## Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published stary Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, Invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"True Our," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a farther remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County THE ACITATOR IS the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post Office within the county limits, but whose most convenient post office may be instantiant.

Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, 34 per year.

For the Agitator.

WHAT I WOULD WISH FOR.

I ask not for fair fortune's smile, For pleasure, or for power; They ne'er can sootke our care and pain, Or gild life's darksome hour. Nor would I ask for fame to place Its laurels on my brow; Their leaves would fade, for even fame

Reneath time's hand must bow. The gift of beauty, though a boon

For which so many yearn,
For blasted hopes which once were bright,
Would be a poor return.

But give to me the friendship, pure. Of one true, noble heart,
Whose faith in me would still be strong,
When life's last hour's depart.

Upon whose breast I e'er could lean, And all my cares confide,
And asking there for sympathy,
I ne'er would be denied.

Yes, grant this boon, and I will crave No brighter, happier lot;
For I would then be happy, though
By all the world forgot.

## A RACE FOR A SWEETHEART.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Hardly any event creates a stronger sensation in a thinly settled New England town, especially among the young folks, than the arrival of a fresh and blooming Miss, who comes to make her abode in the neighborhood. When, therefore, Squire Johnson, the only lawyer in the place, and a very respectable man, of course, told Farmer Jones one afternoon that his wife's sister, a smart girl of eighteen, was coming in a few days to reside in the family, the news flew like wildfire through Pond village, and was the principal topic of conversation for a week .--Pond village is situated upon the margin of one of those numerous and beautiful sheets of water that gem the whole surface of New England like the bright stars in the evening sky, and received its appellation to distinguish it from two or three other villages in the same town, which could not boast of a similar location. When Farmer Jones came in to his supper about sunset that afternoon, and took his seat at the table, the eyes of the whole family were upon his mouth and a knowing glance of his eyes that always told them when he had anything interesting to communicate. But Farmer Jones' secretiveness was large and his temperament not the most actice, and he would probably have rolled the important secret as a swee morsel under his tongue for a long time, had not Mrs. Jones, who was rather of an impatient and prying turn of mind, contrived to draw it

"Now, Mr. Jones," said she as she handed him his cup of tea, "what is it you are going to say? Do out with it; for you've been chawing something or other over in your mind ever since you came into the house."

"It's my tobaccer, I spose," said Mr. Jones, with another knowing glance of his eye.
"Now, father, what's the use?" said Susan

"we all know you've got something or other you want to say, and why can't you tell us what 'tis."

"La, who cares what 'tis?" said Mrs. Jones: "if it was anything worth telling, we shouldn't have to wait for it, I dare say."

Hereupon Mrs. Jones assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, as the surest way of conquering what she was pleased to call Mr. Jones' obstinacy, which by the way was a very secretiveness without the working

the least particle of obstinacy attached to it. There was a pause of two or three minutes with us." in the conversation, till Mr. Jones passed his cup to be filled a second time, when with a couple of preparatory hems he began to let out

"We are to have a new neighbor here in a few days," said Mr. Jones, stopping short when he had uttered this much and sipping his tea and filling his mouth with food.

Mrs. Jones, who was perfect in her tactics, said not a word, but attended to the affairs of her table, as though she had not noticed what was said. The farmer's secretiveness had at last worked itself out. and he began again.

"Squire Johnson's wife's sister is coming here in a few days, and is going to live with 'em." The news being thus fairly divulged, it left free scope for conversation.
"Well, I wonder if she is a proud, stuck up

piece," said Mrs. Jones.
"I shouldn't think she would be," said Susan, "for there ain't a more sociable woman in the neighborhood than Mrs. Johnson. So like her."

"I wonder how old she is?" said Stephen, who was just verging toward the close of his twenty-first year. "The squire called her eighteen," said Mr.

Jones, giving a wink to his wife, as much as to gar, that's about the right age for Stephen. "I wonder if she is handsome," said Susan

who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village, for some time, she felt a little alarm at the idea of a rival.

"I dare be bound she's handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Mrs. Johnson, for where'll you find a handsomer woman than Mrs. Johnson, go the town through?"

