

Terms of Publication.

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Incariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the figures on the printed label on the bave expired, by the agares on the printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a farther remittance be received. By this ar-rangement no man can be brought in debt to the

printer. THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reachwith a funge and scheme provided in the County. It is sent ing into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of hostage to any Post Office within the county limits, but whose most convenient post office may be limits, but whose mass convention personnee may be in an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

ded, \$5 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY& S. F. WILSON. TTORNETS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pottor and McKean counties. [Wellsboro's Feb. 1, 1853.]

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST. OFFICE at his fesidence 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.

J. C. WHITTAKEB. Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or re-ceire them for treatment of his house. [June 14,]

IZAAK WARTON HOUSE. I. C. VERMILY I.A. PROPRIETOR: Gaines, Tioss County, Pa. THIS is a new hotel lepted within easy access of the best fishing and tonting grounds in Northern The best issues will be spired for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1860.

H. O. COLE,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. CHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in D his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saldons. Preparations for re-moving dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whisters up. see. Wollsboro, Sept. 22:1859. Hair and whishers dyed any color. Call and

THE CORNING JOURNAL.

George W. Pratt, Hditor and proprietor. Topogo we Fritt, printer and propriet Topogo we Fritt, printer and propriet Dollar and Fifty Centi per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circula-tion reaching into every part of Steuben County.— Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counter, will find it an excellent ad-adding modum. Addras a shore. vestising medium. Address as above.

D. BACON, M. D.,

Graduate of Buff by Medical College, Graduate of Buff by Medical College, As established hims if in the practice of Medi-cine and Surgery i; the willage of Tioga, and will promptly attend all professional calls. Office at L. H. Smith's Hotel, where h, will always be found except when absent on professional business. Mer Particular attention paid to the diseases of waren and children. women and children. Eller Tioga, May 24, 1860.

FURS: FURS: FURS:

FURS.-The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for ladies wear, consisting of FITCH CAPES & VICTORINES,

FRENCH SABLE & APES & VICTORINES, RIVER MINK CAPES & MUFES, BOCK MARTIN CAPES & VICTORINES.

These comprise a small quantity of the assortment. They have been bought at low prices and will be sold at extremely low prices for each, at the New Hat Store in Cornidg, N. Y. S. P. QUICK.

TO MUSICIANS. CHOICE LOT of the jest imported Italian anp

A German VIOLIN STRINGS. Bass Viol strings, Guitar, strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just received at d for sale at E.OY'S DRUG STORE.

Rates of Advertising. 1 A A Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 Advertisements will be charged of per square of so lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly jadvertisements : 3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS. Square, - -\$3,00 5,00 do. do. . column, -8.00 Devoted to the Artension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy Actorm. 15,00 25,00 do. Column, -Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published antil or. dered out and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and pl) kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, ex-ecuted acally and promptly. Justices', Constable's and other BLANKS constantly on hand. WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE. VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER, 7, 1860. NO. 14. Stor EVELYN HOPE. MAKING FUN. from among the geraniums, cried, in answer to would accept her life on these easy terms .---Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead ! Sit and watch by her side an bour. That is her book chelf, this her bed ; his look, 'why Joe, how late you are tonight! They were not hard ! and if she objected to his That sweet voice ! The old man used to say going to see her; he would not. Indeed, in-Once when traveling in a stage coach I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the tion of steam navigation into the waters of

PRACTICAL JOKING.

A great many years ago, before the introdueconstant lookout for something laughable her- Long Island. Sound, Captain Thayer, whose self, took great pains to make others do the name will be remembered by many of our readers as one of the pioneer captains in steam--boat travel, commanded a sloop in the waters sy business. People in this situation are apt of Taunton river. One morning, being at the to show themselves peevish and selfish; so the landing in Berkley, and having occasion to cross to the other side, he entered a barn or young lady's good humor was, for a time, very shed where the boat's cars were kept with agreeable to the travelers. Every barn was made which he was to cross. the subject of a passing joke, while the cows

