

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber 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 further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

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.

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1860. NO. 51.

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 10 lines considered as a square. The reduced rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square, - - -	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
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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-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOVREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
attending the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.)

S. B. BROOKS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PA.
"In the multitude of Counsellors there is safety."—Bible.
Sept. 23, 1858, 17.

C. N. DART, DENTIST.
OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to this line of business done promptly and warranted. (April 22, 1858.)

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
MAJ. A. FIELD, Proprietor.
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
WELLSBORO, PA.
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.
This desirable popular house is centrally located, and commands the best view of the surrounding country. No. 25, 1858, 15.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
CORNING, N. Y.
E. FREEMAN, Proprietor.
Meals, 25 cts. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day. Corning, March 31, 1859. (17.)

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydrographic 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, N. Y.
This is a new hotel, situated on the corner of the best building and hunting grounds in the North West. 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.
SHOP 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.

"HOPE ON."

For the Agitator.

"Hope On—Bear Up Forever!"

Hope on! heart! not always gloom
Shall shadow o'er thy way;
The darkest hour of all the night,
Is that which brings the day.
Though disappointment round thee spread,
Though low'ring hangs thy sky,
Hope on! the clouds but hide the sun,
The tempest will pass by—
Mid all thy fears, thy toil and care,
Yield not thy heart to dark despair.

Hope on! though all thy friends forsake,
Trust thou alone in God;
Thy His own hand that chastens thee,
'Tis His that holds the rod.
Though envy, malice, slander dare
Assail with Upas tongue,
Thy innocence is strong to bear,
Thy darts against it flung;
And in that faith be firm, O heart!
Through every ill to bear thy part.

Hope on! the longest, darkest night,
Will turn to day at last,
And then a clearer, brighter light,
Shall o'er thy way be cast.
Thou hast "the promise" still; O then,
Wronged heart, bear nobly up,
Nor let dark memories of the past,
Add to thy bitter cup.
O! let thy breast be Truth's pure shrine,
Thy earnest prayer, "Thy will" be thine.
Northumberland, Pa. EXORSTA.

From Whitehead's "Wild Sports of the South."

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

"The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind."—*Monksbury.*

"Mike, what kind of a night would this be for fire-shooting?" said the Doctor to that meditative Nimrod, who was busy sowing up a mossy bank by the light of the camp-fire, after a week of travel.

"So so," replied Mike, without looking up. "I am going, I think."

"No answer. Mike put on the mended moccasins, and drew off the other.

"Do you think we can kill anything?"

"S'pose," replied Mike.

"Come Charlie, let us try it for a little while."

This was all a ruse on the part of Mike, in order to make Mike think our great hunt was an unpremeditated affair, and thereby increase the glory of killing so much game. It had been arranged between us during the day, that we would try fire-shooting that night, which was of great advantage, as it prevented the game from seeing anything of the hunters, and at the same time rendered their eyes more reflective when exposed to the torch-light. We had even gone so far as to make our pitch-pine torches, and the whole preparation was complete. It was a party of two—the Doctor and myself.—There would be rather more interest in getting the game alone; and beside that, Mike's opinion on fire-shooting was well-known, and we knew he would not go with us—so constant a hunter scorned so primitive a snare as the one we proposed. The negroes we did not want, for the fewer in a party the better. So, one of us taking a gun, and the other carrying a torch, we left the camp.

The boys were chuckling together as they watched us go, the dogs howled because they could not go with us, and Mike gave one of his expressive coughs, that said as plainly as words, "Now for it!"

We were soon outside of the glare of the camp-fire, the little creek was crossed, and our torch flashed brightly on the taper trunks of the pine trees, the climbing vines, and the broad-leaved plants that grew by the pools of water. There was no wind, and, walking in the pine woods, there was no sound. Once in a long while a sand-hill crane, disturbed in his wanderings, would be seen stalking away, with his red head high in the air, like a struth on duty; or the sudden motion of the under-brush would tell us that some one of the many little harlequins of the wood, that gambol most when men do sleep, had fled from this unusual spectacle of a moving light. But no deer rewarded our search; no bear showed us his heavy coat.

"Faith," said the Doctor, "this romantic promenade is getting somewhat long."

"Think of the deer, one buck will well pay us."

"Fudge! if there was no one to lurch at it, I would have turned back long ago. Give me the gun, and you take the light."