After supper, Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charles Robinson, and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game at quoits and a ring at wrestling. And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty, and Patty went round to the Widow Davis' and told Notice was a sheet of water as ever glowed in the Saliza and told Saliza an Pretty well understood in and about every house in the village.

At the close of the fourth day, a little before whole village were turned in that direction.— Sally Davis, who was just coming in from milking set her pail down on the grass by the side of the road as soon as the chaise came in sight, and watched it till it reached the Squire's door, and the gentleman and lady had got out and

## 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.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1859.

NO. 49.

From the Telegraph and Preacher.

THREE FRIENDS.

We were three friends in our early days,
When time went merrily by,
And closely we clung together then,
You, and Annie and I.
Oh! little we knew of the path that lay
Marked out for our future years,
The joys in store, or the trials sore,
That would dim our eyes with tears.

We parted as many and many part,
With a sigh and a loving tear,
And felt, as we gave the long, last kiss,
That each was doubly dear.
We two may meet on earth again,
But her we shall see no more,
Till we have crossed the river of death,
And stand on the farther shore.

For the light went ought of her sweet blue eyes,
And cold is the heart once warm,
And a weeping willow marks the spot
Where they sadly laid her form.
But think not they who earliest reach
The home where all shall go,
Forget the love that they cherished here,
Or the friends they have left below.

VIRGINIA.

Piccolomini Eats a Corn Dodger.

While Piccolomini was at the Biddle House

n this city, a characteristic incident occurred

admirers of the little princess, and which showed to a charming degree, the peculiar love of admiration and popularity which she unmis-

takably passesses. There had been lodging at

the same hotel, for a few days, a genuine speci-

bluff and out-spoken, and a great contemner of

skunk-skins, which the papers say has been

profitable, he was enjoying himself on the fat

Having satisted on the first-class fare of the

house before his money was half run out, he began to long for some of the old-fashioned diet,

and the first article that suggested itself to his

roving fancy was the familiar corn-dodger which

no time in applying to his obliging host, Char-

the house that could make a corn dodger; ad-

ding, also, that there probably was not one in

to be daunted, however, our hero made a straight

wake for an eating house, and by dint of ener-

getic management, succeeded in getting one made, having stood over the cook and superin-

it was. Directly opposite it happened that Pic-

spread than the brown orbs wmen muminated

the childish face of the petite Siennese. The

little minx looked at the corn-dodger, which

was as big as a half-bushel, and then gazing at

her male companion in the prettiest of all puz-

zlements. Then she laughed a little, and leaned

forward so as to look in the face of the old fel-

low, giving him a glance full of the most radi-

ant diablerie that ever mortal saw in woman's

eye. He was quite fascinated, but mistook the

cause. He honestly thought that Piccolomini

wanted some of his corn-dodger, and seizing

the knife with a glowing countenance and

A puzzled expression overspread the pretty

ipon it, followed by a merry laugh and

face opposite for a moment, but a sudden light

such a clapping of bands. Then a succession

bewilderment, for a moment, and then, with a

rueful face at the predicament ln which she had

got herself, put her teeth to it. She nibbled at

it like a mouse, smiled an angelic smile, took a second nibble, and laughed as heartily as a

school girl. Then she deposited it on one side

of her plate-it covered up two-thirds of it-

"Zat ees ver ee coot, my fren'. I sink he ees mos', vat you call him?—mos', mos',—ex-

"No, you don't say so?" exclaimed the de-

lighted trader. "Who'd a tho't it, by jimminy

Give us your hand sissy!" and he fairly jumped

out of his chair as he stretched out a brawny

palm clear across the table, which was grasped by the jeweled hand of the little princess. The

scene created an uproar, and there was no end

of hilarity and good humor, in which none more

heartily participated than Piccolomini. Who

wonders that she wins her way wherever she

of Americans," and which are not enumerated

To know any trade or business without ap-

To marry without regard to fortune, state of

health, position, or opinion of parents and

To have wife and children dependant on con-

tingencies of business, and, in case of sudden

To put off upon hireling strangers the liter-

ary, moral and religious education of children.

will have, when grown up, wit enough to live

To enjoy the general sympathy, when made

To hold office without being competent to dis-

To build houses with nine and six inch walls.

and go to the funerals of tenants, firemen and

others, killed by their fall, weeping over the

To build up cities and towns without parks,

To teach children no good trade, hoping they

death, leave them wholly unprovided for.

on the industry of other people.

charge its duties.

bankrupt by reckless speculations.