\$4,50 6,50 8,50

9,50 20,00

35.00

\$6,00 8,00 10,09

12,59 30.00

50.00

While there a hen came cackling off her nest, having laid an egg. Being a practical joker, mals are not sensitive in that respect. They it occurred to him to operate a little upon the are not likely to have their feelings injured be- superstitions fears of the inhabitants of that cause people make fun of them; but when we benighted tawn. He accordingly picked up come to human beings that is another thing. the warm egg, and wrote on its susceptible So it seems to me, for after a while an old shell with his pencil, "Woe to the town of woman came running across the fields, swing. Berkly," and replacing the egg, left the barn.

ing her bag at the conchman, and in a shrill In due time the nest was, cleared of its eggs, and the one bearing the inscription discovered. The wonderful news was at once "telegraphed" from house to house through the town, and before night hundreds had journied to the spot to see it for themselves. Consternation was depicted on every countenance in view of the impending calamity which they were certain the phenomenon denoted. It finally occurred to them to ask counsel of their pastor in this their hour of terror. Parson A. was accordingly sent for, and arriving, the cause of alarm was made known to him, backed up by an 'exhibition of the egg.

The parson examined it attentively, after which he laid it down, and for many minutes seemed lost in reflection. His parishioners thought they saw in this fresh cause for alarm, and one and other would ejaculate, in hoarse whispers, "The Lord wrote it" the Lord wrote it!" At length the old man arose, as if to ad-"My dear," said she, "you are young, heal- dress them, and stretching to his full height, thy and happy; I have been so too. but that exclaimed, "If the Lord wrote that, he didn't time has pussed; I am now decrepit and for- know how to spell Berkley !" and bidding them good day walked off. Their eyes were opened. bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall and they saw in it at once the trick of some mischievous wag, but it was not till some time afterwards that they found out the author, to whom they ever afterwards owed a grudge .--

HINTS ON MARRIAGE .--- If you are a very pre-

get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and others,

If you would like to have a wife who is fone in a thousand." you should marry an Emily or an Emma, for any printer can tell you that "ems" are counted by thousands.

If you want to have a bustling fly-about wife. you should marry one named Jenny, for every cotton factor knows that jennies are always spinning.

If you want to marry a belle it is not necessary that you should be a sexton, just because you have to ring her at the altar.

If you marry one named Margarel, you may sure that she will come

She plucked that plece of geranium flower, Beginning to die, too, in the glass. Little has yet been changed, I think ; The shutters are shut-no light may pass, Save two long rays through the hinge's chink, Sixteen years old when she died

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name-It was not her time to love; beside, Iler life had many a hope and sim, Duties enough and little cares ; And now was quiet, now astir-Till God's hand beckoned unawares, And the sweet white brow is all of Her,

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ? What your soul was pure and true j The good stars met in your horoscope, Made you of spirit, fire and dew; And just because I was thrice as old, And our paths in the world diverged so wide, Each was naught to each, must I be told? We were fellow-mortals-naught beside?

No, indeed ! for God above Is great to grant, as mighty to make, and creates the love to reward the love; I claim you still, for my own love's sake! Delayed, it mny be, for more lives yet, Through worlds I shall traverse; not a few; luch is to learn and much to forget Ere the time he come for taking you.

But the time will come-at last it will-But the time will come—at last it will— When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say, In the lower earth—in the years long still— That body and soul so pure and gay; Why your hair was amber I shall divine, And your mouth of your own geranium's red— And what you would do with me, in fine, In the new life come in the old one's stead.

have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times, Gained me the gains of various men, Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes; Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,] Either I missed or itself missed me—. And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope? What is the issue? let us see!

Élored you, Evelyn, all the while; My beart seemed full as it could hold-There was place and to spare for the frank young smile And the red young mouth and the bair's young gold. So. hush! I will give you this leaf to keep; See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand. There, that is our secret ! go to sleep : You will wake, and remember, and understand. ROBERT BROWNING.