Accordingly we changed positions—I going ahead, carrying the torch before me, in such a manner that it would throw the light ahead as much as possible, and none on our persons, and the Doctor received the gun, and took my place directly behind and shaded by my person. The night had become still darker, and a misty rain commenced falling. We had left the pine woods, after walking a couple of miles, and had come into a grove of lower timber. The long moss dropped in curtains, the odor of magnolias burdened the air, and every minute a denser copse would force us to turn aside from our route.

"Hush!" whispered the Doctor, suddenly, with a spasmodic pull at my coat tail, "there's a deer."

I was just wondering at this absence of deer, and could not account for it, as it was a rare thing to go a mile in Florida without seeing one.

"Where?" I whispered; "I don't see it."

"Hush! it has gone now; but we will see it in a moment again."

We advanced on tiptoe, both in body and expectation.

"There! there!" said the Doctor, pointing with his finger a little distance to the left; but the luminous spot was gone before I had got my eyes on it.

We were in the very place for deer. A heavy wind-fall lay ahead of us, and the mingled trunks and twisted branches looked like the *chevaux de frise* of some great encampment.—The flickering light made the shadows move back and forth with a spectral effect, as though dancing, and the hush of the forest was unbroken by any sound. Every moment I expected to see again the two phosphorescent stars that would bring us the prize for our labor. It seemed a long time in coming again.

"That deer must be very shy," whispered the Doctor, just above his breath.

The next time, I saw it first. It was a solid distance ahead, and there were two; but just

before I could point them out to my comrade, they had disappeared. Presently, we saw it on one side of the

"Charlie, that's a will-o'-the-wisp," said Mike, in a rather subdued tone, "or the devil; who ever heard of a deer going around so!"

"He is examining you to see what manner of man you are."

"Perchance it is some spirit of a departed buck, leading us a wild chase to destroy us."

"There it is, right behind me, as I live!" ejaculated the Doctor, in evident trepidation.

Sure enough, as I turned my head, I saw the two blue lights that indicate the reflecting lenses of the eye. The doctor was taking aim, but I noticed it was not very steady. He pulled the trigger—a dull snap announced a miss-fire.—He pulled the other trigger—it snapped in the same way. The gun was wet with rain.

"Was anything ever so provoking!" said Mike, as the eyes vanished in the darkness.

"If it is the devil, he will have you now."

"How can you talk so," said the Doctor, with a strong accent on the "can."

"There is your deer, Mike, in the windfall," said I, as I caught sight of the eyes moving rapidly along over the mass of timber that lay heaped and knotted together.

"That's no deer," said Mike; "no eleven-foot cock over that windfall that way. I would rather see the night huntsman of the Hartz Mountains than see those eyes again." As he was speaking, I saw in the inky darkness ahead of us, another pair of eyes, and two or three pairs on the left. The truth flashed on me.—The scarcity of the deer, the proximity of the windfall, the restlessness of those luteal eyes, all gave me the clue—the wolves were around us.

A word to Mike, and the affair was explained, and we stood still for consultation. To heighten the misery of the scene, our torch was almost burnt out—let that die, and the rest could be easily divined.

We were standing, at the time, under a grove of small pecan trees, and at that instant a low snort was heard from the shadow near us, like the cough of a dog.

Poke did not say a word; but, dropping the gun, and seizing a limb of one of the trees over his head, with an agility for which I had never given him the least credit, elevated himself to the crotch, about ten feet from the ground.

I did not want to do anything of the kind, of course not; I would rather have placed my back against a tree, and won a glorious death in battle against my numerous foes; but, alas! for a bad example, I dropped the torch, that broke in pieces in falling, and clapping the nearest tree, which happened to be a medium-sized gum-tree, soon scrambled up to a place of safety. Lucky it was for me that I had that torch in my hand, for when it fell, it lay scattered around the base of the tree, still flickering and flashing in the darkness, and the animals that had surrounded us, as they saw their prey escaping, rushed forward with an angry noise; they saw the glowing embers, and held back just long enough to permit my escape. As I drew myself up on the first limb, a rush of gratitude passed over my soul, and my feelings were as warm as a child's. Nothing could be seen, for the sombre forest shut out the little light there was in the atmosphere, but I heard the pattering of feet beneath my fortress, like falling rain. Back and forward they came and went, and snorting sounds and champing teeth made the black night alive with imaginary shapes. I wondered how it fared with the Doctor, yet dared not call, for the uncertainty was less fearful than the reality might be. I pictured him fallen, dragged back from his half-attained refuge, and divided among the hungry pack; and the very noises below might be the mauling of his bones.

