

Terms of Publication.
THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published weekly on Wednesdays, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.
It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall expire, by the figures on the printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the editor.
The Agitator is the Official Paper of the County, and is published for the Proprietor by J. W. HIGONY, at the Post Office in this County. It is sent by mail to all Post Offices within the county, and to those most convenient post offices may be sent by express.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, at 50 cents per year.

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. VII. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1861. NO. 25.

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 published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:
	2 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS.
Square,	\$3.00 \$4.50 \$6.00
do.	5.00 6.50 8.00
do.	7.00 8.50 10.00
Column,	8.00 9.50 12.00
do.	15.00 20.00 30.00
Column,	25.00 35.00 50.00

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.F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1861.)
C. N. DARTT, DENTIST,
OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to dentistry done in the most complete and successful manner. (April 22, 1861.)
DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
L. A. FIELD, Proprietor.
Tables taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydrophobic Physician and Surgeon.
E. K. LAND, TOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. (June 15.)
J. EMERY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his services exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. (Nov. 21, 1860.)
PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
Corner of Main Street and the Academy, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. W. HIGONY, Proprietor.
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

H. C. 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 ringing and beautifying the hair, for sale. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. (Wellsboro, Sept. 2, 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. Its object is to extend the business of the county, and to do so by publishing all the news of the county, and to do so in an excellent and interesting manner. Address as above.

FURS! FURS! FURS!
URS.—The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Fur for ladies wear, consisting of FOX CAPES & VICTORINES, FRENCH SABLE CAPES & VICTORINES, WATER HUNK CAPES & MUFFS, MOCK 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, Corning, N. Y. S. P. QUICK.
TO MUSICIANS.
CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and German
VIOLIN STRINGS.
Violin strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks, etc., etc., just received and for sale at
ROY'S DRUG STORE.
WELLSBORO HOTEL,
WELLSBOROUGH, PA. PROPRIETOR.
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)
Having leased this well known and popular House, and taking possession of the building, with all the furniture, together with the Proprietor's share of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and profitable.
Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

PICTURE FRAMING.
OLET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates Engraving, Needle Work, &c., &c., framed in the best manner, in plain and ornamented Gilt, Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. Per- haps having any article for framing, can receive them in any style they wish and hung for a few cents.
Specimens at
SMITH'S BOOK STORE.
E. E. BENEDICT, M. D.,
WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA.
Located in E. K. LAND'S Bldg., Tioga Co., Pa., and 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 the most obstinate cases, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea) and will attend to any other business in line of Physic and Surgery.
Wellsboro, August 8, 1860.

MINROY & BAILEY,
WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA.
WELL known and having purchased the MILL property, known as the "CULVER BLDG." and having applied it with all the machinery, are now prepared to do
CUSTOM WDK
The entire satisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of experienced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchell, and the sewing efforts of the proprietors, they intend to open an establishment second to none in the county. Good for wheat and corn, and the highest market price.
EDWIN MINROY,
J. W. BAILEY.
Wellsboro, Pa., March 15, 1860. (13.)
HEAVY 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 Silk and Cassimere Hats,
of own manufacture, which will be sold at hard prices.

SILK HATS
The Hats made at this Store are fitted with a French crown, which makes them soft and easy to the head, without the trouble of breaking your head to get the hat. Store in the New Block opposite the stores House. S. P. QUICK.
10.00 extra Pork For Sale.
WILL sell extra HEAVY MESS PORK at \$19.75 per barrel, or retail by the pound at 10 cts., and warranted the best in town.
M. M. CONVERSE.
Jan. 18, 1861.

