

Terms of Publication  
THE TOIOA COUNTY AGITATOR, published weekly, Wednesday morning, and is sold at the price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM in advance. It is intended as a family paper, and its contents are selected with a view to the interests of the community. The paper will be stopped at the discretion of the publisher, and no person can be brought in debt to the publisher. The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, and a large and steadily increasing circulation is secured by its sale to every subscriber. It is published at Wellsboro, Pa., but whose most convenient post office is an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding six lines, paper included, \$5 per year.

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHERE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TOIOA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1862. NO. 4.

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 subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
Per Square	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
do.	6.00	9.00	12.00
do.	7.00	10.50	14.00
do.	8.00	12.00	15.50
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, &c., all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

**JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WELSON,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro; Feb. 1, 1862.)

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

**J. EMERY,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. \$5.00

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE**  
Corner of Main Street and the Academy, Wellsboro, Pa.  
**J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.**  
This popular Hotel, having been recently refurnished throughout, is now open as the best and most comfortable house.

**HASKIN WALTON HOUSE,**  
N. C. WERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.  
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.  
This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds. It is furnished with every modern accommodation for pleasure seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1860.

**G. C. CAMPBELL,**  
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.  
Shop in the rear of the Post Office. My cutting in his line will be done as well as all other work as is done in the city. Also, hair-dressing, dyeing, and shaving. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

**THE CORNING JOURNAL**  
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.  
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., Pa., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation of about 1,000 copies. It is the only paper published in the county, and its circulation is steadily increasing. It is published every day, except on Sunday and public holidays. Address as above.

**WELLSBORO HOTEL,**  
WELLSBOROUGH, PA.  
L. S. FARR, Proprietor.  
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)  
Having leased this well known and popular House, under the patronage of the public, with attentive and obliging waiters, together with the proprietors' knowledge of the business, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who stop with him. Most pleasant and agreeable. Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

**E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.**  
WOULD inform the public that he has a permanent office located in Elkland Boro, Tioga Co., Pa., and is prepared to receive any case of Scurvy, Syphilis, or any other disease of the eyes, and that he can cure them without the usual painful treatment, called St. Vitus's Dance, (Chorea, St. Vitus's Dance, etc.) and will attend to any other business of Physic and Surgery. Elkland Boro, August 5, 1860.

**DENTISTRY**  
**C. N. DART**  
WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has opened an office over WRIGHT'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE, where he can be consulted on all kinds of cases in the line of DENTISTRY. Wellsboro, April 30, 1862.

**CORNING**  
WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE,  
AND MEDICINES,  
PAINTS AND OILS,  
WINDOW GLASS,  
KEROSENE OIL,  
ALCOHOL,  
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,  
sold at wholesale by  
**W. D. TERRELL,**  
Country Merchants supplied with the latest articles at  
**NEW YORK PRICES.**  
Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1862.

**WANTED**  
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT  
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN  
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS  
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE  
which we will pay CASH!  
WRIGHT & BAILEY  
Near by the pond, each or barrel.  
Feed by the pound or ton.  
Bran in any quantity.  
Wholesale and retail.  
Call cheap at our Store.  
All goods delivered FREE OF CHARGE within  
the limits of the county.  
FRED K. WRIGHT.

**WESTFIELD SELECT SCHOOL**  
U. P. STEBBINS, Teacher.  
The Fall Term will commence August 20, 1862, and  
close 12 weeks.

**TUITION:**  
Primary Department..... \$1.00  
Common English..... \$1.50  
Common English and one branch higher..... \$2.00  
Common English and two or more branches..... \$2.50  
Deductions in tuition only in case of continued  
attendance. No effort will be spared to make this school  
the best in this county. Public examinations  
will be held monthly. Vocal Music taught. Free  
Rooms &c., for the accommodation of students.  
The school is in the village of Westfield.  
U. P. STEBBINS,  
Westfield Village School has been under the  
direction of U. P. Stebbins, for the last year, and  
is the rapid advancement of students, and  
the satisfaction of the people.  
Westfield, July 30, 1862.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**  
Letters of administration having been granted to the  
estate of Matthew Evans, late of Tioga County,  
deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons  
having claims against the estate, to present them  
to the undersigned, for settlement, at the residence  
of the administrator, on or before the 1st day of  
October, next.  
H. K. HUSTED, Administrator.

