; they scream jest like a baby, and there's a lot of them, or was then, right round in our woods and Lu was dreadful fond to hunt'em; and he never took no notice of baby-and I could not stir to see !

Oh. dear! the sweat stood all over me! And there I lay, and Simon didn't come, nor I didn't hear a mouse stir : the air was as still as death. and I got nigh distracted. Seemed as if all my life riz right-up there in the dark and looked at me. Here I was, all helpless, may-be never to get out alive: for Simon didn't come, and Russel was gone away. I'd had a good home, and akind husband, and all I could ask: but I hadn't had a contented mind; I'd quarrelled with Providence, 'cause I hadn't got everything-and now I hadn't got nothing. I see just as clear as daylight how I'd nussed up every little trouble till it growed to be a big one-how I'd sp'ilt Russel's life, and made him wretched .liow I'd been cross to him a great many times when I had ought to have been a comfort; and now it was like enough I shouldn't never see him again-nor baby, nor mother, nor Major. And how could I look the Lord in the face, if I did die? That took all my strength out. I lav shakin' and chokin' with the idee, I don't know how long; it kind of got hold of me and ground me down; it was worse than all. I wished to gracious, I didn't believe in hell: but then it come to mind, what should I do in heaven, if I was there? I didn't love nothin' that folks in heaven love, except the baby; I hadn't been suited with the Lord's will on earth, and 'twan't likely I was goin' to like it any better in heaven; and I should be ashamed to show my face where I didn't belong, neither by right nor by want. So I lay. Presently I heerd in my mind this verse, that I'd learned years back in Sabbath School-"Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost"--

there it stopped, but it was a plenty for me. I see at once there wasn't no help anywhere else, and for once in my life I did pray, real earnest, and-queer enough-not to get out but to be made good. I kind of forgot where I was, I see so complete what I was; but after a while I did pray to live in the flesh; I wanted to make some amends to Russell for pesterin' on him

It seemed to me as though I'd laid there two days. A rain finally came on, with a good even-down pour, that washed in a little, and cooled my hot head; and after it passed by I heerd one whip-poor-will singing', so't I knew it was night. And pretty soon I heerd the