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. XI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1865. NO. 26.

The Tioga County Agitator:

BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post-offices located in counties immediately adjoining, for convenience.

THE AGITATOR is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance-pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those offered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

☞ A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire.

☞ Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863.]

DICKINSON HOUSE,

CORNING, N. Y.

MAJ. A. FIELD,.....Proprietor.

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

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.

CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, **Wellsboro, Pa.**

J. W. BIGONY,.....Proprietor.

THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

D. HART'S HOTEL.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO.-PENNA.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has resumed 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 same. DAVID HART.

Wellsboro, Nov. 4, 1863.–1y.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA,.....Proprietor.

THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

A. FOLEY,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c.,

REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

POST OFFICE BUILDING,

NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.

Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

J. EMERY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

MILITARY CLAIM AGENT,

Has removed to the office on Avenue Street, next door to Bigoney's. Jan. 4, 1865–tf

H. W. WILLIAMS, WM. H. SMITH.

WILLIAMS & SMITH,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,

BOUNTY & PENSION AGENCY.

Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa.

January 4, 1865–1y.

S. F. SHAIBLIN,

BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,

SHOP ONE DOOR NORTH OF CONVERS' STORE.

Ladies' Hair-Cutting done in the best manner.

Wellsboro, Dec 7, 1864.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL.

KNOXVILLE, BOROUGH, PA.

THE undersigned having leased the above Hotel for a term of years, would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has put the Hotel in first class order for the reception of guests and no pains will be spared in the accommodation of travellers and as far as the situation will allow, he will keep a first class Hotel, in all things, except prices, which will be moderate. Please try us and judge for yourselves.

Knoxville, Oct. 19, 1864–tf. J. H. MARTIN.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

NO. 3, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORO, PA.

P. R. WILLIAMS,

BEGS leave to announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Soaps, Perfumery, Glass, Brushes, Putty, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, and all other kinds of Liquors of the best quality. All kinds of

PATENT MEDICINES

such as Jayne's Expectorant, Alterative and Pills; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills and Cherry Pectoral; Helmbold's Extract Buchu, Sarsaparilla and Rose Wash; Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; Wright's Pills; Clark's and Cheeseman's Pills; Hall's Balsam; Bininger's London Dock Gin; Herrick's Pills and Plasters: Brown's Bronchial Troches, &c., &c.

May 25, 1864–1y. P. R. WILLIAMS.

REVENUE STAMPS.

JOHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of Mansfield, has just received a large lot of Revenue Stamps, of all denominations, from one cent up to $5. Any person wishing Stamps can get them at my office in Mansfield, or of M. BULLARD, Assistant Assessor, at Wellsboro, Pa. J. M. PHELPS.

Mansfield, May 2, 1864.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST,

MANSFIELD, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

IS prepared to operate in all the improvements in the various departments of filling, extracting, inserting artificial dentures, &c.

Mansfield, August 10, 1864–1y.

COWANESQUE HOUSE.

THIS House which has been open for convenience of the traveling public for a number of years, has lately been newly furnished throughout and fitted up in as good style as can be found in any country or city Hotel. The Proprietor does not hesitate in saying that there will be no pains spared to add to the comfort of his guests, and make it a home for them. The best of stabling for teams; and a good hostler always in attendance, all of which can be found one mile east of Knoxville, Pa.

M. V. PURPLE, Proprietor.

Deerfield, May 25, 1864.–1y.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

(Corner Main Street and the Avenue,)

WELLSBORO, PA.

B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.

One of the most popular Houses in the county. This Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Wellsboro. Stages leave daily as follows:

FOR Tioga, at 9 a. m.; For Troy, at 8 a. m.; For Jersey Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.; For Coudersport, every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.

STAGES ARRIVE—From Tioga, at 12 1/2 o'clock p. m.: From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.: From Jersey Shore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.: From Coudersport, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.

N. B.—Jimmy Cowden, the well-known hostler, will be found on hand.

Wellsboro, Oct. 5, 1864–1y.

HUGH YOUNG,

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,

AND DEALER IN

American Clocks, American, English, and Swiss Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, Picture Frames, Photographic Albums, Stereoscopes, Microscopes, Perfumery, Yankee Notions, Fishing Tackle and Flies, and Fancy and Toilet Articles.

☞ SCHOOL BOOKS of every kind used in the County, constantly on hand and sent by mail or otherwise, to order.

