# Terms of Publication.

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Acher remittance be received. By this aracher remittance lut paper. The poper was such be stopped after remittance be received. By this armore man can be brought in debt to the

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ON THE WATER.

0s its sater, on the water,
While the Summer days were fair;
While the Summer days were fair;
Whispering words in softest accents
Through a veil of drooping hair;
Through a veil of drooping hair; Through a veil of drooping hai wife the little ear was peeping, Half-ashamed and rosy red, Essing at the earnest meaning of the tender words I said—

On the water, on the water, on the water, on the water, Fairly shone the sunbeams then, Fairly shone the tiny ripples, Lighting up the far-off glen; None could hear us save the Iris, None could need to swaying in her golden pride, and the lilies ever moving With the motion of the tide.

on the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches,
As we floated idly by;
6h! her small hands gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
ind her soft cheek's bright carnation, When I told her all my love! on the water, on the water, Now I float, but all alone,

and I miss the silken ringlets, And the little hand is gone; Dies the sunset's crimson beauty, Comes the twilight as of yore, All remind me of the dear one, Lost to me for evermore. Once a Week."

## Mr. Peters' First Wife.

ar! dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard Ackbats, and the coffee stone cold," and Peters rose from the breakfast table in a by no means amiable, and rang the bell There was no answer! He rang a third, fourth time, still no answer all patience, he went to the door and "Maria! Maria!"

sight, pretty little woman, dressed in a tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of confusion answered the summons. She one of those round, bright faces which Nantended should be decked with continual but now, with all its roses in bloom, it rawn out to its full length, and the large eres had a serious or rather a doleful exof, totally at variance with their usual bok. Her voice, too, had lost its meloringing sound, and was subdued to a

What is it Joseph?" Where's Bridget?"

fine out for me. I want more white rib my ascension robe." Le Peters said a very naughty word, and ontinued, "Cold coffee, hard eggs, break-

ted fit to eat." wish," whined his wife, "you would think of temporal matters, and turn your atten-

Hing it all, madam, I would like to enjoy while I do have it. Here was I, the gest man in the United States, with a pleastome, a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and quiet children, and now, since vou have

the Millerites, what am I?" E. Joseph, if you would only come into lessed circle!

h. Maria, if you would only come out of Where are the boys?"

'um sure I don't know." te they going to school to-day?"

My dear, their teacher has given up the and is turning her mind to more exalted

is. Oh! Joseph, turn now while there is You have still a week for preparation rentance. mentance! Well, when I take up the

thit will take rather more than a week to id Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up

beeph." said his wife, "you need not send any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll take ors over to their uncle's to dine." a made no answer, unless the violently em-

manner in which he closed the door was Muttering with anger, he strode into a Surant to make a breakfast. Here he was by one of his bachelor friends, Fred. who looked up as he heard Joe's order. lallo" he cried. "you here? Why, what Ptu doing here at breakfast time? Wife

Had a quarrel ?"

inne out of town?"

then why don't you breakfast at home ner on fire?"

Servants all dead?"

Caildren sick?"

Iten, what in thunder is to pay?" Mana's joined the Millerites!

hed gate a long whistle, and then said, 'ag to ascend next week?" les, and if I don't commit suicide in the

me, you may congratulate me. I am a distracted. Can't get a decent meal running riot, servants saucy, house all refusion, wife in the blues, either quoting seeches of the elders at me, or sewing on the robe, and groaning every third stitch. Egit all, Fred., I've a great mind to take

hm! h'm! you give an enchanting picture, Thak I can suggest a cure."

Tes, if you will promise to follow my adwill make your home pleasant, your theerful, and your children happy."

"cried Joe. "I'll follow your word toldier under his officer. What shall I

di tea-time Mr. Peters entered his home, Maria was sented at the table, sewto her white robe, and there were no signs Paparation for the evening meal.

with my dear," said Mr. Peters cheerd don't know," was the answer, "have been day, attending meeting."

We, very well, never mind. Attending You are resolved, then, to leave me

The Joe I must go when I am called." let my dear, of course. Well, I must re-

# THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1859.

sign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it ever occurred to you that I shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love," and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair and pulled up his collar. Maria looked up, rather surprised.

"You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quietly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving."

Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to stop his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was not gained yet.

"So, my dear," he continued, "if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife."

"What?" cried Mrs. Peters.

"Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the children cared for." The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath. "Another wife, Joe! Another wife!"