**NOTICE**  
The undersigned has been appointed  
administrator of the estate of the late  
of Tioga County, deceased, and has accepted  
of the office. He is now residing at  
Wellsboro, Pa., and will receive and  
pay all claims against the estate, and  
will distribute the assets of the estate  
to the persons entitled to the same.  
G. B. BELL,  
Administrator.

**COOPER SHOP.** The undersigned  
respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro,  
Pa., that he has opened a COOPER SHOP  
in the village of Wellsboro, Pa., where he  
will do all manner of work promptly,  
and at a low price. Call and see.  
G. B. BELL,  
Wellsboro, May 8, 1861.

**OUTWARD BOUND.**  
From the shining strand of childhood,  
Ships went sailing long ago,  
And with the rickety treasures  
Which my heart can ever know,  
Thoughts as pure as morning dew-drops,  
Fancies like the rainbow gay,  
Hopes as blithe as birds of May,  
But, though I have long been searching,  
Youth's lost treasures ne'er are found;  
And I send forth other ventures,  
But they all are outward bound.

Outward bound, across the ocean,  
Which so many leagues is spread;  
Not a ripple on the water,  
Marks the track on which they sped.  
Vainly watch I for their coming,  
Vainly scan the swelling main,  
All I fear those fairy vessels  
Will not greet my gaze again.  
When I call there is no answer,  
Only the wind's soft sigh,  
Not a sail in the horizon,  
For they all are outward bound.  
None come back with golden cargoes,  
None with tropic fruits appear,  
From the islands where Life's noon-tide  
Makes a summer all the year.  
Soon the shades of night will gather,  
Soon Life's sky will overcast,  
And then, looking to the Future,  
I shall half forget the Past.  
When my bark shall leave its moorings,  
When I, too, an outward bound,  
In Eternity's calm Heaven  
My lost treasure's shall be found!

**A WIDOW, AND A WAGER:**  
Who won Them?  
BY RALPH HEMPHRIES.

"Birds of the high-Hall garden—  
Were crying and calling to her—  
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?  
One has come to win her."

"Dear Charlie—Come to Willow Lodge for a week or two, by the next train—if you can't come then, come Monday. My wife has arranged a picnic for Tuesday, and says she must have you. It is your dull season now, I know; so you can get away well enough, and I shall take no excess."  
FRED WINKLEY.

P. S.—Mrs. Winchester is here—I thought it right to tell you, because you hate widows; but she is quite harmless."  
I sat there in a brown study over this characteristic epistle. I could go well enough—there was no reason in the world why I should not go, and Winkley's was the most charming, sociable, free-and-easy place at which to visit—a perfect Liberty Hall. But—

"When I had reached this stage in my reflections Kate came in. Kate is my sister, and because she chanced to have been born a year and ten days before I was, she always felt it one of her duties to exercise over me a sort of superintending care—to see that I did not suffer for want of good advice. I tossed her the letter to read.

"It promises well," said my sage monitor, in pink muslin, "all but the postscript. Charlie Cotthwaite, as sure as you go there you are a lost man—the widow will have you."  
"But Mrs. Winchester is not the dangerous kind of widows. Her husband has been dead four years, and she isn't married yet. Besides she has no need to be in a hurry—she is only twenty-three."

"You seem to know all about her? There was a satirical twinkle in Kate's eye which I did not like. I defended myself.  
"Of course I do. She is Fred's wife's cousin. No one could see Fred long without hearing of her—she thinks she is perfection, and he wanted to introduce me to her long ago, only I told him widows were my detestation."  
"So he invites you to spend a week or two in the house with one. Very handsome of him, upon my word."