NO. 5, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORO, PA.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

(One door below Harden's Store.)

WE have just arrived in Wellsboro with a large Stock of CLOTHING and

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Also, HATS & CAPS, and a great assortment of

LADIES' CLOAKS,

Which we offer to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country at

50 PER CENT. CHEAPER,

than any other establishment in this part of the country. Our object is to reduce our

WINTER & FALL STOCK OF GOODS.

PRICES:

OVER COATS from $4 to $40.
BUSINESS COATS from $3 to $25.
PANTS from $2 to $10.
VESTS from $2½ to $8.

We bought our goods when Gold was only 1.50 and we can afford to sell our goods cheap.

All our Goods are manufactured under our own supervision and can not be surpassed in quality and durability.

We respectfully invite every one whose interest is to be economical, to examine our

STOCK AND PRICES

before purchasing elsewhere.

NAST & AUERBACH,

of Syracuse, N. Y., and Blossburg, Pa.

Wellsboro, Dec. 14, 1864–tf.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of Photographic Materials, we are Headquarters for the following, viz:

Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views,

Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, &c., &c. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

☞ Fine Albums made to order. ☜

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over Five Thousand distinct subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, &c., viz: about

100 Major-Generals,	550 Statesmen,
200 Brig.-Generals,	130 Divines,
275 Colonels,	125 Authors,
100 Lieut.-Colonels,	40 Artists,
250 Other Officers,	125 Stage,
75 Navy Officers,	50 Prominent Women,

150 Prominent Foreign Portraits.

3,000 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART,

including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of $1.80, and sent by mail, FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

501 Broadway, New York.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy. [Nov. 16, 1864–1y.]

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—No. 2, Union Block.

JEROME SMITH

Has lately returned from New York with a splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, GLASSWARE,
HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE,
GROCERIES, DOMESTICS,
WOODENWARE,
ENGLISH CLOTHS,
LADIES' DRESS GOODS, SATINS,
TWEEDS AND KENTUCKY JEANS,
FRENCH CASSIMERES, FULL CLOTHS.

Attention is called to his stock of
Black and Figured Dress Silks,
Worsted Goods,
Merinoes,
Black and Figured DeLaines,
Long and Square Shawls,
Ladies' Cloth,
Opera Flannels, &c.

Purchasers will find that

No. 2, Union Block, Main Street,

is the place to buy the best quality of Goods at the lowest prices. JEROME SMITH.

Wellsboro, Nov. 16, 1864–tf.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY.—The second Term of the present school year will begin

Monday, Dec. 12, 1864.

Pupils are prepared for College, or for business pursuits.

TUITION (for a term of 12 weeks).

Common English Branches	4 00.
Higher English Branches	5 00.
Languages	6 00.

Pupils designing to attend but half the term, will be charged accordingly.

No deduction is made for absences, unless in cases of protracted sickness.

J. B. GRIER, Principal.

Wellsboro, Dec. 7, 1864–3t.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned wishes to dispose of his Farm in Covington township, lying on Elk Run, about three miles from Covington Boro, and generally known as the "Wetherbee Farm." It contains about 93 acres, with about 60 acres improved.

The soil is of the very best quality of upland and the cleared portion is entirely free from stumps. It is well wetered and has good buildings. Those who want to buy a good Farm may find it to their advantage to pay this one a visit before they "settle down." Good warrantee deed given. For terms apply to H. H. Potter, Middlebury Center, Pa., or to Levi Rockwell, Cherry Flatts, Pa. J. B. POTTER.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 30, 1864.

AN Assortment of TABLE GLASSWARE will be found at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Select Poetry.

GOD BLESS YOU, SOLDIER.

God bless you, soldier!—when our sky
Was heavy with impending woes,
When traitors raised the battle-cry,
When fear met fear in every eye,
You rushed to meet our foes.

God bless you, soldier!—when our light
Of hope grew dim and courage waned,
When freedom veiled her face from sight,
Your valor dashed away the night,
And morning clear remained.

God bless you, soldier!—scarred and worn,
Wearied with marchings, watchings, pain,
All battle stained and battle-torn,
Bravely have all your tasks been borne,
You have not fought in vain.

God bless you, soldier!—think not we
Alone revere and bless your name,
For millions now and yet to be,
Millions your arm has rendered free,
Shall sing your deeds and fame.

God bless you, soldier!—when the air
Grows heavy with the battle's roar,
Sheltered beneath his love and care,
May victory with her garlands rare
Adorn you evermore.

