The Tioga County Agitators BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to raberibers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS raberibers at UNE DULIAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE. Tas piperiesent postage free to county subser bers, though tasy may receive their mail at post-offic is lo-ested in counties immediately adjoining, for co-yen-

ofted in contrast is the Official paper of Tioge Co., nad circulates in every neighborhood therein. Sub-scriptions being on the advance-pay system, it i rea-lates among a class most to the interest of adoxidisers to reach. Forme to advertisers as liberal as these of-fered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern paper/vania.

fered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern penesylvania. A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire. Papers will be stopped when the subscription time axpires, unless the agent orders their cor inuance. يستخر وي

149. LOWBEY & S. F. WILSON. A TIORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potte and McKean constice. [Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 16(3.]

DICKINSON HOUSE, 😽

GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, 3 COBNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY,.....Proprietor. THIS popular Hotel, having been re-litted 1 and re-farnished throughout, is now open fa the fublic as a first-class house. [Jan. I, 1868.]

D. HART'S ROTEL.

WELLSBORD, TIUGA CO. PENNA. THE subscriber takes this method to inform The subscripter takes this method to shiof his old friends and customers that he has re-tumed the conduct of the old "Crystal Fountain Hotel," and will hereafter give it his entire attention. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a renewal of the terme. DAVID HAS T. Wellsboro, Nov. 4, 1863.-1y.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA,.....Proprietor. THEIS is a new hotel located within eaty ac-L cars of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northorn Pennsylvania. No pains will be si ared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the trav-[Jan. 1, 1863.] olling public.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY! B Repaired at BULLARD'S & CO'S. STORE, by the subscriber, in the best manner, and at as low prices as the same work can be done for, by any first rate practical workman in the State. Wellsbore. July 15, 1863.

A. R. HASCY. 1 12 A. FOLEY,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING,

NO. 5, UNION BLOCK. Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

E. R. BLACK,

BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE NO. 4, UNION BLOCK. Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.

AGRICULTURAL · IMPLEMEN' S. WOULD inform Deslers in Agricultural 7 sple-ments, that I have Horse Rakes of the mo 3 ap-prored styles and superior quality. Also, Hand Rakes of a better quality than any manufact; sed in this section, which I will farnish in any quantity de-ared, to dealers in the counties of Tioga, Brestford, and Lycoming. D. R. DOFD. Mainsburg, Nov. 18, 1863-9mos.*

DRUGS & MEDICINES. NO. 3, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORD, 2A.

P. R. WILLIAMS BEGS leave to announce to the citizens of tells-boro and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, 1

AGIPATI Devoted to the Artension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy Reform. WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 9, 1864. NO. 12.

Selert Boetry. PALINGENESIS.

BY. H. W. LONGFELLOW. I lay upon the headland height and listened To the incessant sobbing of the sea In caverns under me, And watched the waves that tossed and fied and glistened, Until the rolling meadows of amethyst Melted away in mist.

VOL. XI.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep I started; For round about me all the sunny capes Seemed peopled with the shapes Of those whom I had known in days departed, Appareled with the loveliness which gleams On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory, Faded away, and the disconsolute shore Stood lonely as before; And the wild roses of the promontory Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers Of all things their primordial form exists, And cunning alchemists Could re-create the rose with all its members From its own ashes, but without the bloom, Without the least perfume.

Ab, me! what wonder-working, occult science, Can, from the ashes of our hearts, once more The rose of youth restore? What cratt of alchemy can hid defiance

To time and change, and for a single hour Renew this phantom-flower? Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splen

dors, The breath of morn, and the exultant strife, When the swift stream of life Bounds o'er its rocky channel and surrenders The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap Into the unknown deep.

And the sch answered with a lamentation, Like some old prophet wailing, and it said:
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more; its heart has no pulsation,
In the dark places with the dead of old It lies forever cold !"