"I suppose he did not think about her until he had written the note—you see he only mentions her in the postscript. I want to be foolish enough to give up such a pleasant trip because Mrs. Winkley is entertaining her cousin. I shall go on Monday."  
"The widow will have you"—Kate shook her head solemnly.  
"We will see."  
"I'll lay you a wager—the handsomest meerschaum I can find in New York, against what?"  
"A pretty set of pearls, which you shall wear on my wedding if the widow gets me. And now, Kate, do look out for my buttons. It would be shocking to encounter my fair enemy in a state of dilapidation."

"Oh, me! with sisters dear,  
Oh men with mothers and wives,  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creature's lives!"  
hummed Kate's easy voice as she bounded up stairs, to register our wager.

Monday afternoon found me at Willow Lodge. It was just after dinner—the hour at which every body in the country goes to sleep. Not knowing when I would come, no one was at the train to meet me, and I walked up to the house, leaving my portmanteau to be sent for later.—The front-door stood open, and I went quietly into the drawing room. It was unattended, at least I thought so at first, but as I walked along toward the farther end of the apartment, I saw lying upon a sofa a lady. She was reclining there with the careless grace of a child. One little pink rosetted slipper had fallen on the carpet, and the little silver-stocking foot hung carelessly over the arm of the sofa. She had on a muslin dress, of a cool, fresh tint, with loose, full sleeves which revealed plump, tempting arms. One hand was crushed like a rose-leaf under her glowing cheek, and the other still held "The Angel in the House," for people were just then beginning to talk about Coventry Patmore's books. Her lips were bright as scarlet berries, and her hair was gold, just dashed with bronze, such hair as Hage always paints for his ideal women. I never could have a better chance for looking at Mrs. Winchester—for I made certain she was the lady. I could see everything but her eyes, and I decided that they were blue.

I was very much surprised—half disappointed, perhaps—the lady was so different from the ideal I had formed of her. Fred had never described her to me, except by such vague adjectives as "splendid," "magnificent," "stunning"—but somehow I had always thought of her as a regal, commanding brunette, a type of prod, stately, impassioned womanhood. She was nothing of all this. Small enough, almost for a big fellow like Fred Winkley to put in his

pocket, with cheeks that suggested dimples, and a coaxing, girlish expression on her face, even in sleep—surely I was in no danger. My meerschaum was safe enough, and my heart likewise. But it would not do to stand there looking at her too long. She might wake up, and what a scene there would be for a bashful man!

I went away from her with the sort of regret one always feels in leaving a pretty picture, and made my next sortie into the library. Here was another sleeper—Fred, himself, this time. To him I was less merciful—I overset a foot-stool which was in my way, and strode noisily toward him. He started up, rubbing his eyes briskly.

"What, Charlie, that you? Too bad, upon my word. I ought to have been at the station to give you up her. But you never wrote what train you would take."  
"It's all the better so it is. My unexpected advent has procured me an unexpected pleasure. I have seen Mrs. Winchester—awake, on the sofa."  
Fred laughed a good, hearty laugh, full of fun and frolic.

"That is rich. What do you think of her?"  
"I think you were talking nonsense when you called her magnificent. She is simply a pretty girl—very pretty."  
"Very pretty," repeated Fred after me, with a variety of consideration. "Not at all in Vi's style, but very pretty, surely."  
"Vi" was Fred's wife—a superb woman of the dark type, kindly, but hasty and passionate. It had been a love match, and Fred thought her perfection. What good critics we men are of other men's wives!

That evening, before tea, I was formally presented to Mrs. Winchester. Her eyes were not blue, as I had fancied, but brown.  
"She has eyes so soft and brown,  
She gives you a side glance and looks down,  
Beware, beware,  
She is toiling there!"  
I muttered to myself, taking a leaf out of Kate's book.

