

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM. It is intended to notify every member of the community of the progress of the cause, and to give them the opportunity of expressing their views on the printed page. It is published for the Proprietor by the TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR, at Wellsboro, Pa., on Wednesday, December 5, 1860.

THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated 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. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1860. NO. 18.

Rates of Advertising

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or more insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:		
3 months	6 months	12 months
Square, \$3.00	\$4.50	\$8.00
do. 5.00	7.50	12.00
do. 7.00	10.50	18.00
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do. 15.00	22.50	42.00
do. 17.00	25.50	48.00
do. 19.00	28.50	54.00
do. 21.00	31.50	60.00

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.
AS. LOWREY & S. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend to the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro, Feb. 3, 1858.]

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

J. C. WILKINSON,
Hydro-pathic 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 18, 1858.]

J. EMERY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his office exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. [Nov. 21, 1858.]

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. N. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,
H. C. WILKINSON, PROPRIETOR.
GAINES, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.
This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [April 12, 1860.]

H. C. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as in an establishment in the city. Preparations for removing dandruff and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers shaved as usual. Call and see. [Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.]

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

FURS! FURS! FURS!
The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for ladies wear, consisting of FITCH CAPES & VICTORINES, FRENCH SABLE CAPES & VICTORINES, RIVER MINK CAPES & BUFFS, ROCK 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 cash, at the New Hat Store in Corning, N. Y. S. P. QUICK.

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. E. 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 hotel, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable. [Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.]

PICTURE FRAMING.
TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates in Engravings, Needle Work, &c. &c. framed in the most manner in pine and ornamented Gilt. Rose Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. Persons 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.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.
WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa., and is prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail, that dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sacra) and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery. [Elkland Boro, August 8, 1860.]

MCINROY & BAILEY,
WOULD inform the public that having purchased the Mill property, known as the "GULVER MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with new bolts and machinery, are now prepared to do CUSTOM WORK to the entire satisfaction of their patrons. With the aid of our experienced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchell, and the superior efforts of the proprietors, they intend to keep up an establishment second to none in the county. One half for wheat and corn, and the highest market price given. EDW. MCINROY, JNO. W. BAILEY. [March 15, 1860, N. Y.]

TIOGA REGULATOR.
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store at Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa. Where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing in the workmanlike manner. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. He does not pretend to do work better than any other miller, but he can do as good work as can be done in the county or elsewhere. [Wellsboro, Pa., Dec. 5, 1860.]

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.
THE Subscriber has just opened in this place a new Hat and Cap Store, where he intends to manufacture and keep on hand a large and general assortment of fashionable HATS and Caps. Hats, of my own manufacture, which will be sold at half price. [Wellsboro, Pa., Dec. 5, 1860.]

SILK HATS.
The Hats sold at this Store are fitted with a French Comforter, which makes them soft and easy to the head without the trouble of breaking your head to break the hat. Store in the New Block opposite the Dickson House. [Wellsboro, Pa., Dec. 5, 1860.]

TRODDEN FLOWERS.
BY ALBERT TINTON.
There are some hearts that, like the loving vine, cling to one another, and are united downwards; Spirits that suffer and do not repine. Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers, That from the passer's heel arise, And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel, The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears; That wound fond faith with anger words, than steel; And out of pity's spring draw idle tears. O Nature! shall I ever be thy will In things of good to mingle good and ill? Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press The willing hearts of uncomplaining love— Meek charity that shrinks not from distress, Gentlest does her tyrants so reprove— Though written weep forever and lament, Will one hard heart turn to her and relent? Why should the road be broken that will bend, And they that dry the tears in other's eyes, Feel their own anguish swelling without end, Their summer daisies with the spoke of sighs? Sure, love to some fair Eden of its own Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always; weepeth for the past, For words that are for words they may be said; Why should not hard ambition weep at last, Envy and hatred, avarice and pride? Eato whippers sorrow over in your lot, They would be rebels—love rebels not.

A PICTURE OF ROME.
BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOW.
I have been now many weeks in this sad old city—sad, sombre it must always be—with its pondering ruins—its wide-sounding Campana—and its dark-eyed, poetic people, whom even dirt and rage cannot make vulgar or common-place. I went to the top of the Capitol the other morning. It was a clear, lovely day, and as we stood in the little stone balcony of the crowning tower, the *cupode* counted out to us the seven hills of Rome—now scarcely to be distinguished, covered with buildings. We saw how the old city had been cradled on all sides, by some gigantic infant, in a circle of surrounding mountains, which raising now in snowy, silvery clearness, seemed to out the blue horizon all around.