"Yes. I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time, when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her, for she is your bosom friend." "My bosom friend!"

"Yes, my dear. I think on the day that you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingram!"
"What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid, the mother of my children!

What!" "Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do! I don't want to leave my business to go a courting, and she will have me, I know."

"No doubt! Oh! you great brutal, hate-"Stop, my dear, don't fly in a fury! We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make."

"Go on, sir! Don't spare me!" "Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow, to spend a week!"

"What?" "Then I can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture.' 'What?"

"And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out, and she can learn the ways about in the house." "What ?"

"And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days, won't you, and show her round, where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you?"

Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascen sion robe into a ball and fired it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, work-basket, and table-cloth followed this missile in such rapid succession, that he was unable even to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.
"So! You and Sarah! That's the reason

you whistled when you came in! You will be very glad to have me go and marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, I won't go!"

"But, my dear, you must go if you are come for !"

"I won't go!" "But consider, my dear!"

"I won't go!"

"But what will Sarah think?"

"Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me gain! I-I-oh!-I am fairly choking!" and the little woman threw herself into a chair, in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning, Mr. Peters met Fred. in the

"Well old boy, how goes it?" "Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world. I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who under pretence of loving my wife was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements.

"Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend?" "No. If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step-mother to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded that she won't go!"

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER .- Some few days since Judge Whitley was subpænaed as a witness in the Forrest case. His old acquaintance counsel. The Judge, who now and then aims at the facetious, was asked by the Prince what his occupation was. "Oh," said he, "I'm a printer, poet, politician, Justice of the Peace, editor-in a word, a Jack of all trades."

"Put that down," said the Prince. "Jack "Excuse me," replied the Judge, "that was

a mere pleasantry. I protest against your putting that down." "I insist." retorted the pertinacious Prince and it was duly entered that Thomas W. Whit-

ley confessed to being a Jack of all trades. In a few minutes afterwards the faction Jack of all trades had his revenge on the Princely Jack of all parties, for upon his asking how it was that Whitley was so sure he was in Buffalo in 1848, the sarcastic Jersey.

Justice said in a most emphatic manner: "Because I had then the pleasure of hearing Mr. John Van Buren make his famous free soil

speech!" A laugh from the spectators greeted the retort, while the Prince groaned inwardly.-Frank Leslie's News.

A governess advertising for a situation says, 'She is a perfect mistress of her own tongue. "Did you ever!" exclaimed an old fogy bachelor upon reading it, "I don't believe it though she'd swear to it! Never heard of such a thing."

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

## How to Collect a Debt.

Ten years ago I was seated in my office at No. 12, Wall street, busily driving the quill, when I heard a quiet step behind, and then a mild voice inquiring if I had the transcript of a certain judgment against one J. G. O. - the projector of the great Peg-ghe-wah-wah Company for selling Indian medicines. I looked up and saw a man whose twisted foot and palsied arms were quite familiar to me, but of whose name or calling I knew nothing.
"Yes," I replied, "I have the transcript."

"Well, I want it," he said; "I'm going to

ollect it for the creditor." "Going to collect it!" I exclaimed, "why the judgment is perfectly worthless. Executions, and proceedings after judgment, and all ordinary means of grace, have long ago been exhausted upon O. He is helplessly insolvent, and is besides the most adroit scamp of a swindler I ever encountered."

"What's that to me?" broke out the visitor in a gruff, strong voice, quite different from his first tones. "Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm Burling, the man about town. You a lawyer, and not know me? Sheriffs are good for nothing; constables are good for nothing; executions and creditor's bills are good for noth-Give me the transcript—here's the order for it-I'll make the money out of him."

I swiveled around my chair and stared at the man. "And will you be so good, Mr. Burling," I asked, "as to tell me what is your patent plan for superseding officers and writs, and for squeezing blood out of turnips, and cash out of the President of the Peg-ghe-wah-wah Com-

pany ?' "How I do it, you mean. Why I dun 'em at their houses, I dun 'em in the street, I dun 'em at the theatre, I dun 'em in church, I catch 'em early in the morning and stick to 'em all day; follow 'em up wherever they go; go to meals and eat with 'em; go to bed and sleep with 'em; give 'em no peace night or day, Sunday nor week day; stick to 'em like death to a dead nigger. A man owes a debt. He won't pay it I follow him all the week so he can't do any business, nor go to see his sweetheart, nor walk in Broadway, nor eat with any appetite, nor sleep without dreaming. I'm after him, with the devil to help run him down. All this won't do? Very well. When he goes to church Sunday he finds me in his pew. (Your Sheriff's can't work Sundays-I do my best business then.) The congregation rise, and he rises, takes out his book, opens at the place, and there he finds the bill I've stuck there, and gets so mad he can't say amen.

