

The Tioga County Agitator

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The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga County, and circulates in every neighborhood therein.

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PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE.

J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor. THIS popular Hotel, having been refitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel located within 1/2 mile of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania.

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

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S. F. SHABLIN, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL, KNOXVILLE, BOROUGH, PA.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, (Corner Main Street and the Avenue) WELLSBORO, PA.

B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. One of the most popular Houses in the county.

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER, AND DEALER IN

TO FISHERMEN. THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has a fine assortment of the celebrated

ROCHESTER TROUT FLIES, New York Trout Flies, Silk Braided Lures, Seals, Grass and Hair Lures, Kinsey Hooks or Snags, Reels, Leaders, Gut, and a fine lot of

ROCHESTER FLY RODS, Hooks, &c., Ac. Shop in rear of Wm. Roberts' Tin and Stove Store.

FOR SALE—HOUSE & LOT on Main Street, adjoining Wright & Bailey's Store.

WALTER A. WOOD'S PRIZE MOWER.—The Wood Mower has been in general use for the past five years.

THE AGITATOR

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

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1865. NO. 48.

RICHMOND HAS FALLEN! And so has the price of DRY GOODS.

LEE HAS SURRENDERED, AND WE HAVE SURRENDERED THE EXTREME HIGH PRICES OF GOODS.

THE PEOPLES STORE, is now receiving additions to their stock of GOODS, BOUGHT DURING THE LATE DEPRESSION IN PRICES.

THE LOWEST MARKET RATES. We have made arrangements to get Goods every week, and as we keep posted in regard to the New York Market, we shall at all times make the stock on hand conform to new prices.

REGARDLESS OF COST, and we wish it distinctly understood, that however much offers may blow, WE DO NOT INTEND TO BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY, quality of goods considered.

THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM, under which our business has constantly increased for the last ten years will be adhered to, as also the READY PAY SYSTEM more recently adopted.

YOU HAVE EXAMINED OUR STOCK AND PRICES. STORE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE DICKINSON HOUSE, and first door east of Hungerford's Bank.

SMITH & WAITE, Corning, N. Y., May 17, 1865.

KELLY & PURVIS, have volunteered for a war of extermination against high prices, and will be found entrenched behind a huge pile of

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS at the old OSGOOD STAND, where their communications with New York cannot be interrupted.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, such as Prints, Delaines, Barages, Muslins, Hosiery, Notions, Boots and Shoes, etc., in fact everything in the Dry Goods line may be found at our counter, and purchased at prices corresponding to the late

HEAVY FALL IN GOODS. We also invite purchasers to examine our fine stock of

GROceries. Can't be beat this side of New York. Remember the place, "Osgood's Corner."

PETROLEUM! PETROLEUM! Geologists and practical men unite in their belief and so report that the

Discovery of Oil in Wellsboro is near at hand. But I would say to the people of

TIOGA COUNTY & VICINITY, (before investing your Capital in Oil Stock) that I have recently purchased the Stock of Goods of M. Bullard, consisting of

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c., all at a great reduction from New York Jobbing Prices, and am bound to give to my customers the advantage

OF MY PURCHASE. Being desirous of closing out the Clothing part of this Stock, I now offer the entire Stock

AT COST FOR CASH! HATS AND CAPS, I will almost give away; at all events, will sell them so cheap you will hardly know the difference.

RARE OPPORTUNITY. Remember the place, the Cheap Cash Store, Roy's Building.

ROCHESTER & N. Y. TROUT FLIES.—I have just received 1 DOZ OF ROCHESTER TROUT FLIES, 1/2 DOZ OF NEW YORK

CONGRESS WATER, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE. KEROSENE LAMPS at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Original Poetry.

Written on the death of L. S. OGDEN. 'Tis past: The last faint fluttering breath Has fled: Still is his heart.

From the ruins, phoenix-like, Mrs. Phillips arose—and, on Jane's bringing a light, she proceeded to investigate matters—wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against.

Miscellaneous.

FATE IN A TIN DIPPER.

"Want to buy any tin ware, to-day, ma'am? pails, brooms, needles, scissors, thread, wash-board—all kinds of glass ware, cheap for old rags, iron, money, or credit? Want to purchase? Should like to trade with you."