In the spring of the year, the snow upon these mountains gives through the purple veil of Italian air, all the picturesque and dreamy grace of Alpine peaks. Their outlines many of them, are peculiarly bold and graceful; and one looks on them with interest, because they are features of landscape that could not have been changed. Such as they are to us this morning, such they looked to Cicero and Virgil and to Caesar—to thousands of eyes now shut forever.

One thing strikes one in a panorama of Rome—the deficiency in trees. As one stands on the Capitol, nothing like foliage strikes the eye in the great circle of country, bounded by mountains and centered by Rome. No groves—no forests—no tufts of trees—oak, ash, poplar, and consequent variations of undulating outline. There are but two trees which make much impression on one's eyes in the picture; and these are cypress and stone pine, and both have forms of such stony definiteness of outline, that I call them architectural trees. They look as if they too might have been carved out of stone, like the pyramids, obelisks, and domes among which they rise, black and still, with no sway of leaf or spray, with no flutter or wave of bough, quiet and lifeless as if they belonged to that enchanted city one reads of in romance, where everything was suddenly changed to stone.

To me the sense of an oppressive deadness, a heavy lifeless stillness, seems to be the general spirit of the landscape—as if some awful doom, some spell of sinister enchantment, made the air preternaturally heavy, as one sometimes feels it before the thunder shower. From the Capitol one looks down at the broken columns of the forum far below at one's feet, and the endless train of workmen digging all day among the ruins, and wheeling their barrows in a slow line towards the Coliseum, seems a sort of spectral procession—so lifelessly they work, so slowly they move, their ragged old cloaks still worn over their shoulders in ghostly suggestion of the old Roman toga. Ruins of men—shadows of Romans—dark-eyed, hollow-checked, picking aimlessly at the grave of old Rome, powerless and unreflecting—live cents a day their wages, and their work according. There they pick feebly over spots where the old hard handed plebeians of Rome made good their cause in many a hard election, bringing in their tribunes of the people in the face of all that patrician rank and power could do. Surely these are ghosts of Romans in a ghostly form.

The coloring that invests the whole landscape of Rome is of that wondrous brightness, that golden richness of tone, which always reconciles one to the want of freshness and green, and of that vivacious motion which pervades an English or American landscape. The peculiar orange-colored lichen which clings to buildings here, gives a golden tone to every roof, and the air shimmers at every hour of the day with fluttering prismatic lights and warm shadows. Even the black obelisk of the cypress and the umbrella-shaped stone pine have their opalescent changings of purple, lilac, and gold, as a morning and evening sun floods them with light. One does not wonder that artists fall in love with old Rome—the mistress of enchantments—and that they say to her, in dirt, in rage, in fith, in indignity, "Thou art my mistress. I would not change thee for the cleanliest and sweetest good-housewife in the world." One only wants to drop humanity out of their circulation, to feel thus themselves. One feels the enchantment working—the weird old ayil tells upon you.

But let us come down from our airy perch on the Capitol, and descend bodily into the Forum below. Here lies a wreck of columns and temples—the pavement of the old Sacred Way going through it, under the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. Here one may see the old foundations laid in the time of republican Rome, some three thousand years ago. In a sunny spring day, when the wind is blowing the dust in your eyes, as I am going to say March winds always do, whether in Rome or Andover, it is quite a sheltered place to walk in this crumbling old Forum. You are admitted through a rude door at the side, kept by a janitor, who expects two pails for his pails, and then it is all before you. You can scramble about among the old ruins, finding here a shattered bit of inscription, there an overturned capital of a Corinthian column—picking up here and there bits of porphyry, serpentine, oriental granite, rosso antico, and African marble. Birds chitter and sing, and dive and soar among the tops of the old pillars. You climb up old stairways leading to nothing, and you find your way under vaulted arches, where the damp walls are green and waving with tremulous maiden hair. Antiquarians quarrel over this Forum, and express their ingenuity in re-building it this way or that. To me the matter is of small account whether it extended ten feet this way or that—whether this bit of pavement is of this or that era—is all one to me. I have no objection to him that settles it; if any one knows, I am glad of it—but the enjoyment to me is far greater to let it rest in a vague generality. Here and thereabouts was the Forum. Here without dispute we see the general ground over which this old energetic, poetic, yet practical, race lived and moved when they wore a history and made laws and institutions which have shamed even our present selves—without which we could not have been what we are—out of our language every Latin word—out of our present stock of our thought every one born from the institutions of Rome—and what a curious remainder that would be!

