ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, farcriably in advance. It is intended to notify every mberiber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"Time Out," 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

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

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclusions of the county of the county of the county.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

IAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON. TTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tiogs, Pottor and McKean ties. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

s. B. BROOKS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PA.

"In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.
Sept. 23, 1558, ly.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST.

OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and [April 22, 1858.] DICKINSON HOUSE

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

WELLSBORO', PA L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. This deservedly popular house is centrally located, and ommends itself to the patronage of the travelling public.

AMERICAN HOTEL. CORNING, N.Y., E FREEMAN, - - Proprietor. Meals, 25 cts. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day. Corning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER. Hudropathic Physician and Surgeo ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14,]

VERMILYEA'S HOTEL. H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.

H. O. COLE,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. CHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

IS published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County.—Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

DRESS MAKING.

MISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that she has taken rooms over Kiles & Elliott's Store, where she is prepared to execute all orders in the line of RESS MAKING. Having had experience in the business, she feels confident that she can give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patenness. tion to all who may favor her with their patronage. Sept. 29, 1859.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,

TAILOR. AVING opened his shop in the room over B. B HAVING opened his snow in the state of the citizens of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with prompt-

Cutting done on short notice. Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m

WATCHES! WATCHES! ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and Silver Watches,

which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e. he will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit. he will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit.
All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a
job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party
ordering it, no charge will be made.

Past favors appreciated and a continuance of patronage kindly solicited.

Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

WM, TERBELL.

CORNING. N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in

DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Linc, and Colored Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning Fluid, Dye Stuff, Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for Medicine, Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,

ALSO,

A general assortment of School Books—
Blank Books, Staple and Fancy Stationary.

Physicians, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing in any of the above articles can be supplied at a small advance on New York prices.

[Sept. 22, 1857.]

NEW STOVE AND TINSHOP OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices. hare for one-half the usual prices.

Large No. 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trimmings for \$15,00.

All kinds of

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.

Recollect the place—two doors south of Farr's Hotel, or opposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE April 21 1859. 1 April 21, 1859. 1.

H. D. DEMING, Wauld respectfully announce to the people of Tioga County that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear Peach, Cherry, Noctarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous Ornamental trees. Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Rlackberries and Strawberkies of all new and approved varities!

ROSES-Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Bengal or China, and Climbing Roses.

SHRUBBERY Including all the finest new varieties of Althea, Calycanthus, Dentzia. Lilacs, Spiraes, Syringias. Viburnums, Wigillias &c. FLOWERS-Paconics, Dahlias, Phloxes, Tulips, harcissis; Jonquils, Lil

hes, &c.
GRAFES—All varieties.
Peabody's New Haut-bois Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, \$5.
Orders respectfully solicited.
E3_Unders for Grafting, Budding or Pruning will be
Promptly attended to. Address
Dec. 16, '58.
H. D. DEMING, W. boro, Pa.

TIOGA REGULATOR.

GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewely Store at Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa.

Where he is prepared to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing, in a workmanlike manner. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction.

We do not pretend to do work better than any other man, but we can do as good work as can be done in the cities or elsewhere. Also Watches Plated.

GEORGE F. HUMPHREY.

Tioga, Pa., March 15, 1860. (ly.) PEDLERS will find it to their advantage to call at Roy's Drug Store, as he has just received a large supply of Essential Oils and Essences of all kinds which he is selling very cheap for cash.

R AGITATO]

Devoted to the Artension 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.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1860.

VOL. VI.

THE OVER HEART.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, whom be giory forever!—PAUL.

Above, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and main,
Well might the sage Athenian soon
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright Of the One Life pervading all, One Being's tidal rise and fall In soul and form, in sound and sight, Eternal outflow and recall. God is: and man in guilt and fear The central fact of nature owns; Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stone And darkly dreams the ghastly smear Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the terror: deep within.
The human heart the secret lies.
Of all the hideous deities; And, painted on a ground of sin, The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is He? The ripe grain nods,
The sweet dews fall, the sweet flowers blow,
But darker signs his presence show:
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love! Oh, souls that turn Like sun-flowers to the pure and best! To you the truth is manifest: For they the mind of Christ discern Who lean like John upon his breast!

In Him of whom the Sybil told,
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,
Whose need the sage and magian owned.
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages groaned!

Fade pemp of dreadful imagery, Wherewith mankind have deified Their hate and selfibness and pride! Let the scared dreamer wake to see The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy Guide require?
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But, man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking where duty is desire,
To Him, the beautiful and good. Gone to the faithlessness of fear;

And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain,
The law of Hatred disappear
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim!—
And lo! their bideous wreck above
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!
Man turns from God, not God from him,
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ, Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled; It yet shall touch His garment's fold, And feel the heavenly Alchemist Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
Oh heart of mine! with reverence own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known!