"Sheriffs and constables!" continued he, getting loud and fierce, will a sheriff go of a Sunday morning to a parson's house and follow him to church, and walk up the broad aisle with him before all the congregation, and go'up the pulpit stairs close to his heels, and slip into the pulpit after him before he can shut the door, and take a seat by his side, and get up when he gets up, and when he opens the Bible opens John Jones's bill full length, and lay it down over the chapter and verse, and tell him:-There's that bill of horse hire—pay it before you preach! But that's what I did—and I got my

"And what commission did you charge?" "Fifty per cent."

"Rather strong," I suggested, "but still your mode of procedure was strong. Do you often get as much as fifty per cent?"

"When I earn it I get it. Dr. C., of Broadway sent me to dun a fellow who lived back in a yard, and kept two bull dogs that he let loose | dle of it, and ran like a deer till he reached a en anybody came to collect honest debts. I went to him with a horse pistol in each hand and Dr. C's bill in my teeth, and made him pay up. What did Dr. C. offer me for getting his sixty dollars? He offered me one dollar. I won't take it says I. I'll pay no more, says he. Pay me thirty dollars, says I. Get out of my office, or I'll kick you out, says he, and he kicked me out of his door and down the steps into Broadway. I goes across to the hotel and hires a great arm chair out of the bar-room, and takes it across the street and plants it on the curb-stone right opposite Dr. C's office door, and I lays the bill I had made out on a full sheet of foolscap across my knees. hanging down, so everybody that went by could

read in large, black, sanded letters: "Doctor C To J. Burling, Dr. For collecting of Richard Roe,

**\$**30 00 "And all the crowd kept stopping to read, so that there was all the while two or three hundred people standing on the doctor's pavement. and reading first my bill and then his sign, and making their jokes. I had hired the chair for the whole afternoon, but he hadn't stood this Prince John Van Buren was the examining more than fifteen minutes before he comes to the door, and says, "Come here, you rascal;" and I went in, and took thirty dollars of his money, and left the bill receipted."

"But, my friend, dont your impudent ways often get you into scrapes; are you not afraid some one will some day break your head?"

"Break whose head?" he thundered. Didn't Colonel S., of New Orleans, a man that's killed seven men in duels, when I went to dun him at the Astor House-didn't he grab me by the slack of the breeches, and hold me out the fifth story window, and shake me there above the pavement, and say, "Shall I let you fall, and break your neck on the stones, or take you in and kick you down stairs?"

"Well," said I, anxiously: "what did you do then ?"

"What did I do? I said, Pay me that money! and didn't he pull me in and pay every cent?" The intensity of his manner as he thus related his exploits, cannot be rendered on paper, especially when he exclaimed, with closed teeth nd the fingers of his round hand clenched,-

'Pay me that money!" He took the transcript and limped out. In another day the hapless debtor, and over match for all the regular thumb-screws of the law, came in to beg piteously I would call off the blood-hound. I told him it was the creditor's affair, not mine. Next day I met Burling at the corner of Cortlandt street, looking mild and happy, and asked him how he succeeded. "I Disproving that,—as some assert,—He's led haven't got it yet," was the reply. "He hasn't found me out, but he has just paid me five dollars to let him dine at the hotel down there, piously employs her time In looking for the without my company.

#### From the Home Journal. A Pretty Good Story.

AND THE BEST PART OF IT IS, IT IS TRUE, WHICH CAN'T

In one of our southern seaboard cities, and on a long street-almost a road-leading therefrom to the country, "dwells an apothecary," a very tall and remarkably slender person-so thin, in fact that one would suppose he fed exclusively on his own professional mixtures.-No tailor dare venture to cut a coat or any other garment in any way approaching a snug fit to his person, for fear of having the work returned on his hands, and in that case they would be found to fit nobody else.

And yet, with this extraordinary paucity of flesh, there was a great supply of humor in our hero; he was extravagantly fond of practical jokes, and practiced them freely, when occasion and opportunity offered. He had an electric machine secluded from sight, and when any lazy person sauntered into his shop, and ventured to indulge in a nap or lounge, he was sure to be shocked into activity and push off. He was a great advocate for temperance, and yet was ready to furnish gratis a briming glass of any sort of liquor any customer may fancy, but his liquor was found invariably to produce more nausea than any other sensation.