The Romans were utilitarians—materialists—much like the Anglo-Saxons, and yet they were poets. It is the anti-material and poetic part of them that has sharpened the edge by which they have driven their history firm into human sympathy and consciousness. What makes Roman history so full of interest to a child? What but the multitude of romances of pathos, and feeling, and heroic sacrifices, that gem it like stars? Quintus Curtius springing horse and all with one bound into the abyss, when he or his country must perish; Virginius stabbing his best beloved for honor's sake; Matius Scævola burning his right hand in the fire; Regulus, the slave of honor, returning to torture and to death for truth spoken to his country. Stories such as these it is that breathe and burn; yet, such as these, enhance these old stones, and make this waving maiden-hair, that clothes the deserted arches, seem unlike that which waves unstartled under the damp shades of an Andover forest. It is this vague spirit that haunts this place, makes it so lovely to be here, and to wander about peacefully among the ruins; but this all takes flight before the measuring tools of the antiquarian.

I protest, too, against all modern histories of Rome that intermeddle with the dear old historic legends. Because a German professor has nothing to do but build up a new historic theory, shall we give up Romulus and Remus and the she-wolf, most revered of quadrupeds? If these things were not true, they ought to have been, and one must hold to them. For my part I class Rollin to my heart, and say, as the Duke of Wellington did, when a certain officer pretended that his resignation of office was a mistake: there is no mistake, and there shall be none.

Histories have their fashions. In one century it is all the mode to abuse an author; the world takes the ball in its mouth and runs off with it like a frisky young puppy out on the next age comes; and lo! "non avaris change toute cela," the old history is on its feet again. Herodotus was pleasantly called the father of lies. Now he bids fair to be the standard of truth; and in this faith I quietly enjoy my Forum by the light of a small abridgement of Goldsmith's Rome, helped on by Mancelay's *Days*, which, like everything he ever wrote, give more graphic and better historic ideas in a glowing phrase than whole volumes of tedious details of the most creeping antiquarian. —New York Independent.

The New York *Century*, one of the ablest journals in the country, in an article on the influence of newspapers in the family, says: "It is possible that we overrate the influence of the newspaper as an educator, but we think not. It is the voice of the living world. It is history, art, philosophy, science, truth, justice, rhetoric, grammar, and everything else, not unmingled with falsehood and nonsense, but not more so mixed than the home infant school for girls, from which boys break away before their bones are out of the grids. Take Grammar, Natural History, Rhetoric and Composition—Where are these so well taught as in the carefully edited newspaper? What better lesson in Rhetoric than to see some popular writer or famous scholar roasted alive on the hot coals of criticism? Where are better examples of careful composition? Where in all the world escapes the newspaper editor? And if he commits blunders in grammar, or logic, or fact, or philosophy, is he not forthwith served up on a gridiron by another editor? Where, but in the newspaper, will be found a running history of all the literature of a day? Where else are you told what books you may safely buy, what are not worth putting on your shelves, and what would be harmful to the minds of your children as banquets to their bodies?"

An Irishman called at a printing office one day with an advertisement, and, like a prudent man, inquired what would be the cost. He was informed that for the first insertion, the price would be fifty cents, and two subsequent insertions would be twenty-five cents each. "An' faith," said he, "I'll only have the subsequent insertions!"

HEADS AND HEADS.—If you're thinking more of her heels than of her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get much above them. They will apply as well to the mangle as the feminine gender.

"Henry, you ought to be ashamed to throw away bread like that. You may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then, should I eat it up now?"

A TRUE HERO.
My young cousin Henry had been reading Abbott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte. One evening as we sat together, he laid down his book, and with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, exclaimed— "Wasn't he the most splendid man that ever lived? I'd give anything to be half as great!"