—The Indepe

THE WIDOW COBB'S FIRST LOVE. BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

The fire cracked cheerfully on the broad the black nose appropringly, as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney hung several fine which still hung in the closet at the right. She frame. There were plants, too, on the window ledges-horse-shoe geraniums, and dew plants, | rack below, and brought them to him. and a monthly rose just budding, to say nothshone as if it had been just varnished, and the eight-day clock in the corner had had its white face newly washed, and seemed determined to drawn up at a cosy distance from the hearth of spectacles, a dish of red cheeked apples and a pitcher of cider, filled a little table between as white as snow. He looked around the kitchred as the apples, and eyes as dark and bright Deacon's slippers. as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table, and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was the Widow Cobb-"relict" of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had been mouldering into dust in the Bytown church-yard, for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, possibly because -all her work being done, and the servants gone to bed-the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room made her a little lonely.

"Seven years," so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it was more than fifty—and yet I don't look so very old, either. Perhaps it's not having any children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may say what they like-children are more plauge than profit that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I'm sure they have done it, though she

never will own it." The widow took an apple from the dish and

began to peel it. "How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these grafts. He never will eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he has gone to. Heigho! I re-member very well how I used to throw apple parings over my head when I was a girl, to see

who I was going to marry." Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed. For in those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and was always looking eagerly to see if the peel had formed a capital "S." Her meditations took a new turn.

"How handsome Sam Payson was! and how much I used to care about him. I wonder what has become of him! Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has ever heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that-

Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty arm-chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple paring; she drew it safely toward her and looked around the

"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me." Still the plump fingers drew the red peel

"But then they can't see me, that's a comfort, and the cat and old Bowse never will know

what it means. Of course I don't believe any-

The paring hung gracefully from her hand.
"But still I should like to try; it would seem like old times, and----'

Over her head it went and curled up quickly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and marched deliberately up to smell it.

"Bowse-Bowse-don't touch it!" cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchheart, she turned as red as fire. There was as handsome a capital "S" as any one could wish places, and brought out a clean pipe and a box

A great knock came suddenly at the door .-Bowse growled and the widow screamed, and snatched up the apple-pearing. "It's Mr. Cobb—it's his spirit come back

again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself Another knock-louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed :

"Hillo, the house !" "Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still

safe in his grave upon the hill-side. "A stranger," said the voice. "What do you want?"

"To get a lodging here for the night." The widow deliberated.

the road—and turn to the left after you get to speak to once again." "It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very del-

to the skin-don't you think you can accommodate me-I don't mind sleeping on the "Raining is it? I didn't know that," and that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one

the kind-hearted little woman unbared the door | who, with something of Sam's look and ways very quickly. "Come in who ever you may be about him-had also been sojourning in that -I only asked you to go on because I am a country-and who very possibly had met him lone woman, with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered-shaking himself like a Newfundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely swept floor.

"Oh-that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he saie, as he caught sight of the fire, and striding along towards the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair-Mr. Cobb's armchair, which had been kept sacred to his mem ory for seven years! The widow was horrified but her guest looked so weary and worn out hearth of the old farm-house kitchen, a cat and | that she could not ask him to move, but busied three kittens basked in the warmth, and a de herself in stirring up the blaze that he might hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were could not let this poor man catch his death by festooned along the ceiling, and crooked necked sitting in that wet coat-if he was in Mr. Cobb's chair why should he not be in Mr. Cobb's wrapsquashes vied with red peppers and slips of chair why should he not be in Mr. Cobb's wrap dried pumpkins, in garnishing each window per? She went nimbly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair of slippers from a boot-

"I think you had better take off your coa ing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever place whenever they took it into their purple or someting like it, if you don't. Here are heads to bloom. The floor was carefully swept some things for you to wear while they are dry-—the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg ing. And you must be hungry, too; I will go thought of the absent Sam. or round—the long settee near the fire-place into the pantry and get you something to eat." I wonder how women She bustled away "on hospitable thought intent," and the stranger made the exchange with

a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He tick the louder for it. Two arm chairs were was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sunburned and heavily bearded and each other, a candle, a newspaper, a pair and looking anything but "delicate," though them. In one of these chairs sat a comfortable en with a mischievous air, and stretched out looking woman about forty-five, with cheeks as his feet before him, decorated with the defunct

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a vengeance! And what a hearty, good-humored looking woman she is! Kind as a kitten," and he leaned forward and asked the widow, unconcernedly. The stranger stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted old Bowse upon the head. The widow bring- drawer for her knitting work, and did not no ing in sundry good things, looked pleased at tice him. When it was found and the needles his attentions to her dumb friends. "It's a wonder Bowse does not growl; he

generally does if strangers touch him. Dear me! how stupid."