To cheat the government if possible.

mysterious dispensation of Providence.

in the Declaration of Independence:

goes ?- Detroit Free Press.

prenticeship or experience.

and with a relieved air returned her thanks:

el-lont."

friends.

pleased expression, he ejaculated:

"Have a piece, Miss?"

tended the whole operation.

of the land.

which was quite the delight of the numerous

the ironing that afternoon, and she had just was in the main an excellent hearted girl, and Stephen had considerable the start of him, he taken a hot iron from the fire as the chaise highly esteemed by the whole village. It was believed he should be able to reach the schoolpassed the door, and she ran with it in her hand and stood on the door steps till the whole ceremony of alighting, greeting, and entering the house was over.

VOL. V.

Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron-bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead, her shriveled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which

her open mouth exposed fairly to view.
"Seems to me they are dreadful loving," said old Mrs. Bean, as she saw Mrs. Johnson descend the steps and welcome her sister with a

"La me, if there isn't the Squire kissing her tu,' said Patty; "well, I declare, I wo'd waited till I got into the house, I'll die if I wouldn't. It looks so vulgar to be kissing afore folks, and out of doors tu; I should think Squire Johnson favor, were Charles Robinson and Stephen would be ashamed of himself."

"Well, I shouldn't," said young John Bean, who came up at that moment, and who had others in the back ground. Charles, whose passed the chaise just as the young lady alighted from it. "I shouldn't be ashamed to kiss sich a pretty gal as that, any how; I'd kiss her wherever I could catch her, if it was in the meetin'-house."

mouth I've seen these six months. Her cheeks watched every movement of Miss Brown with are red, and her eyes shine like new buttons."
"Well," replied Patty, "If she'll only take the shine off Susan Jones when she goes to less intense, watched every movement of the meetin', I shan't care."

Mr. Bean's, Charles Robinson and a group of young fellows with him were standing in front of Robinson's store, a little farther down the road, and watching the scene that was passing at Squire Johnson's. They witnessed the whole with becoming decorum, now and then making a remark upon the fine horse and the handsome head down and give the young lady a kiss, when they all burst out into a loud laugh. In a moment, being conscious that their laugh must be heard and noticed at the Squire's, they, in order him, for there was a peculiar working about to do away the impression it must necessarily Brown would come home every Saturday aftermake, at once turned their heads another way, and Charles Robinson, who was quick at an expedient, knocked off the hat of the lad who was standing next to him and then they all

laughed louder than before.
"Here comes Jack Bean," said Charles, "now we-shall hear something about her, for Jack was coming by the Squire's when she got out of the chaise. How does she look, Jack?"

"Handsome as a pictur," said Jack. "I haint seen as pretty a gal since last Thanksgiving Day, when Jane Ford was here to visit

"Black eyes or blue?" said Charles. "Blue," said Jack, "but all-fired bright."

"Tall or short?" said Stephen Jones, who was rather short himself, and therefore felt a particular interest on that point. "Rather short," said Jack, "but straight and

round as a young colt." "Do you know what her name is?" said Charles.

"They called her Lucy when she got out of the chaise," said Jack, "and as Mrs. Johnson's

"Just such a name as I like," said Charles we all hands take a sail to-morrow night, about this time, on the pond, and invite her to go

"Agreed," said Stephen Jones.

"Agreed," said Jack Bean.
"Agreed," said all hands.

the invitation to her; and the young men being rather bashful on that score, it was finally settled that Susan Jones should bear the invitashould all be in waiting to receive her.