Mr. Abbott's portrait so carefully conceals the blemishes of his hero, and is set within a dazzling frame, that I could not wonder at a boy's enthusiasm in contemplating it. "But I said— "Your chance of being half as great as Bonaparte is very good, if I think. That is not always great which consists in brilliant achievements. The highest greatness is moral, and seeks the good of others rather than its own glory. I could tell you of a more noble hero than Napoleon, who lived in his own time.

"I should like to hear of one," answered Harry, with an air that said he was not to be convinced. But he still loved a story, so I told him the following: "Years ago, in the deep heart of a mountain in Belgium, a hundred men were working a coal-mine. Grim visaged and dusky, moving about by the dull red light of the safety-lamps, they might have been mistaken for the demons of the mountain, once supposed by the peasants to dwell in its caves. Their work was hard, and surrounded by dangers; but their wives and children were in the hamlet above, and long habits made them forget their perils. So they might be contented, and even happy.

The creaking windlass raised, and lowered a huge bucket through the deep and narrow shaft from morning till night, carrying men and tools to and fro. This was their only doorway. It was noonday, and the sun shone down on one side of the shaft, brought a glimmer of daylight to a part of the mine, when Hubert Goffin, the master miner, took his place in the great kibble, and was let down to the mine many feet below. When he reached the bottom, he commenced handling some tools and stores to Victor, a blind miner, who was waiting there. Victor had left a sick child in one of the cottages, and it was to inquire after him that he stood waiting at the bottom of the shaft.

The bucket was soon emptied, and Hubert was just stepping out, when hark! What sound was that which made his cheek pale? It was the rushing and trickling of water. The next moment he caught sight of a stream forcing itself through a fissure in the mountain close to the shaft! Hubert's long experience instantly showed him their full danger. It was not a feeble, oozing stream, but a mighty pressure of water that had found its outlet here. They would be overwhelmed—lost. One foot was yet in the bucket—a jerk at the rope would save him. But though death stared him in the face, he could not sacrifice others to save himself. Quickly jumping out, he seized blind Victor and placed him in the bucket, saying quickly, as he jerked the rope— "Tell them the water has burst in, and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the further end of the gallery. Say farewell to our poor friends." In a moment he was gone, and with him Hubert's only certainty of escape from a terrible death.

The mine consisted of long, narrow passages, and on all sides caves from which the coal had been dug. The men were all at the further end of the mine, hewing out the solid mountain, unconscious of danger. Hubert quickly made his way along the dark passage, followed by the swift-spreading water, and soon reached his fellow workmen with the dreadful intelligence. It was a moment for panic, when each would have rushed to certain death in a vain effort to save himself. But looking firmly in their ghastly faces, the master spoke a few courageous sentences: "Follow my words, lads, and be quick; our picks may save us!"

Then came a few steady, quick commands, to hollow a new chamber above the level the water would probably reach. The men obeyed in silence, though each knew not but that he might be digging his own grave. A hundred pairs of hands soon finished the work, and into the cave a hundred men crowded to wait for death or an almost impossible chance of relief. The water gradually filled all the old avenues and chambers, and then seemed stayed. Never was a situation more dreadful. Not more than one day's provisions had been saved, and already two or three of their number had been killed by the falling rocks, while hastily digging the new chamber. The long, dismal hours, with no change to mark them, brought the advance of almost certain death.

Courage, brave Hubert! God, who saw thy noble sacrifice, will help thee. The terrified friends and townsmen, on hearing Victor's dreadful news, ran wildly about in a hopeless panic. But soon, guided by the message Hubert had sent, they commenced working a new shaft as near as possible to the spot where the hapless men might be. Five days and nights they toiled, digging deeper into the solid side of the mountain.

"It is a vain task," said the men. But the women cried, "Do not cease! God will help us!" At length, on the morning of the sixth day, the muffled sound of blows from within met the ears of the workmen in the shaft. A signal ran along the rope, and told the news to the waiting multitude above, who rent the air with joyful shouts. Soon a communication was made. They were saved, at least, some were saved. Who can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate men, buried for five days and five nights, without food, when the first day gleamed in upon them revealing a human face! Of the hundred who had been imprisoned, only seventy survived, and with them Hubert. Without him, indeed, probably no one would have been spared to tell the story. This noble act, done in a place, and at a moment when the praise of men was not looked for, echoed through Europe, and obtained the praise and gratitude of the world. The ten thousand miners of Liege halted their fellow laborer with delight and pride. Napoleon heard and admired it at his palace in Paris, and sent a reward to the peasant nobleman. He sent him his Cross of Honor, the mark which all the high and great coveted, and better still, offered him a pension which raised him above want for the rest of his life.

