ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

one dollar Per Annum, and lawrichly in advance. It is intended to notify every absoriber 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 will a farther remittnee be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the gnater.

The Agitaton 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 imits, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, 55 per year.

ded, \$5 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

IAS. LOWR EY & S. F. WILSON, A TTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pottor and McKean ounties. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

s. B. BROOKS, TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
ELKLAND, TIGGA CO. PA.

In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—Bible. In the multitude of Counselors Sept. 20, 1858, 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.

CORNING, N.Y.

MAJ. A. FIELD, Proprietor.

Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge. PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

WELLSBORG, PA.

L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.

This deservedly popular house is centrally located, and commends itself to the patronage of the travelling public.

Nov. 25, 1858, 19.

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, Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. 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.

Tills 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. April 12, 1860.

H. O. COLE. BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

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

George w. Frau, 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 derirous offestending their business into that
and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent adtertising 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 Niles & Elliott's Store, where the is prepared to execute all orders in the line of DRESS MAKING. Having had experience in the business, she feels confident that she can give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.

Sent 29, 1859. Sept. 29, 1859.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,

TAILOR.

TAILOR.

HAVING opened his shop in the room over B. B. citizens of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and despatch.

Cutting done are all the property of the property of the promptness and despatch.

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

TO MUSICIANS. CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian anp

A German VIOLIN STRINGS.

Rass Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, WELLSDOROUGH, PA.

(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)

Having leased this well known and popular House, solicits the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and of those who stop with agreeable.
Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

WATCHES! WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got a fine ansortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE

Gold and Silver Watches, which he will sell chenper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e. 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.

Walthern June 24 1818.

age kindly solicited. Wellsboro, June 24, 1818.

F. W. KRISE,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,

Wellsboro St. Tioga, PA.

Takes this method of informing the citizens of Tioga, and of the County generally, that he has established himself at Tioga, where he will manufacture and keep on hand for sale a good stock of Saddles. Bridles, Heavy Harness, Carriage Harness of all kinds &c. Also Hames, Halters, Whips, Traces, Collars &c. All work warranted.

Repairing done on short notice. WELLSBORO ST., TIOGA, PA.

Repairing done on short notice. Tioga, Sept. 1, 1859.—ly.

W. D. TERBELL,

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

DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zine, 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.]

H. D. DEMING, Would respectfully announce to the people of Tioga County that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apple. Pear Peach, Cherry, Nectarine. Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous Orannental trees. Also Currants Happberries, Gooseborries, Blakberries and Etrawberries of all now and approved vari-ties.

ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea,

SHRUBBERY—Including all the finest new varieties of Althea, Calycanthus, bettia, Lilacs, Spiraes, Syringias, Viburnums, Wigilias &c. FLOWERS-Pacontes, Dahlias, Phloxes, Tulips, llyacinths, Narciesis; Jonquils, Lil

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, JUNE 21, 1860. VOL. VI.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE. Walls embrowned with the dust of age,
Roof with mossy cover;
A shattered stoop before the door,
With woodbine clambering over,
The broken forms are strewn around,
With many a name deep graven;
The tracers toss life's resitess sea,
Or sleep in heaven's haven.

Choked is the spring with forest leaves,
The cup no longer near it;
I sing the song we used to sing,
The cohoes only hear it.
And when I trill the simple lay,
We sang the beech tree under,
They rudely catch the swelling notes
And hurl them back in thunder.

The grape-vine swing sways neath the oak, Tossed by the wild winds only;

Tossed by the wild winds only;
Where are ye, playmates of my youth?
My heart is sad and lonely.
I lean against the old oak's side
And dream the old time over;
And see again sweet Nettie Gray,
When first I was her lover?

Ah! silver streaks are through my hair, And Nettie early perished; And dead are all the brilliant hopes I, in my boyhood chest-hed, Oh, life is not a web we weave Of tints to suit our pleasure; Its pilgrimage is not a road. That we may justly measure,

BACHELOR'S LOVE-MAKING.