The next day was a very long day, at least to most of the young men of Pond village; mind up to the point of speaking of love. and promptly an hour before sunset, most of them were assembled, and half a score of their sisters and female cousins, by a little stone wharf on the margin of the pond, for the pro-posed sail. All the girls in the village of a suitable age, were there, except Patty Bean. She had undergone a good deal of fidgeting and fussing during the day, to prepare for the sail, but had been disappointed. Her new bonnet was not done; and as to wearing her old if she is at all like her sister I think we shall if she never went. Presently Susan Jones and direction he was going, and he at once smoked

> In a moment all was quiet, the laugh and looks. When they arrived, Susan, went through two or three years before, he had a little the the ceremony of introducing Miss Brown to worst of it, and he instinctively stood still,

each of the ladies and gentlemen present. "But how in the world are you going to sail?" said Miss Brown, "for there isn't a breath of wind; and I don't see any sail-boat, neither."

"Oh, the less wind we have the better, when we sail here," said Charles Robinson, "and there is our sail-boat," pointing to a flat-bottomed scow-boat some twenty feet long by ten

"We don't use no sails," said Jack Bean "sometimes, when the wind is fair, we put up a bush to help pull along a little, and when 'tisn't we row.'

The party were soon embarked on board the and they glided slowly and pleasantly over as Edly, and before nine o'clock the matter was sunsetting ray. In one hour's time, the whole party felt perfectly acquainted with Miss Lucy Brown. She had talked in the most lively and fascinating manner, she had told stories and Fineset, a chaise was seen to drive up to Squire sung songs. Among others, she had given and told them if they would row him across the donason's door. Of course the eyes of the Moore's boat song with the sweetest possible pond as quick as they possibly could, he would landing, it would hardly be too much to say that half the young men in the party were de-

cidedly in love with her. A stern regard to truth requires a remark to and stood in the stern to steer the boat, and be made here, not altogether favorable to Susan help propel her ahead. The distance by water

bid her good night.

The casual glimpses which the young men of eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her Pond village had of Miss Brown, during the skinny chin protruding about three inches in remainder of the week, as she occasionally stood at the door or looked out at the window, or once or twice when she walked out with Susan Jones, and the fair view they had of her at meeting on the Sabbath, served but to in-crease their admiration, and to render her more and more an object of attraction. She was regarded by all as a prize, and several of them were already planning what steps it was best to take in order to win her. The two most promfavor, were Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. Their position and standing among the young men of the village seemed to put all father was wealthy, had every advantage which money could procure. But Stephen, though poor, had decidedly the advantage of Charles in personal recommendations. He had more talent, was more sprightly and intelligent, and "Why, is she handsome, Jack?" said Patty. more pleasing in his address. From the eve-"Yes, she's got the prettiest little puckery ning of the sail on the pond, they had both the most intense interest; and, as nothing can deceive a lover, each had, with an interest no other. They had ceased to speak to each other While these observations were going on at old about her, and if her name was mentioned in their presence, both were always observed to

color. The second week after the arrival, through the influence of Squire Johnson, the district school was offered to Miss Brown, on the other side of the pond, which offer was accepted, and she went immediately to take charge of it .chaise, till they saw the tall Squire bend his This announcement at first threw something of a damper upon the spirits of the young people of Pond village. But when it was understood that the school would continue but a few weeks and being but a mile and a half distant, Miss noon and spend the Sabbath, it was not very difficult to be reconciled to the temporary arrangement.

The week wore away heavily, especially to Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. They counted the days impatiently till Saturday, and on Saturday they counted the long and lagging hours to noon. They had both resolved not to let another Sabbath pass without making direct proposal to Miss Brown.

Stephen Jones was too early a riser for Charles Robinson, and, in any enterprise where both lead, except where money could carry the palm, and then of course, it was always borne away by Charles. As Miss Lucy had been absent most of the week, and was to be at home that afternoon, Charles Robinson had made an arrangement with his mother and sister to have a little tea party in the evening, for the purpose of inviting Miss Brown; and then, of course, would be a good opportunity to break the ice and make known to her his feelings and wishes. Stephen Jones, however, was more prompt in name was Brown before she was married, I his movements. He had got wind of the prospose her name must be Lucy Brown." for obvious reasons had not been invited, and Robinson; "Lucy Brown sounds well. Now he resolved not to risk the arrival of Miss Brown improper term to apply in the case; for it was suppose, in order to get acquainted with her, and her visit to Mr. Robinson's before he should see her. She would dismiss her school at noon and come the distance of a mile and a half round the pond home. His mind was at once made up. He would go round and meet her at the school house, and accompany her on her "Agreed," said all hands.