I had to acquit her, however, of taking much pains to please me. She ate her supper quite silently, with a kind of preoccupied air. Mrs. Winkley attempted to rally her.  
"Maud's thoughts are prophetic," she said, teasingly. "They have gone into the country of To-morrow, with Longfellow's Indian. We are to be a merry house to-morrow. Mr. Cotthwaite, Dr. Dinsmore and his sister are coming in the morning. They are Mrs. Winchester's special friends."

Even this did not provoke Mrs. Winchester to any retort. When she had finished her tea she went out upon the piazza, and looked off where the shadows of sunset clouds were resting phantoms like on the mountain. Naturally enough I followed her. It was a splendid sunset—June at its ripest and richest, when the world, in a dream of beauty, forgets itself for a little while, and lapses into Eden. Looking out over the mountain, neither of us spoke until Fred and his "Vi" came upon the scene.—Then the conversation was lively and general. Maud Winchester began to sparkle. A pretty little pink spot burned into either cheek, and her brown-eyes kindled. I understood, now, Fred's raptures about her. I could see that she might be very winning. If she had not been a widow, I even thought I might have loved her myself; but I would have no worn out second love, no galvanized corpse of a heart.

The next morning, walking down the carriage drive after breakfast, a gay train flashed by me. Half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, all on horseback, and leading them, a handsome, haughty workman, in dark grey riding habit, with long feathers streaming in the wind. I followed her slowly, and reached the house just in time to see a gentleman of the party bow with the grace of a courtier over Mrs. Winchester's hand, and then raise it to his lips.

"Dr. Dinsmore!" I said to myself—"Mrs. Winchester's No. 2, probably, and I surveyed the stranger with a scrutinizing, anxious interest, for which I should have been puzzled to account. I did not like his looks. There seemed to me something wily and cat-like in the glance of his uncertain, unseeing eyes. His suave features looked to me like a mask; his very air of ceremonious politeness repelled me. Nor, when I was presented to him, did I like any better the persuasive, insinuating tones of his gently modulated voice. The whole man seemed to me hollow and insincere. His sister was the haughty beauty I had seen at the head of the cavalcade. I liked her looks better. At least, I thought she was honest and fearless.—She made no attempt to coquette any one, yet, instinctively, every one obeyed her. The rest of the party had nothing to do with my story. They were lay figures, merely, supported for the day in sufficient numbers to make our picnic entertaining—they went away at night, and I saw them no more. Dr. Dinsmore and his sister I soon found were to stay for some time in the house.

Time went on, and I was puzzled as to the nature of the acquaintance between Dr. Dinsmore and Mrs. Winchester. He was constantly by her side. He put on her shawl, he carried her basket or her parasol, he seemed to make it his study to anticipate her wishes. But yet in spite of his devotion, I began to doubt, after a little while, whether she liked his attentions. Either she did not care to be alone with him, or she thought it rude in so small a company, to confine herself exclusively to one. She evidently strove to make the conversation general. I could have fancied, even that, she preferred talking to me. I should have been better able to judge had not Miss Dinsmore been in her grand, careless way, appropriated me, and kept me constantly by her side.

A week passed on so, and at its close I made some feeble suggestion about going home. It was to Fred, and he at once overruled my weak intention.  
"You must stay for a week or two yet—at least until Dinsmore and his sister go away. I don't like either of them, and I am not going to be left alone to entertain them. I wonder what hold Dinsmore has on Maud Winchester? She seems to me like a poor, little struggling fly, whom a great black, ugly spider has got strangled in its web."