You would have known it for a bachelor's den, the minute you put your head in the door! Blue, spicy wreaths of cigar smoke circling up to the ceiling-newspapers under the table-Castile soap in the tiny bronze card-receiverslippers on the mantle piece, and confusion everywhere. And yet Mr. Thornebroke-poor deluded mortal-solemly believed that his room was in the most perfect order! For hadn't he poked the empty champagne bottles under the bed, and sent the wood-box to bear them company, and hung his morning gown over the damp towels, and dusted the ash-sprinkled hearth with his best silk handkerchief? He'd like to see a room in better trim than thatguessed he would! And now he was mending himself up, preparatory to going calling, to call on-the very prettiest girl in New York. Not BARBER AND HAM-DRESSER.

GHOP 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 theap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

Now, as Mr. Thornebroke's whole stock of industrial implements consisted of a lump of wax, an enormous pair of scissors and one needle, the mending didn't progress rapidly.-His way of managing the button question, too, necessarily involved delay; he had to cut all these useful little appendages from another shirt and sew them on, and next week, when the shirt was wanted, why it was easy enough to make a transfer again! See what it is to be a bachelor of genius! it never occurred to him to buy a few buttons extra!

"Buttons are not much trouble," said Mr. Thornbroke to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but when it comes to coat sleeves, what the duce is a fellow to do? I havn't any black thread either," and he looked dolorously at a small tear just in his elbow, where some vicious nail had caught in the broadcloth. "A black pin may do for to-night, and to-morrow I'll send it to the tailor. The fact is I ought to be married; and so I would, if I only dared to ask Lilian. Oh! dear, I know she would'nt have me—and yet I'm not so certain either—ir I could only muster the courage boldly to put the question! But just as sure as I approach the dangerous ground, my heart fails me! And then that puppy, Jones, with his curled mustache, and hair parted in the middle-always hanging around Lillian, and quoting poetry to her-if I could have the privilege of kicking him across the street, I'd containing tape, needles, scissors, silk, thimble, die happy! He isn't bashful, not he! If some and all the nice little work-table accessories. E. S. FARR, - - - PROPRIETOR. body would only invest some new way of popping the question—something that was'nt quite so embarrassing!"

Our hero gave his black glossy curls an extra brush, surveyed himself critically in the glass, and then with a deep sigh, set forth to call on the identical Lilian Raymond, revolving, as he had a thousand times before, that if

-perhaps may be-

Oh! the bashfulness of bachelors. When Mr. Thornbroke arrived within the charmed precincts of Mr. Raymond's handsome parlors, velvet carpeted, chandeliered with gold and ormolu, crowded to the very doors, with those charming knick-nacks that only a woman's taste provides, Miss Lily was "at home" in a bewildering pink merino dress, edged with white lace around the pearly shoulders, and a crimson moss twisted in among the rippled waves of her soft brown hair. She never looked half so pretty; and, thank Providence, Jones wasn't on hand, for once in his life. But what was almost as bad, Lily's cousin was there-a tall, slender, black-eyed girl, with arch lips, and cheeks as red as a Spintzberg apple. O how Thornebroke wished that Miss Esther Allen was at the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere except in that particular parlor. And then her eyes were so sharp—he hadn't been doing the 'agreeable" more than four minutes and a half

"Dear me, Mr. Thornebroke-pray excuse me-but what on earth is the matter with your

before she exclaimed:

Mark turned scarlet—the traitorous black pin had deserted its post. "Only a compound fracture in my coat, Miss

Allen," said he, feeling as though his face might do the duty of Raymond's chandeliers both put together, "you know we bachelors are not expected to be exempt from such things." "Hold your arm, sir, and I'll make it all

right in one moment," said Esther, instantly producing from some secret recess in the folds of her dress, a thimble and needle, threaded with black silk, and setting expertly to work.
"There now, consider yourself whole."
"How skillful you are," said Mark, admi-

ringly, after he had thanked her most sincerely, "But then you have so many nice little concerns to work with. I have only a needle and some wax, besides my scissors! "You ought to have a house-wife, Mr. Thorne-

broke," said Miss Lily, timidly lifting up her long lashes in his direction. Lily never could look at Thornebroke without a soft, little rosy shadow on her cheek.

"A what?" demanded Mark, turning very

"A housewife."

MITCHELL'S SYRUP OF IRECAC. For Colds, "A housewife."

"Yes," said Mark, after a moment's awkward | aristocracy.—Providence Press:

hesitation, "my—my—friends have told me so very ofteu—and I really think so myself, you know. But what sort of a one would you rec-ommend, Miss Raymond?" ommend, Miss Raymond?"