THE OLD JEW BROKER'S SECRET. A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

He looked like an old clothesman, but he was only a broker-a broker with a bad charaster, and what that must have been, when it was had for a broker, we leave to imagination to define. He was reputed the hardest man of his trade ; and, as men of that trade are popuarly supposed to be mere electoral machines, worked by flints, not hearts, o supremacy of fightness must have left him a fearful conglomenation. He was a withered old man now, almost double with age and rheumatism, with a booked nose, and light brown eyes, red around the lids, and a strange mixture of surliness and

suspicion in his face. He looked a cross between a mastiff and a weasel, which he was in

himself, that he would not exchange his "Joe !" fectionately, and carefully scraping his shoes, went in with the air of a man who knows that he will be welcome. He took off his hat and then clean and respectable looking, he went up

stairs to the drawing room. A lady, still beautiful and still young-young at least for the mother of a child at fifteenwas sitting there embroidering. Surrounded with every beauty and every luxury-nestled in that lonely home, like a bird in a golden cage-thow strange the chance which had thrown together anything so graceful as that lady and old Jew broker. Yet they were well acquainted; that they were even friends; for him kindly and shook hands with him, and petted him only as a woman can pet, without any visible overt act. But all that Joe seemed

to wish for was to sit a little, and watch her as she bent over her embroidery, and to hear again that she was contented and happy. "Are you-certain, sure that you want for nothing?" inquired Joe ; "nor Miss Margaret

neither ?" "Nothing, Joe, nothing," and the sweet lady looked up affectionately, as if she had spoken to a father.

"That's enough that is all I want," muttered Joe, and then he went back into the depths of his quiet meditation, watching the lady's face, asked for Margaret in an uncouth way, strangeto call her. She also showed the most unaffected gratitude and love for the old man, running through the whole of his long life. They could 'Dear Joe" as if she meant it.

"And is there nothing that the little lady wants ?" said Joe, patting her head and and the servants thought he was "Misses' queer smoothing down her curls. "Has she gowns old uncle - perhaps from Ingeny or furrin and bonnets enough, lady? for you know she has but to ask and have."

was only last Tuesday you gave that beauty, more. hough I hadn't yet half worn my blue silk." never stint yourself for fear of me."

But they both said again that they had all and when this assurance had been repeated to

deed, it was her happiness, and that sweet for a good fippun' note! He notided to her af baby's not his own-he cared for, in the offeral same. What could she do, that gentlewoman with-Now, traveling in a stage coach is rather pro-

out friends or fortune, or the means of earning cloak and put them away in a dark corner, and her own subsistence ! What could she do, but look at her child, hold out both her hands to that strange old man, and burst into tears of gratitude and sorrow, mixed up together, as she faltered out "Yes," and took her fate and hens look demuraly on, little dreaming that from his hands. She understood the trath of his feelings, and was herself too noble to assume

a false dignity which would have been less dignified than the acceptance of his generosity. She thanked him by her tears, and she kissed his withered hand; and that touch bound old Joe Mappin her slave for life; the first, last she rose when he entered, and advanced towards and only time that a woman's lips had ever touched him; and in this manner their lives had

passed for the last fifteen years. . He took a beautiful little house for the widow and her child, and fornished it with every luxury and beauty poscible. All that came in his way-dress, jewelry, furniture, ornaments -whatever it was that was rare and expensive he bought them. He lavished his money like water and thought nothing dear which would call forth a smile from the woman or a joyous expression from the child. Their pleasure repaid him everything; it was his heaven, his life. But the time was coming fast, now, when poor old Joe Mappin, the broker, must face the boundary lines between time and eternity, and and ever now and then glancing round the learn the great secret. When the winter had room, as if to see that all was right, and to find killed Margarett's flowers, had stripped her out where he could alter and improve. After geraniums of their leaves, and had frozen the this had gone on for a short time, Joe Mappin songs of the Lirds, the old man and death stood face to face. His rheumatism and asthina had ly softened, like a mastiff partly mesmerized. been very bad for a long while; and living in The lady rang the bell and Margaret came. It his niggard and neglected way had not given seemed to be the usual way in which she was him the best chance of recovery. He knew he summoned when the broker was there, for she was dying, but he could not die in peace withcame at once, without giving the servant time out looking once more on those two faces he loved so much-the only two he ever loved

up to him and taking his hand, calling him not come to him, for they did not know his address, or even his surname. He was only 'Joe " in the beautiful house in Regent's Park, parts." But if they could not come to him, he would go to them-and must-whatever risk. "Why. Joe, I don't wear opt such a frock in a week!" said Margaret laughing; "and it not pass away at all—without seeing them once