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KITTY CUTTING'S NEW COLLAR.
Kitty Cutting was a nice plump little maiden of eighteen summers. Her uncle was a miller, and pretty well to do in the world. As Kitty was likely to be his heiress, this consideration alone would have attracted lovers, if Kitty had been constantly less attractive than she really was. "It so chanced that Kitty's affections happened to centre on a young man whom her uncle, the miller, by no means approved. This was Harry Billings, a young farmer in the neighborhood. The miller's sole ground of disapproval was, that the young man had not quite so large a share of worldly possessions as he thought his niece had a right to expect in a husband.

The consequence was, that he forbade young Billings the house, and required Kitty to give him up. Her eyes snapped in a very decided manner, and though she said nothing, it was very evident that she meant considerable. However, she was obliged to dissemble, and Harry thought it most prudent not to approach the house when the miller was at home. By way of compensation, Kitty was in the habit of letting him know when her uncle was absent, and on these occasions, they would pass a social evening together in the great square kitchen, Kitty sitting on one side, intent upon her knitting, and her lover fully occupied in looking at her. He succeeded in getting away before the miller arrived, otherwise there would have been a scene.

"Kitty," said her uncle one day. "I have got to be away this evening, and probably shall not be back before eleven or twelve o'clock." Kitty's eyes sparkled—I dare say my readers may guess why. "I have got to go over to a town ten miles distant to see Squire Hayden. He owes me some money. So you will have to pass the evening by yourself." "I don't think I shall feel lonely, uncle," said Kitty, demurely. "I shall be as busy as possible," said the miller.

"Don't hurry on my account," said Kitty, innocently. The miller went over to his work, and Kitty hastily scratched the following note: "DEAR HARRY: Uncle has gone away this evening, and thinks he shan't be back before eleven o'clock. I thought you might like to know. KITTY." Folding this up, and directing it to her lover, she called a little boy who was passing. "Do you want to earn three cents?" she asked. "Don't I though!" was the reply of young America.

"Then carry this over and give it to Mr. Billings, and mind you don't let anybody see it." The boy nodded understandingly, and was off on his mission. Kitty was unusually lively and cheerful through the day, and was unusually active in expecting her uncle's departure. "I'm afraid it is going to snow," said the miller, looking at the clouds. "O, no it won't," said Kitty, very decidedly. "You seem quite positive," said her uncle. "At any rate, I don't think it will," said Kitty.

"One might almost think that you want to get me off," remarked the miller, considerably nearer the truth than he imagined. "So I do," said Kitty, with a lucky self-possession. "You said, Uncle, you expected to receive some money, and I thought if you did, you might give me a little to buy me a new collar." Kitty was seized with momentary compunction, but after all she was not going to do anything much out of the way, and so she soon got over it.

Precisely ten minutes after the miller's cart was seen rumbling up the road, Harry Billings made his appearance. Perhaps the reader will not be astonished at hitting time so well, when he learns—I beg pardon, she learns, (I always give precedence to my own sex)—that Harry had been watching round the corner for over an hour, in great impatience for this sign that the coast was clear. Kitty was knitting demurely by the fire, when she heard Harry's step on the door-sill. "Good gracious, Harry, how you surprised me," said she, looking up with a merry smile. "So unexpectedly you know." "I suspected I'd just look in upon you," said her lover, with an answering smile. "I suppose your uncle is at home." "I'm very sorry to say that he will be away all the evening. You will have to call again." "I guess I'll sit down and wait till he comes back," said Harry taking a seat in an immediate proximity as he dare venture upon.

"I am not going to detail the conversation that took place that evening between Kitty and her lover. Though interesting to them, I have strong doubts whether it would be equally so to my present readers. The general subject, however, was devising means to propitiate the determined uncle, and remove the obstacles of their union. This, however, was a very difficult matter, and they could not decide upon anything which they thought could answer their purposes. Meanwhile time was passing, and that rapidly. Ten o'clock came. "Well, Harry said, there was no immediate haste, for the miller expressly said he should not be home before midnight. Kitty and her lover were in the midst of an interesting disquisition, when to their inexpressible consternation, the familiar rattle of the miller's cart was heard as it entered the yard. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Kitty, "what could have brought uncle home so soon?"