"This was the salutation of a tall, handsome youth, as he opened Mrs. Phillips' kitchen door, one fine morning in August, and addressed the lady of the house at her seat by the window.

"No—I don't want any of your trash!" Mrs. Phillips' eyes snapped portentously, and her eyebrows drew into closer relationship, as if determined that no peddler should be suffered to annoy their owner.

"Please, Mr. Peddlerman, I want a tin dipper!" called a childish voice from a back porch—and Eva Phillips, the first and last born of her parents, came bounding into the room.

"I tell you, ma'am, if it hadn't been for that ar' tin dipper's keepin' her above water, she'd a been dead drowned afore any mortal man would 'a reached her! Thank the dipper, ma'am, and not me!"

"Where am I, and where is my dipper?" queried the child, as soon as she came to realization.

"You are here," replied the man; "but what of your dipper? 'Hail as I live, 'tis an old tin dipper—rather the worse for wear—tied up in a rag! Well, it has saved your life!"

"I tell you, ma'am, if it hadn't been for that ar' tin dipper's keepin' her above water, she'd a been dead drowned afore any mortal man would 'a reached her! Thank the dipper, ma'am, and not me!"

"His little wife!" mused Eva, on her way back to the house; "I wonder what mother will say? I wonder if she will begin to make pillow cases and sheets, just as Aunt Ethel did before Cousin Carrie Pearl was married! I must tell her about it."

"Mother! mother! the peddlerman says he is going to marry one of these days! Ain't it funny! Only thing—then I can have just as many tin dippers as I like!"

"As many as dippers!" Go, help Jane shell the beans for dinner. I do wish there hadn't been a peddler created—they are a pest!"

"Time passed on—and Eva kept the tin dipper among her most cherished playthings—she did not use it often to hold berries or to dip spring water, for fear its lustre would be spoiled, and the name of the donor effaced.

"So when Eva had reached her tenth year—a bright, blooming little lassie, full of gaiety and happiness—the dipper was still in existence, bearing bravely its age, and its oft repeated struggles for favor with Mrs. Phillips.

"Eva was as fond of it as ever—she kept it on the pretty dressing bureau, that she might meet her eyes the first thing in the morning. One would have thought that the little maiden was completely infatuated with what Eugene Fuller five years ago had styled a "love-gage," and perhaps she was. There is no accounting for the fancies of a female head—no philosopher has ever discovered a test by which to analyze the mysterious composition.

One evening Mrs. Phillips was coming into the kitchen in something of a hurry, and, it being dusky in the room, she lit her foot against some obstacle, and in consequence lost her balance and fell down into a large pan of buttermilk, which Jane, the careless housemaid, had left on the floor.

From the ruins, phoenix-like, Mrs. Phillips arose—and, on Jane's bringing a light, she proceeded to investigate matters—wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against.

"Then Eva went through with a grand system of reorganizing, which resulted in the recovery of the dipper from a mass of rubbish in a corner of the woodshed. It was bruised and battered a little, but was in other respects as good as new, and Mrs. Phillips, though guilty of the intent, was not exactly guilty in act of the sin of the iconoclast.

Resolved to guard against all further profanation of her idol, Eva tied the dipper in a piece of strong silk—which had been given her by the village milliner to make a doll dress—

Some days after she was sent by her mother on an errand to her Aunt Ethel, and as her way lay down the pasture lane, she thought she would take out her dipper, give it an airing, and perhaps fill it with strawberries down in Grant's meadow.

"Help me!—Do somebody come and help me!" she screamed, and she was borne rapidly past a field where some farmers were engaged in planting their corn.

"Months and years rolled away, and when Eva Phillips was fourteen, she was sent to a celebrated female seminary in a neighboring State, from whence, after a long three years' course, she was emancipated, a "finished young lady."

Shortly after Eva's return to Wheatfold, her mother sickened and died, and although in many respects a hard woman, she was long and sincerely mourned by her daughter.

"At last they took passage from Liverpool to New York, and with melting hearts looked out daily towards the blue distance where they knew home was. A prosperous passage was theirs; and from the bustling American metropolis they took the express train on the Eastern Railroad, which would set them down at home before sunset.