Though the seal of death was rigidly set on Joe Mappin drew her between his knees, and his face, the old man resolved to make this long reld her-face in his hands. "Silver and gold and perilous journey. He knew he should hasisn't good enough for you both !" he said with ten the supreme moment, but it would be better limost a passion of fervor in his voice, "so even if he did, he said, sadly. He had done all he could do now; he had established the dear ones, and his death would not deprive them now of a farthing, or a single comfort .--they could require, "even if they were prin- He had saved enough; let hlm die! He sent pesses in a fairy tower." Margaret added; for a neighbor to dress him for the last time, in his decent clothes; and when this between fainting and long fits of pain-he told was old and weak, he wouldn't be done even by himself as best he could to a small iron safe he one knew it was there-not even the landlord. nor those prying eyes of little Teddy. He unlocked it, and took out a roll of bank notes, railway scrip, and mortgage bonds, and tied them ell in a cotton handkerchief, together with a parchment tied with red tape, scaled with a big seal, and endorsed "Joe Mappin's will," in his own handwriting. He hid the bundle under his greasy old cloak ; and then the woman came back, and found him panting and pale, and she screamed out that he was dying. But he swore at her between each gasp, and told her to hold her noise and to help him down stairs. And then half stumbling and half carried the old

HUMOR AND MUSIC. When hnmor joins with rythm and music, and all the world knows that Pegs were made for appears in song, its influence is irresistible; hanging. its charities are countless; it stirs the feeling to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns kindly, for as long as you continue to do that of love and tenderness. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "bonne Veilla." Soldats, au pas, au pas," with tears rolling down their mustaches. At a Burns festival. I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled down their furrowed cheeks : while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbor's; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor ! if tears are the arms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charties-of kindly sensibility, and sweet, sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathiman got down the stairs at last, and so was put zer; it surprises you into compassion ; you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I once heard a humorous balladist, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra Ethiopean complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They had gazed at some dozen tragedy queens dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor 1 humor is the mistress of tears ; she knows the way to the fons lachrymarum, strikes in dry and rugged

poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She carricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet, and in various other ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her.

lorn.' This coach is taking me to the deathbe a poor old woman, all alone in a world where merry girls think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old fashioned clothes and odd appearance, forgetting that the old Newport News. woman has a spirit that has loved and suffered

folks could be merry at their expense. Ani-

in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark,

and the passengers laughed. It seemed very

excusable; for in getting through the fence the

The coach now stopped before a poor looking cise man, and wish to be certain of what you house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

quiry of the poor mother. "Just alive," said the man who was leading

Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his.

pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand : and you may be assured I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we hoped would do her good.

and will live forever."

"How is she?" was the first trembling in- that "an is an indefinite article."

her into the house, . . .

box, and we were upon the road again. Our metry young friend had placed her card in her

voice begging him to stop. The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the good lady coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars, which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady

WELLSBORD HOTEL. WELLSBORCUGH, PA.

2. 8. FARR, ---- PROPR (Formerly of the Uni 'ed States Hotel.) PROPRIETOR.

Having leased this well ki own and popular House, scheits the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging values togethin with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, h's hopes to make the stay of these who stop with him both pleasant and agreėuble. Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

PICTURE ERAMING.