WINTER.
When gusts of wind, with rain or sleet,
Wildly against the casement beat,
Past creaking signs the tempest roars,
And icy maids let slam the doors;
Then down the chimney puff the smoke,
And nature yields to winter's yoke.
When horses' hoofs, well shod with steel,
Clang on the frozen earth a peal,
And shooting stars attract the eye,
And northern lights shine flamingly,
Then winter, with its wondrous might,
Bridges the rivers in one night.
When young men stamp to warm their toes,
And purple turns the drunkard's nose,
When girls are wrapped in endless shawls,
And slippery roads give hurful falls;
Then winter's snowy mantle's spread,
A covilet on nature's bed.
When kine are huddled in the yard,
And muddy lanes turn crisp and hard;
When frost hangs white upon the beard,
And limbs are numb, and eyes are bleared;
Then for the baggy clad and poor,
Cold winter makes the fires roar.

MISS MARY'S BLUE HAT.
My friend Kelley was walking down Main street, Milwaukee, last autumn, in a brown study upon some obscure subject, his vision horizontal and vacant, his step rapid and careless, which just as he had forded one of the cross streets and had lifted one foot to place it upon the curbstone, a big and cowardly yellow dog came sweeping along, followed by a black animal of the same species. The yellow dog whizzed past him, but the black specimen, oblivious to all things but the object of pursuit, as every dog should be on such an occasion, and, possibly, somewhat under the control of his own momentum, struck Kelley's perpendicular leg while the other was walking, and knocked it out from under him. My friend went down instantly. His glossy beaver bounced upon the pavement, and continued its journey. Spectacles danced jingling into the gutter, while his shawl stuck against a shopman's window like a paper pellet on a wall.
Kelley gathered himself together, picked himself up, and looked after the dog who had done the mischief, expecting to find him "hove to" in canine dismay at the accident he had caused; but, to his utter astonishment, the animal seemed as regardless of his equilibrium as of any other trivial matter, and was making after the aforesaid yellow dog at as great speed as though he had not tipped over the best fellow in Wisconsin.
While my friend was down, a clear, musical, girlish laugh had rung out upon the air. It was so evidently spontaneous, so charmingly musical, was so suddenly checked, and had withal so good a cause, that Kelley could scarcely be angry or even discontented.
When the gentleman had recovered from his surprise at the heedlessness of the quadruped, he bethought him of the music. There were half-a-dozen ladies in view; but by a trigonometrical calculation he reached the conclusion that the laugh must have come from either a dainty little blue hat with delicate, straw-colored trimmings, or a decidedly sober and ancient bonnet—the two being in junction. Of course he fastened upon the blue hat; for never since the flood did a gray, unfashionable bonnet give out such gushing laughter as that.
Kelley was not a city gentleman—not he.—He was a squire in a rural town; a leader of town affairs. A man of mark, to whom the village politicians looked for shrewdest counsel, on whom abused people looked for advice and redress, in whose hands friendless widows put the management of their estates, sure that all would be done for them and the little orphans that sat, fidelity, and a warm heart could accomplish.
The blue hat was a city hat, and the brown hair it covered, together with the hazel eyes that sparkled in front of it, were of city growth. But the sober brown bonnet was a rural affair, and the lady under it was a rural aunt of good dimensions, both in person and heart. Before the catastrophe which brought out the laughter, the aunt was listening attentively to the little lady's very eager request that she would try and procure her a school near her country home; after the accident the brown bonnet gave a very appropriate and impressive lecture on the impropriety of laughing out that way, "when the street was full of folks."
"Why, who could help it, auntie? Did you ever see anything so funny? Laugh! I didn't laugh—it laughed itself. O dear," and then the little figure trembled from hat to slipper under the shaking of suppressed merriment. Indeed, to escape another lecture, she had to cover lips, nose, and eyes almost in scented linen cambric.
"Well, you see, auntie," said the little blue hat, recurring to the former topic, "father isn't rich, indeed I don't think he is as well off as he seems to be; and the family is large—all girls, too, just a bill of expense you know, and I don't like to have father furnish me music lessons, any longer, for I know he can't afford it. But I wouldn't give up my music for the world; only I want to pay part of the expense myself. Father isn't able, he looks more and more care-worn every day. I am really afraid," and here the voice fell and befrigid things are going wrong with him. Besides, I want to be doing something. I'm a better girl when I feel that I am not a drone, and dependant. Yes, auntie, I must and will have a school—there! Will you help me?"
The brown bonnet caught the girl's enthusiasm and promised.
You must have known, reader, from the brief description of my friend Kelley, that he was so well-qualified to look after the interests of the public schools?