"While their white tusks crunched o'er his whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when their edges grew dull."

At length I summoned courage, and called "Poke!"

"Hulloa!" was the response—more grateful to my ear than any sound in the world.

"How are you, my boy?" I called again.

"Safe, thank the Lord!"

"What a disgraceful situation to be in, and how are we to get out of it?"

"I will be grateful if I can only keep in it; for this tree is so small that the wolves can almost reach me when they jump; and, as I climbed up, one caught my coat-tail, and tore it entirely off."

"Climb up higher, then."

"I can't; the tree is so small that when I get any higher, it bands over and lets me down—oh dear!"

"Have you your pistol with you? Try and shoot one, and it may frighten them."

"Oh, dear, no; there are hundreds of them. Just look at them below!"

I looked down, and surely I could see a drove of them. They were evidently the gray wolf, for, in spite of the darkness, I could, once in a while, detect their motions from their light coats.

Poke suggested that they were phantom wolves and declared they were all white.

All the fearful stories that I had ever read came coursing through my brain. I saw snow-buried huts snuffed out and ravished by these prowlers, and heard the shriek of the child, thrown from the sleigh by its fear-maddened mother, and many an old dread re-shaped in my mind the terrors of nights of fever: Were we to be tired out by their devilish pates?—Was one gang to relieve another until we wearily fell into their hot tainted jaws, thus to be hurled into oblivion?

I shouted in the hope that some one might hear me; but what good to shout in that midnight forest? I heard a voice—it was Mike saying his prayers. I listened devotedly, but could offer none myself.

When he had finished, I called to him. He answered faintly—

"What is it? speak quickly; I can't hold on much longer."

"Fire your pistol; do try; it may bring some help, even if it does not kill."

"I will try," answered Mike.

There was a momentary pause, and then the sharp crack of a pistol was followed by the singing of a bullet close by my ear. By the flash I saw Mike; hatless, and almost coatless, hanging on the topmost branch of a young pe-

can, that bent with him like an orange tree under a heavy load of fruit. With the report of the pistol there was a scramble among the voracious crew at our feet; but they did not go away permanently, and were back in a moment.

"Fire the other barrel, dear Mike, but try and fire it the other way—point it down."

Bang! sounded the pistol, and I heard a thump on the ground, as the poor fellow threw away the now useless weapon.

"Hold on, Poke; take heart, my dear boy."

"Oh, it is easy enough so say take heart; but when the tree bends a little more than usual, I am within a foot of these hell-hounds. Oh, dear!"

At this moment I thought I saw a light flashing through the foliage. A moment more, I was sure of it.

"Poke, Mike, they are coming—some one is coming."

"Where—where! Oh, dear, I can't turn my head lest I slip off."

"There they come; I see them—three torches and men and dogs."

"God bless them!" I heard Mike say, faintly.

I was afraid he was fainting. "Hold on, Mike," I said, and screaming to the men, I called them to hurry. On they came, at a run. I recognized them as they came up with their torches flashing through the woods; they were Jackson and his men. He had been in our camp only the day previous, and told us he had a sheep farm in this neighborhood. "Quick, this way," I shouted—"the wolves! the wolves!" He answered me. How blessed a thing was the sound of a human voice in our necessity.—They came under the trees we were in.

"Hulloa there! where are you? where are the wolves?" he shouted in his stentorian tones.

"Dare de sheep I'm bin huntin' all dis blessed night," exclaimed a negro who accompanied Jackson on his search.

I looked around, and there was Jackson's big flock of sheep, staring blandly at us up in the trees, and at their master, by turn. It had been their eyes we had seen in the darkness.

And there was Jackson eye-sawing on a fallen tree—biccoughing and laughing and crying by turns—and there were the negroes, and they called in the sheep, "Ho! ho! ho! Oh, laws a massa, did I ever—ho! ho! ho! ho!—wolves, oh laws a massa!"

Poke slid down the tree he was in, picking up his coat tail, that had been torn off by a broken limb in his hurried ascent, sighing:—

"I wish that I had the wings of a dove."