But a contrivance which afforded him most merriment, was a skeleton of a full grown pereon in a closet, of easy access in his shop .-This skeleton was placed erect on a platform which ran on wheels; and when the door was opened, this platform was pulled forward by an unseen thin wire or string, which connected with the belting of the closet door. There were also similar wires, fastened to the wall behind the skeleton, and, passing over each shoulderbone, were attached to the bones of the wrist. Consequently, when the closet door was opened the platform on which the skeleton stood, not only advanced, but both arms and hands were

lifted upward! If any intoxicated, noisy, boisterous, or impudent fellow came into his shop, the apothecary would manage, in some way, to lead him to open that door; and it rarely failed (as he used to say) "to take the liquor and spunk out of him." He had two or three apprenticed lads in his employ, who naturally relished these jokes, and practiced them, with his full consent when he might be absent.

One day during his temporary absence a sailor came drifting along-occasionally stopping and dancing a jig and singing, to the great merriment of a gang of boys, who fol-lowed and surrounded him. He was just drunk enough to play the fool, but not too drunk to navigate. He eventually brought up at the door of our apothecary, and bracing himself in the doorway, yelled out:

"Uchia my bearties! here you are with your stuffed illigators and gallipot, and mixing for sick folks! Why the devil don't you keep grog for tuff folks like me?" and here he shuffled off a rigadoor, and made himself very merry. "Well, Jack," said one of the lads, "what

kind of grog do you want?" "I'll take brandy," was the prompt reply. "Very well, go and help yourself; (handing him a tin mug,) "you will find it in that

Jack went as directed, and pulling open the closet door found himself within grasping distance of an advancing skeleton; he incontinently fell back a step, dropped his tin cup, turned ash color, made one spring to the door and when he reached the street, took the mid-

sunnosed safe distance Shortly after this, our apothecary returned, and being informed of the event, was greatly

amused, but sadly lamented his absence.
"I would not have missed seeing it," said he, "for a great deal. I wonder if he will come back this way!" But this was not probable, and yet it was the only way back to

In the course of a few hours, however sure enough, Jack was seen at a distance on his way back, singing and dancing. Our apothecary hopefully anticipating an "encore," went out on his door-steps, and elevating his thin person, and extending his long emaciated arm and hand, very kindly beckoned to Jack to repeat his visit. Jack no sooner saw him than he "put his helm hard a port," and sheered over to the other side of the street, buttoning his jacket over his breast, and pressing his tar-pole closer on his head, so as to be ready for a run if chase

"Aw-yey, old bag of bones," says Jack there you are again, are you? You think I don't know you, now you've got your clothes on," and away he went on his course, leaving our apothecary rather puzzled in deciding which of the two got the sharpest end of that ioke.

Peter HIS OWN JUDGE .-- The following amusing incident communicated by a friend in Rox-

bury, Mass., occurred in a school in that city: "A lad, whom we will call Peter for the sake of a name, playing truant from the school, and wishing an excuse the next day, altered over an old note (which had been used for the same purpose on a former occasion,) by expunging the old date and substituting the present. The master immediately detected the trick, and in the presence of the school, impressed upon him the dangerous character of such frauds. He then told Peter that he would leave him in the aisle for half an hour to reflect on this, and be his own judge as to the punishment due the offence. The half hour having elapsed, the whole school was called to the "third position"-the attitude of attention-and the teacher said-'Now, sir, you yourself are the judge in this case: what is your decision?" Peter hesitated a little, then, hanging his head, pronounced in a whining voice, the following impartial verdict :- "Why, as its the first time I think you'd better let the poor fellow go."

OLD JOKES VERSIFIED .- At church, JOE SEYS. his manly heart With true devotion swells, there by the Belles; While JANE, the happiest of coquettes, Whose eye no sorrow dims, Most

# D'REAMING.

I wandered through the summer fields
. All in the blue and golden morn,
And like Christ's followers of old,

NO. 5.

I plucked the ears of corn. High up a lark sung rapturous hymns, Low down, among the rustling stems, His brown mate listened, and the dew Set round her nest with gems.

I laid me down and dreamt and dreamt Of summer mornings in the land Where you and I, dear love, went forth Each morning, hand in hand.