- Then said I: "From its consecrated ceréments I will not drag this secred crust again, Only to give me pain; But, still remembering all the lost endearments, Go on like one who looks before,
- And turns to weep no more."
- Into what lands of barvests, what plantations Bright with antumnal foliage and the glow Of sunsets burning low; Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations Light up the spacious avenues between This world and the unseen?

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses, What households, though not alien, yet not mine, What bowers of rest divine; To what temptations in lone wildernesses, What famine of the heart, what pain and loss, The bearing of what cross?

I do not know; nor will I vainly question Those pages of the mystic book which hold The story still uptold, But without rash conjecture or suggestion Turn its leaves in reverence and goed head, -Until. "THE END" I read.

Miscellany.

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PROFESSOR HALSTEAD'S GIRL. too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even A crotchety and contrary old chap was 'Joel | this servant to his father's rough manner. Shellenbarger, a rich old farmer, as mulish as He repeated what he had said before, assuring the donkeys in his barn. He had made his her that it would be of no use to see his father. way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy-The girl stood a moment-"If ye plaze, seizing hold of whatever came in his way, and Sur, I'll just see him a moment. Belike he thing. retaining that hold as though life depended may take a likin' to the look o' me." And before he could reply she had crossed upon it. Joel's mulishness had literally been the making of him, though you mightn't have the room, and stood upon the threshold of the considered the little pot-bellied, thick-skulled next. old man much of a make after all. Anson followed presently, curious to see Juel had one son-a handsome, clear-headed, what sort of a reception she would get. active young man-tall, straight as a young "Shure an I'll do plinty more'n I'm worth girl, and she to you." larch, and Joel himself. This son, as he grew to yees," she was saying with innocent emphaup, had proved a great assistance to his father sis as Anson entered. She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent in-working the farm, and his services had been made the most of, the old man managing to of words that the old man could not by any keep him at home with him some time after he joyed Biddy's trepidation. possbiility slip one in among them, and sat reought to have been doing for himself. Not an garding her with an expression of the most luacre of the father's possessions was ever called dicrous astonishment. This remarkdble volobity completely baffled the son's; he owned nothing in the world save of it. a horse which some neighbor had given him the old man's slowness. He could not say a when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obword if he wished to, and when she concluded tained in much the same manner ; and the old at last with "I kin make flap-jacks and corn man grudged him the keeping of these. bread that'd bring the very eyes out iv yer girl. Joel Shellenbarger and his son Anson differ- head, and make ye swally yer tongue with deed often, but there were two points on which litiousness" (if he had a weakness it was for the difference amounted to something serious. flap jacks and corn bread,) he could only twirl The first point concerned education, for which his thumbs in a sort of delicious awe, and ask the old man had a profound contempt-and the ber with a cunning smile how much she expecson had not. There was a college some dozen | ted ." to git for doin' all them things." miles from the Shellenbarger farm, and thither " Seventy-five cents a week," was the prompt possession. -having thoroughly prepared himself, in spite reply. of a fatherly thwarting and opposition-Anson With a still more cunning laugh Joel offer betook himself, in spite of the same opposied her half the money. tion, and by one contrivance and another, and Greatly to his amazement she agreed at once, helped out by his mother's small marketing. and he found himself, to use his own expreskept himself there till he graduated. Joel sion, "in for it." To add to his chagtin, An-Shellenbarger contested the ground inch by son stood by laughing with intense enjoyment. inch, but afraid, in his selfishness, to do any-But the girl without further ado, proceeded thing more than be obstinate, lest his son to dismember herself of bonnet and 'shawl' should leave him. That was the first point of and vanished in the direction of the kitchen difference, and that was how Ausen settled it. before anything more could be said. The second was not likely to be of so easy an As she shut the door she stole a glance at arrangement. Anson that made him start and bits his lips, At college Anson had found something beand presently he strolled kitchenward also .sides graduating honors. He had chanced up-She was already at work, handling the broom on a very charming combination of brown like an adept, and grumbling in her rich brogue curls and azure eyes-a red-lipped, dimpledat the dust that had accumulated in the corcheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professners; for the extent of Anson's and his father's ors, who instead of curving her dainty lip at sweeping had been to brush the centre of the the homespun suit which his poverty and his room, somewhat to the disadvantage of the father's niggardliness compelled him to wear, rest: . . never seemed to be conscious of any thing or She did not look up as Anson entered, but any body else when he was by. he sat down, and deliberately, but furtively, In short, Anson had found somebody to love watched her. For some time she seemed unsomebody he wanted to marry, as he gravely conscious of his scrutiny; but presently she informed his father. You should have seen turned, and clasping both little hands upon the old man's eyes ; it was a mercy they were the top of the broom-handle, said, with a mixfast in their sockets. Here was a gratitude! ture of bravado and archness too natural to be This Anson, having already defrauded his old mistaken. father of so much of his time, was going now "Well, Anson, what do you think ?" to set the seal upon his absurdity and disobe-The young man laughed and looked annoyed dience by marrying a "town girl !" Bad in the same breath. enough to marry any one, seeing his father "Then, it is you, Barbie ?" he said. Flynn !"* wasn't through with him yel-but a town girl! was suspecting something of this sort." He should never consent, and every Shellen- "Not till I looked at you," said the girl, robarger acre should go to a strange. son should have one, if he persisted in an idea bie ?" Do batger acre should go to a stranger before An- guishly, retreating as he approached. "Do you think this is quite the thing, Bar-"And pray what harm is there in being "Shure an' why sin't it the thing for a poor a town girl?" questioned Barbie Halstead, girl to be gittin' her livin' decently and honwhen Anson told her, half-laughing, half-vexed, estly?"
The old man stood a moment, clouds gather the best of it, and the deacon, fearing the dt- for an offence, and altogether rueful-for without assis- And that was all he could get out of her. ing in his face. when Anson told her, half-laughing, half-vexed, estly ?"