Before I had been ten days at Willow Lodge I loved Mrs. Winchester with every pulse of my heart. It was a perfectly inexplicable matter to me. I really knew nothing of her, beyond the playful grace of her manners, her sweet, winning smile of her beauty. I had not had one hour of serious conversation with her—I knew nothing of her principles, little, even, of her tastes, and yet I would have staked my life on her goodness; trusted, without a moment's hesitation, my whole future happiness to her keeping. I determined to stay on at Willow Lodge until I knew something more definite of the relation between her and Dr. Dinsmore. I looked out of the window, as I made up my mind to this, and I saw them coming up the walk together. She was all in white with a spray or two of purple heliotrope in her bronze-gold hair and on her bosom. She had never looked lovelier, more girlish and beguiling. I went out and joined them. I was not deceived, I could not be in the eagerness with which she turned to me from her companion; or the relief she seemed to manifest at having her late-tete interrupted. Still, five minutes after, when he told her rather than asked her, to go with him to the top of the hill, where they could get the best view of the sunset, she turned to go at once. I was just resolving to make a third in their company, at the risk of being considered an intruder, when Miss Dinsmore's compelling hand fell on my arm.

"Let us go sunset seeing, too, Mr. Cotthwaite," she said, in tones that I could not have disregarded without rudeness, and then, seeing my eyes still follow those two retreating figures, she added—  
"Not with them, though. Have you not eyes enough to see that they are in that stage when two are company? They were a great deal together last winter, and I always found they liked their own society better than mine."

I went with her, after that, unresentingly.—So this singular intimacy was no new thing.—Miss Dinsmore must have found me but a stupid companion, for while I walked mechanically at her side, my thoughts had followed Maud Winchester's light footsteps to the hill-top.—Probably this mattered little to Anna Dinsmore, for I could see clearly enough that she took no interest in me, beyond the service she could do her brother in keeping me out of his way.

This is only a specimen of the way we went on for a week longer.—Mrs. Winchester evidently, as it appeared to me, almost disliking Dr. Dinsmore, and yet constantly with him—almost servilely obedient to his commands.—Once or twice I came upon them suddenly, engaged in very earnest talk. She seemed to be pleading with him for some promise which he would not give her. I loved her more every day, and my interest in the matter became so intense it was almost painful.

At length I had an opportunity to understand it all. I had stretched myself on the grass, at the foot of a clump of pines which were scattered here and there in the grounds, and I lay there thinking silently, busied in conjectures about the doctor and Mrs. Winchester. I had not thought of hearing anything from her and she which would tend to elucidate the mystery; but presently they came, walking together as usual, and sat down on the other side of the trees, where I could hear every word they said. Strict honor would have dictated that I should at once have made known to them my neighborhood, which clearly they had not suspected.—But I was in love, and here was an opportunity to unravel the mystery which hung around the woman to whom I longed to consecrate all my future. "All's fair in love and war," says the old adage, and perhaps most men would have lain still as I did and listened. (It is an ugly word, and does not look well written.) Mrs. Winchester spoke first.

"Once more, Dr. Dinsmore, I implore you to release me from our engagement. I do not love you. Is it manly to force me to be your wife?"  
"I think it is"—in those smooth, hypocritical tones of his—"at least, I think it is like a man who loves to win his prize in whatever manner he can—by fair means, if possible, if not, by any which present themselves. Why do you not have some consideration for me? My happiness is worth just as much to me as yours is to you. Why did you promise to be my wife, if you did not love me? or what right have you to be so capricious."  
"None, no right!"—she said, humbly, poor, little frightened dove—"I know it is all wrong on my part, only that you did not overpersuade me, and I promised you thoughtlessly. But I don't love you, Dr. Dinsmore, and I couldn't make you."

"But you should love me, Maud"—his voice sank into low, pathetic, passionate pleading—"you should love—I would make you. You couldn't live with me, and receive the devotion of my whole life, and not love me. Once more, and I know I can win your heart, unless—Maud, you have not dared to love any one else?"  
How eagerly I listened for her answer.

"No one else has even asked me to love them. It is not that."  
"I suppose her words satisfied him, but there was hope in them for me."  
"Then, child, I can make you love me—I know it."  
"Why don't you?" she said, with a sort of dreary hopelessness, that was very touching.—"When I promised to marry you, that was the way you persuaded me. You said you loved me as no one else would ever love me again, and you would make me love you. I have been waiting for that time to come, and it has not come. I do not even like you as well as I did eight months ago."