God bless you, soldier!—when the dove
Of peace the Eagle's nest will share,
When home and hearts made warm with love,
With joys below—with joys above,
God bless you here and *there*.

Miscellany.

A THWARTED PLOT.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Oh, sir! Is there truly no other way?"

"I tell you no, there isn't; and a pretty question to ask, at this time of day, and of me, who am just throwing away thousands of dollars on a whim of Hiram's. Hanged if I would, though, if there was a ghost of a chance for getting the money,' he added in a low voice; then aloud—"You might think yourself well off to pay a debt so easily, and then just go on the same in your luxuries as if Charles Craigton had never owned a dollar."

"So easily!"

There was despair in the tones and in the anguished face raised to his, but the old man's heart was not made to melt at aught like this.

"Easily!" he mocked. "Why, yes. I fancy most women would think so. Hiram is not a man to be despised. And if he's enough in love to take a couple of helpless brats along with his wife, and all three as poor as poverty itself, and deep in debt, I don't see any reason why you should complain. Anyhow your choice is a fine husband and splendid home, or the poor-house; and I advise you to think twice before you take your *children there*, though you may like it yourself well enough.'

"God help me!" the poor young widow [illegible] "Has it come to this at last? Can I do this for Charley's children? What would he approve, if looking down on me to-day? Oh, Charley, Charley! Why did you leave me to this fate?"

Truly there seemed to be no help for her.—Reared in luxury, and taught no useful thing, and now, too feeble in her broken health to put such knowledge to use had she possessed it, she saw herself deprived of her sole protector, and with two helpless little ones clinging to her about to be driven from her home.—The alternative was marriage with Hiram Ellis, son of the man who, six months since, just after the overwhelming tidings of Charley's death had arrived, had claimed to hold control over the estate and property which she had never till then dreamed was other than absolutely hers and her children's.

Friendless, grief-stricken, feeble in mind and body, she could not dispute this claim.—Her lawyer reported that it was fully substantiated by the papers produced, and, though he united with her in wondering why and how Charley Craigton had placed himself so entirely at the mercy of the miserly old money lender wondered especially, in private, that he should have gone away leaving his family ignorant of the claim, and liable to be, as they were now, distressed by it in the event of his death, he could not disprove it, nor prevent its enforcement.

Charles Craigton had been an orphan at an early age. His wife was the adopted child of a city merchant, reputed rich all his life, but who finally died intestate. His own family had at once repudiated one whom they had always jealously regarded as an intruder, and she would have been very helpless if a protector had not appeared in the person of Charley Craigton. He had long loved her, and when he brought her to his beautiful home as his wife, she repaid him by pouring out upon him a fullness of love—gratitude that would have been a compensation for a much greater sacrifice than he had made in thus securing his own happiness.

This happiness had been unbroken during the five or six years of their married life, until, soon after the opening of the war, Charley had felt it his duty to enter the service of his country.

"We who are rich," he said to Cora, "have surely no right to urge others less endowed with this world's goods to sacrifice personal interests and lay their lives upon the altar of their country, while we remain idly at home, in the enjoyment of the luxuries which are secured to us by their hardships, and perhaps by their lives. It is right for me to go, and you must not gainsay me, Cora. It is for you to be brave, as well as for me."

Making every arrangement for her comfort during his absence, and even leaving written directions for the management of her affairs in the case of his death, he yet, strangely enough, as it seemed, made no allusion to this claim of the money-lender Ellis, which now threatened to swallow up his entire estate, and leave Cora and her children beggars. This was the one ugly point in the money-lender's case; but he got past it, in his interview with Cora's lawyer, by saying that Charley Creigton had borrowed the money to advance some speculations which failed, and he had therefore been unable to meet the payments. Being dead, Mr. Ellis, his creditor, had no resource except to take possession of his property, which had been the original security for the sum advanced.

There was an outside appearance of fairness, and there was no disputing the legal claim.—Cora and her children were preparing to leave their home, entirely ignorant of the world's ways, and without shelter save such as might be offerred by charity. The lawyer had hinted at a pension, but Cora shrank from making application for what must seem like blood-money, and besides the time had not yet arrived when her claim could be heard. There seemed no resource for the widow and orphans, when suddenly Mr. Hiram Ellis made his appearance upon the scene.

Cora had never met this young gentleman, except when he had called to solicit an interview upon his father's business on two or three occasions.