Having acknowledged her identity with Barbie tance from his father he could not marry Barfor an instant she was a most unaproachable Anson laughed again, but with some embar-"Biddy" the next, and would have nothing to say to him save in that character. assment, saying, "my father is afraid that a "Does your father know of this, Barbie ?--daughter of Professor Halstead would not

make a very good farmer's wife." what w "Does he think-?" Barbie hesitated, look-iously. ing with smiling perplexity at her little white interferin' wid me, would he ?" said Biddy. "That these pretty hands don't know much In vain were all remonstrances, with the ro-

for a great deal.

about brewing and baking, etc.? Exactly; I believe he thinks just that." "Then be thinks wrong," said Barbie, reddening, and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. Didn't I hear you say you needed a servant at home ? I've a mind to go do down and offer for the place."

barie for a long time yet.

hands.

Anson laughed again, enjoyingly. "We need one badly enough, but father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live then ? Who cooks for you. now that your mother is ill ?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said, with a return of the half-smiling half-embar-assed expression. "We cook for ourselves, or do without." The very day succeeding to the one which

witnessed the conversation Anson was at home busying himself over some culinary. operation when the door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide, and a singularly attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a green plaid dress, the checks very large, a great easy chair, and looking wondrously a yellow shawl, and a very frowsy and tumbled contented, and with reason : the poor lady had looking bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and her illness. They lived in such an isolated, within the brim flopped the immense frill of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face-what could be seen of it -was a very curious one to be inside of such

a bonnet and cap. Just now, as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson-herself still unseenthe muscles about her month twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish bright-

ness. Presently Anson looked that way. Instantly the face took lugubrious length; and coming into the room the girl said, insin-

uatingly, but without looking at him. "Au' would ye be after birin' a servant the day ?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of

her shawl. "I believe not;" said Anson, coloring with

ome annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment. "Shure, Sir, an' the lady that sint me-God

blees her swate eyes !- said you'd be sure to take me on her. recomendation, which I has in my pocket—and here 'tis now.'' She gave him a little note, which proved to be from Barbie Halsteau. Anson read it with very lover-like carefulnes, but shook his head.