But alas! how little do we know of coming events! How little do we realize upon what a slender cord hangs our destiny! At lightning speed the train which carried our travelers sped on, Eva joyous and cheerful in view of beholding once more the dear old place; her father

rejoicing in his daughter's happiness. In crossing a bridge built on a broad, but shallow river, the machinery of the engine became disordered, and in an instant the foaming monster plunged into the river, dragging the train after it.

At the first shock of the overthrow, a young man, who for the whole journey had been regarding Eva with fixed attention, dashed to her aid and clasping her in his arms, reached the tottering platform just as it was going over—one frantic leap and he, with his senseless burden, went down beneath the water to rise almost instantaneously and strike for shore.

Boldly he swam on, and at last he safely reached the land, when after giving Eva into the care of some benevolent people who dwelt near the bridge, he returned to the scene of accident, hoping to be of some service in rescuing those imperiled.

Killed to relate, Mr. Phillips was among the sad, and Eva, on the return of consciousness, found herself orphaned, and alone in the world, among strangers. It was a new and terrible experience to her, and her shrinking spirit was nearly broken by the shock.

Eva's affliction was dreadful to witness. She took notice of nothing, neither ate nor slept, and refused all attempts at consolation from her sympathizing neighbors.

The young stranger who accompanied her home, took charge of everything, and the good people of the vicinity, supposing him to have been an intimate friend of the deceased, made no inquiries concerning his right to doct her as he saw fit.

Mr. Phillips was buried by the side of his wife, and Eva, on the arm of the pitying old clergyman went down to the grave, icily, tearlessly—like a stone statue. She exhibited no emotion—uttered no sigh—her eyes looked vaguely into the vacancy with a fixed immovable stare.

Engaged two trusty servants, a man and his wife to take charge of domestic affairs about the house, and then made preparations for immediate departure. The morning upon which he was to leave, he sent a message to Eva, requesting a private interview. It was granted, and she met him in the little boudoir attached to her chamber, where she had passed the great portion of her time since her return.

"Miss Phillips?" She looked up drearily on hearing her name spoken, but her face brightened instantly when she beheld her old favorite plaything.

"May I ask you how you came by this, Miss Phillips?" "It was given to me by a peddler some years ago—his name is on the side."

"And you have preserved it through all this time—you evidently prize it!" "Prize it!—sir, it has saved my life."

"Would you like to see the giver of that trifling toy? Would it please you to see Eugene Fuller?" "Yes, it would gratify me above all things. Then would I thank him for the good his gift has been to me."

"Then, Eva Phillips, look up into my face and thank me! I am Eugene Fuller!" The girl rose hurriedly to her feet, and threw a long, searching look into the face of the young stranger. Then her eyes fell, and she said, with something of doubt—

"Is it true?" "It is true," he answered. She put her hands confidently in his.

"And it is Eugene Fuller to whom I owe my preservation from a terrible death in that time when?" Her voice failed—a sigh heaved from the inmost depths of her heart—her frame shook—tears, blessed tears, flowed like rain down her face.

"When she was calmer, he drew her down beside him on a settee, and said— "Eva, it is fifteen years ago, that I—a youth of fourteen—charmed with the beauty of a little girl—gave her a tin dipper, with my name out thereon, telling her that when she was older, I should come back and make her my wife. Doat thou remember this, Eva?"

"Eva's voice was low and subdued, as she answered him— "Yes, I remember it."

"Well, I am older now—twenty-nine summers have passed over my head, giving me wealth and influence, and to-day the heart of the man but echoes the sentiments of the boy. I have always remembered you—have always cherished the fond idea of coming back to this country town where I first saw you, and renew our acquaintanceship, but until last Thursday my business could never be arranged for leaving.

Fate placed me on board that fatal train of cars, and the first face which I saw on seating myself, was yours. I did not recognize you as Eva Phillips, but I recognized you as the twin of my soul, for I have been a strong believer in predestined marriages. I saved you from death because I felt that my life would be desolate without you, and when afterwards I learned that you were Eva Phillips, my contentment was perfect. And now, Eva, the mate

of my spirit, may I waive etiquette, now in this moment when your heart is suffering from your sorrowful bereavement, and ask you to give me, of all the world, the right to comfort you?"

Eva's head dropped lower, her lips quivered, as she spoke the words so longed to hear: "Eugene, I give it to you!"

He drew her into his arms, and kissed off the tears which still clung to her cheek. And she, feeling again the warm bond of affection around her, looked up with hope and trust to the hope of all happiness—Heaven.