What was her surprise then, when approached by the man with an offer of marriage—she whose heart seemed buried in that unknown grave where her young husband lay, who felt herself no less his wife than before the bond had become a spiritual one.

The agony of tears and reproaches with which her dawning consciousness of the meaning of Mr. Hiram's proposal was followed, greatly astonished and disconcerted that gentleman. That any lady should weep, except for *joy, on learning that such an honor as that of* an alliance with him was intended her, was something quite beyond his comprehension, and when that honor was accompanied by the proposition to settle upon her the elegant mansion and fine estate that had belonged to Charles Creigton, it was indeed quite past belief that proper appreciation and grateful acceptance should not follow.

But Cora did make him understand at last that his proposals were not only unwelcome, but regarded by her as positively insulting.—Never had his self-love received such a wound. He left the house with indignation and disappointment warring in his breast.

But he was not ready to relinquish the coveted prize quite so easily. He had determined that Cora should be his wife, and had indeed displayed an unwonted generosity. It was much for a man who had undergone his training, and to whom money had hitherto been the chief good of life, to be willing to make such settlements upon a wife as he proposed, and besides to encumber himself, without reservation, with the children of a former husband.

He possessed, however, the idea too common among persons not endowed with delicate perceptions, or refined ideas, that death dissolves the marriage bond, and that widows are never averse to matrimonial proposals. It is not denied that there may be much cause for such belief; but there are women whose heart's widowhood [illegible] of a second marriage is a wrong that nothing can paliate or excuse. Cora was one of these.

When Hiram knew that he had signally failed in his efforts, he sought his father to pour out to him the story of his ill success.—It was with difficulty that the old miser had been brought to yield to his son's wishes in respect to the property. The proposal of settling it upon Cora had been stoutly resisted, and only acceded to when Hiram promised that her children should be expressly excluded from the inheritance. As, in that case, the property would in fact, if not in name, remain in Hiram's possession, he finally gave his consent.

It was now equally difficult to convince him that Cora had spurned the offer, which seemed to him must be tempting to any woman.

"I guess you're mistaken, Hiram," he reiterated. "The woman ain't a fool, and she must see the advantage on't. To keep her home and have the privilege of bringing up her children in it, ain't an offer that any but an idiot would say no to. I guess you're mistaken, or else you do not calculate enough for the skittishness and contrariness of women.—Why, my wife, your mother that was, kept a saying 'no' till I really believed she meant it, and was going to give up. But when her father found it out, I tell you the old man was mad, and he just let her know that he wasn't going to stand any such nonsense. And then she gave in as mild as a kitten when you another word from her from that day till the day she died, just two years after."

smooth her fur the right way. I never heard

Hiram received this bit of history with a grim smile. He did not think his father's manners nor his home liable to cultivate nonsense in any one who felt the rigors of them. And he had always indulged a suspicion that his poor young mother had faded and withered away in the gloomy atmosphere in which his own youth had been passed.

The result of his conference with his father was, that the old man undertook to bring Cora to reason. He felt sure of success. She was cute enough to understand her own interest when she married young Craigton rather than to go to the poor-house, when the folk down to York cast her off; and here's my Hiram, a thousand times likelier and handsomer than that pale-faced fellow, and will be richer too, and, tain't no ways likely she's going to let him slip.

Thus he argued, but was surprised to find his promise false, when, after half an hour's distressful interview with the young widow, he left the door baffled.

He hardly knew what to counsel, but finally advocated a cessation of hostilities.

'Give her time to think on't," he said. "I expect she's just took by surprise. Wait a little and she's just took by surprise. Wait a little and she's sure to come round.' And And his advice was literally carried out by the anxious Hiram, determined, now, not to lose his prize.

A whole month's respite was gained. Cora was too ill in mind and body to profit by it, however. But she forgot Hiram and his suit, deeming her answer final, and absorbed in her grief. She was not a heroine, with strength for any emergency and courage for any fate; but simply a weak, yielding woman, without a bit of practical talent, and utterly unskilled in any art, by which she could have provided for herself and children, even if she had not been so feeble. She was simply glad of the respite, and waited, terror stricken, for the turning of the next page in her destiny.

The month was over, and then the blow fell—two blows, in truth, simultaneously.