"Oh, any pretty little concern. I'll send you one in the morning if you'll accept of it," added, with a rosy light on her cheeks again.
"If—I'll—accept!" said Mark, feeling as if he were in an atmosphere of gold and pearl, with two wings sprouting out of his broadcloth, on either side. And just as he was opening his

lips to assure Miss Lily that he was ready to

take the precious gift in his arms then and there, without any unnecessary delay, the door opened and in walked Jones. . Jones up with uncommon pleasure. And there the fellow sat, pulling his long moustaches and talking the most insipid twaddle-sat and sat until Mark rose in despair to go. Even then he had no opportunity to exchange a private

word with Lily.
"You—you'll not forget—

"Oh, I'll be sure to remember," said she smilingly, and half wondering at that unusual pressure he gave her hand. "Ladies often do provide their bachelor friends so!"

Mark went home, the happiest individual that ever trod a New York pavement. Indeed, so great was his felicity that he indulged in various gymnastic capers indicative of bliss, and only paused in them at the gruff caution of a policeman, who probably had forgotten his own courting days-"Come, young man, what are you about?"
"Was there ever a more delicate way of as-

suring me of her favorable consideration? Was there ever a more feminine admission of her sentiment? Of course, she will come herself—an angel breathing airs from Paradise and I shall tell her of my love. A housewife, oh! the delicious words! Wonder in what neighborhood she would like me to engage a residence—how soon it would be best to name the day! Oh! If I should awake, and find it all a blissful dream!"

Early next morning, Mr. Thornebroke set briskly to work, "righting up things." How he swept, and dusted, and scoured—the room was aired, to get rid of the tobacco smoke, and sprinkled with co'ogne, and beautified generally And at length, when the dust was all swept in one corner, and covered by a carelessly disposed newspaper, he found the window glass murky, and polished it with such a vengeance that his fist, handkerchief and all, went through, sorely damaging the hand, and necessitating the ungraceful accessory of an old hat to keep out the wintery blast for the time being. However, even this mishap didn't long damp his spirits,

for was not Lily coming? Long and wearily he waited vet no tinkle at the beil gave warning of her approach. "It's all her sweet feminine amodesty," thought he, and was content. . -

At length there was an appeal below, and Mark's heart jumped up into his mouth, beating like a reveille drum. He rushed to the door, but there was no one but a little grinning black boy, with a box.

"Miss Raymond's compliments, and here's

de housewife, sir." "The housewife, you little imp of Erebus?"
"Yes, sir, in the box, all right."

Mark slunk back into his room and opened the box, half expecting to see a full-dressed young lady issue from it, a la Arabian Nights; but no-it was only a little blue velvet book, and full of odd compartments in azure silk,

"And she calls this a housewife!" grouned Mark, in ineffable bitterness of spirit at the down-fall of his bright visions. "But I won' Desperation gave him courage, and off he

hied to the Raymond mansion, determined to settle the matter if there were forty Joneses and Esthers there.

But Lilian was alone, singing at her embroidery in the sunshing window casement. "Dear me, Mr. Thornebroke, is anything the

Perhaps it was the shadow from the splendid crimson cactus plumes in the window that gave her cheek such a delicate glow—perhaps—but we have no right to speculate.

"Yes." And Mark sat down by her side, and took the trembling, fluttering hand. "You sent me a housewife this morning!" "Wasn't it right?" faltered Lilian.

"It wasn't the kind I wanted at all !" "Not the kind you wanted?"

"No; I prefer a living one, and I came to see if I could change it. I want one with brown hair and eyes-something, in short, Miss Lilian,

just your pattern. Can't I have it?"
Lily turned white, and then red, smiled, then burst into tears, and tried to draw away her hand, but Mark held it fast.

"No, no, dear Lily; first tell me can I have the treasure I ask for."

"Yes;" she said, with the prettiest confusion in the world; and then, instead of releasing the captive hand, the unreasonable fellow took possession of the other, too. But as Lily did not object, we suppose it was all right.

And that was the odd path by which Mark Thornebroke diverged from the walk of old bachelorhood, and stepped into the respectable ranks of matrimony.

