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# THE AGITATOR.

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

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

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WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and Silver Watches,

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR. Having opened his shop in the room over Wm. Roberts Tin Shop,

Corning Book Store. THE Subscribers have removed to the large and elegantly fitted Brick Store—four doors east of Concert Block,

WELLSBORO ACADEMY. Wellsboro, Tioga County, Penna. Luther R. Burlingame, A. B., Principal.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP! OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE. Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices.

Tin and Hardware in proportion for Ready Pay. It will pay any one who wants anything in this line to call and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

H. D. DEMING. We respectfully announce to the people of Tioga County, that we have prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear, Peach, Cherry, Nectarine, Apricot, Raspberry and other kinds of Ornamental trees.

ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer roses of China, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Shrubbery—Including all the finest varieties of Albion, Cyralis, and other kinds.

LILIES—Paeonies, Dahlias, Phloxes, Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquills, Lilacs, &c.

LIVE BRAVELY. The world is half darkened with crosses, Whose burdens are weighing them down; They croak of their stars and ill usage, And grope in the ditch for a crown. Why talk to the wind of thy fortune, Or clutch at distinction and gold? If thou canst not reach high on the ladder, Thou canst steady thy base by thy hold.

Leaves by the Wayside. "I wish I had a picture there!" emphatically exclaimed Annie Etherton, as she brought down her hand upon the bare wall of her parlor.

"You know Edmon my passion—my weakness you may call it, for paintings. I cannot help it! It makes me better, purer, wiser, as I look upon some such conception of the soul, so beautifully, so truthfully brought before the world, by human artistic hands."

Years sped by, yet they brought no painting, as an oasis for the dark side of Annie's parlor. Her only picture was a stream of water close by the house. Many an idle hour had she traced the strange beauty of its placid waters—

"My husband, Edmon Etherton; Cousin Kate Andrew," said Annie, as she led the way into the house. Kate was cordially received by Mr. Etherton, who at first glance rather liked the cousin's physiognomy.

Kate was shown to her room. After her bonnet and shawl was removed, she proceeded to bathe her face and hands in cold water, which freshened and brightened her dark complexion.

"What a pretty picture auntie?" I asked, thinking it might be a Beatrice, or Angelina, with pipe stem curls, unbecomingly bright eyes; with some Napoleon, or Byron, or Tom Moore, kneeling at her feet.

"good morning" I replied by putting a letter post marked "Boston," in her hand. Her blush and smile were pretty enough to reward me, if I had brought it all the way myself.

Just then we drove beneath the shadows of the elms which stood with other trees for a half a mile around auntie's cottage. As we passed into her parlor, I took up a hat that stood upon the table. It had a weed about it but bore no name inside as I had hoped.

"That's my nephew's last. It looks as mournful as he does poor feller. That picture I am going to show you Ann, he (I am afraid you will think him lubberly) cries over moan half of his time. Don't eat enough to keep the breath of life in him; that's what worries me most."

"I have written some, as you know for our paper here" (I bowed) "but Mr.—(our editor) has not soul or sentiment enough to appreciate my efforts. His early days are past, he laughs at romance, and actually said to me the other day, 'Miss Sally I'll give you a silver thimble if you won't send me another line of poetry, when my advice is, don't write it.'"

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"I will send it," said I. "You said that editor was young and sentimental," queried Miss Violet. "Young, yes certainly, and sentimental—well yes—I should think he was at quite a sentimental period of life."

Old Memories. We live over again the ideal past, for as day after day, weeks, months and years pass by, we forget the trials and temptations we have passed through and look back upon those days as bright and beautiful pictures of perfect enjoyment.

"I should like to see you," said I. "I should like to see you," said I. "I should like to see you," said I. "I should like to see you," said I.

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gone before—to encircle their brows with a halo of purity, scarcely attainable by angelic spirits, and fancy ourselves the happy recipients of the friendship of such a company—yet surely the sensation of melancholy—the sinking into a semi-stoical state of appreciation of the hardness of our every day companions which follows invariably, does not speak favorably of such an indulgence.

How to Train a Prizo Fighter. Australian Kelly, is in training for a prize fight, at Coney Island. A sporting paper shows how the man is physically trained to make a brute of himself.

In walking, he carries the newly introduced lead plugs, two pounds weight, grasping them firmly and keeping the arms well up. The object is to strengthen the muscles of the arm, and to enable him to keep his arms in position without fatigue.

Changed, rubbed, and sponged again, when the supper is ready. For this two eggs are allowed, with water biscuit and gruel.

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Who SENT THEM?—Old mother Bender was pious but poor. In the midst of her extreme want her trust and confidence was in God.

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