"I'm very sorry my good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant." "Belike your father mayn't object when he

ees me," the girl persisted. Anson looked at the soiled white bonnet and the red feather, and repressed a smile, won-

deringw what his father would say. But he was

"Well, Anson," he said, rather surlily, "you outwitted me again-much good may it do you. You'd better get out the horses now,

"Sure an' it's not me own fader would be guish and wilful girl. She persisted in being Sir ? Biddy even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Barbie in her own proper self. Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost an-

gry, the advent of his father forced him to re-Joel hemmed and hawed, and stammered out at last, "Yes, yes ; come back, Biddy-I mean Miss O'Flynn-I mean Miss-"

"Barbie," suggested the girl, quietly. It was several hours before he could return "Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There, Anson, make the most on't !" Barbie did come back, in a few weeks, too, and nobody was gladder than old Joel, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halundergone such a remarkably renovating pro-cess that old Joel drew back at first, thinking ever, every thing save that she was Anson's wife; and the way he humored the sly puss to sundry grants of moneys and repairs, refurtable-such a supper as old Joel, at least, had nishing, etc., I couldn't begin to tell you. But not seen in months. To crown all, Mrs. Shel- I'd like you to see the Shellenbarger place

The Descon's Bull.

Deacon Joseph Jones, of Litchfield, Conn., was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. . In his younger days the deacon had command of a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell guppowder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cog-

The warlike spirit the deacon could never conquer, even though he had been frequently rebuked by the good dominie for showing so much of the church militant in his daily bearing; and he could find no greater delight, when he could obtain an audience, than in recalling the days of his captaincy and telling bloodless tales of "when I was out in '13 and '14."

Among the deacon's fine stock was a bull, a splendid animal, which for strength, size, and beauty, excited the envy and admiration of the. whole country. So much was the deacon's buil prized, that very soon its owner began to think that he possessed the most wonderful animal that ever existed, and to boast accordingly. From morning to night nothing could be heard in the neighborhood of Litchfield but praises of the deacon's bull, and estimations of bearing the palm from every cattle raiser in the country, sought, like Alexander, fresh worlds to conquer, and offered his bull to the competition of the entire country. To do this properly, deacon Joseph issued a handbill, setting forth in glowing lines the qualities of his bull, its size, age, weight, and color, leading off with a challenge to any one possessing an animal of like size and age, to vanquish the deacon's in a fair fight for one hundred dollars .---Here it was that the old warlike spirit peeped forth, and the deacon, instead of offering to match his bull for any of those qualities that go toward making good beef, proffered the challenge for its fighting quality. These handbills were scattered far and wide by the aid of a peripatetic peddler, and one of them found its way to the hands of a noted breeder of stock in the western part of the State, who determined on accepting the challenge on behalf of the fine young animal of his con's one hundred dollars. Accordingly he started with his bull for the deacon's, but by some delays on the road he did not reach his destination until late on Saturday afternoop. Upon his stating his errand he was warmly welcomed by the deacon and honest praise bestowed upon the splendid animal he had bro't with him. It was too late that evening for the trial, and the bull was accordingly driven into the rich pastures to recruit after the journey, and his owner made free to the deacon's home. The next day being the Sabbath, the family all set forth to church, the deacon surrendering his place in the family pew to the stranger, and staying at home under the plea of not feeling well. After they were well gone, the deacon, to aid in dismissing the thought of the two bulls, and of the coming fight on the morrow, got down the family bible and read a chapter; but still the bulls would mix themselves with the texts, and wander away with his thoughts. At last the deacon could stand it no longer, and putting on his hat, out he went to take one look at the fierce monster that was on the morrow to carry the laurels from his bull, and the hundred dollars, or leave him the happy victor. There he stood in the centre of the field, coal black, and shaking his fierce shaggy head in defiance. The deacon gazed in admiration and the thought crept into his brain that to-morrow was a long time to wait and that there was nobody to see and no one to tell tales, he might as well give the bulls just one little turn at each other that he might be better able to judge, and if the contest waxed too warm he could drive off his own animal without trouble. No about her face, and reaching toward him her sooner thought than done, and the deacon little hand, said, archly, "Shure, Sir, an' ye stealthily let down the bars that led into the won't be afther hatin' a poor girl because her field and proceeded to drive his bull, but the strange hull in an instant saw the entrance oren, and without delay, rushed; through and in quicker time than it takes to tell it, tackled the deacon's bull. The fight was terrible, and the deacon delighted. For a while he forgot his Sabbath breaking in the keen enjoyment of the fight, and the belief that his bull would be the vicftor, but at length the stranger began to have The old man stood a moment, clouds gather- the best of it, and the deacon, fearing the de- for an offence which carries its own punish-