The question then arose who should carry those delightful waters, with the tall and shady trees overhead, and the wild grape-vines twining round their trunks and climbing to the branches, while the wild birds were singing tion, and accompany her to the boat where they through the woods, and the wild ducks playing in the coves along the shore, surely there, if

> Accordingly a little before noon, Stephen washed and brushed himself up, and put on his Sunday clothes, and started on his expedition. In order to avoid observation, he took a back route across the field, intending to come into the road by the pond, a little out of the village. As ill luck would have it. Charles Robinson had been out in the same direction, and was returning with an armful of green boughs and wild flowers, to ornament the parlor for the evening. flap-sided bonnet, she declared she would not, He saw Stephen, and noticed his dress, and the Miss Lucy Brown were seen coming down the the whole business. His first impulse was to rush upon him and collar him, and demand that he should return back. But he recollectjoke were hushed, and each one put on his best ed that in the last scratch he had with Stephen, while Stephen passed on without seeing him.
> It flashed upon his mind at once that the question must now be reduced to a game of speed. If he could by any means gain the school house first, he should feel a good deal of uneasiness for the consequences. Stephen was walking very leisurely, and unconscious that he was in any danger of a competitor on the course. and it was important that his suspicions should not be awakened. Charles therefore remained perfectly quiet till Stephen had got a little out of hearing, and then threw down his bushes and flowers and ran to the wharf below the store with his utmost speed. He had one advantage over Stephen. He was ready at a moment's warning to start on an expedition of this

kind, for Sunday clothes were an every day affair with him.

There was a light cance belonging to his father, lying at the wharf, and a couple of atout | for Governor. boys were there fishing. Charles hailed them, in their view, was a splendid offer for their services, and they jumped on board with alacrity and manned the oars. Charles took a paddle Eone into the house. Patty Bean was doing up Jones, which is the more to be regretted, as she was a little less than by land, and although

highly esteemed by the whole village. It was perseved that as the company grew more and more pleased with Miss Lucy Brown, Susan him and quicken his pace. In one minute after he arrived at the wharf, the boat was under full way. The boys laid down to the oars with came quite reserved and apparently sad.—
She, however, on landing, accompanied her right good will, and Charles put all his strength home to Squire Johnson's door, and cordially upon the paddle. They were shooting over the water twice as fast as a man could walk, and Charles already felt sure of the victory. But when they had gone about half a mile, they came in range of a little opening in the trees on the shore, where the road was exposed to view, and there, at that critical moment, was Stephen pursuing his easy walk. Charles heart was in his mouth. Still it was possible Stephen might not see them, for he had not yet looked around. Lest the sound of the oars might attract his attention, Charles had instantly, on coming in sight, ordered the boys to stop rowing, and he grasped his paddle with breath less anxiety, and waited for Stephen again to disappear. But just as he was on the point of passing behind some trees, where the boat would be out of his sight, Stephen turned his head and looked round. He stopped short, turned square round, and for the space of a minute looked steadily at the boat. Then lifting his hand, and shaking his fist resolutely at Charles, as much as to say I understand you, he started

into a quick run.
"Now, boys," said Charles, "buckle to your oars for your lives, and if you get to the shore, so I can reach the school house before Stephen does, I'll give you half a dollar apiece."

This of course added new life to the boys and increased speed to the boat. Their little cance flew over the water almost like a bird. carrying a white bone in her mouth, and leaving a long ripple on the glassy waves behind her. Charles' hand trembled, but still he did good execution with his paddle. Although Stephen upon the run was a very different thing from Stephen at a slow walk, Charles still had strong hopes of winning the race and gaining his point. He several times caught glimpses of Stephen through the trees, and, as well as he could judge the boat had a little the best of it. But when they came out into the last opening, where for a little way they had a fair view of each other-Charles thought Stephen ran faster than ever; and although he was now considerably nearer the School-house than Stephen was, he still trembled for the result. They were now within fifty rods of the shore, and Charles

appealed again to the boys' love of money. "Now," said he, "we have not a minute to spare. If we gain the point, I'll give you a dollar apiece."