The last remark was neither addressed to girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I the stranger nor to the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty she held.

"Oh, I'll manage it," said the guest, gathering up paper, candle, apples and spectacles— (it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the Dea con's, and were placed each night, like the armchair, beside her)—and depositing them on the settee.

"Give me the table cloth, ma'am; I can spread it as well as any woman. I've learned that or rather, I will say, well off." along with scores of other things in my wan derings. Now let me relieve you of those dishes; they are far too heavy for those little hands; (the widow blushed;) "and now please sit down

with me, or I cannot eat a morsel." "I had supper long ago, but really I think can take something more," said Mrs. Cobb drawing her chair nearer to the table.

"Of course you can, my dear lady-in this cold autumn weather people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of this ham—your own curing, I dare say." "Yes; my poor husband was very fond of it.

ham and drying beef better than I." "He was a most sensible man, I am sure.

drink your health, madam, in this cider." He took a long draught, and set down his glass.

"It is like nectar." The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat, (who thought they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house,) and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what "nectar" was—so it was quite as well.

"Fine dog, ma'am-and a very pretty cat." sigh followed the auswer.

"Ah-your husband must have been a very | I am gone.' It's a sad thought for a man to tappy man.'

The blue eyes looked at her so long that she grew flurried. "Is there anything more I can get for you, sir?" she asked, at last.

"Nothing, thank you, I have finished." She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer knack of touching as they carried the dishes to en, she put the apples and cider in their old of tobacco from an arched recess near the chim-

keenly at her. "My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late, unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it." "Not if it is to drive you away," he answered,

her husband, I suppose, and never giving a school occupies the girl's morning entirely, mufor she had her candle in her hand. .. "Oh, no—I do not object to smoke at all."— She put the candle down—some faint suggesthe world." tion about "propriety" troubled her, but she glanced at the clock and felt reassured. It was husband is dead."

only half-past nine. The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire-and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said, pleadingly. "It's not late-and when a man has been knecking "Can't you go on-there's a house half a mile about in California and all sorts of places, for farther, if you keep to the right hand side of a berth like this—and to have a pretty woman if I do you must promise me, on your honor, never to tell him if you ever meet him again."

"California! Have you been in California?" she exclaimed, dropping into the chair at once. icate," said the stranger, coughing. "I'm wet Unconsciously she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson—the lover of her youth—with whom she had so foolishly quarreled, had pitched his tent, after many wanderings, in -perhaps had known him intimately! At that thought her heart beat quick, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger, who, wrapped in Mr. Cobb's dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Cobb's slippers, and sitting in Mr. Cobb's chair, beside Mr. Cobb's wife, smoking Mr. Cobb's pipe with such an air of feeling

most thoroughly and comfortably at home! "Yes, ma'am-I've been in California for the last six years. And before that I went quite round the world—in a whaling ship."

"Good gracious!" The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion." "And what is that?"

heads, round not bouse or home above their heads, round not bour tuere, and turning their all sorts of odd places, caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to sling them away again—and all for one reason. You don't ask me what that is! No doubt you know already very well." "I think not sir."

"Because some woman has jilted them?" Here was a long pause, and Mr. Cobb's pipe emitted short puffs with surprising rapidity .-A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and the widow's cheek was dyed with blushes as she

"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way," said the stranger. musingly? You never meet them roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, with some spirit-"if a woman is in trouble, she must stay at home and bear it the best way she can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say." "Like enough. We never know whose hand

gets pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible, which you choose, for that." "Did you ever, in all your wanderings, meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?"

looked towards her-she was rummaging her in motion, he answered her. "Payson? Sam Payson? Why, he was my

most intimate friend! Do you know him?" "A little-that is, I used to, when I was a

told you of, and afterwards to California. and there was no room on it for the things had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he was quite well?"

"Strong as an ox, my dear lady." "And-and happy?" said the widow, bendng closer over her knitting. "Hum—the less said about that the better.

perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, Mrs. Cobb did not pay much attention to that

part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions. But she was puzzled about her next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?" The stranger looked at her with a twinkling

"Oh, I thought—I mean I heard"—here the little widow remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped before she told such a tremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about He used to say that no one understood curing him. Some of the boys used to tease him about on his heels or on his head. The widow gave it, but he soon made them ston." "How?"