A REMEDY FOR DULL EVENINGS.
The Springfield Republican has a side-talk with a young man who complained of the dullness of that interior town. Time hung heavily on his hands; he knew not what to do of an evening, and was making himself quite miserable about it. He had just come up from one of the subterranean saloons, where he had been spending an hour merely because he did not know where else to go or what else to do. The entertainment there was evidently not quite to his taste. The stale and dirty jokes had become insipid, and the hot and foul air, reeking with bad tobacco and worse liquor, had produced stupidity and a dull ache and sense of weariness all over. He had come out on the street for a breath of fresh air, and its inspiration really wished he had better use for his evenings than to saunter from one saloon to another, seeing everywhere the same stolid and corrupting talk. He did not look like a stupid or dirty fellow. There was a fire of intellect in his eye and the glow of good nature on his cheek, and every way he seemed above the associations into which he had fallen. A single winter's education in the saloons may essentially change him, and he may become as listless, as dull-eyed and jaundiced by spring as the majority of his associates, and have as little sense left of the true use and enjoyment of life, as a blind old horse in a treadmill. He is worth saving and worth making something of, if he would only think so in time to do it.
There are three hours out of the twenty-four at his absolute command, and he might make them four without robbing his body of any necessary rest or recreation—and all this time he throws away, because he thinks he does not know what to do with it. No, it is worse than that; if these hours were spent in sleep they would be harmless, but as now used they only bring loss of health, loss of self-respect, loss of many ambition to do and to be something in the world, and general degradation of body and mind. Life is too short for such base uses. Let him consider what he might do with himself in these three or four hours daily, now worse than lost. He has had but a small amount of "schooling," and was too eager for sport to make much of that little, and he does not know any too much for a man who is to take the high position of an independent American sovereign. He is now old enough to appreciate the value of knowledge, and to accumulate it rapidly if he sets himself about it with a will. If he should fall into the hands of a parliamentary committee, such as they have in England to investigate the moral and intellectual condition of the working classes, we fear he would make but a poor show in the report.
It would not be very agreeable to him to see himself described by himself before the civilized world, something after this fashion: "A. B. is eighteen years old, drives a team and does odd jobs; wages small; not much taste for reading; has heard of science, and thinks Tom Heenan understands it; don't profess to be much on science himself; has heard of geometry, believes it is used in a lumber yard, but don't know what it does with it; can't say certainly whether a triangle is round or square, and don't see as it is an object to know; understands that astronomy is because the girls used to recite it at school, but thinks if no use to bother about the moon and stars; they can take care of themselves; has heard of the constitution of the United States; don't know what it is about; but goes it strong for the Union—thinks learning a very good thing for schoolmasters and lawyers, but has no time for it and shouldn't know how to go at it if he had; goes to church occasionally to please his mother; likes the singing first rate, and goes to sleep regularly in the sermon, because he don't understand it and knows it isn't meant for him; and on the whole don't consider it anybody's business how he spends his time, and only wishes there was some fun-a-going evenings."
It may not be worth while to give advice to A. B., but we are quite sure that if he will sit down and make out a list of things he would like to know, and which it would be useful to him to know, or get an intelligent friend to do it for him, and then set himself to work in getting just the knowledge that will fit him to live and take a respectable stand among men, he will soon find his evenings passing pleasantly, and will no longer complain that time hangs heavily and there is too large a supply of the article, but will wish that the long winter evenings lasted all the year round. Three hours in a day amount to about fifty-five days of ten hours each in six months, and a man can learn a considerable amount in that time. Let the young man who finds his evenings dull and miserable, try it and see.