"It would be all different then. You do not understand it. I have no opportunity to make you love me, now. It would be different if you were all mine—my wife, whom I had a right to love and protect and cherish."  
Her answer came to my ear, very low but firm.

"I think that would not make you dearer, Mr. Dinsmore. Remember, however, I may seem to you, I am a woman, and no child. I have been married once to a man whom I did not love—I would rather die than go through that ordeal again."

Her words thrilled me with a strange joy. If I could win her, then, I should have no rival, not even the memory of her dead husband.—At this stage, Dinsmore's temper got the better of him. He said in a low, stern, angry tone—if she had heard him speak so many times, it was no wonder she did not love him—  
"Madame, if you have no consideration for me, I must have some for myself. I will not be the victim of a jilt. If you refuse to fulfil our engagement, I will enforce my claim legally.—How will you like the publicity of such a trial?"

"It would kill me."  
"There was anguish in her tone. I knew how she was wringing those helpless little hands together. I could fancy the despair in those brown eyes, the piteous quiver round the sweet mouth. How I longed to spring to her side, and offer her, then and there, the support of one more true heart. But I must be prudent. She might not be prepared for such a declaration, or ready to forgive me for listening to her secret—I could not run such a risk to my chances of success as it would be to speak then.—So I was silent."

"I am resolved, Mrs. Winchester. You have, for once, a firm man to deal with. You can make of me what you will—your bitter, uncompromising enemy, or a husband who would worship you."  
"Not my husband, oh, never my husband," I heard her gasp, as he moved away. I expected then a storm of sobs, but no sound came, and soon she got up and walked after him.

Going to the house by a roundabout way, I summoned Fred to my confidence, and told him all—my love for Maud Winchester, and the conversation I had heard, which unravelled the secret of her singular relation with Dr. Dinsmore.

"The double distilled villain," he cried, as I concluded. "I will turn him out of my house to-night, the paltry, pitiful wretch."  
"Not so fast," I said, putting my hand on his arm. "You mustn't forget how I obtained the information, and that you cannot reveal my secret without my leave. I am not at all sure that turning the medical gentleman out of doors would be the best way to deal with him. We must contrive some way to keep him from drawing her before the public in a breach of promise suit."

Fred considered a few moments—then he said—  
"He is mean enough, but he would never do that. What he wants of her is her fortune.—She is a fascinating little creature, and he may have had some sort of liking for her at first, but he does not love her now—if he did, he would never bully her in that dastardly way. She is rich. Her husband left her all his money, and that is what Dinsmore is after.—Her first match was one made by her friends, and a very unhappy one it was. The only kind deed George Winchester did was to die. Poor little thing, she ought to have a chance at happiness now. I hope you can win her, Charlie; I would ask nothing better for either of you. I don't think there's any danger of Dinsmore suing her. It would be a sure loss of his professional and social position, and any damages he could get would not pay him. Besides, if he should, you could shield her from anything unpleasant—just make no attempt to contest the suit, and pay the damages out of her fortune. It is large enough!"

"I don't care at all for the fortune," I cried, with the enthusiasm of an honest lover. "It is only herself I want. Let him take all the money, so he will peaceably give me her."  
"I am a married man of three years standing," said Fred, dryly, "and though I love my wife as dearly as any one can, I never yet found money any inconvenience. So we won't offer the fortune to him, unless he asks for it."

The next day I contrived to meet Mrs. Winchester for an instant in the drawing room, when Dinsmore was off duty. I begged her to see me a few moments, for I had something of especial importance to say to her. She looked at me in surprise, but answered me quietly—  
"I will, if you will contrive the opportunity. You may have noticed that I have not many moments to myself."  
Fate, or rather Fred, managed it for me, after all, in a simple, straightforward manner, that was very refreshing. It was after our early tea, and he said, carelessly—  
"I have ordered the horses for a drive. For once we'll go in couples. I shall claim Miss Dinsmore—her society is more of a rarity to me than that of either of the other ladies.—Doctor, you will drive my wife, if you please, and, Charlie, Mrs. Winchester will fall to your share."