101LET GLASSES, Portri, its, Pictures, Certificates Engravings, Needle Wirk, &c., &c., framed in the neaest manner, in plain, and ornamonted Gilt. Rose Wood, Black Walnut, C tk, Mahogany, &c. Per-sons leaving any article for framing, can receive them next day framed in any style they wish and hung for them. Specimens at

SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

WATCHES: WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got wine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE

Gold and Silv h Watches,

which he will sell cheaper that "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e. he will sell 'Time Pieces' on risbort (approved) credit. All kinds of REPAIRIN() done promptly. If a b of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party

est favors appreciated and a continuance of patron-age kindly solicited. Wellsboro, June 24, 1858.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,

WOULD inform the publis that he is permanently located in Elkland 1 pro. Tioga Co. Pa., and repared by thirty years's perience to treat all dis. Prepared by thirty years's periode to treat all dis-asses of the eyes and their prendages on scientific principles, and that he can ure without fail, that dreadful disease, called fit. Without fail, that $\delta a_{net}(V(t_i))$ and will attend to any other business in the lung of there are a Science in the science of the he line of Physic and Surgery. Elkland Boro, August 8, 1860.

McINROY & BAILEY,

W^{9ULD} inform the public that having purchased the Mill property, fingin as the "CULVER MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with new bolts and machinery, free to we prepared to da CUSTOM TORK

to the entre satisfaction of its; narrons. With the aid of our exportenced miller, Mar. L. D. Mitchel, and the unsparing efforts of the proj fietors, they intend to keep us eep up an establishment second to none in the county arch 15, 1860, tf. March 15, 1860. tf.

TIOGA REG LATOR. CEORGE F. HUMPHRE has opened a new J 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 We donot pretend to do wor! better than any other Tiega, Pa., March 15, 1860, [y.]

Veterinary: Surgeon.

THE undersigned begs to inform to people of Tiogn Country, that he had located himself at Tiogn Dorough for the cure of all diseases known to Horses, in the shortcat time. Satisficition given or no charge wade. WAC HOUK, Tioga, Pa. Refers to J. G. Mercerei al Abram Shappee and made. WMC HOUK, 110gu, Refers to J. G. Mercerei H Abram Shappee and Sml2 3m12 Mrs, Winslow's Spothing Syrup.

FOR Children teething. Eilee 25 cents, For Sale it Roy's Drag Store,

character as well as countenance. No one had a good word to say to him. The publican at the corner was sure there was something queer in a man who did not take an honest glass like the rest, and the baker looked down on him The very children were afraid of him, and his quarters.

screamed if he came near them, unless they were impudent and mocked him. But to the little ones he was the District Bogle; and "old Joe Mappin" stood in Holborn Buildings, searing the riotous small fry of the gutters, for the "black man" of more civilized nurseries.

Everybody said the man had a secret. Some thought he was a coiner, and others that he had committed murder, and went to look at the hody or grave. Others again said he had a mad wife locked up in the garret on straw: but none knew exactly what they thought, excepting the broad fact that there was a secret somehow; and of course, if belonging to him, a disgraceful one: "he bould have nothing but villainy to conceal," said the inspector to Po licemen X, 82.

Why the report arose of his having a secret in his life was, because evening after evening, he was seen stealing in the dusk from his gar retalong Holborn towards the West End. No one knew where he went to, though more than one lounger had set out to follow him: but somehow the old man always contrived to escape, doubling through the streets in such a quick and unexpected manner, that however it was done, he invariably got away. All sorts of plans had been made to track him, but they all failed : and the broker's secret was a secret still. Little Teddy, his landlord's boy, came the nearest to the discovery, but he lost him at last somewhere up in the New Road, near Regent's Park, though that was a good measure to Have taken, too. Moreover, he saw that Joe was decently dressed beneath his shabby old cloak-a thing no one else would wear; and from that time the report had got about that it was a love affair, with some mysterious celebrity and that Joe was buying a wife with his gold; for "he had a Californy-worth," said the landlord's little boy Teddy.