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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 aussequent insertion. Auvortisements of news time for lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements: 3 uontus, 6 uontus, 12 uontus 5 or 50

\$7,50 10,00 12,50 15,75 31,50 60,00 Advertisements not having the number of inser-tions 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', Constable's and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

himself. He tore a rail from the fence and rushed at the black ball, punching him in the rear, and striving to drive him back to his pasture. The attack instead of attaining its object only increased the animal's rage, until with one fierce lunge he laid his antagonist on the ground, pierced him through the chest with one thrust of his sharp horns, and laid him dead in an instant.

No sooner had he finished his work in front than, like a good soldier, he made for the enemy in the rear; and the deacon made for the opening in the fence with the bellowing monster close at his heels.

Away they went, deacon and boll, straight for the house, the first puffing and blowing under his fearful speed, and last pawing and bellowing in a manner to strike terror into firmer hearts than that of the deacon. It was a terrible race; but the deacon won it by a few yards, just slamming the door of the house in the face of the bull, and rushing to the kitchen for safety. In a moment he heard with terror the blow of the monster's head upon the door; a second thump and down it went, admitting him to the hall.

The door of the parlor stood open, and upon the wall opposite was a large mirror, the pride of the deacon's wife and daughter, and the choice piece of their household goods. The bull did not waste time, but seeing his image in the glass, made one rush, scattering the glass in minute particles, and shaking the house with the crash.

By this time the deacon began to recover his wind and his presence of mind and think of a loaded gun hanging over the mantlepiece in the kichen. Rendered desperate he clutched the weapon and rushed to the door of the parlor. The ball spied him instantly and made a rush-his last-for almost running the muzzle of his gun into his head, the deacon fired, and a dead bull blocked up the hall, deluging the floor with blood just as the family presented themselves at the door on their return from church.

The consternation of all may be imagined and the deacon had nothing for it but to make a clean breast and confess his Sabbath breaking, pay the stranger for his bull, hand over the hundred dollars, and good resolutions about bull fighting for the future.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.-A mother on the Green hills of Vermont, stoud at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea.---

"Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life, is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink." he, for he told me the story, "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over; Calcutta, the Meditorranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, and during forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with the sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate, on the hillside of Vermont, rose up before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; "for" said he, "yesterday, there came into my counting-room a man of forty, and asked me, ' Do you know me?' 'No,' said I, 'I was brought once,' said he to my informant, 'drunk, into your presence, on ship-board ; you were a passenger. the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there until I had slept off my intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said never, that I knew of: I never heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours, at the garden gate; and to-day, twenty years later I am master of one of the finest packest in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me." How far back that little candle threw its beam-the mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word. THE PAST .- Whatsoever the Future may have in reserve for us, the dear, familiar Past, with which we have grown lovingly intimate, can never be restored; and therefore, we cannot fail to feel regret as we see it receding from our view, how bright soever may be the prospect the coming years spread out before the mind's eye... The scenes through which we are henceforth to pass may be more lovely than those to which we are bidding adieu; but they possess not, as yet, the charms of old association; and until they have won this endearing characteristic, they may fascinate the eye, but cannot touch the heart. And how utterly vain it is to attempt to reproduce the Past I We may, in our hopeless longing, gather again the self same persons in the old, familiar scenes, but yet how hollow and unsatisfactory is the result. Wo have changed ; they have changed ; outward nature has changed; the very trees and flowers are no longer exactly as they were. And though apart the alteration may not be so perceptible yet bring once more together these various component parts of the former stratum of life, and we find that they never agglomerate as of old. No. No skill, or magic can reproduce the Past. THE LETTER N .- Is it to wondered at, after examining the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and finding there the names of Baldwin, Dayton, Dickinson, Franklin, Gilman, Hamilton, Johnson, Langdon, Livingston, Madison, Mifflin, Patterson and Wilson; and then, turning to the Constitution, and reading there the names of Brazton, Franklin, Hopkinson, Huntingdon, Harrison, Jefferson, Livingston, Morton, Middleton McKean, Nelson, Henn, Sherman, Stocktan, Thornton, Walton, Wilson, and Witherspoon; and then looking at the names of those who have filled the Presidential chair embracing Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Buchanan and Lincoln, that the contest should now be between Lincoin and Johnson on the one side, an McClellan and Pendleton on the other.