She awoke one morning to find little Charley dangerously ill, and while she was hanging over him in an intensity of anguish and despair, a note arrived from Mr. Ellis, stating, in brief but unmistakable words, that she must leave her home within a week, or consent within the same time, to become the wife of Hiram. Later in the day he called and repeated his ultimatum. In vain she urged the illness of her child—he was inexorable—either she remained in the house as the wife of his son, or must vacate it in a week.

Cora had yielded all her life to wills stronger than her own; and her affections were absorbing her chief motives of exertion and sacrifice. Perhaps it is not wonderful that she succumbed now. Hiram came to her and was at once peremptory and kind. Peremptory in demanding that his father's will should be carried out—he was cunning enough to keep his own out of sight—and kind in sympathizing words, and hopeful acts, fully appreciated by the young mother.

"I will do as you wish," she sobbed at last. Perhaps God will let me die soon, and Charley will know that I did it to save his boy;" and she returned at once to the side of her sick child.

From that hour she never left him until the morning dawned that was to see another installed in Charley's place.

"It is for his sake, for his sake," she murmured, continually, as she watched the awful progress of the disease, and knew that only the utmost care, and skill, and quiet could avail to save the little one. "I ought to shrink at nothing for Charley's children;" for so, since the tidings of his death, she had always spoken of them—a sacred charge of him who was gone.

The morning had arrived and the servant, charged by Mr. Hiram Ellis, with the task, came to announce to Cora that she must prepare herself for the ceremony, which awaited her. Leaving her darling in the care of the skilled nurse, she stole away, pallid as the dead and trembling in every limb, to the chamber, where her bridal robes had been placed ready for her. Calmly she looked upon them, and quietly she began to prepare for these strange nuptials—it was the calmness of despair, and she had nerved herself for the sacrifice.

Standing before her mirror arranging the beautiful hair that had been Charley's admiration and delight, she saw enter the gate, and come slowly up the avenue, a maimed and halting man, in tattered garb. She might have observed him more closely, but just behind came Hiram and his father—the old man in the [illegible] many years for his rare holiday wear, and the bridegroom pranked gaily in shining newness of apparel, and with a rose at his button-hole.

They had come, and her shuddering hands for a moment dropped from their task, and all her shining hair fell like a veil about her. She saw them come gaily up the avenue, and stop to speak, with gestures that seemed to threaten, to the man who loitered by the way. Apparently they ordered him away, and he shrunk from their presence, and, as they left him, sat down upon a bench beneath the shrubbery.—She paused for no more, but went on with her task, which she had just completed when she saw the clergyman who was to perform the marriage service enter; and as he passed the drooping figure on the bench, stoped to speak to him. Another moment and the two came swiftly toward the house.

The supreme moment had come—the sacrifice was about to be consummated, and she fell upon her knees in a new access of terror. Her prayer was interrupted by loud voices from the lower rooms—exclamations, oaths, and the trampling of feet. In another moment the door was thrown hurriedly open, and the stranger stood upon the threshold.

One cry of terror burst from her lips, followed, all quickly, by one of joy. It was Charley—pale and in rags, but Charley still—who stood there, and she lay sobbing upon his bosom. Had he risen from the dead to save her?

An hour later, the house forever freed from the presence of the Ellises, the husband and wife sat side by side, and tried to talk calmly over all that had passed. Charley had returned to her from a prison, almost worse than the grave where she believed he lay—and already the boy, as if receiving new life from the thrill of joy that ran through the house, showed signs of improvement.

"And you had his receipt all the time," Cora was saying, "and were no longer indebted to him,"

"Yes, and had instructed him to give up the bonds and deeds, placed in his hands for security to my lawyer," answered Charley.—"When he heard I was dead he conceived this scheme, deeming himself secure against detection. A good Providence has thwarted his plot, saved you from a terrible fate, and us all from misfortune worse than death.

BEWARE OF RAW PORK.—A few days since we observed a butcher tasting some sausage meat in his shop, and the act was immediately associated in our mind with a singular looking bottle which Dr. HALLET, of Brooklyn, has standing on the table in his office.—When we first saw this bottle we supposed it contained stripes of some white bark very nicely prepared. But Dr. Hallett informed us that it was a tape worm, which he had recntly taken from the bowels of a man who had contracted it by eating raw pork in California. The old readers of the *Scientific American* will remember that the origin of tape worms in raw pork was pointed out in the pamphlet of Dr. WEINLAND. Fortunately, the tape worm is very rare, but when it does occur, it is caused by eating raw pork.—*Scientific American*

A Wisconsin man has been lodged in jail for getting up one night, not long ago, and drowning two of his sons, seven and ten years old.—He excused his crime by saying he expected to go to hell himself, but wanted to get a place in Heaven for his children.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged $1 per square 10 of 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
1 Square,	$4,00	$5,75	$7,50
2 do.	6,00	8,25	10,00
3 do.	8,75	10,75	12,50
¼ Column,	10,00	12,00	15,75
½ do.	18,75	25,00	31,50
1 do.	30,00	42,00	60,00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constable's and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

SLEEP—ITS IMPORTANCE.—There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this leads to insanity.