One evening Joe set out, as usual, with his shabby old cloak and battered old hat, but well enough beneath. He walked cautiously at first hobbling, as was natural to him now, with his theumatics so bad, but after he had passed through his particular quarter, turning round constantly, as if to cough, but in reality to see if any one were following, he walked briskly on, cutting through all sorts of queer alleys and bye-places, winding and doubling like a fox the best topographer in London could not have followed him. At last he came to a very pretty house in Regent's Park-a house evidently inhabited by a gentlewoman of forfune, as well as of taste; for all the appointments were in such perfect keeping, and there was such a wealth of costty simplicity about it as world to whom he could leave his money-not could only belong to both of these conditions. one that they would wrong by taking it; he The broker looked up at the window as he hall hoarded because it was his nature to hoard; came beneath it, and a little girl of fourteen or but he never know for what end he saved ... prime of life gives 96,000 strokes every twenty- them so long.' Let'us have they will do sumed Franklin, "I prerume you both spoke : fifteen-but slight of her age-leaning out Nay he should have saved for Hearen if the four hours fifteen-but slight of her age-leaning out New he should have eaved for Heaven, if she four hours,

almost a wearisome number of times, Joe Mappin was contented, and so relapsed into silence again. And there he sat till the last rays of for his fare up to Regent's Park. Because he he sun had gone, and candles had been brought they were of the finest wax, you may be behause he ate "seconde" on principle. If a jure-a peculiar expression of tenderness on When the woman left the room, old Joe dragged distress was to be put on miles round the neigh- is mastiff face, as he was reading a sweet borhood, they prayed that it might not be old chapter lovingly-listening to a noble song ad-had let into the wall with his own hand. No Joe Manpin, of Holborn Buildings. One miringly. And then when he was quite muf-woman said she'd as leave have the Emperor of fied up in his greasy old cloak; as he had come, Russia as him; her daughter said she'd liefer. and hobbled rheumatically when he came near

> This, then, was the broker's secret, and this was its history.

About fifteen years age Joe Mappin, almost an old man even then, was called to seize the goods of a certain Captain Thornton living at the West End. The captain was one of those day, reckless, loveable men, who, by dint of heer animal magnetism, live for years on credit, and are only brought to account when it becomes a matter of life and death to some of the poorer creditors-those creditors are sorw for their debtor as if it were themselves gong to the Queen's Bench, and accusing themelves bitterly—the tender hearted at least—for he trouble they are bringing on him. Jue Mappin the hardest of his profession, the iron bearted, grasping broker, who was believed not b have a single human feeling, even he was uched by the gallant frankness, and gracious manner of his victim, and as for his wife, that noble, patient, glorious woman, with her little one in her arms-something rose up in his heart for her which he had never felt in his life before. It was an infinite yearning worship, such as he had read of in the novels of the libraries he had seized, but which he always thought trash, and the mere mouthings of other dols. He felt now, for the first time, that there mas such a thing in the human heart as lovethe love of beauty, the love of virtue, love for pity's sake.

Captain Thornton was carried off to Queen? Bench, and after a short imprisonment, died suddenly of apoplexy. He had lived too freely and taken too little exercise; and being one of those fair haired men of sanguine temperament, who require abstinence and work, who lefe idleless and luxury, he had met the fate any medical man would have predicted. Ilis wife and child were thus left alone in the world and penniless. The broker had never lost sight

of the Gifts from an unknown hand, money, clothing, and even food, had kept Mrs. Thorntop from want-all the more welcome, as by or marriage she had displeased her relatives, who were perhaps not sorry now of this excuse to avoid maintaining her. When the Captain died, then Joe Mappin came forward openly. He told her he had lived an Ishmaelite life. without pity, and without love; he told her how she had roused feeling in him-feelings of reverence for humanity, such as he had never known before; and the old man bowed himself before her as to a superior being, and besought of her the privilege of maintaining her and her child. He wanted nothing he said, but to know that they were happy, and sometimes to hear them say so. He had not a relation in the