and take Halstend's girl home. He must want to see her by this time." what would he say ?" persevered Anson, anx-"Yes, Sir." And Anson colored with mingled anger and amusement.

Barbie did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers again, she said, sweetly, "You'll shake hands with me, Joe Shellenbarger turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, bending her bright arch face toward him, and saying, "I shall come back some time, Sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

tire from the kitchen, for fear of betraying Barbie's secret, which he would not have done

to the house, his father having joined him, and, upon one pretext and another, detained him.-When at last they entered together, kitchen and sitting-room-both which had been in a most untidy state when they left them-had he had set foot in somebody else's house instead of his own. Supper was smoking on the

lenbarger was sitting, propped with pillows, in since Barbie has gone there to live. a great easy chair, and looking wondrously

not had a woman's hand about her before since inhospitable manner that-very few of their neighbors even knew that Mrs. Shellenbarger was not as well as usual. Biddy-as she called herself-had tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful manner. Joel Shellenbarger sat down to the dainty-

spread table, and made a most hearty and keenly-relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile. Anson, strange to say, ate very little, and he

watched Biddy askance too. The was only the beginning of the reforms

this daring girl instituted. First, however, as much, perhaps, for her own peace of mind as Anson's-knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion-she told her secret to Mrs. Shel-

lenbarger, and fairly wheedled the good lady into approval. It is true that she shook her head at first, and looked wondrously shocked. But it was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her, and to see such brightness and comfort springing up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenan-cing, as much as silence could, Biddy's myste-

rious presence. I haven't time to give you all particulars, but having made so good a beginning, with true Irish facility, Biddy established herself in a very short time completely in the good graces of the old gentleman. He had a lurking liking for neatness and or-

nomen of the deacon.

Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Soaps, Perfumery, Hass, Brushes, Putty, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Braudies, 9105, and all other kinks of Lignors of the best quality. All kinds of

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such as Jayne's Expectorant, Alterative an ('Pills; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills and Cherry, Pectoral, Helm-bold's Extract Buchu, Sarsaparilla and Rose (Wash; Mrs. Winslow's Sothing Syrup; Wright's, Pills; Clark's and Cheeseman's Pills; Hall's Balsan's; Binitger's London Dock Gin; Herrick's Pills as 1 Plas-ters: Brown's Bronchial Troches, &c., &c. May 25, 1864-19. P. R. WILLIAMS.

REVENUE STAMPS.

JOHN' M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of Mans-J field, has just received a large lot of Bevenue Sisms, of all denominations, from one cent up to \$5. Aty person wishing Stanps can get thom at A pessor, a Munsfield, or of M. BULLARD, Assistant A pessor, wellshoro. Pa. J. M. PHE, PS. Mansfield, May 2, 1864.

Wheeler's Horse Powers, and Theshers and Cleaners.