"It's only ten minutes past ten," said Harry, looking hurriedly at his watch. "Something or other has happened to hasten his return. Is it possible that he suspected anything about your being here? Oh, what will he do when he finds you?" "He can't do anything more than order me out of the house," said Harry. "Don't be alarmed, Kitty, I will take all the blame."

"But you can escape. You must." This seemed to be impossible, as just then the miller was heard knocking his feet against the scraper. "Quick! let me hide you in the closet," said Kitty. She flew to the closet, opened the door, and pushed in the bewildered Harry, and buttoned him in. Then, with her face a little flushed, she plumped down in the rocking-chair, and was knitting very industriously when her uncle entered.

"Hey, Kitty," said her uncle, "I suppose you didn't expect to see me quite so soon?" "No, uncle," said Kitty. "Why, it isn't much more than ten." "The way of it was, I happened to meet the Squire at the store, four miles this side of his house, and we transacted our business there. So you see I gained an hour or more in that way." "I wish to goodness the Squire had stopped at home," thought Kitty. "Have you been lonely, Kitty?" inquired her uncle. "No, sir," said his niece, demurely. "I was busy, you know." "You are getting to be quite industrious." The miller took off his boots and sat down composedly at the fire.

Kitty was in hopes that he would go to bed, in order that she might give her lover a chance to escape. But this he did not appear at all inclined to do. "Isn't it most bed time, Uncle?" said Kitty. "I don't know how it is, but I don't feel at all sleepy to-night." Kitty inwardly groaned. "But if you are sleepy, don't wait for me?" "O," said Kitty, looking particularly wide awake, "I feel as if I could sit up all night." "Where's the weekly paper, Kitty?" Kitty would like to have said she didn't know for she knew that if her uncle got hold of that he would quite disregard the passage of time. Unfortunately there was the paper on the table, under the kitchen glass. It was the first object that met her gaze as she looked up.

"I see I'm in for a siege," said Kitty to herself, "but I shall stand it as long as I can. That's a comfort. But I'm afraid Harry will find it pretty dull work in the closet. What would Uncle say if he should find out he was there?" Half an hour passed. The miller, who was a slow reader, was intent upon a story which interested him. Kitty saw, with a despairing glance, that he was not quite half through it. She was beginning to be sleepy herself, or would have been if she had not had so much to keep her awake. "Kitty," said her uncle, looking up suddenly, "you had better go to bed. It's most eleven o'clock." "Are you going to bed, uncle?" "No, not just yet. I want to finish this story. It's a pretty cute one. But I shan't want any company. So don't sit up on my account."

"I shouldn't go to sleep if I want to be here, uncle. Besides, I want to get so much done before I go to bed." "Well, child, just as you like. Bless me! what's that?" Kitty turned pale. There was a suppressed noise in the closet. Harry had evidently got tired of his constrained position, and was stirring round a little. "It must be the cat," said Kitty hurriedly. "The cat! Do you allow her to be in the closet? She ought to be driven out!" The miller rose, but Kitty hurriedly anticipated him. She went to the closet, opened it a trifle, and called "cat!" "No, the cat is not there," she said, returning to her seat. Quarter of an hour passed. Again a noise of more decided character was heard. Harry's elbow happened to hit against a plate and it fell with a sudden crash on the floor. "I'll see what it is," exclaimed the miller, rising.

He threw open the door, and out rushed Harry, looking rather foolish. "Well I never!" ejaculated the miller. Before he had time to say anything farther, Kitty said hurriedly, "uncle, didn't you promise me a collar?" "Yes," returned the miller, "but—" Kitty pressed to the side of her lover, who passed his arm around her neck, and then said, while her eyes twinkled with mischief, "This is the collar I want, uncle. You promised you, you know." "And I'll keep it, Kitty!" exclaimed the miller, hurrying into a hearty laugh, "no matter what it costs."

Two months from that day, Kitty Cutting changed her name. Some years have elapsed, but she has not got tired of the "collar" which her uncle gave her. "Bad Luck and Good Luck."—Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come right.

He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favor. "Lovers have more occasion than any other class of persons to talk pathetically about their lost love." "Dry as apples from roasting—place them in a dry cask with fifteen children."