in the cab. . He gave the man his directions in an undertone, jealously guarding the name from the crowd standing curiously about; and then he drove out of Holborn forever. As he left his old neighborhood, with all its associations of the pitilessness and sorrow of which he had been the instrument and the heartless cause, a change seemed to come over him. The mastiff face gradually grew more softened and humanized. He was passing from the world of men and mammon, into that of love and death, and the evil influences of this material life faded before the purification of this great haptism. The journey-it was a long one for a dying man-tired him sadly. He did not care though for the pain it caused him; his only fear was that he should die ere he reached his homethe home of his spirit, of his better and purer life, but he survived it-in a sad state of suffering and prostration; and only just survived it; for when carried by the cabman in his arms as if he had been a child, he was brought to the presence of those loved ones, all that his failing life left him power to do, was to place the pack

age in the window and murmur faintly,

softly on his face.

all yours," and to die with her tears falling

The case of Tompson, now under sentence of death in Philadelphia presents a singular. phase and one which, probably has never happened before in any court in the world. Some months ago Judge Thompson passed sentence of death on John Capie, who was clearly convicted of murder in the first degree. Through some influence, he obtained a pardon from the Governor and was set at liberty. Continuing his bad habits and frequenting his bad haunts, Capie became involved in, some difficulty, with Tompson, who, in turn, murdered the murderer. We now have the singular spectacle of a Judge, who sentenced one man to be hung. passing a like sentence on another for murdering the one it was formerly passed upon, and both undoubtedly justly condemned to the gallows. Truly this was blood for blood.

'H is

The heart of a healthy human being in the

places with her enchanting wand, bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed millions more from her natural springs than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old run.

THE WORLD DOES MOVE.- Here are a few curious points in the news by the Asia:---

1. Universal suffrage is given to the people of Naples. They are requested to vote by ballot, yea or may, upon the question of a union of all the Italian States, with Victor Emanuel as constitutional king.

2. A serious proposition is made to the Pope to sell out or commute. An attempt is being mode to carry aut About's idea of a palace and a garden for the Holy Father. .3. One of the old Bourbons writes to the London Times and claims the throne of Spain.

A Bourbon appealing to the world through a free press is one of the wonders of the age.

another Bourbon, and opposes a Colt's revolver good looking man with an elderly femaleto the old fashioned stiletto. Truly, as Galileo said, the world does move.

The European peoples are evidently preparing to follow our example and to set up in the ing been insulted by one who called him a husiness of government on their own account. They certainly cannot make a worse hand of it what did you call him?" "Why," solid he, "I.' than the hereditary despots who have oppressed called him a secondrel, too." "Well," renuch better

to the gallow

If you wish to succeed in flife as a porter, you should marry Caroline and treat her very you will be good to Carry.

The most incessant writer in the world is he who is always bound to Ad-a-line. You may adore your wife, but you will be surpassed in love when your wife is a Dora. Many men of high moral principles, and who would not gamble for the world, still have not refused to take a Bet.

A COOL OPERATION .- "Hallo, there capting ?" said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie canal, "what do you charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain.

"Wall, I guess I'll take passage, capting, seeing as how I'm kinder gin out walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable. when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capting, from here to where I got on board ?" "Nearly one and a-half miles," said the

captain. "Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a-half cents; but never mind, capting, I won't be small: here is five cents which pays my fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested out.'

OUGHT MARRIED PEOPLE TO SLEEP TOGETHER ? -Hall's Journal of Health-which claims to be the high authority in medical science has taken a stand against married people sleeping together, but thinks they had better sleep in a ijoining rooms. It says that kings and queens do not sleep together, and why should other couple ? Think of the idea of separating a newly married couple on a cold winter's night, because Hall's Journal of Health says so? You go to grass, Mr. Hall !

Quilp and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own you have more bril-liancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "our choice in mariage shows that!" Quilp was informed that he was a brute.

A brute of a husband. Wife (anxiously)-"What did that young lady observe who passed 4. Garrihaldi takes a railway train as a con- us just now?" Husband-(with a smile of calm veyance to the scone where he fights against delight)-"Why my love, she observed a rather that's all. Ahem !"

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of hav-