IT DOESN'T MAKE IT SO.
Suppose, for instance, you suppose
That black is white—that fast is slow—
That every wind is mild that blows.
It really doesn't make it so.
Suppose, again, that you suppose
You'll meet good things wherever you go—
That every sweet comes from the rose,
It really doesn't make it so.
Suppose, once more, that you suppose
All blisses from one fountain flow—
That all the belles are blessed with beaux,
It really doesn't make it so.
Suppose, in short, that you suppose
Your bright-eyed love can't say you "No"—
That she despises all your fo'cs,
It really doesn't make it so.

PEOPLE WE CAN DISPENSE WITH.
Does any enterprising individual wish to form a colony at the North Pole, or Central Africa, or any such far off place, where the voyagers will be warranted never to come back again? If so, we can point out quite a cargo whose export would never be lamented over by their native land. We are not sure but government would pay their entire expenses, to get rid of them finally and forever. Here is a list of the most promising:
The man who "cant live within his salary," and is always wanting to borrow money, but who wears as fine broadcloth and expensive sleeve buttons as his millionaire employers.
The woman who brings up her daughters on a diet of curl-papers and dancing school, and who "cannot account for Anna Maria's conduct" when she slopes with a penniless dry goods clerk!
The man who had rather buy a new coat (on credit) and cheat the tailor than be degraded by a neat patch on his elbows.
The woman whose stocking-toes resemble a cullender in their rivulating convenience, but who considers a nicely executed darn in the skirt of a dress to be vulgar beyond endurance!
The man who is always "making up his mind" who answers every question with, "Wal, I don't exactly know," and stands with his hands in his pockets, until it is too late to do anything else with them!
The woman who always has to stop and sew on her bonnet strings when she is going anywhere—who is universally behind hand—who is too late at church, too late at market, too late to get her railroad ticket, and invariably arrives at the steamboat landing just three seconds after the plank has been taken up!
The man who can't afford to subscribe for THE AGITATOR, but who always sends little Zerkie under to his neighbor's house to borrow it, twenty minutes after the mail comes in!
The young lady who never can remember the minister's text at church, but who makes the hair of her dear particular friend stand upright with a repetition of the horrors she has devoured in her last yellow covered romance.
The man who "has no faculty to work," but has an amazing faculty in attending political meetings, standing on street corners, and running after fire companies.
The woman who can't get a minute's time to mend the girls' aprons and the boys' jackets, and who spends her leisure in leaning out of the window, on her elbows, and hearing about "that dreadful murder" from her next door neighbor, while the children are paddling in the wash tub, and the soup burning in the dinner pot.
We would mention a good many others—but these will serve as a pretty fair sample. We can spare them just as well as not—in fact we would offer a reasonable premium to any one who would warrant their non return. Perhaps they might become useful members of society in the Feejee Islands. They certainly never will here!

A LAUGHABLE STORY.
The Mobile Register is responsible for the following birth-provoking incident:
For twenty-three years, old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, 25 or 30 feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, and ill wind lifted Jake's "file" from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.
Now Jake always practised the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, an finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the trout cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by and was quickly on his way down the well.
If it is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.
The d— himself or some other wicked spirit put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the old horse and unbuckled the bell-strap, approaching with slow measured "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.
"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now, whoa. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-o-o-o, Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-o-o-o, now. Oh! Lord, have mercy on my poor soul.—Whoa, Ball!"
Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.
Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