"He just told them frankly that the only woman he ever loved had jilted him years before, and married another man. After that no one ever mentioned the subject to him again except Mrs. Cobb laid her knitting aside and looked

thoughtfully into the fire. "He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. 'It matters very little what takes me off,' "They were my husband's favorites," and a he used to say; 'Ive nothing to live for, and there's no one that will shed a tear for me when | shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

Mrs. Cobb sighed as she said she thought it

"But did he ever tell you the name of the

The plump little widow almost started out of

"Did you know her?" he asked, looking

"Ah. But still she never thinks of Sam."

"Then you ought to know, and you do. Tell

"I'm sure I don't know why I should. But

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be

"I am glad to hear it for his sake. You and

I are the friends of both parties; we can re-

He drew his chair nearer hers, and took her

hand. One moment she resisted, but it was a

and the dark beard bent so low that it nearly

touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel's dear friend? If he was

not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it for

"It was a foolish quarrel that parted them,"

repeated to any mortal man, upon my honor."

"Well, then, she does remember him."

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

her chair: the name was spoken so exactly as

have, isn't it?'

lady who jilted him?"

"What was it?"

"Intimately?"

"Does she?"

"But how?"

ioice with each other."

a long, long time?

times."

"Yes."

must break it to her."

"What is it?"

waiting patiently.

"I will tell her."

"I will tell her."

faithful till he dies-"

widow answered still:

"Hurrah !" ,

Sam's Maria!"

asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say but-Come!"

if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Well-I am Maria's Sam !"

one little scream, and then she-

"Don't-oh, don't!" she cried out.

of Bowse with his slipper.

"Well!"

you start so?"

said the stranger, softly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Yes, on board the whaler."

she would have married him after all.

ously. "She has would "said the widon, pro-

"She was not happy, then, with another?"

"Mr. ---, that is to say her husband-was

very good and kind," said the little woman

"Bravo! that is what I wanted to con

Mrs. Cobb looked rather scared.

used to know, once in a while."

will let him. Will you tell her this?"

"Make her quite understand that he wants

her for his wife. She may live where she likes,

and how she likes, only it must be with him.'

The Californian broke off suddenly. The

The stranger caught her out of her chair as

Off went the dark wig, and the black whis-

that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse

concluded after awhile that all was right, and

so laid down to sleep again, and that one week

afterwards there was a wedding at the house

that made the neighboring farmers stare. The widow Cobb had married her First Love!

"Did he blame her much?"

"Yes."

"How can I tell?"

"Yes."

"Maria."

"I know her first name."

as Sam would have said it.

There was a dead silence.

"Are you still friends?"

NO. 42.

"And where is she now? Still happy with the vital powers, are too much neglected. The

lines considered as a square; The subjected rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements: 3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS, Square, do. - \$3,00 5,00 7,00 \$4,59 6,50 8,50 \$6,90 8,00 10,00

12,50 30,00 50,00 Column. -Advertisements not having the number of insertions Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

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

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 16 tines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.; Advertisements of less than 16

A Word About School-Girle

The Principal of one of the best and most popular female boarding-schools in New York lately said that she considered almost every one of her pupils a proper subject for medical treatment. At first thought we would say that she ought to name her school "Mrs. ——'s Fashionable Hospital." But what, then, should we style the numerous schools which are not as good as hers? The fault is with no one person, but with our habits of life. It is a notorious fact that the women of this country are far less robust and healthy than their cousins in England. They live too much indoors and in overheated and ill-ventilated rooms. They take too little exercise. Their nervous system is

developed too rapidly, and the muscular system.

thought to the poor fellow she drove out into sic and other accomplishments the afternoon. study or society the evening and too much of "No," said Mrs. Cobb, shading her face with the night, and the few hours left for sleep do not her hand, and speaking unsteady. "No, her suffice to rest and refresh the body for the same wearying round the next day. The over-tasked, over-excited frame becomes an easy prey to insidious disease. Intellectual and social ambition, both of parents and child, forbid her to relax her efforts on any slight derangement of health, and she toils on under the most tremendous pressure, till at last poor na-

ture can endure it no longer, and the girl glides

into her grave, or takes her place in that great

and increasing company of permanent invalids,

who remain as mere wrecks of their former selves, victims of their mistakes, and eloquent warnings to those who come after them. We do not now speak of carelessness about food and dress, which is so fruitful a source of disease. We limit ourselves to this excessive stimulation of the brain, this over-working of it and the body, and the want of proper and sufficient out-door exercise. Owing to our hurrying system, there is danger that girls, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, will be classed hand. One moment she resisted, but it was a among the extinct species, as boys have been magic touch; the rosy palm lay quietly in his, for years in our cities. We lift up our voice, askingp arents and educators to try to avert such a calamity as that. We know that we have said, and that we can say nothing new upon this theme: but we can at least call attention to these simple facts, which everybody sees and

A Score of Printers.

knows .- Providence Journal.