I saw Anna Dinsmore bite her scornful lips with rage, and there was a white light of anger in the Doctor's eyes—but he was too much of a man of the world to insult a lady, his hostess, by offering any objections. He bowed politely, and made a speech about Mr. Winkley's generosity which might be taken for earnest or satire, according as the hearer understood or did not understand the state of affairs.

Fred had taken care that I should have a fast horse and a fair start, and presently we were out of sight. A mile further on, I turned into a lonely, unfrequented road, with which I did not think Dinsmore was familiar, and where, at any rate, I could trust to Fred's engineering to prevent me from being followed. Then I let the reins lie loosely over the horse's back—his paces slackened, and I could talk to my companion.

"Maud," I said, "forgive me if you think what I am about to say presumptuous, on so short an acquaintance; but I cannot go away from here and leave it unsaid. I love you with all the strength and fervor of a man's heart. The only thing I long for in life is the power to make you happy. Could you love me? Have you seen enough of me to know your own heart?"  
There was encouragement in the swift blush that dyed her cheek, but tears filled her eyes, and she said in faltering tones—  
"You would not ask me what you have, Mr. Cotthwaite, if you knew how I am situated."  
"No matter now for the situation, only tell me quickly, before any one interrupts us, do you think you could ever love me?"

"I do love you—oh, too well—it was because I saw you and loved you that I knew I could never marry Dr. Dinsmore. But perhaps you will not care for my love when you know all."  
The dear, honorable little thing, unwilling to let herself be happy for a moment until she had told me her whole painful secret! I put both my arms round her—it was well that Fred had given me a safe horse, for I forgot him just then—I, but what is the use of giving you a stereotyped love scene? Let every young gentleman insert here what he would have done in my place. Ladies, if they can trust to their own imagination, will find the programme in any novel.—When I had taken from her dear lips my first kiss, I told her that I did not know all. I explained to her how I became possessed of my information, and then I told her my plan for relieving her from her proscriptions. It was that we should be married the next day. Fred could easily make all arrangements for us; and in the afternoon we could drive off, by ourselves, and I would bring her home Mrs. Cotthwaite.—Then, if he chose to see her, let him bring his suit. I could manage it all for her, and in the safe shelter of a happy home she should not so much mind it—at the worst it would only be the loss of a few thousand dollars, which she would never miss.

At first, I know, my proposition startled her by its suddenness. But I used all the eloquence of which I was master; and I think the longing to be delivered from the persecutions of Dr. Dinsmore—who had become to her a perfect nightmare, had yet more influence than my words.—At length I won her promise to be my wife before the next sunset. I thought I had never known what happiness was until then. Is there not a season in every man's life, who has ever honestly and truly loved, when Elysium seems no fable.

We reached home soon after the rest of our party. It would not have done to excite any suspicion by late hours. We found them all in the drawing room—Dinsmore in a savage temper, as was evident in his sullen, lowering glance, and restless motions; Miss Dinsmore trying to cover up his rudeness by extra brilliancy, and Fred and Vi apparently perfectly at ease. Maud avoided all conversation by saying that she believed her ride had given her a headache, and presently retiring. I talked gaily till every one was ready to say good night; and then I spent half an hour with Fred, in my own room, settling all the arrangements for the morrow.

Next morning Mrs. Winchester made her appearance at breakfast in the sunniest of moods. She was gracious even to Dr. Dinsmore. I longed so for a few fond words—a whisper of the love of which my heart was so full—but her look told me to have faith in her.  
After dinner Fred asked Dinsmore to drive. He had something which he wished to discuss with him. Dinsmore could not decently refuse. A second time he was a martyr to his politeness. A few moments afterward another equipage came to the door, and at the same time my Maud, "queen rose in the rose-bud garden of girls," came down stairs. In an hour from that time she was my wife, and we drove back in the twilight to Willow Lodge. I introduced Mrs. Cotthwaite to Dr. Dinsmore, and then I handed him my card.  
"That will be my wife's address in case you should wish to send her a notice of your suit in court." His face turned crimson. Rasal as he was, I couldn't help pitying him. He said, hesitatingly—  
"As a lover Mr. Cotthwaite, you should know that a man in love says many things to carry his point which he does not exactly mean. Your wife is safe from any persecution of mine." The next morning he and his sister left Willow Lodge. They left behind them two happy hearts. It is five years since, and we have never wearied of each other, I and my Maud.

me quickly, before any one interrupts us, do you think you could ever love me?"