WIFE VERSUS LADY .- It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his lady, or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as "John Jones and Lady;" or to ask a friend, "How is your lady?" is all fashionable vulgarity; and invariably be-trays a lack of cultivation. The term wife is far more beautiful and appropriate and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose ilady were to say instead of "my husband," "my gentleman," or suppose we were to speak of "Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman." The thing would be positively ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so, if rightly considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady, and we marvel that this latter term is not utterly tabooed, in such a connection, at least by educated, and intelligent people. It ought ing lava, whereas his actual diet is probably to be left for the exclusive use of the codfish rabits, liver, sheeps' plucks and pigeon's giz-

Too Late. BY BESSIE MORGAN.

It was a bright morning in early spring. The birds were wild with joy. Through the following story, for whose truth the Petersburg open window came the sweet, fresh air, and Press vouches: played with the loose curls of two young sis-

she is. I'm ashamed of you?" Ada was leaning in a listless posture against far from the lesson, but as the angry reproof Mark was not at all cannibalistic in his pro-burst forth, her head dropped low over the pensities, but just then he could have caten book. She was a gentle child, with a quiet, ished. The old lady was inconsolable for a and depth of expression in her soft, hazel eyes, that foretold a lovely womanhood. She was not fond of books, except the great book of charity.

Nature, whose leaves she loved to look into when she wandered alone along the shady little streams, and rambled through the woods.— Often were those little feet wearied with the long strolls in search of favorite wild flowers.

Lucy was four years her senior, and gave great promise of a brilliant mind. Naturally of a proud and hasty spirit, the praise con- dream, and she knew her offspring. stantly lavished upon her, rendered vain and to harsh, censorious remarks, and even great unkindness.

It was a late hour in the afternoon. "Where is Ada?" was inquired. "Idling away her time, as usual, I expect," was answered, and

Lucy was sent in search of her.

our teacher," answered Ada, meckly. "You

know she is fond of flowers." "Well, if she is fond of flowers, that is no reason she likes common field daisies."

"They are very pretty, Lucy," and she held them up admiringly. "Do you know, Lucy, I love the little daisies, because no one seems to love them. I feel sorry for the dear little things. I was thinking while I sat here, you are like the beautiful flowers in our garden, which are admired so much. You know that everybody admires you. And I am like the little daisies. whom no one loves." Tears sparkled in her

eyes as she spoke. "Well, if you'd be more industrious and atand Lucy gave her quite auld like you heter."

merous faults. Midnight came. There were hurrying feet and anxious faces in the little chamber. "It is too late," said the doctor, sadly .-"Death has laid his icy fingers upon her. Our

exertions are useless."
"Oh! Doctor! will she indeed die?" sobbed Lucy. so unkindly to her. Be quick, and give her something to restore her, if only for a minute. Let me ask her forgiveness. It cannot be too so; when, on the following night they met each late! Oh! no Doctor, you will try to save her. God will have mercy!"

is among the angels."

old dew from the beautiful marble brow, and over the motionless form to catch, if possible, a add to it a single sheaf! breath. In vain she listened and called her name. Ada had indeed gone to gather the never-fading flowers of heaven, in that peaceful home where tears are forever wiped away, and the heart never saddened by an unloving word, even to the feet of Him who said, "Suffer

little children to come unto me." Poor, penitent Lucy! The terrible truth seemed to crush her very soul. Her keen remorse and bitter grief were inconsolable. The tears fell from her eyes too late for the little Ada to feel happier, except as the angels in heaven are made glad by the repentance of the children of earth.

Too late! How coldly it strikes upon the heart. You, reader, whoever you are, remember these hopeless words, Too Late!

Mother, daughter, sister, father, son, brother, and you, too, wives and husbands, whatever relation you bear in life, cherish the treasures of home. Keep not gentle words, and pleasant smiles only for strangers who care not for you, who in misfortune would pass you by with indifference, or in sickness feel no sympathy .-The night of death must come, and, as sure as you exist, every harsh word, every cold look, every unfeeling act, will rise up before you to the heart's core. When you look at the pale face of some loved one that will never brighten again at your coming, and the sealed lips that vill never again smile in love upon you, and those closed eyes, upon which relentless death has forever laid his destroying finger. Eyes which have beamed with pleasure a thousand times when you have looked kindly into them, and have went bitter tears when you have, perhaps, ofitimes wounded the now still, cold heart; when you look upon all this, and think, you will then feel regrets are vain, your cry of anguish without avail, for it is "Too late."