I thought athwart the tremulous tears I saw your blue eyes gleaming sweet, Through golden locks; alas! 'twas but The corn-flowers 'mid the wheat! Household Words.

#### Iron and Steel

The main distinction between iron and steel s, one holds carbon, or the matter of charcoal, whereas the other does not. The amount of charcoal is trivial. and is imparted by heating bars for a long period together, surrounded by powdered, broken charcoal in a box. Having regard, then, to this operation, it seems natural enough that the outer portion of each bar should become more steelified (if I may be allowed to coin an expressive word) than the internal portion. Now, steel of this sort, though good for some purposes, is objectionable for others. To give an example, it is by no means good for the manufacture of watch-springs; nevertheless, before the invention of cast steel, to which the reader's attention is directed, watch-springs had to be made of it.

There lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, about the year 1760, a watchmaker, named Huntsman. He was very much dissatisfied with the quality of steel of which watch-springs were made in his day, and he set himself to the task of thinking out the cause of inferiority .-Mr. Huntsman consequently inferred that the imperfection of such watch-springs as came in his way was referable to the fact of the irregular conversion or steelification of the metal of their manufacture. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, the composition of the latter should be regular and homogeneous." He tried, and succeeded. The fame of Huntsman's steel became widely spread, but the discoverer took care not to designate it by the name of cast steel, under which it is now familiarly known. This was his se-

About the year 1770, a large manufacture of this peculiar steel was established at Atterclific. The process was wrapt in secrecy by every means which the inventor could command. None but workmen of credit and character were engaged, and they were forbidden to disclose the secret of the manufactory by a stringent form of oath. At length Huntsman's secret was stolen in the following manner:

the Attercliffe steel works believed forth its smoke, giving promise of a roaring fire within, traveler, to whom the desire of placing himself near a roaring fire might seem a reasonable longing, knocked at the outer door of Mr. Huntsman's factory. It was a bitter cold night; the snow fell fast, and the wind howled across the moor; nothing, then could seem more natural than that the tired wayfarer should seek a warm corner where he might lay his head .-He knocked, and the door was opened. A workman presented himself whom the wayfarer

addressed, humbly begging admission. "No admittance here, except on business." The reader may well fancy how this intimation fell upon the tired traveler's ear on such an inlement night. But the workman, scanning the traveler over, and discovering nothing suspicious about him, granted the request and let him in.

Feigning to be completely worn out with cold and fatigue, the wayfarer sank upon the floor of the comfortable factory, and soon appeared to have gone to sleep. To go to sleep however, was far from his intention. The traveler closed his eyes all but two little chinks. Through these two little chinks he saw all that he cared to see. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into little bits, they place them in crucibles, and with enormous tongs pour their liquid into a mold. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing to disclose. This was the secret of cast steel.

It would be easy to extend the list of manafactured secrets disclosed in the dishonest way indicated above. The subject is so unpleasant to dwell upon, that I am sure the reader will rejoice with me that the circumstances under which manufactories are now carried on, neither afford the opportunity nor the inducement to theft, such as I have described .- London Leisure Hours.

CAN ANY ONE TELL.—Can any one tell how it is, that during these hard times, when every merchant, manufacturer and mechanic is doing his utmost to keep his nose above water, our numerous drinking saloons are well sustained, and even new ones starting?

Can any one tell why men, who absolutely cannot pay small bills, can always find plenty of money to buy liquor and treat when happen ng among friends?

Can'any one tell how young men who dodge their washer woman and are always behind with their landlords, can play billards day and night, and are always ready for a game of poker or 'seven up?"

Can any one tell how lawyers who no cases, and doctors who have no practice manage to make the ends meet, or meet the ends? Can any one tell how men live and support their families, who have no income and do not

work, and why others who are industrious, and constantly employed half starve?

Can any one tell how it is that a man who is too poor to pay three cents a week for a good weekly paper, is able to pay fifteen cents a day

for tobacco and cigars, to say nothing of an occasional drink? Can any one tell what interest we have in asking these questions which we know, no one will answer?

In society, wholesales don't mix with retails raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted : tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound; and pig iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

.. .

#### Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 16 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly ad-

verusement	3:				
		3	MONTHS.	6 MONTES.	12 MONTHS
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Advertisements not having the number of insertion, Advertisements not naving the number of insertion, desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

### Country Boys.

Country lads often feel that their lot is a hard one; they see city bred youngsters on their sprees at the age of fourteen! veritable young gentlemen with a finished exterior, a cigar and a cane!