Thus it is that, early in English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also, that those who are starved to death first become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they can not sleep.—Crazy persons are poor sleepers, while good sleepers seldom become crazy. The practical inferences are these:

1st. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep.

2d. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate.

3d. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning at a stated hour, and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—*Phrenological Journal.*

OIL AND SALT IN CAMERON AND POTTER COUNTIES, PA.—While recently boring for oil on the Bennett branch of the Sinnamahoning River, in Cameron County, a vein of very strong salt water was struck, at the depth of 456 feet, from which large quantities of salt are now being made, which finds a ready market, at good prices, in that region. The search for oil is still continued on that and the other branches, as well as on the main river, with good prospects of success. A well is being sunk on the Portage branch eight miles from its mouth, and *is now down 180 feet, having found salt water,* gas, and some oil. The operators are confident of finding oil in large quantities at 350 feet deep. At Round Island Station, at the mouth of the first fork of the Sinnamahoning, a well is being sunk by a company from Philadelphia.—They are now down 150 feet, with a good show of gas. The indications on this fork of the river for salt water and oil are very good. The inclination of the rocks, the general appearance of the surface of the country, and the gas found in large quantities at the base of the coal mountains along the stream in Sylvania, and Wharton townships, Potter County, are strong evidences of these substances. The stream is several rods wide, giving good rafting freshets for lumbering in the spring and fall. The valley is warm. The bluffs or mountains are high, with a shale soil, and are well timbered, presenting a similar appearance to Oil Creek. Most of the lands on these streams have been leased and arrangements are being made for sinking several wells as soon as the proper machinery can be got upon the ground. Few only of the lands can be purchased until their value is more definitely ascertained. They are now held at from ten to twenty dollars per acre. The country is new and but little improved, but oil there, as well as elsewhere, has got upon the brain, and each one is anticipating a speedy fortune from this hidden and curious substance, so suddenly and wonderfully coming into our markets.—*Petroleum Recorder.*

A BUCKEYE STORY.—The Columbus (Ohio) *Journal* tells a queer story about a married couple in that place. The husband is a tyrant. One evening during a recent severe storm, his wife was visiting a neighbor; and when she applied for admission on her return, her husband pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump into the well if he did not open the door. Having no idea she would do so, he *obstinately refused to recognize her; so she took* a log, plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made, she placed herself by the side of the door; and as soon as her husband darted out in his night clothes, she dashed in, locked the door, and declared that she did not know him! She froze him till he was penitent, and then let him in.

JOSH BILLINGS says there is "one cold, blue, lean kiss, that always makes him shiver to see. Two persons (ov the femail purswashun) who have witnesst a grate menny younger and more pulpy daze, meet in some publick plase, and not having saw each uther for 24 hours tha kiss immegiately; then tha tork about the weather, and the young man who preached yesterday, and then tha kiss immegiately, and then tha blush and laff at what tha sa tew each uther, and kiss again immegiately. This kind ov kissing alwus puts me in mind ov two old flints trieing tew strike fire."

The latest "oil story" is that of an old lady in West Virginia, who took the advice of a visitor, and poured some petroleum along the streams which watered her farm. The report spread abroad of surface indications on the land, and a brigade of oil hunters came, who bought the land at a fabulous price, the owners agreeing to give the old lady one-eighth of the oil.—The purchasers set up their derrick and put down an augur, and in a short time struck a well which yealds one hundred barrels per day.

HOW TO LEAD ANIMALS.—The horse, cow, pig or sheep may be lead by making a slipping noose and and fastening it to the lower jaw, passing the rope, (which must be small,) round the neck and through the noose on the jaw. It is a very easy method of leading a sheep, not being obliged to go behind and push. After once pulling, the sheep will follow right along without any trouble. It costs nothing extra. Try it.