STRONG INDUCEMENTS .- A small boy was caught stealing dried cherries, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young mind could invent, he proposed, "Now, if you'll let me out, and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for them and whallop me besides." The grocer man could not withstand this appeal, and released the urchin.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, thus speaks of a gentleman with whom he is not on very good terms: "He is a most notorious coward; he talks as if his diet were lion steaks seasoned with gunpowder and broiled on burn-

NO. 47. Stranger than Fiction.

An habitual reader of fiction could ask for no romance more strange and pleasing than the

"Some years ago a lady residing in Pennsyl vania sent her only child, a son, to Europe, to "You are an indolent child, Ada. You seem look at certain property that had been beperfectly stupid. Do you think you will over queathed to her by a relative in Belgium,—the know anything? Look at Lucy, how studious sum was a large one, and would have placed sum was a large one, and would have placed her far beyond the necessity of labor. The property was secured, and the son wrote home the table before her, gazing dreamily out upon that he would return in the steamer Pacific the beautiful scene, with thoughts apparently with the funds obtained from its sale. The Pacific never reached the shores of America, subdued manner, and there was a sweetness long while, but time finally softened her grief. She removed to Petersburg, and for a long time had been noted for her immediate industry and

On Thursday last a stranger called upon her. He was bearded to the eyes, and his mien be-tokened one who had seen much of the world. She received him kindly, and he began to speak of her son. She recognized his voice—the veil of years was lifted from her eyes—the olden time came back to her like a long-forgotten

His story is readily related. He did not overbearing, and little Ada was often subjected leave in the Pacific, but was ill in London with the billious fever. During his sickness he was robbed of all he possessed. Upon his recovery he dared not return home penniless, and therefore repaired to France. Finding no employment, he made his way to Russia, where he obtained a situation upon one of the governan a broad, green field little Ada was found sitting among the grass, gathering the daisies around her and twining them into a tiny boquet.

"Why, Ada," cried Lucy, "what a simple child you are; sitting there by yourself. It is too bad that I must constantly make the subsequently disposed of at a large rate. sequently disposed of at a large profit. He too bad that I must constantly run after you. then went to England, where he espoused the You're so queer. I don't like queer people. | daughter of a gentleman of wealth. After his They're never worth anything. So I think they'd better be out of the world!" Bohemian, to seek his mother and carry her to "I thought I'd gather just a littld bunch for his home. After considerable effort he found her in our city, and on Monday last left for the north, where he will shortly take passage for Europe."

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.—There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was crected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other none.— On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take off my shocks and place with his, without his knowledge." The benevolent motives, said, William dimsen, "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take off my shocks and place with his without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. "Oh! sare her! Do Doctor! I spoke indly to her. Be quick, and give her nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed "Be composed dear child. Her gentic spirit with such associations as this was the temple of Solomon erected-so spacious and magnificent, But the miserable girl could not admit the the wonder and admiration of the world. dreadful truth, and she tenderly wiped the Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their neighbor's whole shock rather than

THE SIMPLE SECRET .- Twenty hands in a prining office. Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty youny men in a village. All want to get along in this world, and all expect to do so. One of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner and make a fortune. One of the apprentices will come to be a master builder. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance competitors, is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money in a saving bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway. But the staunch men of community the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

OLD AGE .- How beautiful is old age! The sun is ever brightest when it is about to sink below the horizon and hide its radiant brow behind the curtains of a peaceful sleep. It is in the evening that the nightingale sings its sweetest songs, and it is in the autumn time that nature is ripest and looks most golden and beautiful; how can it be that the sunset of life should be less joyous and cheerful than its meridian?

Age is a mighty thing. It has triumphed over the trials of life, and flushed with victory it awaits its reward. From bloodless lips, the youth, as he sits gazing into the wrinkled fea-tures before him, hears the experience of the past; he is warned of the shoals and quicksands af life. Thus age is mighty again, for in the hot blood of rising generations it sends its

own genius and directs its own course. Age is a holy thing; it is the sanctuary of well spent lives; it is the temple at the top of a ladder of existence, where tottering limbs and weary hearts may find repose, whence they may look back without regret upon the great world they are to leave, with smiles of encouragement to those who are still struggling amidst the stormy waves of fortune.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicime I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door the next morning."