The young farmer, at the same age, finds himself with a hoe in his hand and a cheap straw hat on his head, sweating among hills of corn. He is frequently envious of his city brother, whisking past him in the cars, with kid gloves, delicate ringlets, and plenty of money in his pockets.

Mind your corn, boy-hoe it out clean, keep steadily to the labor you have in hand, do it well, and in time your good days will come too. If you find farming not suited to your taste, or your strength, or to your circumstances; if you like mechanism better, or have a capacity for business, whatever else you may engage in, it is all the same, you have begun right. The city blades have begun wrong, and in due time you will see it. Their fathers and mothers in the end will see it too. Do not feel envious of the pleasures that a hot house man enjoys; but remember, not in a malicious, but sober spirit, that such plants wither early. By the time you have acquired fixed habits of industry, and acquired a corresponding perfection of mind and oody, your delicately-reared cotemporary of the town begins to feel the debilitating effects of idleness and of dissipation. He is not alone to plame for a weak body and profitless mind; it s the result of a system; but he cannot escape from its effects-these he must endure for himself, in his own person. His father may be a professional man, or a merchant, or may be nerely rich; the chances are fifty against one that the son will not replace his father. Such is the result of well-settled experience; business falls into the hands of those who are most competent, it does not descend to heirs. It is the country boys after all, who do the city business. Observing men have often stated this fact : and any one who will take a directory, and inquire into the origin of the business men of Cleve-land, or Boston, or New York, will find it to be so. All external circumstances are in favor of the son or the clerk succeeding to the trade of the old firm; but the son seldom, almost never dies in the position of a partner of the house. Why is it? Simply because habitual industry is wanting, and habitual indulgence is not wanting, with all the external odds against it, the counties furnish the cities their principal business men. If intelligent, faithful and perseverng, and above all, cheerful and contented, the chances are that the lad with the hoe will eventually do the business of the father of the lad in gloves, who is now luxuriating in his travels.— N. E. Farmer.

When from my room I chance to stray to Blace most open at where of dev. I ever find the

lager beer .- Sacramento Age. Ah! yes, my friend of city life, sure such a treat cures such a strife, but better than such a dose by far, are pleasures of a fine cigar .-

Placer Herald. Such pleasures may suit baser minds, but there the good no pleasure finds; we think the purest oy in life, is making love to one's own wife.-Volcano Ledger

Most wise your choice my worthy friend, in Hymen's joys your cares to end, but we though tired of single life, and cannot boast of any wife, to drown our sorrows quickly fly to kiss some girl that aint too shy .- Napa Reporter. That lager beer will bile provoke, while fine

Havanas end in smoke, to court one's wife is better far than lager beer or vile cigar. Kisses, the dew of Love's young morn, breaks on the lips as soon as born. These are all naught to the greatest joy-the first proud glance at your first-born boy.—Evening Ledger.

'Tis true, a boy's a wished-for blessing; but suppose the first's a girl-a dear, sweet child,

with ways caressing—with pouting lips and

flaxen curl; with dimpled cheeks and laughing

eye, to come and bid papa good-bye; so, whether boy, or whether tother, embrace the babe and

then the mother .- San Francisco Globe.

Eccentricities .- Voltaire was fond of magnificent attire, and usually dressed in an absurd manner. Diderot once traveled from St. Petersburg to Paris in his morning-gown and night cap, and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works, he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the air when he struck out a happy idea. One day, a friend found him in tears. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Dedriot, "at a story that I

have just composed !" Wordsworth was deemed a madman by some of the villagers, by others a criminal in the disguise of an idler. They affirmed that he had been often seen to wander about at night and "look rather strangely at the moon," that sometimes, "he would roam over the hills like a partridge."

Gray was a polite monk, the most learned man of his day. His elegy is the most melodiest poem in the language. He was a man of extreme taciturnity. It is said he was sometimes known to pass a whole day in company without uttering a word.

PAT'S IDEA OF RESTITUTION .- The following conversation is said to have taken place between

an Irishman and his confessor.

Patrick, the wibow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of the finest pigs. is that so!

'Yes, yer honor." 'What have you done with it?' 'Killed it and ate it, yer honor.'

Oh Patrick, Patrick, when you are brought. face to face with the widow and her pig on the Judgment Day, what account will you be able, to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft ?

'Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?'

'To be sure I did.' Well, then, yer riverance, I'll say, Mrs Makony, here's yer pig.' , 2