In this office are twenty printers engaged. -Only look at them! In ages, they are from twenty to forty; in size and complexion, from "Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill temper drove her to break off the ordinary stout (we never knew a fat printhe match; but he thought sometimes if he | ter) to some that might have crawled through had only gone back and spoken kindly to her, a greased flute. Some as white as a Circassian and others as brown or rosy as your "Georgia Some beauted like a pard, others smooth as the Greek slave. One has travelled all over the North American continent, hunted bears in Arkansas, or the wild horse in the pampas of South America; another has been out on the very good and kind, said the little woman, thinking of the lonely grave on the hillside rather penitently, "and they lived very pleas-antly together. There never was a harsh word between them." broad ocean, has seen life before the mast: another graduated at West Point-served in the

army; another accompanied Col. Doniphan in

Xenophonia grand campaign over all New Mex-"Still-might she not have been happier with ico. What a book he could write! Another Sam? Be honest and say just what you think." | has kept a tavern, sold goods at auction, travelled all over the United States several times, peen well off and broken-often. Two have And now I have a secret to tell you, and you been on the stage—a profession printers are much addicted to; for about one-half the actors on the American board are printers. One, we believe, has preached sermons; another has lec-"I want you to go and see her, wherever she tured to crowded houses; another has served may be, and say to her, 'Maria!'—what makes in Mexico with General Scott; a sixth has been a stump orator, member of the Legislature "out "Nothing-only you speak so like some one West," and fought a duel, we believe. Three have practised medicine, kept store, and dealt "Do I? Well, take the rest of the message in horses, cotton, and negroes. Two have held Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; municipal offices. Four or five have been officers or privates in various military companies. that when he heard she was free, he began to One served with General Sam Houston in the work hard at making a fortune; he has got it, Texan revolution; one in the Canada rebellion. and he is coming to share it with her, if she Six or eight have edited and published newspapers in the United States. One has been an The widow did not answer. She had freed officer of a packet on the "raging canawl."her hand from his, and covered her face with One was wounded-leg off-atthe battle of Monit. By and by she looked up again. He was terey. Another has clerked on a Mississippi steamer, and was blown up and slightly woonded. Some are, or have been married, some are old bachelors. All have seen more or less He rose from his seat and walked up and of life and its changeable scenes. They are live down the room. Then he came back and leanmin, good practical printers, speaking various ing on the mantelpiece, stroked the yellow hide

Don't Run Away.

surpass or equal .- Cincinnati Unionist.

languages, and form a newspaper force hard to

Don't run away from the world's temptations "Say he has grown old, but not cold; that he and influences. If you are really a coward, go loves her now perhaps better than he did and hide yourself somewhere, until you have twenty years ago; that he has been faithful to screwed up back-bone enough to face the her all through his life; and that he will be enemy like a man. Don't run away at the lightest indication of danger, as if you hadn't the slightest confidence in yourself. Nobody ever conquered a fee by beating a retreat. If vou mean to fight the battle of life like a bero. "And what do you think she will say?" he you can't begin too early. Would you respect yourself, and win the respect of others? Then lon't shrink away from trials and temptations, but encounter them, smite them down, lay them in the dust at your feet. A man who has conquered his enemy is immeasurably greater than the poltroon who creeps away in abject terror. High or low, rich or poor, we are all soldiers in the action that terminates only with the sunset of life's day, and the weakkers; there smiled the dear face she had never hearted trembler who shrinks back, and quakes forgotten! I leave you to amagine the tableau at the sound of the trumpet; is yet far in the -even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat rear when the light of victory shines on the on his stump of a tail, and wondered if he was crest of the warrior who pressed straight on and fought his way through. A temptation overcome is better discipline than twenty avoid-But stop! Quiet people like you and me, ed. No man knows his own strength until is dear reader, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at has beed tried and proved, and the noblest natures have passed oftenest through the fires of them, have no business here. I will only add

> Marriage without love, is the suicide of happiness. As well might a person undertake to build a dwelling without either credit, cash or material, as to expect to live happily in the married state, without love.

Boys should be very careful how they steer An editor of a paper in Indiana, wants to their life-barks if they would arrive without know if western whiskey was ever seen "coming tiru' the rye?"