"A play upon words," as the boy said when he kicked the Dictionary up and down the school Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 12 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjected rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

co charged for Quarterly, ITALI-1 carly and learly and vertisements:

Square, - \$3,00 \$4,50 \$6,00 \$2,00 \$3,00 \$4,50 \$6,00 \$3,00 \$4,50 \$6,00 \$3,00 \$4,50 \$12,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$12,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$12,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$12,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50 \$10,00 \$1,50

THE HANDSOME SOUL .- One day last winter, a little boy from the south, who was on a visit to the city, was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Surprised, mortified, and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in

hand, communicated an earnest apology. "I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am yary sorry."

"Never mind," exclaimed the lady; "there is no harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me for

being so careless."
"O no," replied the lady, "better have soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"O, isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed the Ind, as the lady passed on.
"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade, "if

you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. "Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled." "I don't care if her face is wrinkled," re-

plied the little hero; "her soul is handsome; anyhow." A shout of laughter followed, from which the little fellow was glad to escape. Relating

the incident to his mother, he remarked: "O, mother! that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions I will think of what she said: "Better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.".

FEMALE COURAGE.—When the war of extermination between the Indians and Kentuckians was at its height, those who inhabited the back part of the State of Kentucky, were obliged to have their houses built very strong, with loop holes all around, and doors always fastened, so as to repel any attack from the Indians. While the owner of one of these domestic fortresses was with his slaves at work on the plantation, a negro, who was posted near the house, saw approaching a party of Indians. He immedistely ran to the house, and the foremost Indian after him. The Indian was the fleetest, and as the door opened to admit the negro, they both jumped in together. The other Indians being some distance behind, the door was instantly closed by the planters wife within, when the Indian and negro grappled. Long and hard was the struggle, for as in the case of Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, the one was the strongest and the other more expert; but strength this time was the victor, for they fell; the Indian below; when the negro, placing his knees on his breast, and holding his hands; kept him in that position until the woman, seizing a broad ax and taking the Indian by his long hair, at one negro then seizing the guns, fired them at the other Indians, which, as fast as discharged, were loaded again by the planter's wife, until the party from the field, hearing the firing, arrived, and the Indians took flight.

Almost Home.—This is one of the most joyous expressions in the English language. The heart of the long absent husband, father or son; not only homeward bound, but almost arrived thrills with rapturous joy as he is on the point of receiving the embraces and greeting of the dear ones at home. So it is with the aged Christian, as, in the far advance of his pilgrimage, he feels that he approaches the boundary line, and will soon cross over the land of promise. Many of his best friends have crossed over before him, and they have long been beckoning him upward and onward. They await his arrival with the joyful welcome of holy ones. And as tokens multiply on either hand the land of Beulah is near, he feels that he is almost home. The ripe fruit of a long Christian life is about to be gathered into a heavenly garner. Few sights on earth are more pleasing than aged, faithful Christians, strong in the Lord, almost home. We have some such among us, retered and beloved, whose faces we love to see in the sanctuary, and whose prayers bring down blessings upon our heads. They speak of many friends, most of whom havo preceded them, but the re-union will soon come: Blessings be upon the fathers and mothers in Zion; and may their mantles fall on us.

PANCIES WRITTEN BY THE FIRELIGHT .- One of the first fancies suggested by the firelight is, that everybody funcies that he can poke the fire better than anybody else. Philosophy may speculate as to what can be the causes which generate this fancy; but it is doubtful if pkilosophy will ever make much progress towards solving the mooted point. How ungrateful is man! The fire is decidedly the warmest friend man has, and yet it is, perhaps, the one he most delights to turn his back upon. But use it as he may, the fire is incapable of returning his ingratitude. One never knew the fire to give one the cold shoulder. When a cinder shoots out, many say it is a money box, while others think it their coffin. The words are not so different as at first thought they may seem to us. There are many men who make, by overwork at it, their mongy box coffiin. The fire makes a report when something bright comes out of it. The same thing happens generally with the fire of wit. When brilliar things come out, it is pretty certain there will be a report of them.—Punch.

"Sammy, you little whelp, didn't I tell you to let that cat's tail alone?" said an angry father to his son, who was endeavoring to elon-

gate a cat's narrative. "Well, old hoss, what if you did? It's old Brown's cat, and I'll yank thunder out of it if I please."

The worst form of ingratitude is to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering

Live within your means whose stretcheth himself beyond the sheet his feet go bare.

"I love thee still," as the husband said to the chattering wife.