PEOPLE WE CAN DISPENSE WITH.
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THINGS WE ARE TIRED OF.
We are tired of hearing the girls say they have "no time" to read Macaulay or Milton, when they will set up half the night to find whether the hero of a red pepper novel gets knocked on the head, or escapes from the shipwreck, with his lady love and her band boxes, on a board four inches square!
We are tired of hearing women complain that their husbands don't care so much for them as they used to, and setting it down to the score of heartlessness when it is nothing on earth but the sour bread and burnt ham at the breakfast table. Knock at the doors of their affection with a frying pan, and they'll open it fast enough.
We are tired of listening to the outcry of "hard times" from business men who wonder "where on earth the money slips to," when part of it is leaking out at the top of their head, through a costly Panama hat, and part shut up in a cigar case in their coat pockets, and part going down their throats in a "brandy smash."
We are tired of being brought up short by a pair of heels planted on the trails of our silk- en raiment, and still more tired of being transfixed by the soles of a fashionable lady when we get swamped among her flounces. Won't the fair sex abbreviate their dresses?
We are tired of seeing women box their babies' ears for "making such a racket" with their trumpets and drums, and then set the neighborhood's nerves on edge with piano practice and throat-slitting bravuras!
We are tired of the women who can't talk of anything but bobby's measles and the price of silk and starch;—we are tired of the men who pull out their pocket-knives to trim their nails, while talking with you; we are tired of the children who learn French and philosophy at five years old, and converse in four-syllabled words out of the dictionary, and don't know what buttercups mean; and we are tired of old ladies who dress to the style of sweet sixteen.
Does any body blame us of being tired of death of all these things?—Rural American.

A DROP OF INK.
This is a queen's first signature to a death warrant, where tears tried to bleach the fatal blackness of the dooming ink; of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of gallow's; of a lover's passionate proposal, written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal, written in a mother's dying expostulation to a wayward son, written in her husband's blood; of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the last color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave; think of these and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth and what a strangely potent, preternatural drop of ink grows to be! All the world it is distilling at the behest of men.—Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Bleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice-water or innocent milk, their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid ocean, are consigning to an empty bottle the faint pencil memorandum of the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever paper or ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt or summon an eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men, reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—McMillan's Magazine.

A SHARP-WITTED RURALIST.
James was riding up in Westchester county, New York, and saw a board nailed up on a post in the yard of a farm-house, with the sign painted on it: "This farm for sale." Always ready for a little pleasantry and seeing a woman in a checked sun-bonnet, picking an apronful of chips at a wood-pile in front of the house, he stopped and asked her, very politely, when the farm was to sail. She went on with her work, but replied to his question instantly:
"Just as soon as the man comes along that can raise the wind."

A ROMANCE OF LIFE.
An exceeding romantic episode in every day existence, is related by the St. Louis Republican. "Three or four years ago Mrs. Odiam came to this city from Canada, in search of an uncle whom she believed to be here. She was accompanied by a daughter of about sixteen, and two sons, younger. She remained at Barpum's Hotel at first, but when the search for her uncle proved unavailing she removed to humbler lodgings, took in sewing, and placed her two boys in the care of a clergyman. Her daughter obtained a situation to do housework. At length she returned to Canada, but finally resolved to make one more endeavor to secure an honest living in St. Louis. She re-established herself here with a small millinery, the proceeds of which enabled her to support her children. All this time she had not relinquished her endeavors to find her missing relative. As a last resort, she caused an advertisement to be inserted in the Republican requesting information. Strange to say, this advertisement chanced to meet the eyes of an agent who was eagerly seeking her. Her uncle, who had been living for some years in Cuba, had recently died, leaving her a large fortune and five hundred negroes. He had given his agent instructions to seek Mrs. Odiam out. The advertisement was instantly answered; and Mrs. Odiam has left this country to take possession of her Cuban wealth!" We should like to see the novel writers construct a prettier romance than this.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?
—Who guarded you in health and comforted you when ill?—Who hung over your bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lip?—Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to read?—Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day you live?—It is your mother, your own dear mother. Now let me ask you: are you kind to your mother?
The brown bonnet caught the girl's enthusiasm and promised.
You must have known, reader, from the brief description of my friend Kelley, that he was so well-qualified to look after the interests of the public schools?

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