Eugene Fuller and Eva Phillips were married two months from that day, and the health of the bride was drank by the coterie of distinguished guests assembled, from the tin dipper, which subsequently became an heirloom to the Fuller family. Mr. Fuller and his wife removed to Boston immediately on their union, and their lives were blessed to them.

There drew, bright-eyed reader, is the story of the Tin Dipper. Quite a dipper, wasn't it?"

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 4 columns: Lineage, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Rates range from \$4.00 to \$30.00.

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

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

There recently sat besides us a mild-eyed boy of eighteen, well-grown and intelligent, with the corporal's stripes on his arm.

There were none on earth to care for her. The house at Wheatfold had been closed the greater part of the time during the absence of its owners, and had only been opened a few weeks before in expectation of their coming.

Everything there was damp and moldy—the curtains were falling to pieces in the continual moisture of the atmosphere—everything bore the impress of gloom. Still heavier fell the gloom when the closed coffin, holding the remains of Mr. Phillips, was brought into the long, dark parlor—awaiting the funeral service of to-morrow's morn.

It was a case for prompt action and a change of climate, and he was sent to the retired homestead in an Eastern State, with the injunction to help on the farm, to be a good boy, and earn the encomiums of grand-mamma.

But the young eagle flattered over the edge of the nest and soared into the fields of blue. If the recording angel washed out generous Uncle Toby's oath with a tear, we doubt whether he would not kindly blot out the entry of a boy's falsehood, told with shining eyes and swelling heart to the mustering officer. At all events it is safe now to believe it, since, happily, the great day of boyish temptation is overpast, and they need no longer ask to be dismissed from school to go and save the country.

The youth of fourteen, having thus taken four years to himself, and getting the full benefit of his status by standing very erect in his shoes, was in the Army of the Potomac before grand-mamma's frightened news of the fight had got home to the West. In all the vicissitudes of his companions in arms he bore a part. He was in a fighting regiment. He saw it melt away in the fierce heat of all the great battles before Richmond.

"With twelve sole survivors of his original company he washed off the blood and dust of Antietam. He was in the thick of the battle at Gettysburg. Captured at Chancellorsville he tasted prison experience at Belle Isle. Re-enlisted he was in at the death and saw Lee lay down his arms. At the age when most boys come home from school he has returned from school, he has returned from such soldier's experience as few men pass through unscathed. He was never wounded.

We take him as the representative of many boys whose living lessons in History and Geography have been taken, musket in hand, these past four eventful years, on pages whose legends were battles, and boundaries fixed by the progress of arms. Despite the regulations of the Department and the watchfulness of guardians, the boys have a shining share in the hero work of this war, as if to perpetuate the remotest possible survivorship of those who can say in far off coming time— "Three score years ago I helped to put down the great rebellion." And the boys that have not found in camp a deadly enemy than Lee's men at arms, who have not become prisoners to a more merciless tyrant than the keeper of the keys of Andersonville and Castle Thunder, may be all the better men for the work of earnest patriotism which was the threshold of their manhood.—Chicago Tribune.

A GOOD BARGAIN.—A good story is told of a Vermont farmer, who had a dog to sell, but who set an excessive value on the animal according to his neighbor's views. He was frequently offered thirty and thirty-five dollars, which he refused, and always assured his friends he would get his price for the dog.

One day he returned from a journey, and immediately proclaimed that he had sold his dog for one hundred dollars.

"Ah!" said his neighbor, "did you get cash?" "No," said the farmer, "not exactly cash but what is equivalent."

"Well, what did you get?" persisted the friend.

"Why, I got two fifty dollar dogs."

IN A HORN.—One day last week, a well dressed, handsome man, with an unmistakable air of salt water about him, was standing at the bar of the St. James, looking lovingly at one of Joe's excellent drinks, just manipulated and shoved over to him. Second gentleman came in, stopped suddenly, and looked at No. 1 as if he knew him. When he hailed: "Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you been round the Horn?" "Ay, ay, shipmate, more'n a million of 'em. Hold on a second, and you'll see me round this one."

SOME music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on the violin requires the nicest perception and the most sensibility of any art in the known world; upon which an editor comments in the following manner. "The art of publishing a newspaper and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddling higher than a kite."

The most and best that is done for you must be done by you.