And so ended our night's adventure among the wolves.

THE OAKEN CHEST.
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In Modena, in the vicinity of Reggio gate, the proud colonnade of an old place attracts the eye of every stranger. If he walks through the magnificent portal, and the sumptuous state rooms where the eye is dazzled and the sense bewildered, he thinks he will retain a recollection of all the splendor he has beheld; but he wanders on, passes out of the house that he entered with wonder and amazement, and he will certainly feel a slight shudder of dread as he casts back his glance, and his mind will alone be occupied by an old oaken chest which he saw in the place. It stands in a large, spacious room, against one of the bare walls that have no other ornament than a womanly portrait, which hangs over this, with carvings richly supplied, dark chest. If the glance of the visitor falls on this picture, which beams forth a fullness of beauty, splendor and youth, he will deem the room which before seemed so bare and empty, sufficiently ornamented; he thinks they did right not to bring any other picture into this room, as none would be worthy to hang by the side of this one. As the searching eye of the visitor sinks deeper and deeper into the blue depths of an expression betraying an inexhaustible source of love and resignation, he feels by continued gazing on a certain degree; a churchyard, or vault for the dead. There has, 'tis true, but one spirit found rest here; but what may this heart have suffered; this one mind endured, ere death released both, and broke the bright eyes which even now sparkle through the gloomy space, and once so happy and full of hope, looked fondly on the world and into the seeming golden future?

A CRETE YANKEE.—A Sheriff in Illinois who hates Yankee peddlars as he does "pizen," makes it his especial business to see that this class of itinerant merchants do not vend their wares without a license. This functionary met a peddler lately whom he suspected of violating the statutes, and after prying a number of his articles, purchased a bottle of the "Balm of Columbia," or, as the peddler stated it, "Balm o' Kullumbny, price one dollar good for the hair, assistin' poor human natur," and in reply to the peddler's question whether he wanted any thing else, said he did; he wanted to see the peddler's license, which was exhibited, and pronounced "all right." Handing back the bottle to the peddler, the sheriff said, "I don't know that I really want this stuff now—what will you give for it?"

"Wal," replied the Yankee, "bein' it's you, Sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it," and after purchasing it at a low figure, he said to the sheriff, "have you got a peddler's license about your town or anywhere?" He allowed he hadn't, and had no use for the article. At the next village the Yankee complained of the sheriff, who was fined eight dollars, for vending "Balm o' Kullumbny" without a license.

From the New York Tribune.

THE CANVASS BEFORE US.

With no desire to incite undue confidence, and with no wish to ignore the fact that "we know not what a day may bring forth," we must still regard the election of Lincoln and Hamlin as morally certain. Of course we realize that the Republicans might throw away the victory so manifestly within their reach by allowing confidence to preclude effort; but we see no evidence on any side that they propose to spend the next four months in counting their unladen chickens, or in quarreling over their appointment. On the contrary, we have never known a party more willing to work, at so early a stage of the canvass, than the great mass of them now are. Their meetings are generally large, and animated by the best spirit; their organizations are mainly in a good state of forwardness, and their ranks free from bitterness or disaffection. That our leading candidates are able, worthy and popular, is not permitted to cover the association with them of local candidates who are otherwise; but in every quarter anxiety is felt to effect such State and minor nominations as will strengthen, not weaken, our national ticket. And these efforts are very generally crowned with success.

There are a few points to which we would draw the particular attention of Republicans in every quarter, in the confident hope that such attention may be the means of not merely securing our triumph in November, but of making that triumph complete and enduring.—They are briefly these:

I. Improve the opportunity to bring important truths home to minds hitherto unconscious of them.—There was never a time so favorable as the present to making a wholesome and durable impression on the minds of our former adversaries. The most ignorant must be aware that the Democratic party has just been repudiated in twin by the press upon it of what its writers and orators have been accustomed contemptuously to characterize as "the Nigger question." Hence they will be compelled, in spite of their prejudices, to comprehend that this "Nigger question" is not created nor eroded by the unvarnished intermeddling of Abolitionists or "Black Republicans" with the rights of the peace of the South, but is an inevitable element of our National Politics, which no soothing sirup of compromise, no emollient of perpetual concession, can ever expel. The interests and aspirations either of Slave-breeding or of Free Labor must and will be paramount in our National policy; we do not say that they are irreconcilable; but it is perfectly plain that Dogberry's axiom—"When two ride a horse, one must lie like a pig"—applies to their relationship to each other. Slave-breeding has had a long spell forward; Free Labor is about to take its turn: Witness the Free Homestead and Tariff bills so nearly passed by Congress at its late session. Democrats of forty years, who have opened their eyes to the half-truths of Douglasism—who at length realize that the South can ask too much—that she is not always the victim of Northern encroachment and fanaticism—can easily be induced to open their still wider and see more. Now is the time to make the whole truth plain to thousands of minds hitherto obstinately closed against it; and we entreat those who have long labored and hoped for this auspicious day to improve it to the utmost.—Read what your Democratic neighbors have to offer bearing on the present interesting juncture in our public affairs, and ask them to see how the matter looks from our point of view.—To this end, have a few of the best Speeches and Documents always on hand, and be ready to give and receive. Thousands may be permanently enlightened and convinced in any State where such exchanges shall be general; and the good effects thus produced will be felt throughout the next generation.

II. Do all in your power to strengthen the Republican phalanx in the next Congress.—To this end, it is eminently desirable that the ablest, most experienced, most effective Members of the present House be returned if possible. We note with concern that a number have already been superseded or permitted to decline a re-election—that Speaker Pennington hesitates to serve another term—that three of the four Members from Michigan have been dropped—and that similar changes are meditated in other quarters. Now be far from us the notion that a member must be sent back merely because he is in the present Congress: we are quite conscious that they are many there whose places can be more than made good by new selections. But this we do say and insist on: Where a Member has proved eminently faithful, upright, efficient, he must not be set aside merely because he has been already twice or thrice elected, nor because some other aspirant is impatient for the place, or some other county claims its turn. In view of the momentous issues depending on the composition of the next Congress, such considerations are paltry, impertinent, dispensable. Could the Republican cause afford to spare from the House men as Messrs. Sherman, Grov, Colfax, &c., while the National Finances are out at the elbows, the Homestead bill unpassed, the Mail Service in a state of anarchy, and the responsibility of dealing authoritatively with all these topics about to devolve on our side? Could new men quite as able and worthy even half fill the places of those who have named? Every intelligent person must know they could not. And it will prove a public misfortune, if "rotation in office" is permitted to displace half, or nearly half, the Republicans who hold seats in the present House. We bespeak the earnest and vigilant attention of disinterested Republicans to this vital matter.

III. Finally, Let everything be done to encourage accessions from our former adversaries.—Bear always in mind the fact that we polled but five days over a Million and a Quarter votes for Fremont, and must now poll about Two Millions for Lincoln. The Six Hundred Thousand additional votes for our ticket must mainly be cast by men who in '56 supported Fillmore or Buchanan. Let us meet, then, every amicable overture more than half way; let us show that we regard all who stand with us in the present contest as brethren, selecting candidates in some cases, expressly to justify that confidence in our magnanimity which it is our duty to inspire. We are still exposed to an adverse ma-

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SHOP 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.
It is published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. It contains a 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 Niles & Elliott's Store, where she 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. Sept. 29, 1859.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,
TAILOR.
Having opened his shop in the room over B. B. Smith & Sons, he respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and despatch.
Cutting done on short notice.
Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m

TO MUSICIANS.
A CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and German VIOLIN STRINGS.
Bass Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
WELLSBOROUGH, PA.
E. S. FARR, PROPRIETOR.
(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 agreeable.
Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

WATCHES! WATCHES!
THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy 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. 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. Best work guaranteed and a continuance of patronage kindly solicited. ANDIE FOLEY.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1858.

F. W. KRISSE,
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 Harness, Halters, Whips, Traces, Collars &c. All work warranted.
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, Zinc, and Colored Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes Comphene and Burning Fluid, Dye Stuffs, Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for Medicine, Patent Medicines, Sarsaparilla and Brakes, Peppermint, Candy Articles, Flowering Extracts, &c., &c., &c.
—A general assortment of School Books—Blank Books, Staple and Fancy Stationery.
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 Ornamental trees. Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Peaches and Strawberries of all new and approved varieties.

ROSES.—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Bicolor and China, and Climbing Roses.

SHRUBBERY.—Including all the finest new varieties of Abutilon, Calceolarias, Coleus, Lilacs, Epimediums, Syringas, Viburnums, Ligularia, &c.

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