THE subscriber would respectfully anguace to to the Threshers and Farmers of Tiog's and ad-Lot the interest is the still continues to sell the above Lamed MACHINES, and that I signs the Fleasure of offering; this season seams valuable im-provements on the old machines and a large addition to the variety. I now have for sale Railroad Horse Powers for one, two, and three horses, three different tites of Whoeler's Rako Cleaners, six horse Lever Powers. Howard's Mowers and combined Mowers and Reapers, Smith's Green Mountain Shingle Machine, Palmer's self-sustaining Horse Forks, Clover Hullers Feed Cutters, Circular and Drag Saws, adapted to horse powers, Horse Bakes, &c., &c. All of which will be sold strictly at the manufac-

turer's prices, adding transportation, and will be war-ranted to give entire satisfaction or no sale. Extras

WM. T. MATHERS, of Wellsboro, and G. H. BAXTER & CO , of Nelson, are my assistant agents for Tioga County, where Forks will be kept a hand and orders left for other Machinery will be J compily sitended to. Descriptive Circulars containt's price lat teat to all applicants. Troy, P.a., Jane 29, 1864-tf.

1109, Fa., June 29, 1804-11.	
WELLSBORO	HOTEL
(Oorner Main Street and	

WELLSBORD, PA.

B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. Oae of the most popular Houses in the founty. Thu Hotel is the principal Stage-house in V edsboro. Stages leave daily as follows: For Tioga. at 9 a. m.; For Troy, at 8 a. m.; For

for linga, at 9 a. m.; For iroy, at 6 a. m.; derive Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.; For Coudersport, every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m. States Aprive—From Tioga, at 12 1-2 yclock p.m.: From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.: From Jersey Shore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.: From Couders-box Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.: From Couders-Port, Tacsday and Friday II a. m. N. B.-Jinmy Cowden, the well-known shestler, will be found on hand.

Welisboro, Oct. 5, 1864-1y.

HUGH YOUNG. BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,

AND DEALER IN * ; American Clocks, American, English, at & Swiss Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware. S scinces, Picture Frames, Photographic Albums, Stel nacopes, Mutoscopes, Perfumory, Yankee Notions, Eise proper, Taitle and Flies, and Fancy and Toilet Ar Eise. SCHOOL BOOKS of every kind in id in the County, constantly on hand and sent by mail or oth-truise, in order trwise, to order. NO. 5. UNION BLOCK. WELLSBORG, PA.

KEROSINE LAMPS	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	<u>`</u>
CONGRESS	WATER, 10 ROYS DRUG ST	sale at)RE.

wasn't a peru tidy housekeeper. Under the new reign order grew out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded every-One morning-Biddy had said something

about leaving the day before-the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Anson with, "I never see no good come of eddication yet. If it hadn't 'a bin for that college business you might might have taken a liking to a sensible He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet, and came near dropping the dish she

was holding. It was not the first time Anson had heard such insinuations, and he rather en-"See here, father," he said roguishly : "just you pick me out a wfe, and see what will come

"The only girl I know of worth having wouldn't have you-would you, Biddy ?" Joel said, grumblingly, but suddenly turning to the own, and making an attempt to fob the dea-

Anson was smiling maliciously. Bridget O'Flynn had kept Barbie's lover at a most tantalizing and nurelenting distance all this time. He was taking his revenge now. Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self-

"Shure, Sur, an' it isn't mesilf that'll be afther havin' ony mon till I'm asked." "Biddy, will you marry me?" said Anson,

gravely extending his hand. "I will that now," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Joel came near choking with amazement.

It was too; late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, and privately pinched himself to ascertain if he were in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intentiou toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Barbie," Anson was saying, laugh ingly, "What is to be done next? I must say you've managed wonderfully so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you'r not Biddy at all ?"

"Not Biddy at all !" screamed Joel Shellenbarger, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert. There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever. She laughed, though, when she saw him, and deliberately taking off her cap shook her bright curls all

name's Barbie Halsted instead of Biddy O'-"You-you Professor Halstead's girl ?"

"Professor Haletead is my father, Sir," said Barbie, in her natural tones.

"What's that ?" Barbie repeated it. "And you're not Irish ?" " "Niver a bit !"

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A MAN who was imprisoned for bigamy complained that he had been severely dealt with

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