"I do love you—oh, too well—it was because I saw you and loved you that I knew I could never marry Dr. Dinsmore. But perhaps you will not care for my love when you know all."

The dear, honorable little thing, unwilling to let herself be happy for a moment until she had told me her whole painful secret! I put both my arms round her—it was well that Fred had given me a safe horse, for I forgot him just then—I, but what is the use of giving you a stereotyped love scene? Let every young gentleman insert here what he would have done in my place. Ladies, if they can trust to their own imagination, will find the programme in any novel.—When I had taken from her dear lips my first kiss, I told her that I did not know all. I explained to her how I became possessed of my information, and then I told her my plan for relieving her from her proscriptions. It was that we should be married the next day. Fred could easily make all arrangements for us; and in the afternoon we could drive off, by ourselves, and I would bring her home Mrs. Cotthwaite.—Then, if he chose to see her, let him bring his suit. I could manage it all for her, and in the safe shelter of a happy home she should not so much mind it—at the worst it would only be the loss of a few thousand dollars, which she would never miss.

At first, I know, my proposition startled her by its suddenness. But I used all the eloquence of which I was master; and I think the longing to be delivered from the persecutions of Dr. Dinsmore—who had become to her a perfect nightmare, had yet more influence than my words.—At length I won her promise to be my wife before the next sunset. I thought I had never known what happiness was until then. Is there not a season in every man's life, who has ever honestly and truly loved, when Elysium seems no fable.

We reached home soon after the rest of our party. It would not have done to excite any suspicion by late hours. We found them all in the drawing room—Dinsmore in a savage temper, as was evident in his sullen, lowering glance, and restless motions; Miss Dinsmore trying to cover up his rudeness by extra brilliancy, and Fred and Vi apparently perfectly at ease. Maud avoided all conversation by saying that she believed her ride had given her a headache, and presently retiring. I talked gaily till every one was ready to say good night; and then I spent half an hour with Fred, in my own room, settling all the arrangements for the morrow.

Next morning Mrs. Winchester made her appearance at breakfast in the sunniest of moods. She was gracious even to Dr. Dinsmore. I longed so for a few fond words—a whisper of the love of which my heart was so full—but her look told me to have faith in her.  
After dinner Fred asked Dinsmore to drive. He had something which he wished to discuss with him. Dinsmore could not decently refuse. A second time he was a martyr to his politeness. A few moments afterward another equipage came to the door, and at the same time my Maud, "queen rose in the rose-bud garden of girls," came down stairs. In an hour from that time she was my wife, and we drove back in the twilight to Willow Lodge. I introduced Mrs. Cotthwaite to Dr. Dinsmore, and then I handed him my card.  
"That will be my wife's address in case you should wish to send her a notice of your suit in court." His face turned crimson. Rasal as he was, I couldn't help pitying him. He said, hesitatingly—  
"As a lover Mr. Cotthwaite, you should know that a man in love says many things to carry his point which he does not exactly mean. Your wife is safe from any persecution of mine." The next morning he and his sister left Willow Lodge. They left behind them two happy hearts. It is five years since, and we have never wearied of each other, I and my Maud.

SUPPORT YOUR HOME PAPERS.—Whatever patronage may be accorded to city journals, whether on account of their cheapness or the "general" news they contain, the importance of sustaining "home papers" should not be overlooked. As the medium of local transactions, and for furthering home interests, their value can hardly be over estimated. The following from the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald, presents the question in the