The boys strained every nerve, and Charles' paddle made the water fly like the tail of a wounded shark. When within half a dozen rods of the shore, Charles urged them again to spring with all their might, and one of the snapped it in two. The first pull of the other oar headed the boat from land. Charles saw at once that the delay must be fatal, if he depended on the boat to carry him ashore. The water was but three feet deep, and the bottom was sandy. He sprang from the boat, and rushed toward the shore as fast as he was able to press through the water. He flew up the bank, and along the road, till he reached the school-house. The door was open, but he could see no one within. Several children were at play round the door, who, having seen Charles approach with mouth and eyes wide open, stared at him.

"Where's the schoolma'am?" said Charles, hastily, to one of the largest boys.

"Why," said the boy, opening his eyes still wider, "is any of the folks dead?" "You little rascal, I say, where's the school-

ma'am ?" "She jest went down that road," said the

boy, "two or three minutes ago. Was she along ?" said Charles "She started alone," said the boy, "and a

man met her out there a little ways, and turned about and went with her."

Charles felt that his cake was all dough again, and that he might as well give it up for a bad job, and go home. Stephen Jones and Lucy Brown walked very leisurely home through the woods, and Charles and the boys went very leisurely in the boat across the pond. They even stopped by the way and caught a mess of fish, since the boys had thrown their lines into the boat when they started. And when they had reached the wharf, Charles in order to show that he had been a fishing, took a large string of fish in his hand and carried them up to the house. Miss Lucy Brown, on her way home through the woods, had undoubtedly been informed of the proposed tea party for the evening, to which she was to be invited, and to which Stephen Jones and Susan Jones were not invited; and when Miss Lucy's invitation came, she sent back word that she was engaged.

HARD PECKING .- A Memphis correspondent gives the following passage in a debate between candidate for gubernatorial honors, and Gustavus Henry, generally known as Gus, the Eagle Orator. The debate was severe, and excited nuch interest. The candidate closed his speech with this annihilating declamation :-

We meet this Eagle, and I can say, with an honest heart, that he has none of my flesh on his talons-none of my blood on his beak."

This was good, and would have been a stump er, but the undismayed Gus immediately rose to his feet and replied :

"'Tis true the honorable gentleman has me the Eagle, and bears no traces of having left flesh on his talons or blood upon his beak. And 'tis not strange my friends; for those of you who know the habits of our national bird, know full well that he never feeds upon carrion!" Such a shout, and such a discomfiture made Mr. Candidate quake, but didn't defeat him

WIT-LINGS .- The process of making a joke, Moore's boat song with the sweetest possible pond as quick as they possibly could, he would and the final filtering of a good deal of wit effect; and by the time they returned to the give them a quarter of a dollar-a-piece. This, through a small verbal orifice, justifies calling a punster a fun-nell. The article can, however,

have to fine a point. Noah is thought to have had, on board, a supply of "Exterminators," from the fact that for nearly six weeks he was without seeing Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 31 per square of 14 lines, one or three insettions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 14 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS.

Square, - \$2,50° \$4,50 \$6,00° 2 do. - 4,00° 6,00° 8,00° 10,00° 2 do. - 4,00° 6,00° 8,00° 10,00° 3 do. - 10,00° 15,00° 20.00° 15 do. - 10,00° 15,00° 20.00° 16,00° 1

## Exciting Race.

From L. D. Rucker, Superintendent of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, the Cleveland Leader obtains the following particulars of an exciting race in which the steeds were Iron horses and the stakes greater than have ever been known on any track. Mr. Rucker had the facts from John D. Campbell, Esq., Superintendent of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad. One day last week as the eastward bound express train reached Laporte, Indiana, a passenger stepped off while the engine was being replenished with wood and water, and walked back and forth on the platform, and continued to walk until the whistle sounded. The other passengers got on board and the train passed off, but the gentleman still walked on. A few minutes after the train had gone, a station man saw the pedestrian, and going up to him, asked in a surprised

"What the -— are you doing here?" The man started, opened his eyes, and looked around bewildered. The fact was, he had been fatigued and dropped to sleep while walking.— Rousing himself, he asked—

"Why! Where am I?"

"Where are you? At Laporte."
"Where's the train I came on?"

"That left ten minutes ago." "Ten minutes ago and left me! I must go on that train. It is a question of life and death with me. Can you get me to it? Have you got an engine here? Where is the Super-

men of the untamed Wolverine—one of the rough, hearty, backwoods style of old fellows, intendent?" The section-master had an office near by, and city airs and frivolities. Having a pocket-full the two went to find that official and to procure of money, the result of the winter's trade in an engine. The traveler stated his case-he must go on—could not delay—and offered the officer \$250 if he would put him on board the train. This strange demand and strange offer caused the station-master to hasten to do what he could. The fire was not out in the engine that had drawn the train to that point; the bar-gain was settled; a draft given on New York for the \$250, and in ten minutes the traveler had been the solace of his cabin from his youth started with an engine to overtake the flying up. Being impulsive as well as bluff, he lost Express. After rushing on for thirty or forty miles some connection gave way about the enley Dibble, who much to his dissatisfaction was gine. The engine was stopped—the engineer obliged to inform him that he had not a cook in found the difficulty, and in a very few minutes had a wooden pin whittled out and fitted to supply the deficiency. With this, on they flew. the city who ever heard of such a thing. Not The train had of course many miles the start of them, and despite the wooden pin the engineer crowded on steam and tore through the country at a fearful rate. Thirty miles of the distance passed was run in twenty-seren min-utes; but the engagement was that they should He was in his glory that night as he was seated at the table with the big corn-dodger be-fore him, and all the company wondering what overtake the train, and do it they must, and do it they did, but not until more than one hundred miles had been run, and they were approaching Toledo. Having at length overtaken the traveler went eagerly to a berth in the sleeping car, and took therefrom a carpet-bag containing \$275,000. His treasure was safenone had molested it, and, dismissing his faithful courier, he went on his way rejoicing at the success of his perilous and exciting adventure.

> SALVATION BY "DIPPING."-An 'Old Soaker,' who lives in Weston, Missouri, took it into his head one day that it was necessary for his future welfare to be "born ag'in," and forthwith repaired to the Rev. Mr. B \_\_\_\_\_, the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the following dialogue ensued :

Old S .-- It's your doctrine, boss, that a feller to be saved must suffer immurshup, isn't it? Mr. B .- Yes, Mr. S., it is a fundamental doc-

of nods ensued, which signified assent to the trine of our church, that a man, to be regenerated, must repent of his sins and be immersed. delighted trader. He lost no time in carving out a huge piece, which he passed over on the point of his knife. It wasn't much of a bite Old S .- Well, boss, after repentin' of his sins, and bein' slid under, if he flashes in the pan, for him, but the little prima donna could barethen what? ly clasp it in both hands, as she received it in high glee. She looked at it with a delighted

receive him again. Old S .- Well, s'pose he ag'in kicks out of the

traces after the second time, (for you know what critters there are in the world, boss,) then what's to pay? Mr. B.—Notwithstanding all this, if he will

repent, and solemnly promise to amend his fu-ture life, the church will again receive him into its bosom, after being immersed.
Old S., (after a few moments of deep thought) proposing the closing interrogatory-Well, boss,

ouldn't it be a blasted good idea to keep such fellers in soak all the time? Our informant did not say whether old S.

oined the church or not, but we are inclined to the opinion that he did not.

A SISTER IN A TIGHT PLACE.—At N-, one Saturday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner, with his son John, drove his team into good range, and determined to pass the Some Wag has made up the following summary of of what he calls the "Inalienable Rights Sabbath, enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village.

When the time for worship arrived, John was set to watch the team while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partion in the centre of the body slip; just over against him, separated only by a very low partition, sat a fleshy lady who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a lond scream and shouted at the top of her voice, arousing the old man, who, but half awake, thrust his arms around her,

and cried very soothingly: "Wo, Nance! wo ! here John"-calling his son-"cut the belly band and loose the breeching, quick, or she'll tear everything to pieces."

Bald headed men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

We always did like the "church going belle."

If you wish to be certain of what you get. public squares, broad streets, or ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation of God. never marry a girl named Ann; "an" is an in-